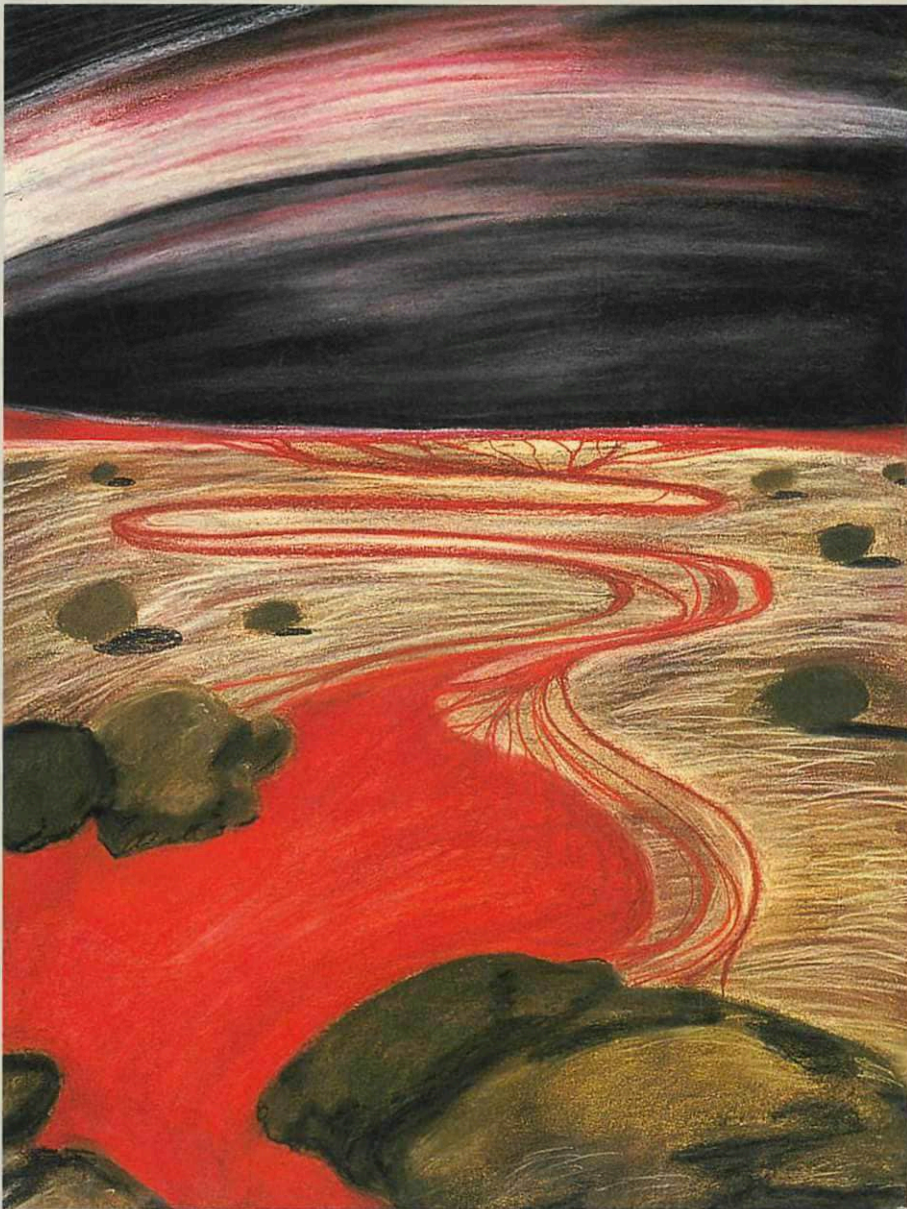


A Women's Picture Book

25 WOMEN ARTISTS OF AOTEAROA (NEW ZEALAND)



Marilynn Webb
Tiffany Thornley
Barbara Strathdee
Pauline Thompson
Heather McPherson
Juliet Batten
Sylvia Bowen
Carole Shepherd
Joanna Paul
Allie Eagle
Claudia Pond-Eyley
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Jill Livestre
Christine Hellyar
Sharon Alston
Barbara McDonald
Cilla McQueen
Anna Keir
Jane Zusters
Bridie Lonie
Lynnsay Rongokea
Pamela Gray
Fiona Clark
Janet de Wagt
Mary-Louise Browne

compiled, edited and with afterwords by
Marian Evans, Bridie Lonie, Tilly Lloyd — a Women's Gallery/Spiral group

A WOMEN'S PICTURE BOOK

Robert McDougall Art Gallery
Library
Received
Nyo



(l. to r.) Tilly Lloyd, book rep., Bridie Lonie, school teacher,
Marian Evans, law student.

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 **GP BOOKS**

First published in 1988 by the Government Printing Office — Publishing Private Bag Wellington.

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National Library of New Zealand
Cataloguing-in-Publication data

A WOMEN'S picture book:

25 women artists of Aotearoa (New Zealand)/compiled,
edited and with afterwords

by Marian Evans, Bridie Lonie, Tilly Lloyd. —
Wellington [N.Z.] : Government Printing Office
Publishing, 1988. — 1 v.

ISBN 0-477-01395-3
704.042 (709.931)

1. Women artists — New Zealand. 2. Art, New Zealand.
I. Evans, Marian. II. Lonie, Bridie. III. Lloyd, Tilly.

Front cover artwork by Marilyn Webb ;
The swimming hole and willows Maniototo 1987
(oil pastel, 77 * 57)

Back cover artwork by Marilyn Webb :
The swimming hole and willows Maniototo 1987
(oil pastel, 77 x 57)

Editorial services from Daphne Brasell Associates, Wellington
Designed by Lynne Ciochetto
Typeset in Plantin by Saba Graphics, Christchurch
Printed and bound through Bookprint Consultants, Wellington

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Marian, Bridie, Tilly

Our primary acknowledgement is to the women we've worked with to make this book, who were extraordinarily generous to us: who shared their experiences, perceptions and ideas, offered us hospitality, supplied photographs, slides and detailed information for resource lists, captions and the notes/index; and were patient with our mistakes and delays. We hope we've completed her chapter as each contributor would like it and that she likes the book as a whole.

We also thank the Human Rights Commission for its assistance, the Government Printing Office for a substantial advance, the McKenzie Education Foundation for a timely grant, Judy McGregor for generous support of several kinds when we specially needed it; and the New Zealand Literary Fund; the Otago Women's Studies Association; Daphne Brasell; Pauline Neale and David Carnegie for contributions towards the costs of publication. We were sorry that the Queen Elizabeth II Arts Council twice declined to make any contribution towards publication costs, once when we applied to the fund for visual arts publications and once when approached by the Literary Fund.

We appreciated Paula Wagemaker's long-term loan of a tape recorder and thank Allie Eagle, Barbara Strathdee, Heather McPherson and Jill Livestre for their work to ensure other contributors' chapters were complete for publication.

Assistance was also given by Adrienne Martyn, Alison Lash, Anaria Tangohau, Anne Kirker, Douglas Lilburn, Gavin McLean, Gil Hanly, Jane Patterson, Janet Paul, Jean Irvine, Jill Abigail, Jim Barr, Kate Coolahan, Linda Pearl, Lorna Mitchell, Nicola Brownes, Nikki Faircloth, Priscilla Pitts, Sophie Koronladis; and National Art Gallery staff Bruce Don, Nicola Woodhouse and Jane Vial; Valerie Richards, Librarian at the School of Fine Arts, University of Auckland; National Library periodicals reference staff, and librarians on the Information desk at the Wellington Public Library. We thank them all.

The warm support and professionalism of Daphne Brasell and Lynne Ciochetto have been important to us; knowing they were there to make the manuscript into a book made it possible to finish. We have especially appreciated Daphne's flexibility and generosity in allowing some of our unorthodox editorial choices, after she meticulously canvassed other options. It gave us particular pleasure that Robyn Sivewright did the final pasteup.

Bridie and Marian also thank all those who lobbied for the benefits that made it possible to work voluntarily within a wider community than that of our own families: the Domestic Purposes Benefit, the Unemployment Benefit and subsidised child care.

Marian

I want to acknowledge the women from the immediate past of families I'm part of, whose gifts and presence are with me daily; as are those of two venerable women of the present: my grandmother Ethel Sloper and my mother Joyce Evans.

And to acknowledge those whose challenge and support have particularly affected my life within and outside the shifting parameters of this book over the years it was being put together: Allie, Anna, Bridie, Heather, Irihapeti, Shona and Tilly. I also thank Barbara Nicholas, Judith Hauge, Juliet Raven and Pauline Neale for long-term sisterly encouragement; the Haeata Collective for their tautoko; Sylvia Bowen and Ismay Barwell for good advice; Barbara Lewis and Mereana Pitman for anodyne conversations;

and Bub Bridger, Hetty Rodenburg and Margi Martin for their care.

And I thank those who cared for Penn: at Playspace: Pat Witham; and at Te Kainganui: Barbara Lee, Diana Ihle, Kate Marshall, Lynda Moore, Martin Walsh, Sharon Ketko, Sose Annandale, Tod Hatfield, Trudy Moore; and elsewhere, Alex MacKay, Anna Keir, Bill MacKay, Dylan MacKay and Geoff Lamboume.

Bridie

I acknowledge Marian for her vision, courage and unflinching support, during this project and in many others before it; Tilly, for support, wit and conviction; Jean, Sally, Iain and Jono Lonie, Geoff Lamboume, Penny and Nigel Dickson, Isabella Bulger and Pat Hubbard for their support as friends and for their care of Maeve; and Allie Eagle, Angela Middleton, Anna Keir, Fiona Clark, Hana Maxwell, Heather McPherson, Irihapeti Ramsden, Marilynn Webb, Pauline Thompson and Shona Davies for aroha, hospitality, and practical assistance; and Peter Hannken, Denis Cohn, Gil Hardy and Sue Crockford for their help in Auckland.

Tilly

For wisdom both comic and stem, and for the conviction that risks are worth it, my thanks go especially to Pagan, and to Alison Lash, Anne Speir, Annie Frear, Annie Lloyd, Astrid Jensen, Caterina de Nave, Chrissie Parker, Daphne Brasell, Freda Lloyd, Hilary King, Janice Bums, Jill Caroline, Joan Pearson, Judith Ackroyd, Lainey Cowan, Linda Evans, Madeline McNamara, Maggie Sweetbat, Nathalie Marshall, Ngaire Lloyd, Phee Phanshell, Pilar Alba, Rawhiti Searancke, Sue Masters and Susan Ord.

FOREWORD

There is then no female Leonardo, no female Titian, no female Poussin, but the reason does not lie in the fact that women have wombs, that they can have babies, that their brains are smaller, that they lack vigour, that they are not sensual. The reason is simply that you cannot make great artists out of egos that have been damaged, with wills that are defective, with libidos that have been driven out of reach and energy diverted into neurotic channels.

Germaine Greer. *The obstacle race*. (1979)

The history of the second wave of feminism in New Zealand is that of a recognition of oppression and an acknowledgement that the accepted stereotyped role resulted in neurosis for many women. The way out was through a new assertion of self — we called it ‘consciousness-raising’. For some women new self-knowledge resulted in a change of lifestyle, either as women alone, solo mothers or in lesbian relationships.

There were other discoveries, the empowering qualities engendered by women’s getting together in groups, the strength and the support that arose from collective decision-making . . . We could not yet change the world, but we could make our survival in it a great deal more pleasant.

Some feminists discovered their outlets through their creativity. This book tells the stories of a number of such women. It describes their pain, the obstacles that hindered their progress, and above all, it details their success. This was not necessarily success as measured by conventional artistic standards such as exhibitions in major galleries or increased sale of their works. It was rather success demonstrated by an ease of self-expression, the formulation of a coherent philosophy, and the acceptance of their work by feminists.

A number of themes are central to this book. One theme is the influence of the Women’s Gallery in Wellington, a permissive environment which accepted each woman’s unique message:

‘a space where I felt able to make art about things that bothered me: to use it as a place for art to fulfill its cleansing, developing function: the achievement of new understanding and growth, marked by the *rite de passage*’.

Bridie Lonie.

A second theme is the use of the artistic medium to state the personal in political terms:

They (aprons) are representations of my own body and perhaps that of all creators . . . They are gut things . . . The objects in the aprons are creations, signs, language, and hopefully recognised as tools (pacific) to do with housework, gardening, fishing, preparing skin and cloth . . .

Christine Hellyar.

A third theme is the development of each woman’s art through her interactions with other feminist artists. As expressed by Allie Eagle:

The early women’s art movement days of Christchurch with *Spiral* & the women artists’ group & later the Women’s Gallery in Wellington are still very special to me . . . I think particularly of Heather McPherson and the really caring groundwork she did to promote women writers & the amazing commitment that Marian Evans has given me & a host of

other women artists. Marian's encouragement (and Juliet Batten's) to have the freedom to make statements about myself/ourselves/our ideas/ambitions will always be a very valuable keystone in my life as an artist.

Another theme is that common to the lesbian artists — the need to express themselves, their lifestyles and their commitment to women through art.

... to make visual language of ourselves — not just our sexuality . . .

Sharon Alston.

A women's picture book is an important contribution not just to the history of creative feminists but to the history of New Zealand feminism.

Rae Julian
Human Rights Commissioner

ORGANISATION OF THE BOOK

We have ordered the chapters according to contributors' dates of birth, from the oldest to the youngest. In most cases the contributor has supplied her introductory note; where she hasn't, the note has been supplied by one of us and initialled, along with a brief note about each text's origins.

The reproductions included are related directly or indirectly to the text. However, the irregularity of access to resources for some of the artists means that sometimes a piece of work is discussed in detail and not illustrated. On other occasions illustrations of marginal quality are included for archival purposes. Colour plates are grouped together. Sizes for all reproductions are given in centimetres unless otherwise indicated, with height measurement given before width. More space for text and illustrations has in some cases been given to women whose work is poorly represented in publications and public collections.

Resource lists are grouped, again in chapter order, from p. 205. These show where further information about the artists and their work may be found with a close off at the end of 1986. Some women have chosen not to include resource lists; for others there is no information except in this book. Where reviews are referred to, women reviewers are named to affirm their work, without which many women artists would have had very little appropriate critical response. While researching the resource lists we came to realise how important the work of *Broadsheet*, *Spiral* magazine and *bitches witches and dykes* has been; if these periodicals did not exist many significant exhibitions and events would have gone unrecorded.

The Notes/Index at the end of the book (p. 263) is intended to provide a range of abbreviated information about individuals, places and events within the texts. A guide to the Notes/Index immediately precedes it.

COLOUR PLATE LIST

Plate		
1	Marilynn Webb	<i>High country flambe plus recipe</i>
2		<i>Thunderstorm and the Waipori River</i>
3		<i>Punakaiki centrepiece and recipe</i>
4		<i>Protection work — fire</i>
5	Tiffany Thornley	<i>Common purpose I</i>
6		<i>Common purpose II</i>
7	Barbara Strathdee	<i>About forty miles by sea</i>
8		<i>While others decide</i>
9	Pauline Thompson	<i>Emmanuel, hydrocephalic case 12 months</i>
10	Juliet Batten	<i>Openings to the sea, summer solstice December 1982</i>
11		<i>Hecate II</i>
12	Sylvia Bowen	<i>Orange china aeroplane</i>
13	Carole Shephard	<i>Marion's necklace</i>
14		<i>Underwater garden</i>
15	Joanna Paul	<i>In memoriam Pamela Tomlinson</i>
16	Allie Eagle	<i>Distant fingers</i>
17		<i>This woman died: I care (died trying to abort herself)</i>
18(i-iv)		<i>Stone belly woman</i>
19	Claudia Pond Eyley	<i>Menarche shield for Brigid</i>
20(i-iii)	Di ffrench	<i>Gut reaction</i>
21		<i>Diary 1980</i>
22	Christine Hellyar	<i>Peaceful pacific tool aprons</i>
23		<i>Women's work</i>
24	Sharon Alston	<i>My bloody hand</i>
25	Cilla McQueen	<i>Score for an imaginary landscape</i>
26	(Cilla McQueen)	<i>Cilla McQueen at the Red Metro Gallery Dunedin 1983</i>
27	Anna Keir	<i>Portrait of self as child with fish</i>
28		<i>Self portrait</i>
29	Jane Zusters	<i>Sappho II</i>
30		<i>Post-modern daydream</i>
31(i-ii)	Bridie Lonie	<i>Untitled</i>
32	Lynnsay Rongokea	<i>Harmony</i>
33		<i>Thought patterns</i>
34		<i>Culture clash</i>

35	Pamela Gray	<i>Menstrual chart</i>
36	Fiona Clark	<i>Geraldine at home Auckland</i>
37		<i>Boyer Coe — 'Mr Universe' contestant at 'Mr Olympia 1980' — Sydney</i>
38		<i>Gan O 'Carroll holding piharau (lamprey eel) Waitara River</i>
39		<i>Shelling mussels, Owae Marae, Waitara, 26.6.80 preparation for Sir Maui Pomare day</i>
40		<i>Ngawaina Te Teira (Lavinia). Ngatirahiri Hapu, Ngati Mutunga Hapu, Te Atiawa</i>
41	Janet de Wagt	<i>Karen New Brighton beach</i>
42		<i>Speed</i>
43	Mary-Louise Browne	<i>Hortus conclusus</i>
44	Lani Morris	<i>The environment of a woman's body holds all humanity</i>
45(i-ii)	Marian Evans	<i>Matariki mural I & II</i>
46	Tilly Lloyd	<i>Cacti on sill</i>
47	(Heather McPherson)	<i>Heather McPherson and goddess figure: 'Opening show', Women's Gallery 1980</i>
48	Carole Stewart	<i>At Port Waikato</i>

MARILYNN WEBB



Born 1937, printmaker

She trained as an art adviser in schools under Gordon Tovey 1955—7 when there was a new emphasis on the creative exploration of all art forms, rather than just painting and drawing, as well as the re-introduction of Maori programmes in schools. Marilynn explored first painting, then graphics. She has exhibited in New Zealand and internationally since 1970 and was the Frances Hodgkins Fellow at the University of Otago in 1974. She stayed in Dunedin to work as a full-time artist. Her work is held in many public and private collections, both internationally and within New Zealand. (Bridie.)

Bridie interviewed Marilynn and the interview transcript was used as a basis for what follows, during a lengthy process of discussion-by-mail.

Gordon chose people for his art training because of their art ability. I was painting expressionist landscape paintings then and we were expected to work on our own work and to give back our knowledge to teachers and students. I worked in Auckland and North Auckland and had early experience with groups of art advisers in what is now called performance, installation and dance etc; and we were expected to work in all sorts of areas like clay, construction (on a large scale) and weaving. No film as there wasn't the finance. It was very exciting. But there was a lot of energy expended in working all the time. So I took breaks which were unpaid leave and always went back because there was no other work that was as good as that. I took the breaks to do my own work, as well as see the world.

I had quite a successful exhibition in Sydney, about 1963, work I'd done in Alice Springs. It was there, really, that I started getting involved in the mythology/landscape area, when I looked at the megalithic landscape sites in Australia which have tremendous mystery attached to them. Plus the Far North of New Zealand, where I worked 1959—mid sixties as an adviser in some of the areas around Hokianga; all the volcanic areas of the Far North, the plugs, the land forms, the power and myth associated with them. I tried to record the power and then of course recorded places that were under threat, areas of landscape that had changed because of progress, burning off. But in the sixties there were no major earthworks such as dam-budding, especially in the Far North.

It was in the mid nineteen-sixties, when I was working up there, that I started to get obsessive about printmaking. I began a series of analytical studies of the power of the landscape, working with line. At that period I invented a method of embossing and pulling intaglio line out of linoleum, which was all I had to use at that stage. Most artists did not own presses, or have access to elegant machinery, so we converted old washing mangles. As advisers we were based in Auckland and used the advisers' art room as a studio and the office as our working space. It was a group exploral. And, being trained under Tovey's scheme, we would normally and naturally give what we learned back to the teachers or the students that we had. When I look back on that period (1955—1965) I see the programme's Jungian emphasis, with the outcome being a huge body of committed art educators, as well as a breeding ground for professional artists in many fields of creative endeavour. It was a doing and making programme which changed afterwards, with different personnel, a new government, a more academic bias and less finance. I feel very privileged to have been part of it.

I didn't exhibit until Kees and Tine Hos opened the New Vision Gallery in Auckland 1958. Nobody was interested in printmaking, there were hardly any printmaking graduates out of universities. It was very traditional and regional; it was painting South Island and painting North Island schools. I suppose I'm one of the geriatrics.

Then in 1969 the Print Council of New Zealand, under the influence of Kees and Tine Hos, Dr Walter Auburn and Beatrice Grossman revived printmaking in New Zealand. It flushed out artists who made prints, brought printmakers together and



Fig. 1 **Cloud landscape Central Otago 1974**

linoleum engraving and embossing, sepia

printers ink

36x48

provided a venue for showing work. Remember that the dealer galleries, with the exception of New Vision were not interested in showing graphics. The Print Council put printmaking into consciousness in the art world. It gave some artists courage. Kees held people together also, with his enthusiasm—he also spent a lot of his own energy teaching people about printmaking. Dr Auburn encouraged and supported people and was vitally interested in their work. He was a collector of prints. Beatrice Grossman is still active in supporting printmakers. She now acts as an artists' agent for sales.

The formation of the Print Council coincided with a global interest in printmaking. I think the first New Zealand international showings happened quietly at that time. In Yugoslavia, Japan and Norway. New Zealand printmakers have been exhibiting internationally in prestigious biennials for sixteen to eighteen years now. New Zealand artists get personal invitations because their work is known to international print exhibition curators. The New Zealand public galleries are very rarely the channel for New Zealand printmakers to get into international exhibitions.

All my international shows have been by invitation. When I send the works they are then pre-selected by a group of people associated with printmaking before the final selection.

I like international shows because you get good catalogues back as feedback and also you can measure your own work—it's great when it's accepted. This is a different system from New Zealand. Usually the local shows are a curator's personal choice. Like the collections. The overseas shows always appear to be very democratic by comparison. You see what's happening in all fields of contemporary graphics when you get the catalogue feedback. I have only been to one international show I've exhibited in. That was Yugoslavia. I can't afford to travel even 'off tax'. It's obviously better to see the actual show. New Zealand printmaking is good. It's time the art market and public conscience was raised in the area. New Zealand printmaking is very innovative and doesn't stay tightly bound in academic compartments. It's very inventive. A lot of people in art institutions in New Zealand have no knowledge of what is happening graphically here.

In 1975 I bought some land at Lake Mahinerangi near Dunedin and planned a garden. In 1976 I had my son Ben and had a period of not working because of domestic disruptions. But I did my first food print then—Rangitoto for a requested dealer's show, on Rangitoto. And I thought how silly to ask for Rangitoto when I'm in Dunedin, so I turned it into a pudding, I made that recipe and that was really the beginning of the food series. I turned other things into recipes. James Mack commissioned me to do the *Food show* in 1981, so I extended the Rangitoto pudding idea to political food statements, memories for friends etc. I used a culinary prose style snatched from Aunt Daisy (I greatly admire her cookbook) and wrote the recipes and made the big prints. (Plates 1 and 3.)

Because it was a commission I wasn't bound to market expectations of print size. I pulled double elephant sized works off glass and handcoloured them. I think they were very good graphically, good gestural drawing and handcolouring without losing the quality of graphic surprise and surface. They were still handcoloured big prints and not big drawings. One of them, *Mining crumble*, was curated for a prestigious show called *World print 4* in San Francisco. Two hundred printmakers from around the world were asked to submit work and one hundred were curated for the show. *Mining crumble* got good reviews.

I'm a loner really, Aramoana focussed the land-political question for me, as it did for a lot of other Otago artists. In 1980 I made blind prints of the local plant forms at Aramoana and called them fossils. Clutha and Kawarau works came after that, especially the rivers and the confluence of them both. They tie up with works I've not shown—my vividly remembered childhood Enks. The Motu River and the Waioeka River. Clutha and Kawarau were easier to do as they were removed from my childhood memory

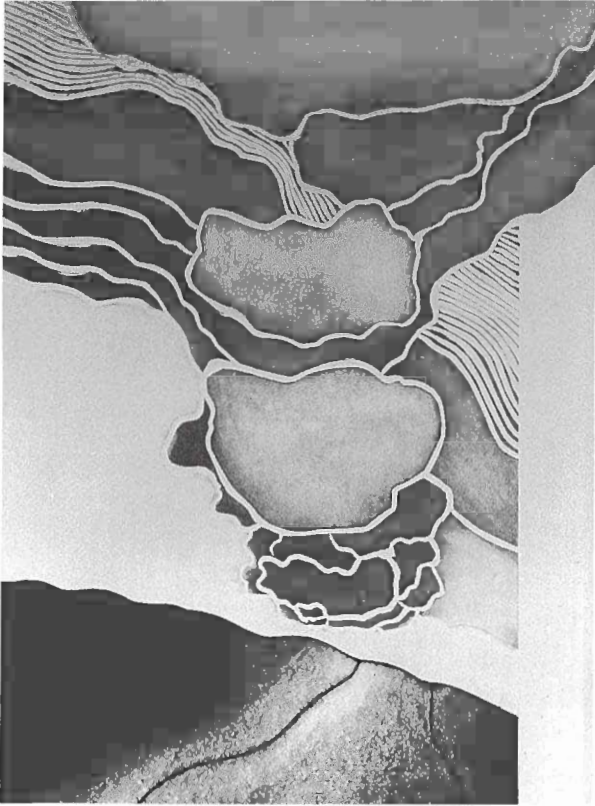


Fig. 2 Cloud landscape Central Otago 1974

linoleum engraving and embossing, sepia

printers ink

46 x 34

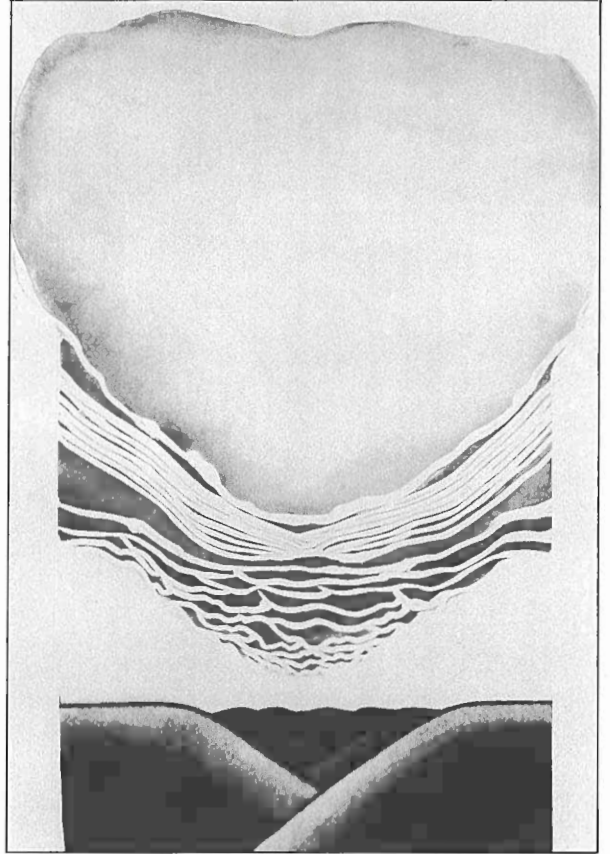


Fig. 3 Yellow Cloud 1974

linoleum engraving and sepia and ochre

yellow handcolouring plus printers ink

51 (at highest point) x 38



Fig. 4 Snow Clouds, Central Otago 1982

linoleum engraving and handcolouring

43 x 53



Fig. 5 Dark Mountain from Memorial series 'in memory of my mother Lilia Vaivin Webb' 1976

linoleum engraving

50 x 32

box. Clutha and Kawarau being overtly political clarified the river imagery as they were removed a stage from the emotional area. Rivers have always been a strong power image for me. I made the image *Clutha blue* at that period which I find pleasing and strong as a symbol because it's stuck and gone out into circulation—I heard a stranger describe her skirt as Clutha blue. The *Food show* works incorporated several Clutha images into recipe form—like drowned miners' graves, historical archives (drowned again). Clutha prints also covered lost wild flowers like California poppies, and viper's bugloss, as well as several images of trapped water—water in bondage, water colour and of course the loss of confluence of the Kawarau and Clutha and Cromwell. I made the image saying 'goodbye Clutha blue' and several in memory of the wild flowers destroyed with the Clutha. All the rest tie up to a water image.

The Clutha works also changed my graphic colour approach. With the exception of the *Waipori* and *Tussock* series I did as monotypes in 1981—2 (Plate 2) (*Waipori* is another river, it feeds Lake Mahinerangi) I had been working in a monochromatic way, just adding washes and colour here and there.

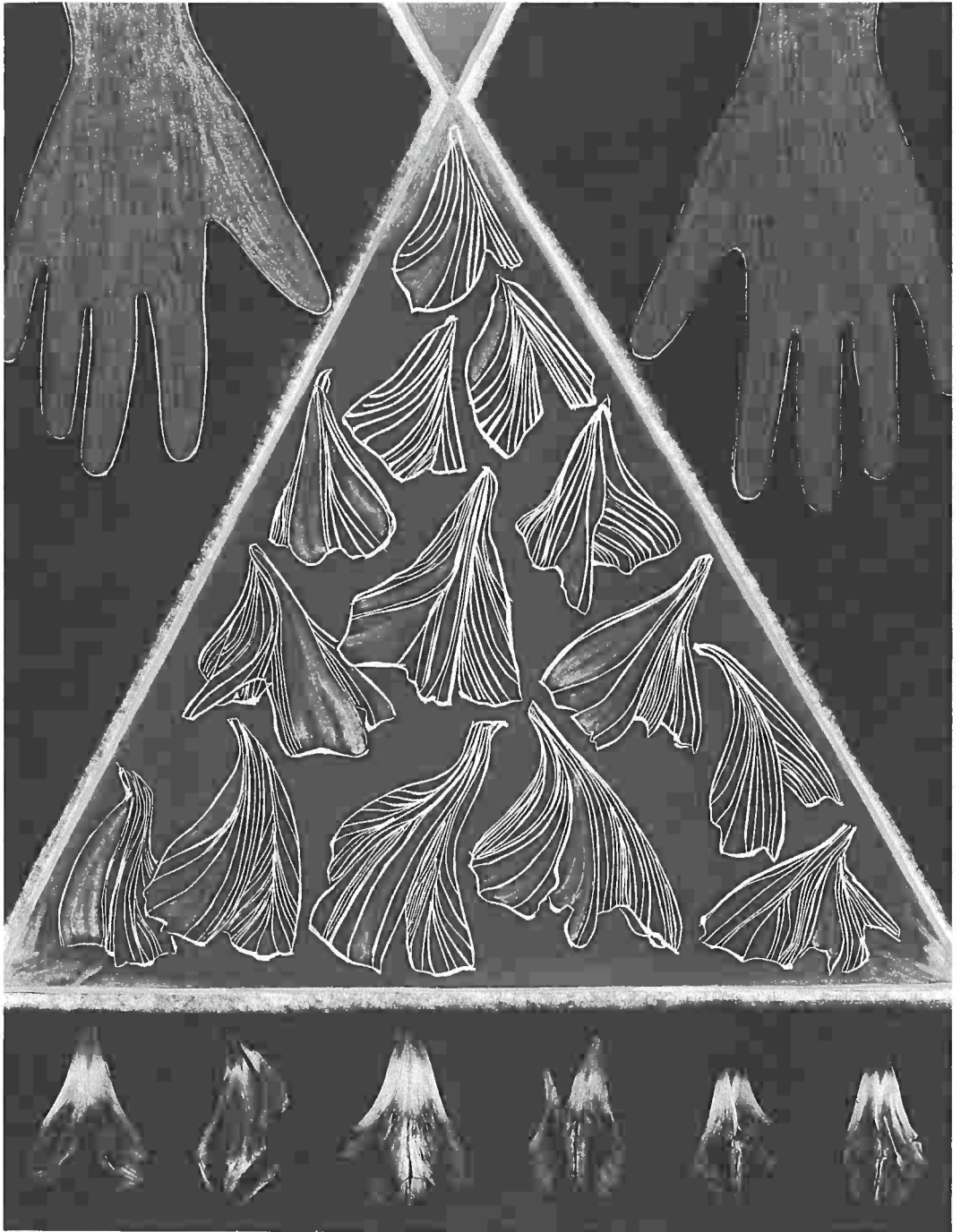
I got sick of making dark prints. I did the *Memorial* series for my mother, 1976, images of the Waioeka Gorge in Opotiki and called them dark mountains. They were geometric in format, brooding, volcanic, eased by mist and cloud. They were mostly charcoal grey and purple black with stark white relief and the clouds were monotyped.

I like to paint and prefer to see the washes of colour instead of an ink build up. Handcolouring also relieves the boredom of printmaking—I can make one image say about thirty things. I protect clients by stating the edition number even though they all look different because of the handcolouring. Of course the majority of my work is bona fide artist's editions, with the usual minimal variation between each print.

I am very autographic. Usually a print workshop will print the artist's work as part of their deal. Print workshops are places which specialise in the ordinary sorts of printmaking, like lithographs, etchings etc., but no print workshop can pull off my works because of my process. Graphic innovations come from studio printmakers who are concerned with discovering new graphic marks to fit their image; that's what studio printmaking is about. The technical side of printmaking is very important for me, but it is only explored to release an image. In the end it has to be the thrust for an image and not a bag of tricks. Printmaking tends to make me work in serial imagery, one image releasing another. My *Protection* works (Plate 4) are a large series and the *Clutha* series finished at about an edition of ten (that's for now). Printmaking also requires personal marks for me. Identification, the artist's touch and presence. I am very sensitive to paper and marks on it and relate to printmakers' works that contain their presence, encapsulated within their image and stated by their marks. I work nearly every day. You have to work every day when you make a living as a printmaker. I put out a huge amount of imagery. I don't show a lot of it; and use it as a diary. I also take a lot of photographs. I also paint.

The *Protection* works were started at the end of 1983. They were born because of various domestic interferences. Some of my trees at Mahinerangi had been sprayed and killed on one boundary. I had had difficulties with stock eating my garden. I had become aware of intense boundaries and a certain amount of hostility had been directed at me and I became aware that my property was being coveted. There was a change.

I dedicated this series to my grandmother as she had taught me a lot of things about flowers and plants etc. My garden was also part of my imagery and art effort. It fitted into a pattern of previous experience like seeing the *Book of Kells* and all the tenth century manuscripts I saw in Wales and Ireland. The format came very smoothly. The image was there and had a very easy birth. It fitted with my collections of alphabets and manuscripts which I used like an electric fence or to spell my grandmother's name; some like 'm' had historical and symbolic reference. Letters like 'm' have very specific



*Fig. 6 Protection work—dark tulip from Pacific
countdown suite 1985*

linoleum engraving, handcoloured with artists
watercolours plus graphite and collage

53 * 42



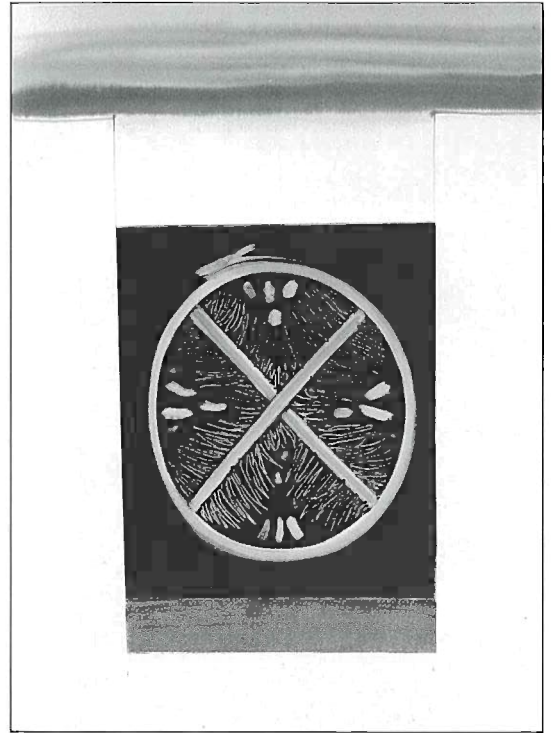
Fig. 7 Protection work—Lake Mahinerangi by night from Pacific countdown suite 1985
 linoleum engraving, handcoloured with
 watercolour plus graphite
 61 x 40

spiritual significance, right through time, relating to ideas like the end of the millenium. The *Protection* images were paralleled by the design of my garden at Lake Mahinerangi, where I used certain ideas from books like Robert Graves's *The white goddess*. The runes were *not* used in connection with the so-called Norse occult school. I made NO conscious link in that area.

I added the hands to prints as a power image, a statement mainly of power and healing. I don't do self-portraits. They are my first self-portraits I suppose. They also pose threat if they are not my hands so the image works in reverse also. I find a lot of my Mahinerangi images tend to be mirror imagery—it's all water and sky.

There are links and parallels to the nuclear series I've called *Pacific countdown suite*; I sent the works to Paris in 1985. My first anti-nuclear print was made in 1972 and I called it *Landscape with a bleeding rainbow*. My second, *Bleeding rainbow with a hand*., was made in 1985 and I used a Mahinerangi focus, a bit prophetic when you think of the Rainbow Warrior. I have several recurring images like this. Bleeding or burning or windy skies which escape from the paper or block shape depending on whether they are handwashed or carved. Fire is another image. Rivers and sky talk always; and water. I can't pinpoint my soul journey to this, but I feel land power most intensely and some areas more intensely than others. I always say hello to my favourite land places. I like early morning and deep night. I don't like being labelled as a land protest artist as I think my unlabelled and more ephemeral land work is just as important as things with obvious political reference. Land is also my focus. My childhood, my maturing when working in the Far North (I didn't choose to work there—we were

Fig. 8 Landscape with a bleeding sky from Pacific
countdown suite 1985
handcoloured linoleum engraving
77x56



sent by the Department of Education) my visits to deserts, Mahinerangi, I suppose my land works slot in with the artists who are concerned not only with the survival of planet Earth, but who are also preservers of its dignity and mysteries.

I don't know whether the land image is a search for self-identification. I suppose certain images mirror emotional states, anxieties, fears etc. I don't use people in my work as I have more art power when I use land. It feels correct to use my art energies on land. I don't have the 'dry up' fears if I work with land imagery. It also comes from me and is not connected with any fashionable image or graphic subliminal image that may or may not have been stored away in my computer. I find a sort of purity when I use the land image. Mahinerangi acts as a focus for this like the light entering the prism before it's reflected. I am sure that if I was somewhere else, that it would work the same way. I think some art writers are quite unaware of the new attitudes artists have about land. They still use words like 'nineteenth century sublime' or 'landscape' which is a sort of academic put down, because THAT school is supposed to be a bit passe, perhaps, or doesn't fit into their ideas of where contemporary art should be AT.

My work contains many mixtures of being a mixture myself. I acknowledge all my forebears and my heritage. I would say that my pre-occupation with land power is perhaps stirred by early memory and my Maori. I don't name myself any particular sort of artist. Only printmaker.

(June 1985—May 1986)

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Book of Kells. Eighth to ninth century manuscript of the four Gospels written in Irish majuscule, illustrated with intricate patterns made up of abstract and animal forms.

TIFFANY THORNLEY



Born 1940

I grew up in Wellington—urban environment—Zoo—Art Gallery—Museum—Basin Reserve—city schools.

Went to an all-girls school—strong role models, even though we were all planning marriage, managed to go for careers as well. Still have friends from those years.

Went to Wellington Teachers College—hit the liberal era—did Art, encountered lots of radical ideas. Got married—went overseas—had children—lived in Rotorua. Moved to Christchurch 1975—took plunge—went to Art School—divorced—became 'bleeding heart liberal', a feminist, and lived in a commune. Seeing the Women's art environment at the 1977 Women's Convention in Christchurch, working on Spiral & Herstory collectives and the Christchurch Women's Art Festivals and the Opening show of the Women's Gallery set me up for working in a supportive and sharing way. I consider my most important exhibitions to be Mothers 1981, Personal/political 1981 and Women's work 1984 with Linda James. Personal/political came straight after the Springbok Tour in 1981; we were both living in Chippenham Commune and had been demonstrating every Saturday. Then Women's work—that was about the way our work often doesn't count—yet our skills of cleaning, cutting, wiping, and sewing all cross over into our art plus the whole politics of housework.

States of mind 1985 solo and important because it involved drawing, painting, colour as well as printmaking—also it had one theme. My latest show called Woman zone 1986. 18 prints (b&w) some fantasy/domestic bliss from my childhood and the others showing a new direction with the heart shape but integrated into the prints on a more abstract level. As well as being an artist I work in a craft co-operative and attend numerous meetings/hui on unemployment. I make tiles. Recently we started a Christchurch artists collective and feminist artists network.

Tilly interviewed Tiffany in Christchurch; the tapes were edited by Tiffany collectively with Tilly, Linda, Colleen, Susan, AH, Dianne, Hedda and Marian.

How did the Greenham series develop?

Well I started drawing in my studio after I'd been reading about the Greenham Common women. I did lots of drawings and found I was getting more and more involved in these drawings and the same shapes kept repeating. The triangle soon became a tent; the round shape which seems a feminine shape to me then was exaggerated to the cup shape which allows communication too, flowing communication. I realise now that I'd been living with this shape because it was in one of Linda James's pictures which has been on my wall for five years. It's also the shirt with a slit in the neck which women often wear and I find it has a vulnerable look about it.

The next step was drawing objects in my studio like the etching press, the windows, various things lying around. Then I discovered I was drawing the plate or bed of the press and I loved the shape. I like working energetically, I find I get much more out of it and I get fired up. If I work too slowly I get bored with the picture myself.

It seemed to me that what the Greenham Common women were standing for was just the fact of being there, standing up against these huge machines, these nuclear warheads. And the anger of the state came down upon those women—so many women were put into jail.

The exhibition was called *States of mind*—the shapes represented the ideas—the ideas are the most important. And it was new for me to do an exhibition with drawing, painting and colour and pull all the ideas together and make a political statement through art.

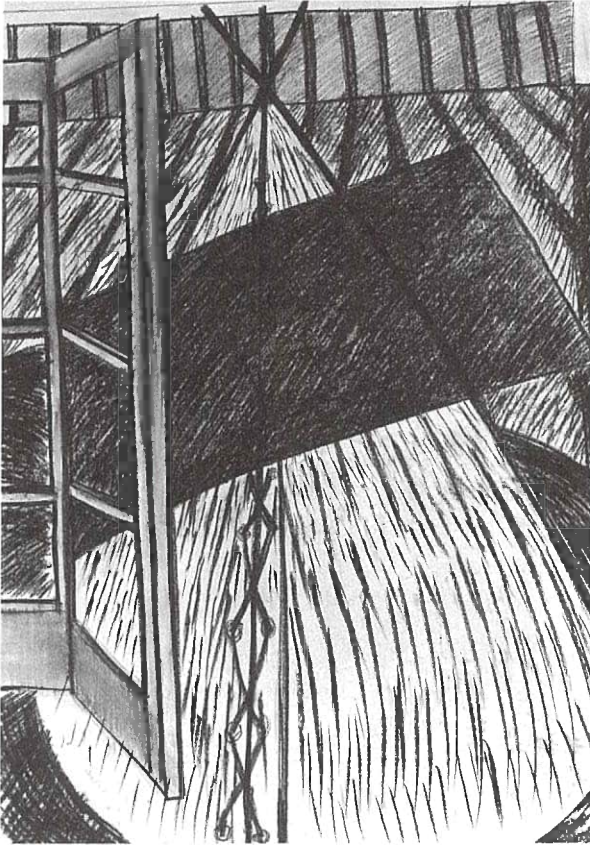


Fig. 9 **States of mind** 1985
black and white charcoal drawing
83 x 57

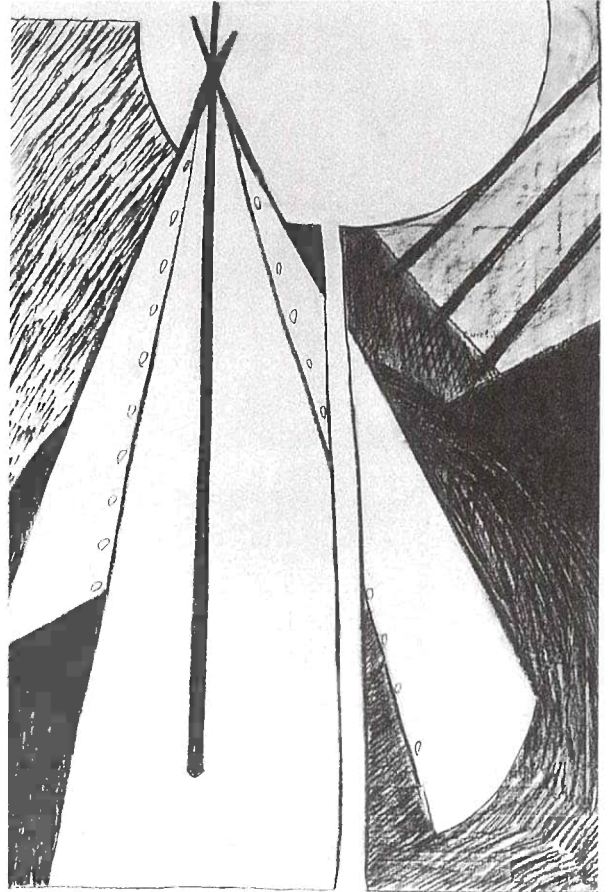
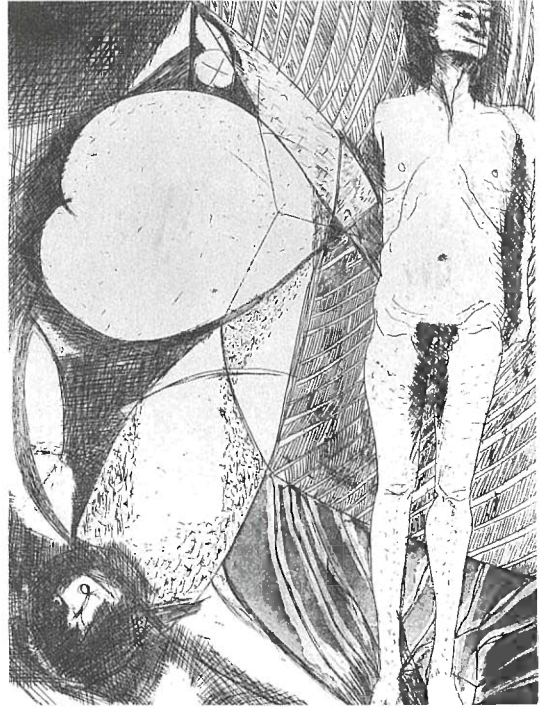


Fig. 10 **States of mind** 1985
black and white charcoal drawing
83 x 57

Fig. 11 **The fall II** 1986
 etching, soft line
 52 x 41



Are there any similarities between how you saw the Greenham Common women reacting to the authorities and how you see yourself as an artist here?

These women are in reality protecting the life force from the nuclear weapons or the death force. It was obvious that the state could not tolerate what the women were standing for and came down on them. This idea is one thing I feel very strongly about. Always when you're trying to do something you really believe in, I find someone will put this barrier in front of you, they just can't allow you to do something to its conclusion, there's always this stopping I find, in my life anyway. You're going along quite happily and then somebody comes along and says 'no you can't do that.'

I often got very strong reactions to my work. Women with political awareness certainly understood the intention and responded very positively and often emotionally. Another reaction was: 'How could a North American tipi depicting London women be relevant to us in New Zealand?' something like that, but I don't understand that. When you see how the United States is behaving over our nuclear policy, well, women are the same all over the world in their or our common bondage.

Basically I see the tent as a flimsy but beautiful creation. It's a triangle, which is a basic shape, isn't it? It's so fragile yet strongly based. It's standing in front of a barrier/prison wall/barbed wire fence representing authority of the state/people's minds. (You can imagine the lines of policemen against the lines of women.) Behind the barriers the nuclear warheads. Yet the state is threatened by women and tents. Why? Because the tent represents the idea and it's the idea that contains the power. That was the meaning, not that it was a North American tipi as such.

Sometimes I have felt that people have reacted in the same way—trying to crush my ideas as if they are trivial when I believe they are subversive.

Another interesting reaction came from someone who saw the shape (cup/wineglass)

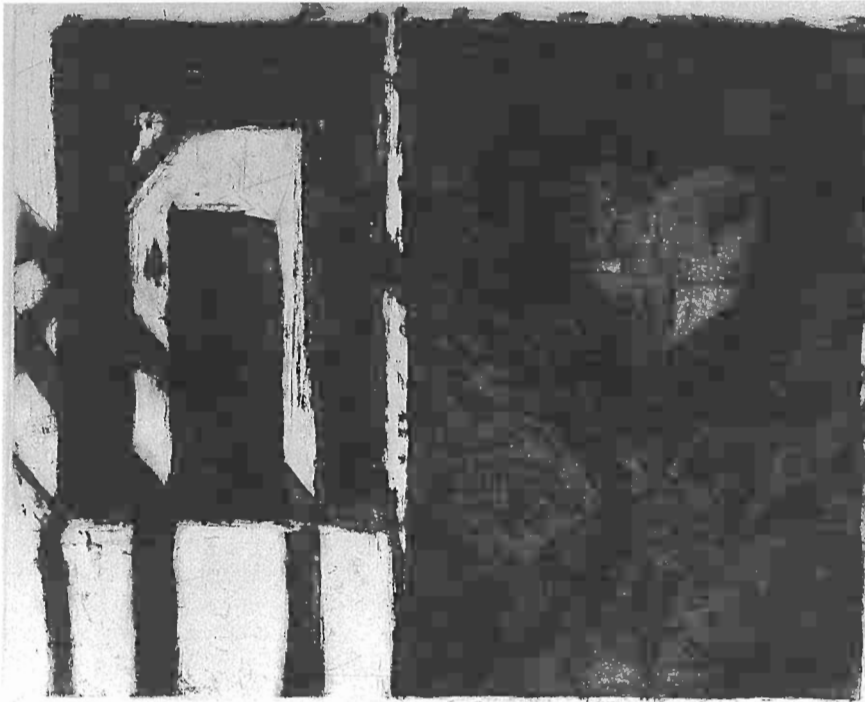


Fig. 12 In disguise 1986
 etching, sugar lift and aquatint
 41 x 52

and said ‘Was it the inside of a tent looking up?’ It was something I hadn’t seen myself and realised it could be. I like and expect an emotional response. I want people to see the different levels and layers. And content isn’t the only thing either. I want my pictures to work as art works as well.

I like those old symbols. People have always related to basic shapes, basic shelter.

Have you been thinking along the lines of the triangle as supposedly human and the circle as symbolic of female?

I didn’t do it deliberately, certainly the ideas came before the shapes. The shape wasn’t so much a circle as a cup/wineglass shape and the colour represents the water/idea flowing in or out and the stem opens out whereas a circle is completely closed. I don’t really use circles; I prefer open-ended shapes—even the triangle has a hole in it; it’s extended. I always found the spiral more relevant but I never used it much. At the moment I’m using the heart (in *Woman zone*). Now that’s a real western commercial symbol, but I love it, it’s so crass really, it says everything doesn’t it? You couldn’t say it was an ancient symbol, the heart, but I still like it very much. I see it as strong; even though it can be broken it can also be healed. I have never thought of my work as flimsy, or feminine shapes or feminist shapes as flimsy. I think we are incredibly strong. We are, because we are the survivors.

The other thing I’m interested in is shelter. I often draw women in houses . . . in fact I’m doing one at the moment and the house is eaten away, because I think we have been put into houses and I’m very much against it. I have lived communally and I’m against women being isolated by their houses because the energy that pours into a house is so non-creative for them: whether it’s decorating or housekeeping or cooking it all falls into a bottomless pit and they seldom get anything back for it, except the love of their family, ha ha! So I am interested in shelters.

When you're looking at shelters, are you looking at sheltering each other?

Yes, I have done a lot of prints called *Shelter*. The *States of mind*, exhibition was the idea of women forming shelters for each other and for the world, although I did make a point of not showing one picture of a woman in that exhibition. I know women are working together and living together, but I still see them as isolated and not getting the support they/we should be getting because our society is so threatened by all that.

How do you think you would have managed without the women's art movement?

Look. If it wasn't for the early feminists in the seventies here in Christchurch—Allie Eagle, Heather McPherson and so on I would not have been taken seriously and therefore taken myself seriously, which is something every artist needs. I mean I read *Broadsheet* and I was a feminist, but if I hadn't had the support and acceptance that I had in those early days, I guess I would still have done it but it would have been harder. And it would not have been the same. When I was still at art school Jane Zusters got a studio and said 'You're coming in halves with me and that's that' (more or less like that). Suddenly I had a studio and I was an artist. That was 1977.

Then there were the Christchurch Women's Art Festivals, working on *Spiral*, *Herstory*, the Women's Gallery—the whole thing of sharing and support (and suddenly there's no need for these women's spaces any more?). I remember one night at the Women's Gallery, Allie Eagle talked with Bridie Lonie all one night through about Bridie's piece; they went on and on until they had worked it through. It was amazing to see and hear that kind of support. My experience at art school was that you very much worked in your own little comer. We kept our images pretty tame. I have a fair idea that one young woman was challenged in some way and then left art school unexpectedly because she drew a horse! That was the impression we were left with, but of course you never really knew; that again was part of the non-supportive environment there. The printmaking department wasn't too bad (second and third years) because we all were using the same equipment and we got to see each other's work.

I feel women artists work differently from men artists. It was very important for me to have my studio away from my house. That was a statement, saying 'My work is important'—it's very important for women to say that.

Now my circumstances have changed. I don't have small children and the present studio is the best space I've had to work in and it's just off the kitchen, literally. I can work out here and keep an eye on things in the house. It's all a part of my life and it's my job too, but I still want it to be integrated with the rest of me which includes cooking and cleaning and getting on with the rest of my life. I didn't feel good about it before: I was always distracted from my work and feeling bad about it, so that when I went to art school and said 'I have to go home at three o'clock (because I had two small children) instead of four o'clock' I was just put down. It was a cold response: 'Oh well, it's your choice, are you going to be an artist, or are you going to be a mother?' So I said 'I will work through my lunch hour so I won't miss one hour.' But I felt unsupported in my decision.

Are the things you do with other women, especially women artists, enough counter to these things?

We are starting a feminist artists network. Christchurch is isolated, even in the women's art movement; yet we are here, still working and we need to get together and build up our confidence, talk and share ideas and work together too. We have the art school here—and I know a lot of women are too frightened to take risks. Not enough women tutors. We need to see women working—being successful artists as part of everyday life. I know that applies to everything, not just the art world. Also all



Fig. 13 Daring young woman 1984
etching, hard line aquatint dry point
28 * 26



Fig. 14 Woman serving herself 1985
etching, hard line and aquatint
28 x 26

artists need to share more. Women and men. Being an artist often means being very individualistic. That's why I'm all for supportive environments—which allow for commitment to your work. I want to be seen in context—my context which shows I'm a committed feminist in the world as it is now and that my reality is valid; yet my work must change as I change.

It seems to me that my work is now less overt. When I first started working I did women: just basically front-on pictures of women in various positions. And now my work is really removed from that and it's more related to women and their environment (domestic bliss?) and memories or fantasies from my childhood. Also my reality now. The reactions I get are far stronger and sometimes dense; well I think I must be doing something, portraying feelings and emotions. What I'm trying to do is just say my story, really for other women to see because I never had these role models and I want other women feeling good about working and being and getting on with their life too. Also I don't want to buy into all men are oppressors and get stuck there, otherwise I'm wasting my energy. Yet in New Zealand there is a very strong heritage of women artists (which somehow gets forgotten). I want us all to be part of that.

I really enjoy working and I like my work. If I'm not working I get into a state of panic. I feel something will die in me. It's a terrible feeling, so when I start working I really do enjoy it. The more I do the etching process the more I love it. Printmaking does work for me. I find the reverse image means a different view. I nurture the plate through various processes of wiping, cutting, inscribing, putting it in the acid bath till finally I ink and print it. The techniques are to be used like any other techniques. I'm not interested in technique for its own sake. It's just a way to get the desired result of communicating.

Perfection for perfection's sake?

What is perfection? Dallas? Dynasty? You can have it. That's another thing that's put on to women—to be perfect—perfectly bland—perfectly boring. No, it's really bad, perfection—it's just another form of restraint or repression.

So the important thing is the how, the process?

Well, it's not the most important, but it's definitely part of it. I get something from it, it gives me something back. When I do the etching process things happen, but the plate gives a structure. With painting and drawing, things happen too, but with the plate things happen that you can't control. And although they say you should never overdraw, never overwork, I reckon you should. It's much better for you if you overdraw, work it to the full. Don't stop because it looks beautiful, but go that extra step and force it. If you stop you never know how far you could go, that's the same in life, isn't it?

When you look at your work, looking back to the beginning, do you see an obvious integrity all the way through that you're proud of?

I feel there is integrity in my work. I use lots of women's images. Women's images are different from men's. I was unsure about it to begin with. I like sharing and working with women and I need the support. I have done life drawing with friends since 1977. I started with Jane Zusters; we drew each other so I learnt that life drawing can be relaxed and informal. The doing, talking, is part of our Eves. Now I draw with Linda James, we have shared a studio and exhibited many times together.

Integrity, I hope there is. I always will try to say something honestly and get a message across. To make women feel better about ourselves and understand our situation and realise we are not alone.

(February 1986)



Fig. 15 Mothers Day 1986
etching, soft line and aquatint
28 x 26



Fig. 16 And the ink fades in the lines 1986
etching, hard line and aquatint
28 x 26

BARBARA STRATHDEE



Born 1941, Wellington

Barbara Strathdee trained as an artist by working in advertising as a fashion artist before years of part-time studies at classes in New Zealand and Europe.

*After going to Trieste, Italy to live in the mid-sixties, she was influenced by one teacher especially—August Cemigoj, a Bauhaus constructivist. A brief account of her 'surface and support' paintings including the Axis series, which resulted from this climate of thought, can be found in her publication *The conventional canvas* (1984).*

Her attachment to New Zealand, to family, friends and places, and to feminism, has led to a parallel body of work of a figurative kind. She has also illustrated two New Zealand children's books.

Barbara is married to a physicist based in Trieste, where she lived while bringing up daughter Lise. She now spends half the year in New Zealand and works and exhibits in both countries.

Marian interviewed Barbara in Wellington and we've reproduced extracts from the interview with a few additions and alterations by us and by Barbara.

Until I was eighteen all I knew of painting was the picturesque landscapes in the houses of my parents and grandparents. I didn't study art at school and made no mental connection between those paintings and my own drawing activity. With my father's encouragement I entered the advertising world where one day a colleague turned up at work with a canvas under his arm. He was going to enter a picture into the Kelliher competition. I took the address of the arts supply shop, went over to the hills behind the Orongorongo River, and painted a view of Wellington Harbour in the early morning. This, my first painting, was chosen for exhibition.

My notions of paintings changed after having shifted to Auckland to work in advertising, when I met Michael Smither by chance in a lunch bar. He had started to draw me (in my fashionable red hat) as I sat at a table with my sister. I decided that I couldn't have this unknown guy drawing me, so I pulled out my sketch book and drew him. Naturally he came across to introduce himself, and the outcome was that within two weeks he had convinced me that I was selling my soul for sixpence by working for advertising. I left my job, moved to a cheap verandah room in a men's boarding house and spent the next four months teaching myself to paint. Michael introduced me to the Auckland City Art Gallery collection and took me painting around the city.

Following this I went down south on a tramping trip. Afterwards I picked up my paints and canvas paper which I had sent on ahead to a Queenstown hotel and painted landscapes for a couple of months, camping alone up in the river valleys behind Lake Wakatipu until my food and money ran out. Most of the paintings had to be sold to local farmers to get me back to Auckland, where I returned to advertising to save money for further travel—this time overseas with the man I was about to marry. We were planning to go to England which we eventually did.

The other important event in Auckland was seeing Colin McCahon's work in an exhibition, one of those competition exhibitions. He'd won a prize, all the other prizes were for figurative work, I think, but this one by McCahon was one of the *Gate* series. It had a very powerful impact upon me. It wasn't until years later that I understood its connections to twentieth century European art: at that time it was completely alone and I had nothing to compare it with, not even art book reproductions, to explain to me how it worked. I managed to get in to classes at the Auckland City Art Gallery under McCahon for a time. I still remember all the things he spoke about.

What sort of things?

Various things. He took us onto the roof of the building one night and asked us to note the silhouettes of trees against the sky, saying something like: 'Now, imagine that you're putting a frame around part of this foliage and now imagine you're drawing this foliage on a piece of paper. Okay. You're going to end up with curves aren't you, but in order to make those curves absolutely accurate it's far better to see those curves as made up of many straight lines, each line being a change in direction in relation to the frame you're putting around it. Because what you're making is a picture, you're not able to do what nature does: you haven't got the whole space, the eye's usual visual range, to deal with—you are relating the tree to the edge of the picture.' And that to me, of course, became obsessively important when I got to the whole *Axis* series, the notion of the edge of the canvas and wanting to destroy the rectangular edge of the painting.

Shall we talk about the Axis series for a bit, because the works were strongly connected to the McCahon exercise?

Well, I had been doing a lot of paintings on canvases that weren't stretched. In fact, they were often on jute because I had to use cheap materials. I just wanted to tack them to the gallery walls but none of the galleries in Italy I exhibited in would allow me to do this at that time. Coming back here in 1975 via San Francisco,

I saw there a lot of my kind of painting, using stripes, pencil combined with paint and so on, and I felt that I was part of a huge programme, a team programme, as it were, engaged in tabulating the language of abstract forms. Then, when we came through Fiji, Lise was with some Australian kids and they were playing a game that I later found out to be a Chinese game: you draw up a series of points in a grid and each person takes a turn to draw a line through two adjacent points, and if they manage to close off a box, they can draw another line somewhere. You probably know the game. Whoever closes off the most boxes wins the game.

I decided that this grid would suit my painting, for the lines could emphasise the edges of the canvas within the paintings. I found a studio in Petone and set to work using cotton sheeting as canvas. By chance I dashed down the idea for these paintings on some roughly shaped pieces of cotton. I used only a small part of the grid, the dot was in the middle and the lines went out on either side in the form of a cross. I thought of the cross as an axis and placed this in the middle and saw that now the rough edges of the piece of cotton could be read in a McCahon-way against the axis—a reversal of his idea, if you like.

Then I painted brush marks that could also be read against this axis; in earlier paintings the stripes had been the reference point for the brush marks. Back in Trieste I bought heavy canvas and ripped it to large shapes on which to repeat these ideas. I wasn't brave enough at that point just to tack these irregular canvases to the wall so I stuck them down on a square, stretched, canvas, and it wasn't until a year or so later that I was able to put the tom canvas directly on the wall.

After a while I decided that I was closing down my work too much, that it was too private a concern, that the obsessive idea of the tom canvases and the axes was driving me a bit crazy. I couldn't talk about it with anybody really and I remember talking about it with one friend, who wasn't an artist, and he just said 'Oh, Barbara, stop it, write a book about it if you have to, but don't talk about it anymore.'

Do you think you've come to the end of it now you've written about it in The conventional canvas?

I very much hope so. Once I started to write about it I thought, right, now I'm free to do my figurative painting, but what do I do instead? A whole new series of abstract paintings. They are more dynamic than the previous paintings and they aren't about the axis. I don't know whether that idea has let go of me or not. I keep wanting to do tom canvases in three dimensions: I've made some on a small scale, and have done drawings of tom canvases wrapped around ropes, of canvases bandaging bundles of broken stretchers, you know, envisaging whole exhibition rooms full of these sort of sculptural things.

During the period of working with Cemigoj in the sixties and regular studio visits in the seventies, I was, in fact, also making prints, paintings and photographic collages based on family and friends, which I seldom showed. I remember I was to show some of these in 1970 at the Trieste offices of the United States Information Service but my mentor persuaded the USIS person that my other work was better. The result: I did not exhibit at all. These are the kinds of pressures which steer one's development.

The formation of Marebagroup (three feminist artists—we began exhibiting together in 1974, connected by our ideology and not by our aesthetics) was a pressure in another direction. For although I showed only stripe paintings on unstretched canvas when exhibiting with them, in the studio I was again making images of people from sketches of women who dropped in to chat while I painted. It seemed to me that realism or reduced notations for the figure has been the solution for most artists in this century with only a few, for example Giacometti, conveying a deep sense of humanity. The German Expressionist painters I found too disruptive, too distorting, to work from.

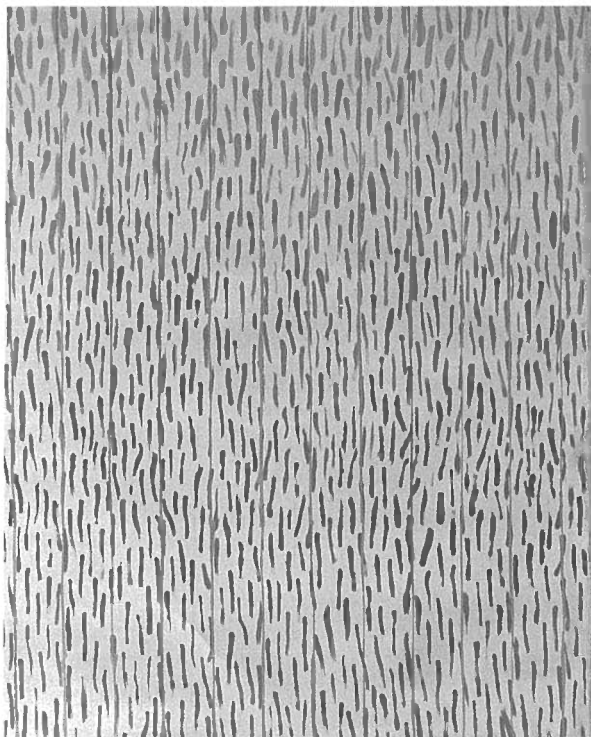


Fig. 17 Blue/orange/green triptych (detail) 1971
 acrylic on canvas
 60 x 50 (x3)

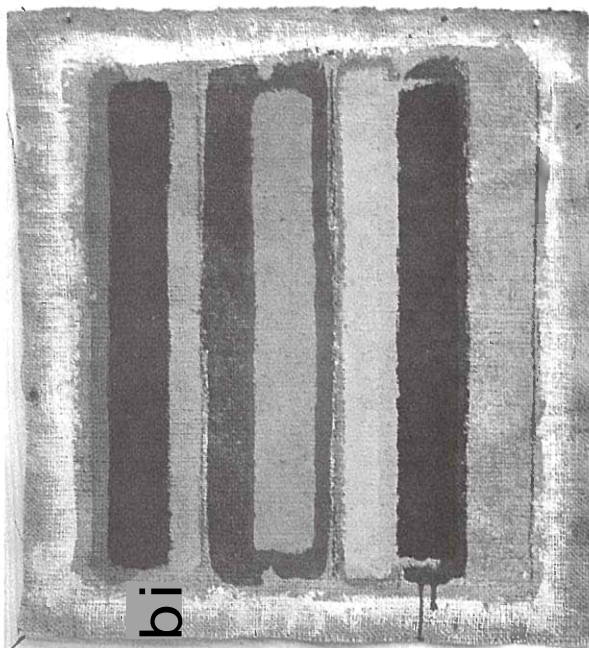


Fig. 18 Idrija 1974
 acrylic on jute
 55 x 50

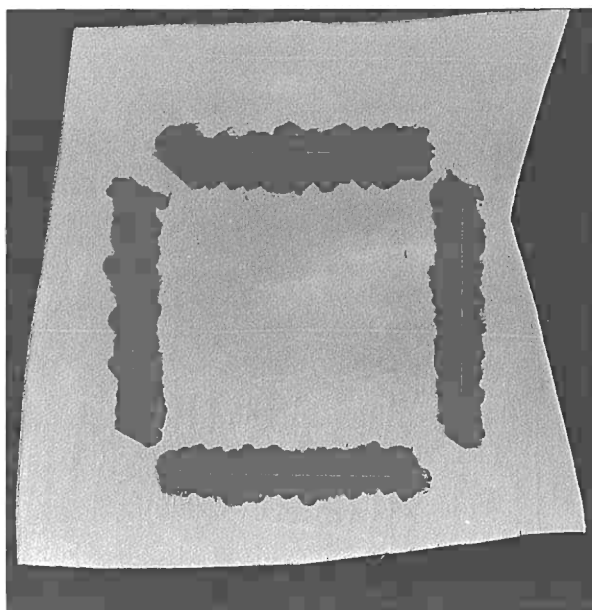


Fig. 19 Isole, from the Axis series 1977
 acrylic on canvas
 30x30

In my 1984-5 abstract paintings I've used some black shapes, zigzag edged, only with some of the corners knocked off and these shapes carry a lot of impact emotionally in the way they are situated within the painting. Similarly, in *Crayfishing with grandmother*, a children's book, the big black kettle in the second plate is a shape that carries a meaning beyond that of just being a kettle: it is almost animate, its spout is like an open beak, it has become a dominant creature within the illustration. That's another thing I'm very interested in, the use of black as a colour to construct a painting (Piero della Francesca, Beckmann and Hockney, these are painters who compose with black). However, with the first of my recent abstract paintings I was working very quickly on paper and allowed the subconscious to give me the content, including those black zigzag shapes.

The other day when we were looking at your jellybean paintings and the one of your mother and the way she was behind the table, I wondered about the role of the subconscious in your work, of your female subconscious. How aware are you of this? Why do you think you painted your mother behind a table?

It's got more chance probably in the figure painting, but it is often years before I am aware of possible meanings. I wouldn't have seen that about my mother being hidden by the table . . . without you pointing it out. Possibly, what is happening is this: I am an artist who is in fact a conditioned female, that is, I am a woman conditioned by the patriarchal society, making art, therefore some of what I produce is controlled by that conditioning. Initially the intense colours of jellybeans led me to use their shape in paintings that were about colour contrast and floating sensations. It is possibly a womb shape and, so, subconsciously an important shape to me. On the other hand I've always liked eating jellybeans! Later I did use the shape as a symbol for 'female', with a short line representing 'male', in some paintings on paper. But this was after the jellybean/womb connection had been made evident to me by another artist.

How has your capacity to bear children affected your life as an artist?

There was the difficult and important decision not to have more than one child. When I married John I asked him if he was assuming that we would have some children. He said he supposed so. Lise was by this time five and I wasn't prepared to spend five more years full-time bringing up another child so I suggested to John that we share the work. It took him about five minutes to decide that he'd rather do physics and that was it. I've regretted it every once in a while, but fortunately Lise liked little children and we often had little ones coming in to stay.

Do you think it has anything to do with art being taken more seriously in Italy as well, so you had to take yourself more seriously as an artist?

Most of the women artists I knew were giving more time to family commitments. But in general, artists are accorded the respect which other intellectuals and professionals receive. The woman artist meets serious response from galleries and public, but is often reviewed in newspapers and sometimes even specialist magazines, in a coy and trivial way. The obstacles are very great outside of the provincial centres—few women have the dedication required to gain the political connections and consideration by those few critics and dealers who decide whether an artist works in obscurity or not.

Over the years I have become increasingly aware of the incredible difficulties women artists face, due in part to living a completely different life to that of most male artists. Women whose income derives from working as a housekeeper and bringing up children may seem to have the advantage of being able to grab time between these duties during daylight hours rather than making art at night as do artists who teach for a living, but these women artists are completely cut off from the system.



Fig. 20 Crayfishing with grandmother 1970

acrylic on canvas

70 x 50



Fig. 21 Woman with a cup of tea 1972

acrylic on board

80x70

Artists who teach can verbalise their ideas, they have status, they receive money in hand, they can go off to the pub for a drink with fellow artists or critics, generally keep an ear to the ground and make the contacts, go to gallery openings and so on after work. The women are home feeding the young ones.

I remember one woman artist, I forget who it was, here in New Zealand, saying she managed to do her drawing on top of the washing machine. What kind of conditions are those for working in? How many woman artists have the strength of mind to make a studio space in their own homes? One that doesn't get used for the sewing, the ironing and for dumping the family's gumboots in as well. It's really hard to carve out a space for yourself in an environment where you're doing service work for everyone else in the family, and very few women I've known have taken studios outside the house because that's a difficult thing to do.

There are other things that may affect a woman artist. I found that I got very doubtful and unhappy about my work at various times, and would destroy it, either by ripping it up, or by painting over what I'd previously been pleased with, and I used to get into such despair that some days I couldn't work at all but would just sit and stare miserably at things—until I started to keep track on the calendar

*Fig. 22 Children of the
colonials I 1984*

acrylic on canvas

80*60



for a number of years and discovered that there was a pattern to this and that it was on the seventh day before my period that the hypercritical mood would begin to affect me. I decided to stay away from the studio for those few days and accept that it's female life: that's the way it is.

I guess it wasn't until about 1977 that I began to accept that I was female, that I had chosen to marry and live in provincial towns, that I wasn't a New York male artist and that I should value and allow into my art those factors which make my life as an artist different from other artists, elsewhere. So, if part of the working life of a woman artist also means that you can't enter your studio for three days of the month—okay. It's no big tragedy, just don't let it get to you. The week following when the balance of hormones changes again, there's a real boost: that's a good time for painting.

Do you find you do different kinds of work at different times in your cycle? Or in relation to the seasons or the moon? Vve often wondered if the various cycles are a reason why so many women artists work in cross-media and with a variety of ideas.

My own shifting back and forth between formalist and figurative content, or working in different media is possibly due to not wanting to have divisions between art and



*Fig. 23 Children of the
colonials II 1984*
acrylic on canvas
80 x 60

wk;
1

the rest of my life. I want to give pictorial form to many of the experiences—to connect them up. Yet at a certain point I have found that the capacity has developed to treat ideas in depth and that a choice about content or media must be made. If one is thinking in terms of a serious career, these choices will be made at an earlier stage, so that the public can identify your work, but also so that the work itself can benefit from the years of commitment in one area. I think many women artists are searching for a way of working that is not derivative, not based on art history made from male experiences. This takes time and many things must be tried; this search takes precedence over a 'career'. I have never analysed my own changes of content and media with my cycle or the cycles of the seasons in mind.

Where does your illustration work fit into this?

That's an effort because there are so many limitations. I think limitations are good because they make you come up with all sorts of possible variations within a narrow range. I like things not to be random, so the more limitations you put on yourself in any particular situation the more chance you have of making something very particular and specific.

But the limitations in book illustration come from outside: you've been given

a page size, text to include, numbers of colours and the fact that the pictures must tell the story and show whether the kids wear life-jackets. But I use illustration in the way I do painting, that is, to explore something. The use of a racy line in the depiction of the children in *The fudge*, for instance. Okay, it's going to be a line drawing, then let it be a sort of non-stop racy line that will convey the sense of energy in children, beyond that depicted by the illustrations. In *Crayfishing* I was interested in colour relationships and shapes. You have to put in a few more details, because you're telling stories about the way children live, what they're holding in their hands and so on.

Now you are back here exhibiting again and beginning to look at your New Zealand roots, a difficult process. . .

Yes, I think it has to do with my mother dying. I wish I had noted down everything she told me about her life. I want to put into the paintings the things I'm thinking about. It's also to do with belonging to more than one culture: for me that has been Pakeha New Zealand and Italian. I'm very aware of the damage when one culture dominates another. In Trieste the Slovene minority struggles to keep its own identity in their own place, which is an Italian town.

It's the same here, here we are, we Europeans, we British—for the most part—I am. We came here as the French went to New Caledonia and we've only been hanging around here for a century or so and we feel as though it is home. I know for myself that it is home for me but I feel very perplexed about it, that it's also home for Polynesian people who arrived here first and are dispossessed of so much. All that stuff we were taught at school doesn't bear up now that people are delving into the real history of New Zealand, looking at Maori language manuscripts, making public the bias of our Pakeha view. In fact, there are two histories to learn in this country. I think about that part of my family who lived in Kaikoura, who had a big farm there and wonder how they came by it, what their relationships were with the people of the place . . .

Towards the end of 1984 while still involved in the abstract series, I painted two pictures using photographs of my own family from the nineteen fifties and I found that I started to paint in an image of a whare behind the Eastbourne sea wall on which the family was sitting, thinking, well, maybe it was there before our house was. The other painting was also of my family with decidedly Polynesian features (this fact was brought to my notice later) with a wooden Eastbourne house behind them and a faint moko design sort of rising up in the sky behind them, like ghosts of the previous dwellers. I decided that this was for me an expression of my being in the eighties looking back at the fifties, about our ignorance of history, of being the children of the colonials.¹

(December-January 1984-85—April 1986)

Note

¹ In 1986 and 1987 Barbara has been developing further the ideas discussed here: see Plates 7 and 8.

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PAULINE THOMPSON



Bom 1942

Pauline Thompson attended Elam part-time in 1962 and full-time 1963-4 and has painted since then. She has been a Sufi since the late nineteen-sixties and uses her work sometimes to tell stories in the Sufi manner. Although she never exhibited in the Women's Gallery (we didn't know about her then) we've included her here because we were so moved by her work when we found it; and by her grasp of the spiritual in history and in daily life. We were also interested in her experience of mixed Pacific ancestry through her Pitcairn and Norfolk Island forbears. She lives in Auckland (where we interviewed her), with her children. (Bridie & Marian.)

Bridie and Marian taped a long interview with Pauline. What follows is brief extracts with minimal editing and few additions.

Has it made any difference to the way you've worked, or to the seriousness with which you take yourself, that you have a husband who's a painter? Has there been a struggle for the two of you to be painters?

At times, yes.

You don't want to talk about it. It's very interesting, no-one will talk about it.

Is that right? The husbands deny it, that's why. Well, I've said it to other people. After I had kids, because I lost concentration I think he thought I was an utter zombie. Because you're wrapped up in the kids and things like potty training, they find that after a day out in the wide world it's a bit much. But that's also what they expect, and anything else is a funny little hobby and any ideas that you've got are quaint little ideas. That, on top of lack of sleep and physical exhaustion, can really undermine your self-image and self-confidence. I think a lot of women could just stop. Before I started painting again I actually left Ross for about three months.

Is there a sense of professional jealousy as well?

I think so, yes. At one stage Ross said to me that I was a failed painter but because I have always thought, from the time I was quite young, that most of them—Van Gogh for instance—didn't start to produce until they were about thirty-nine I wasn't particularly worried. It's something that's said often to women now—'You've left it too late'—crap. When are you supposed to get your success? It might be twenty-five for some sort of cheesecake, or sport, but when you've got maturity well hopefully you've got the physical thing. I know when I lost confidence the way I painted physically changed, it actually became a lot stiffer, forced.

And did you use watercolours rather than oils?

Yes, but I'd always liked watercolours. Right from the time I was a tiny kid I'd painted, I'd had access to watercolours, so I was used to it, I was fluent in it. It's just over the last few years that I've found myself fluent in oils. I'm sure most of it is self-confidence because I paint best when I forget how I'm painting. In other words I'm going about it the way I did when I was a kid, fourteen or fifteen, and I'm painting in the same style which is in a way a style-less thing. When I was at art school I got into mannerisms rather than my own style. It's a bit like going back to the state when the logical thing comes in.

What happened to give you confidence?

Well I suppose I just got terribly desperate, I got my back to the wall, I left Ross and I started to see a lot of bullshit underneath what looked terribly suave. In fact I found out in a crisis when my sister died, people I knew just cracked up and

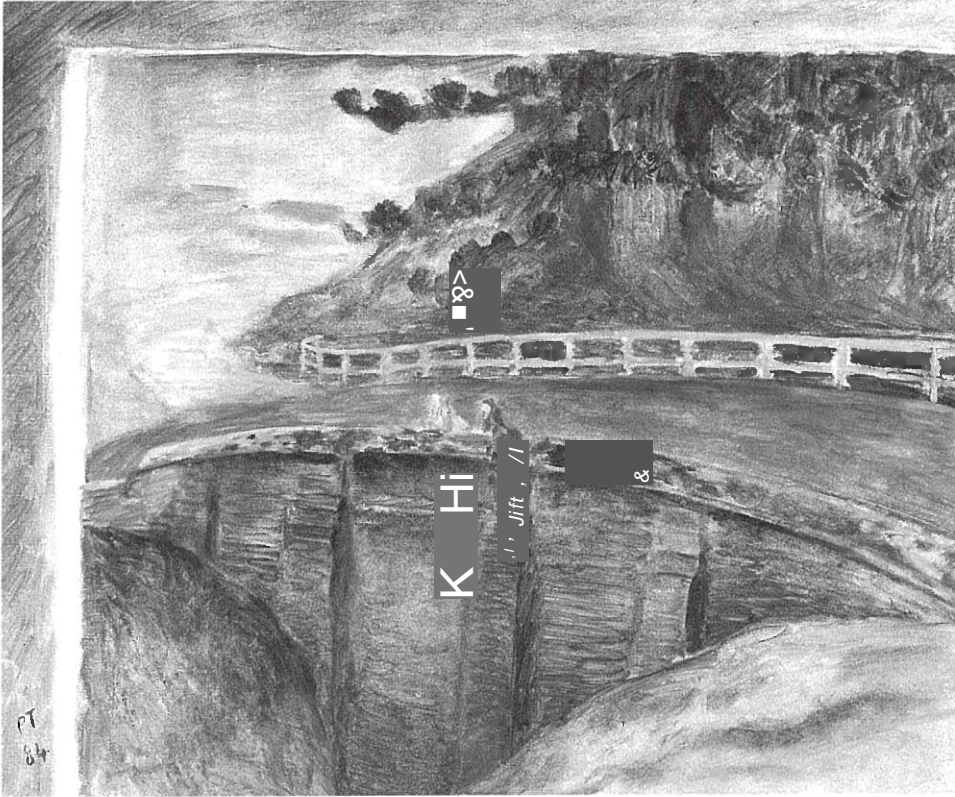


Fig. 24 On Bloody Bridge Norfolk Island 1984

oil on canvas board

508 x 610

Some convicts who were building the bridge killed their overseer and stuffed his body into the stones. They made up a story to cover his absence but during the night it rained, his blood seeped out and they were caught.

I realised I was a lot stronger than I was giving myself credit for being and I'd been covering this up by my lack of self-confidence and negative self-image—which was just as stupid as if it were an overly good image like a lot of men. I started to get a more balanced view of myself and also I was starting to take responsibility for myself and my actions because this other side, which was keeping me in this loss of confidence thing, was irresponsible and unsure—you know it's the classic giving in, the combination of self-pity and resentment.

Do you feel part of a group of artists?

No I don't at all. I've got one friend, Maria Olsen, who's an artist.

How do you feel about your work in relation to your gender?

I don't think art has any sex. I think the spirit is sexless. I am very influenced by men such as Goya and Velazquez, who painted the dark side of things, works such as Goya's *The sleep of reason produces monsters* and Velazquez's paintings of dwarves and royalty.

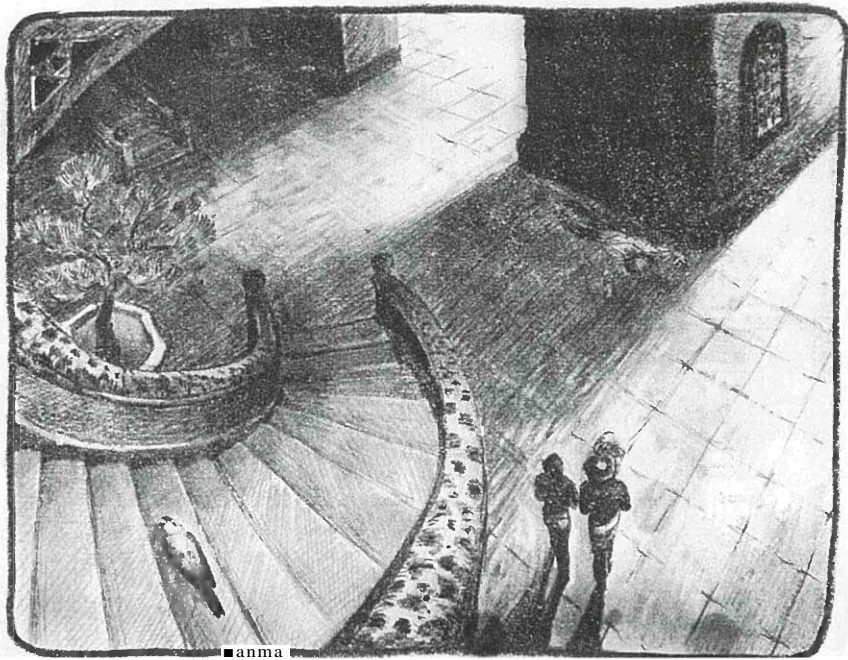


Fig. 25 Liberty Equality Fraternity: Thursday, October

drawing for xeroxed artists book: *Natural and other histories* 1985

'Thursday October and Charles Christian, dreaming they are in Paris during the 1871 Commune, come upon the murdered body of Raoul Rigault, while a red-crowned parakeet feigns death on the stairs.'

What is your familial connection with Pitcairn?

Yes, my grandfather was born on Norfolk Island and his father I think was born in Pitcairn. But I think I probably would have been interested anyway. It's hard to say, isn't it, but I find it a perfect microcosm of the whole thing that happens in the South Pacific. And it's a microcosm of what happens in ourselves: the mutiny on the *Bounty*, the conscious meeting the unconscious, western man meeting the more tribal more natural type of life, whatever imperfections it may have had. Probably no more than the imperfections of the western lifestyles of that time. I think they were different: one had more conscious intellect and the other more instinctive and intuitive knowledge. And I was interested in the meeting of those two races and what happened when they actually went to Pitcairn—and did the usual colonial thing of not giving the Tahitian men any land. They treated them more or less like slaves, although they had been friends and equals when they left Tahiti with them. And now it's starting to connect up with current history, with the Greenpeace bombing.

When I started on these things I didn't really know the connection. I was interested in the *Bounty* and I was interested in the French Revolution and I started working subconsciously, but I wanted to get them together. I did that in my book *Natural and other histories* by having Thursday October and Charles Christian dreaming that they are in Paris. They were the first generation of Pitcairn Islanders, the first of mixed race. They come upon the body of the murdered Raoul Rigault while a red-crowned parakeet feigns death on the stairs. That refers to Rumi's story of the parakeet



Fig. 26 The balcony
1986
oil on stretched canvas
18 * 24 inches



Fig. 27 Mother Aubert on her death bed 1985
oil on canvas board
14 x 18 inches

who pretended to be dead in order to escape from his prison. The courtyard, the squares, are like the logical mind which sees things only by comparison and opposites. The parakeet escapes by feigning death, by which I don't mean complete passivity—it comes up in Rumi's story too, that when you're asleep your conscious mind is asleep but the other part is awake.

So do you have two strands, one of which is your own history and the other you feel is the spiritual, the unconscious history?

Well I suppose so but I don't know what the hell I'm doing—I haven't got my finger on the pulse of the collective unconscious or something: sometimes you do something and it turns out that some sort of pattern comes.

I was thinking of Pitcairn Island and Norfolk Island and how sometimes your work is very geographical.

Yes, well I try and put specific places on things too, I believe that you dream about specific places.

Your work often has the colours of dawn and dusk—what do those times of day mean to you?

I like the morning and the afternoon because of the pauses you get. Not the twilight, I was meaning more the sort of hush like in the morning just before the dawn. A very sobering thing, like when somebody's dying and somebody's born. A very aweing time and frightening too because it's so extreme: like the Catholic phrase 'in extremis'. Something like that, right on the edge, but it's very peaceful. It's like something else coming in at a different level, like a niggly in the back of your mind that something else is being told to you, like a transition.

Could you tell us how you became interested in Mother Aubert and the Homes of Compassion?

Well Ross gave me a book last year called *Petticoat pioneers* which had one article in it about this eccentric nun who swam across rivers with all her clothes on her head. It seemed so bizarre and I thought 'what?' so I went and got a book on her and found she was ten times as bizarre as it showed in the other book, an incredible woman. I thought she was somebody who symbolised, if you like, one who looks after those parts of ourselves which are the hidden parts, the darker parts, the part that's not out in the open, not out in the marketplace: the role that's often taken by or symbolised by women, or children, or the dark races, religion, anything on that side. The illogical rather than the logical, conscious rather than the unconscious.

She founded the Homes of Compassion in Wellington, and when she was seventy the Wellington Home of Compassion needed a new reservoir. The Governor General, his wife and their aides came to visit and found her lugging concrete up this steep hill, at her age, so they took off their jackets and helped. In the end there was a volunteer group from all walks of life doing an hour or a day or a few days, and in the end they got the reservoir made. And when she died the day was made a public holiday, people lined the streets, she didn't want any flowers: I'm going to do paintings of that too, I thought all those people would look like flowers lining the road.

(September 1985)

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HEATHER McPHERSON



Born 1942

Heather McPherson is a writer and editor. She was a founding member of the Christchurch women artists group, the founder of Spiral and a contributor and co-ordinator at the Women's Gallery.

Heather is part of a scattered community of women, who usually live from temporary jobs, on Domestic Purposes or Unemployment Benefits, and choose to work as artists, writers and feminists as independently as possible of literary and artistic patriarchal structures. She has influenced and supported many women within this community and outside it.

In early 1987 she wrote to me, about having moved nine times in four years, since leaving Christchurch for the Bay of Plenty, for health reasons: 'The unsettlement: changes of city, houses, relationships, jobs—and my son's changes of school—splintered much of my focus and concentration—this while recovering from psychic fragmentation after a form of therapy 1982—83.'

She quoted from Virginia Woolf's Moments of being, to explain why she hasn't published a great deal, why her novel is unfinished:

But to feel the present sliding over the depths of the past, peace is necessary. The present must be smooth, habitual. For this reason—that it destroys the fullness of life—any break—like that of house moving causes me extreme distress; it breaks; it shallows; it turns the depths into hard thin splinters.

Heather's second book of poems, The third myth was published in 1986. She now lives in Matata with her son. When Tilly interviewed her Sue Sullivan was visiting; she makes a brief appearance in this heavily abbreviated version of the interview. We have added at the end some excerpts from an exchange of letters between Heather and me. (Marian.)

Heather, where does intertextuality fit into women's art for you?

Intertextuality . . . two things come to mind. A feminist criticism which takes into account the patriarchal structure in which art is made but also tries to find a base for a gender-free critical theory. At the moment there's the Ruthven book which suggests feminists aren't the best people to handle feminist criticism—the classical patriarchal put-down. And there's Toril Moi's *Sexual/textual politics* which summarises various textual approaches, pointing out, as feminists did with art in the early seventies, that linguistic theory is a process fed by social and therefore political contexts. The hoary 'standards' argument hauled out to discredit new work or work from a different perspective is often a power-wielding device by people standing in a different construct. I'm reminded of some of Allie Eagle's paintings and drawings in the mid-seventies, black and white linear portraits, incidents in her life, and how they were dismissed by a dealer at the time as 'too slight'—when the content and context in which they were made were quite revolutionary. Or I think of Joanna Paul's work, which was using white spaces and I chuckle at semiotics validating silences as telling as words . . . One of the useful strands in Moi's book is that it shows a process of feminist criticism not unlike New Zealand literary criticism—it starts at a 'reality' point.

Like how?

By saying, as said about *Spinster* for example, 'but this isn't a real person' or that 'this is quite a good depiction of teaching methods, but . . .'—they're saying that the text only has validity in so far as character co-ordinates with reality. They meant 'universal'—which we now call 'male'. So a kind of what you might call a political realism operates first. This is where things like *The women's room* rode on the crest of the wave. In fact a lot of us were not terribly interested in this book; it stopped short of lesbianism as a choice, and we had passed that point. Also, we rode straight into idealism on our white chargers, saying what we want are positive images of women.

Is that where you were when the women artists group was set up in '75?

Yes. We were looking for an identity with images that we had made and felt validated by. Because we had been excluded from the culture, in those male universals, in all the arts—our whole environment—tables, chairs, couches, beds had seemingly been made by men. Many of us then cleared our bookshelves of the men's books and the walls of men's paintings.

Does that connect with your structure, the A frame, in the C.S.A. show in 1977?

Yes. A kind of shorthand of the essentials, things of everyday life. Things which were important. From the humpty dumpty doll made by a friend of my mother's for my son who was four then, to typewriter, to drawings . . . Because I see my poetry in terms of looking for visual images I identified with the visual artists—it seemed to me sometimes they could say so much more succinctly what writers were still trying to find. The outer frame had the wicca measurements—three by three by three, the mystical and harmonious numbers—but it was made of bits of timber left over from building my house. It seemed appropriate to visualise my identity as a half-built house with the outer structure—as a child-carer your outer structure is tied to role necessities, role structure—made out of bits of patriarchal left-overs. But the inner structure, the interior being woman-identified . . .

This is perhaps a time to talk about lesbianism and the work on spirituality that you'd been doing for some time—before '77.

Indeed we had. Lesbianism really started a lot of women . . . Most of us by 1975 were living in lesbian relationships and mixing only with lesbians. We had been

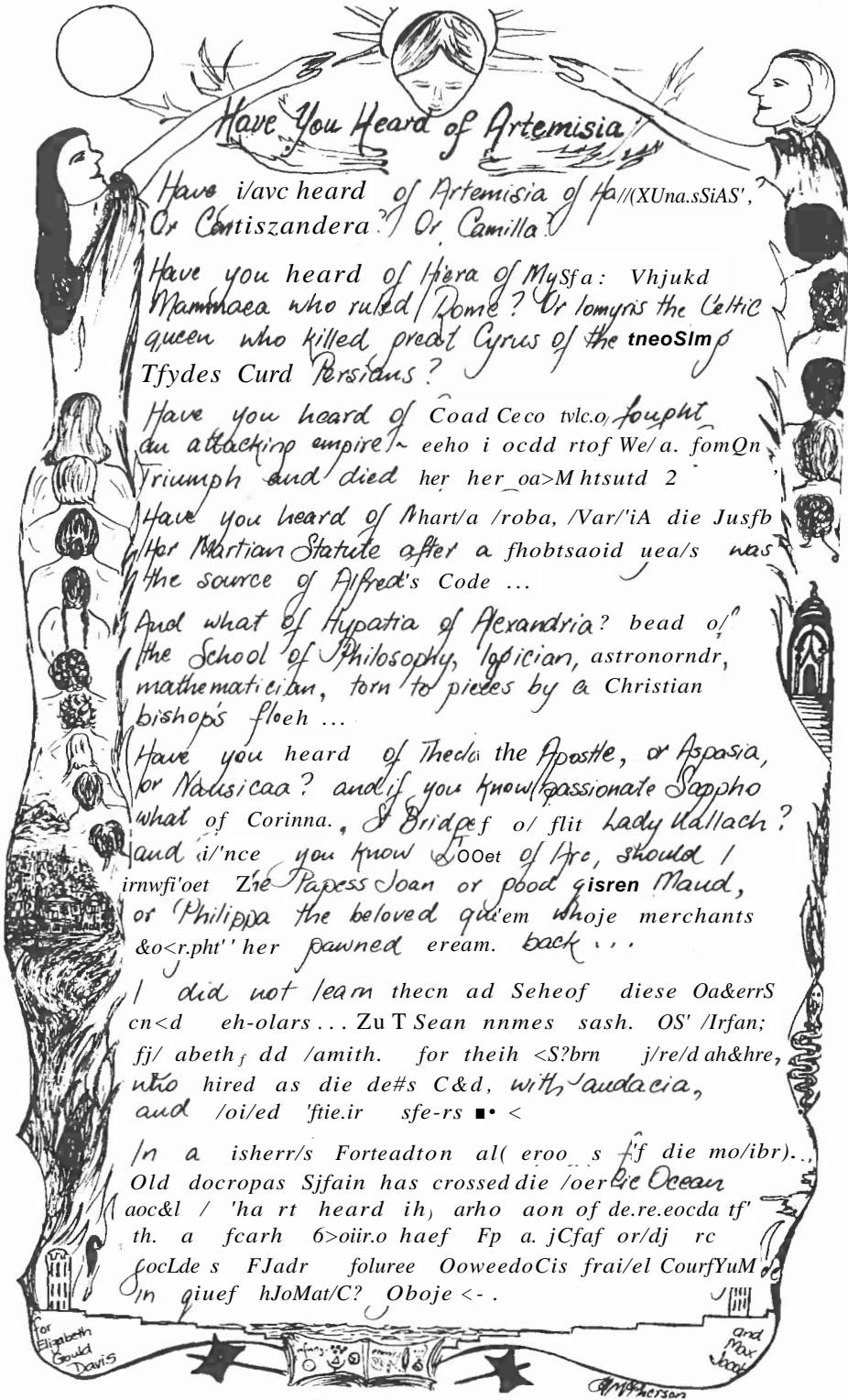


Fig. 28 'Have you heard of Artemisia?' reproduced from Spiral 4, 1979

brought up in the church, most of us, going through that kind of 'spirituality'. Talking one night we admitted we enjoyed ritual and the kind of bonding that comes from shared spirituality . . . once again it was a kind of pragmatizing of responses. Emotional with sexual with spiritual.

And once we started the hunt a lot of material came our way. Really I wouldn't have believed I could be so interested in history—except that it wasn't, it was herstory—*The first sex, The white goddess, The goddesses and gods of old Europe* which was archaeology. Also checking the art histories. And finding the captions under the pictures lied—captions saying for example, 'two reclining women', when it's quite obvious they are fondling each other's breasts . . . lesbian invisibility made clear. And the professorial pronouncements on Sappho—no, she didn't . . . in other words, she couldn't possibly have been a lesbian because she was a great poet. Or she was a great poet, ergo, she was morally clean, an honorary heterosexual . . . women's work treated as women's bodies and appropriated into male consumption . . . It was Monique Wittig who gave the directions for looking at interior meanings of being lesbian as well as social and political analogies. With all the strands it was a very nurturing, very fulfilling intellectually, emotionally and spiritually exciting environment.

How was that reflected in your own words as a poet? Did you already have poems available?

Well yes I did. 1973, the Christchurch festival . . . They had this poets' evening as part of the festival and there were these twenty young men getting up on the stage one after another and they were so interchangeable. There was only one who stood out as reasonably individual and he was a bit mad too, and all these things of course fermented away and I suppose that was when I knew that women artists' voices had to be heard.

We put a lot of energy into looking for women writers, international and local, but it always seemed to me that visual artists were as important, that all art is part of a similar dimension of communications and we were working to similar objectives. The visual artists—Allie Eagle, Anna Keir, Helen Rockel were doing much the same things, finding the resources which had been closed to us, refinding them . . . Rosemary Johnson who'd been working in the patriarchy successfully for years . . . Sometimes feeling our work had been dry-cleaned . . .

Had you started thinking about an arts journal for women at that point?

Yes I had. I wasn't really an activist—I like to go on the marches and I did, but spending an evening working on a submission . . . it struck me that there were other things that we could be doing. So it seemed to me that my energies would be more contributory doing that.

Was that the need to have a journal which explained the inexplicable?

That is a really lovely way to put it. I don't know if I'd claim that much for it. The intent was far more radical than the content. What I think we were more concerned about was really more specific than the 'inexplicable' . . .

My friends who had already decided as personal/political choices to become lesbian were involved in putting out the only lesbian magazine in New Zealand at that time. Although I worked on it for one or two issues I felt more urgently about my identity as a writer. Despite an academic education, living on a DPB doesn't give you confidence in your ability to broach essentially middle-class preserves . . . and a small press male editor had told me kindly I'd be more likely to be published if I used initials—obscuring my womanhood.

Then there was Herstory Press in Wellington, Robyn Sivewright and Jill Hannah, printing women's material. I put ads in various places and got an overwhelming

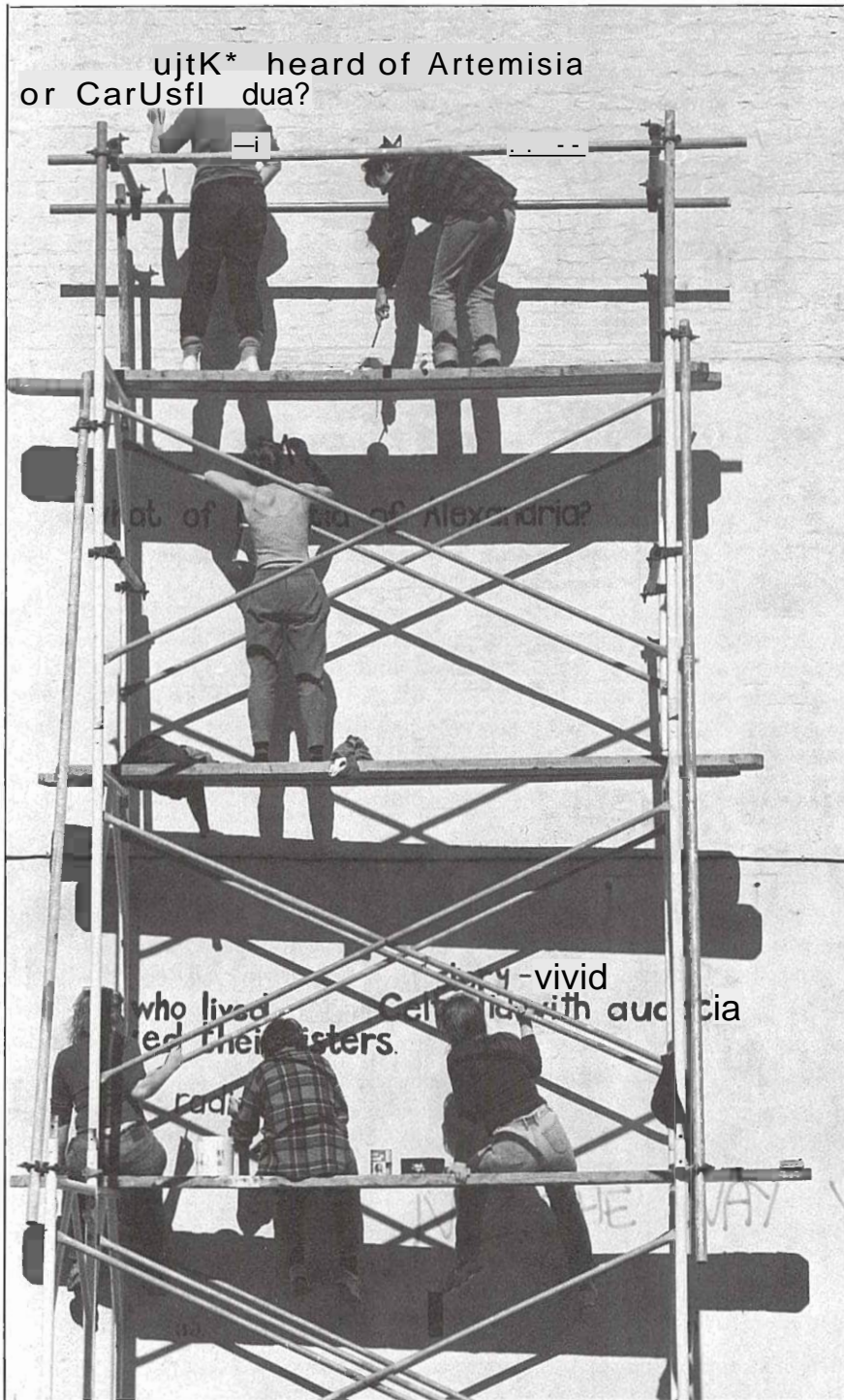


Fig. 39 Women painting 'Have you heard of Artemisia?' on Matariki mural, 1981

I. to r., top to bottom: Anna Keir, Marian Evans, Marg Leniston, Fiona Lovatt, Susie Jungersen, Bridie Lonie.

response . . . went back to the lesbian community and we set up a collective. Much more structured in old ways than any later collective I might add . . . initially we kept our roles fairly compartmentalised. And I was incredibly lucky to have practical support from friends, most from Paulette Barr who helped me keep abreast of the constant correspondence, and with babysitting . . . The physical putting-together was done by a group of lesbians circling great stacks of pages in the centre of the Blue House sittingroom floor. I worked with the material we received—that it didn't reflect our own reality didn't bother me too much, it was the idea of women working together for women's voices to be heard, positively, that was the aim, and the amalgam of arts—photographers as well as poets, writers, painters etc. Not so much the content as the fact of presence and capability, in my head at least . . . Some women who had I suppose been more grounded in their identity—women like Joanna Paul—had been using/exploring their domestic interiors through their paintings.

I'd initially stepped over that—the child-rearing bit, as being outside the artists' scope . . . Anyway, Linda Nochlin's article 'Why are there no great women artists?', we discussed it a lot in 1975. And we, or I, wanted to redefine greatness in terms of content and perception of content and its relative place in our lives. The main thing was that we saw art as artist's process, it has to arise from a specific focus, and the unmentionables, whether child-care or menstruation, being part of our lives should be part of our art. And the art was made among children and dishes, that sort of thing . . .

And the focus seemed to be on women with children, even women who didn't have children were often connected with women who did. This was challenged later of course . . . I'd leapt from liberal academic to lesbian separatism, but then the younger lesbians without children said 'Hey, how come you're a lesbian separatist but you're bringing up male children?' And this forced a rethink, those of us who continued to bring up male children had to modify our positions.

Were you reading Monique Wittig's The lesbian body back then?

I didn't get it until later, around '77.

What happened when you read that?

I remember thinking it was a bit too localised for me. Anatomy when you also needed survival skills—and *Les guerill'eres* had been so visionary. I'd been more interested in Gertrude Stein's language experiments, so innovative, and containing what you might call a gut of amazing meaning . . .

Do you mean ay-dash-mazing? A bit of Daly-ism into our postmodernism! You did some language experiments too, didn't you?

Yes I did do some. Under Stein's influence. Then I found that I was no longer so accessible to the women around me and this modified my approach, perhaps it was obscuring something which should be made clear. I wanted to try to bring together the connections of a women's heritage, of a spirituality, of women's relationships in this enormously long context, you know, that in fact, whatever lesbianism was, it was also a culmination of very long herstory.

That women's heritage that you've just mentioned, how did that seem to fit in with the opening of the Women's Gallery?

Part of it was to be, to reach a much more immediate audience with the ideas. By then we'd already done four issues of *Spiral* and I was really tired, tired of the physical work that went into it, and then I got the news that Marian Evans and Anna Keir were working on making this women's gallery and were inviting women to become incorporated members. It was the opportunity for me as a writer to work in a visual medium, and this was really exciting.

This would be the second time you'd done this in a gallery?

Yes that's right, and so in some sense the symbolic goddess figure (Plate 47) that I made there incorporated a lot of ideas that we'd been working on, for example she had a hairdresser's head that was faceless and on the table beside her were cut out face shapes for women to fill in themselves, to put their own face on them. And they did. So when I actually came to write the poem about doing that, it seemed to me a beautiful culmination—that I did the thing and then wrote about it, and that was my most important poem for bringing in so many ideas. It came after 'Theology and a patchwork absolute' in the *A figurehead: a face* poems which will show you where my sentiments were.

How do you mean?

We were working on a supposition—discovery, certainty—that our spirituality was ourselves, that it was not outside ourselves, that its manifestation was political. As were the myths, so was the manifestation of any kind of deity, as the rulers were political so the deities took the face of the rulers. The man-made god, or, as we were trying to say, the women-made goddess. This was the whole point of having women put their own faces on her. There were some very angry ones. There were some quite beatific ones. There were some very querying (or queerying?) ones. It was lovely. Then too, as in the early constructions it was made out of the scraps of the patriarchy, using in an extension of pop art, ready-mades, it was a bit like that, partly because we had so little resources that once again we were using scraps, or I was using scraps, and trying to vest them with new meaning, so others could invest them with new meaning.

The sense of participation was crucial.

And the sense of communication. It seems to me artists are representative of groups of their culture, that they are in fact the spokeswomen or spokespeople of their culture, of their particular group, and to do this then they must have the trust and confidence of their group, and to do this they must have the input, the feeding from the group too so that it is a participatory process. I feel that we are all artists in some way, and at the time we were all much more idealistic in saying look there is no barrier between galleries and women, that in fact, women belong in galleries, that is, women as artists, and you are all women as artists essentially anyway. We were trying to democratise and radicalise the whole art scene as being not something removed and precious and part of an establishment patriarchy, hierarchy, we were trying to say look, this is our space, and look, you are us. We are not 'here we are and there are you' as consumers; taking away that whole product and consumer meaning from it. Because I'm not a visual artist and I haven't worked in those mediums, I felt in fact that mine was nowhere near visually successful, it looked home-made. That was okay.

I was trying to say—this is where you start. And if you're trying to make a new concept it is going to look raw and home-made. As Gertrude Stein said about Picasso, that you start to make something new and it's ugly. Those that come afterwards can make it beautiful, but when it is new it is raw.

Besides, she did like her portrait by him.

Right.

I mean so few people like their portraits eh? What do you think of your poem 'Close up', from A figurehead: a face? That poem was pre-Spiral?

Around the same time. It seems to me now that my most innovative work was done between 1975 and 1979, when we were trying to get through all the overgrowth

and undergrowth. I got a real buzz one day when I came out and saw Marian under an enormous sun hat on her scrubby Wellington hillside planting plants. It seemed to me very much the same sort of thing that we were doing.

And that's what prompted that poem?

No that was a kind of post-poem, about art copying life copying art, or whatever. It seems what we were doing was a very lonely thing . . .

But you had each other.

Right. Somebody said somewhere, who was it, I think it might have been Susan Griffin in *Made from this earth* saying that feminist artists work individually but think collectively. That's why I feel it's so important—context—now, because I know that kind of excitement, that kind of exploration would not have been possible without women particularly like Allie Eagle, but also Morrigan and Paulette and Anna and Gladys and Marian; the women who were seeing these things at the same time, and making amazing creative ideas out of them. And at the Women's Gallery, you know, Keri with her paua shell god, or Claudia with her cutouts, or Bridie with her straw nest, those sorts of images that came up were, they were so new and so radical.

They were quite a shock weren't they.

Yes.

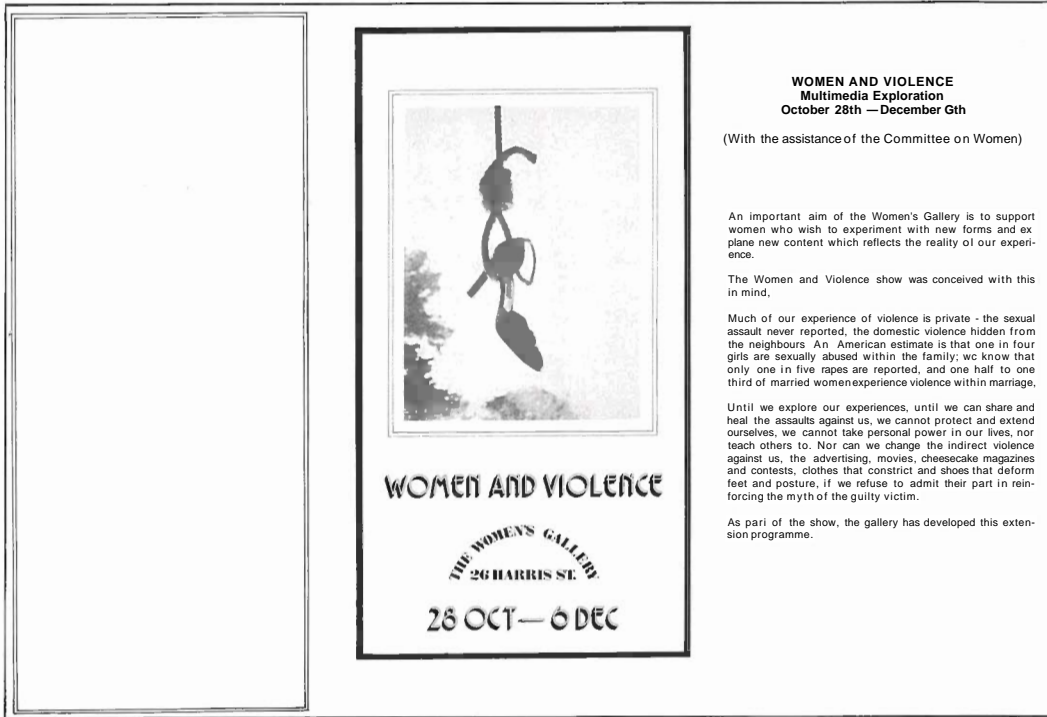
I was shocked.

But it was not distancing, it was not placing this product untouched by human hand, putting it in this mausoleum-type little tomb and saying 'this is it, admire it,' it was saying 'Here we are! Join us!' This was an inclusive invitation, to all women.

In contrast, at the Feminist Book Fair in Oslo in 1986 there was a Global Women's evening programmed at the same time as a Lesbian Celebration evening—it was also interesting to see Lesbian and Black women's writing programmed at the same time, which meant you could not be third world, black and lesbian at the same time.

It's something I wouldn't have expected these days with our years of raised consciousnesses. In the early days there was a progression from white middleclass to working class to lesbian to minority cultures consciousness, and now we've come to look at dis/ablement, youth, age—all the ways in which different needs are obscured in the homogeneity of the white male middleclass norm that saturates television, movies, newspapers. Women's culture may still be a 'minority' culture but its very vital and wide-ranging. What it has done is open up all the hidden areas. Take the topics the Women's Gallery investigated. When we arrived for the inaugural show we had a list of areas that the feminist movement had talked about through the preceding years: spirituality, violence, mothers, diaries, . . . nobody wanted to tackle the theme violence so with a sinking feeling I said I would. There are so many areas where women are subjected to violence and yet they're still seen as shameful to the victim rather than the perpetrator.

I was interested in art pieces which covered a spectrum. Bridie worked on this show—her little sculpture of a couple (Fig. 104) where it was moot whether they were fucking or the man was strangling the woman attracted a lot of attention. She also had a piece on hands . . . other gallery women worked on the incest piece which took its inspiration from a Canadian women's piece . . . and I also did a birdcage filled with United Nations statistics sheets on wife-beating and cliterectomy. They didn't have exact figures but up to thirty million women are involved . . .



Tues 28th October
 Midday Opening event; Lunchtime Street Theatre Public Library Lawn

7.30pm Public Opening: The Women's Gallery. Women & Violence. Performance. Readings. Poems. Music.

Wed. 29th October
 Midday Film: Rape Culture. The ways in which women and men are polarised into victim/aggressor. Discussion Follows. Gallery. Women Only.

7.30pm Rape Seminar. Rape is an act of power, not sex. Convenor- Lynn Benson. Gallery Women Only

Thurs. 30th October
 Midday Video: Women of Halfway House Auckland Women's Refuge discusses violence with battered women. 30 min. Gallery. Women Only.

7.30pm Workshop: Domestic Violence. Why does it happen, what can we do? Convenor: Errolyn Haynes. Gallery. Women Only.

Fri. 31st Oct
 10.00am Women and Justice.
 -4.00pm Public Seminar in which community women's groups meet members of the professions, Justice, Police Dept. etc. to discuss needs and policy. Chairperson: Geraldine McDonald, Assistant Director of N.Z. Council for Educational Research and Former member of Committee on Women.

Sat. 1st November Sun 2nd November
 10.00am There are as many ways of coping with physical or mental rape as there are ways of not coping. Rapists cannot exist in a society where women refuse to be victims. This course deals with physical, mental, political SELF DEFENCE. 2 day course. Pre-entolment \$5 at Women's Gallery. NZUS Arts Council. YWCA.

SELF DEFENCE Sldt. Union. Vic. Um Bung lunch. Conv. Sue Lytolths. Women Only

5.00-7.00pm Reclaim the night? Follow-up to Self Defence course, reclaiming a well known sexist environment.

8.00pm Combined Performance Evening/Dance. We can share, support each other, and enjoy our selves at the same time. Crossways, Mt. Victoria Adm \$3 Women Only

Tues 4th November
 Midday Video: Sandra Wilson Not Guilty, Not Insane. The longest serving Australian woman prisoner (18 yrs) reimprisoned when declared sane. Sandra is a lesbian. The tape is largely about the group of women who organised the lobby for her release. 30 min. Gallery Women Only

7.30pm Workshop: Lesbians and Violence. Heterosexism - a form of violence? Gallery. Women Only

Wed. 5th November
 Midday Sex roles are carefully taught. Workshop. Conv Ros Capper & Jill Caroline. (Assertiveness training course teachers). Gallery. Women Only

Thurs. 6th November
 Midday Video: In Moral Danger Made in a Sydney girls' remand home talking with girls charged with 'being exposed to moral danger.' 20 min. Gallery. Women Only

7.00 Nonviolent Political Resistance One way to care for our causes & our environment is to mount public protests. How do we cope with subsequent harassment by opponents and law enforcers. Conv. Rachel Bloomfield. Gallery. Women Only

Fri 7th November
 7.30pm Informal gathering at the gallery to prepare for the Reclaim the Night celebration. Reclaim the Night is a way women throughout the world reject the notion that they must have escorts to go out at night.

8.30pm March to Central Park
 9.30pm Rally at the Park
 11.00pm Return to Rawa House. Supper, singing. Bring torch, banners, music, poetry, women friends. Theme- YES MEANS YES
 NO MEANS NO
 HOWEVER WE DRESS
 WHEREVER WE GO
 Women who have been sexually assaulted ■ we'll wear white armbands

Sun. 9th November
 4.00 Lobbying. Working for change with in the system
 6.00pm how to present ideas, approach committees, make submissions. Conv. Elizabeth Sewell. Gallery Women Only

WOMEN AND VIOLENCE
 Multimedia Exploration
 October 28th — December 6th
 (With the assistance of the Committee on Women)

An important aim of the Women's Gallery is to support women who wish to experiment with new forms and explore new content which reflects the reality of our experience.

The Women and Violence show was conceived with this in mind.

Much of our experience of violence is private - the sexual assault never reported, the domestic violence hidden from the neighbours. An American estimate is that one in four girls are sexually abused within the family, we know that only one in five rapes are reported, and one half to one third of married women experience violence within marriage.

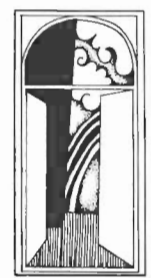
Until we explore our experiences, until we can share and heal the assaults against us, we cannot protect and extend ourselves, we cannot take personal power in our lives, nor teach others to. Nor can we change the indirect violence against us, the advertising, movies, cheeseecake magazines and contests, clothes that constrict and shoes that deform feet and posture, if we refuse to admit their part in reinforcing the myth of the guilty victim.

As part of the show, the gallery has developed this extension programme.

Fri. 21st November
 12.30pm Film: Do I Have to Kill My Child? A woman under stress. Library Lecture Hall. Public.
 7.00pm Film: Do I Have to Kill My Child? followed by discussion. Women & children under stress. Gallery. Women Only

Fri. 21st November
 Midday Black Women's Day Black women's politics. Least considered, most oppressed. Conv. Peti Sullepa, Donna Awatere, Rebecca Evans. Gallery. Women Only

9.00pm Concert, and Get-together
 Onwards Raws House. Women Only



The Women's Gallery
 26 Harris St., Wellington, New Zealand
 PO Box 9600

Hours:
 Tuesday to Saturday: 12.00-4.00
 Friday: 12.00-7.00
 Tel 723-257

Fig. 30 Women and Violence
 The Women's Gallery, 26 Harris Street, Wellington, 28 Oct—6 Dec (1980) associated programme leaflet. Text by Heather McPherson, top image Mary Bailey, bottom image Anna Keir.

A group of us did an outdoor reading of Ntozake Shange's poem in the *Heresies* 'Violence' issue which starts: 'Every 5 minutes a woman is raped, every 10 minutes a li'l girl is molested . . . The point was twofold—that any subject is okay for the maker. Understandably, most women artists have avoided this area—yet it touches women's lives in our fear of rape and violence all the time. An art gallery which excludes this aspect of women's lives is really removed from day to day realities. So the Women's Gallery was providing a space for women to talk about and confront those censored areas . . . We had an outreach programme pointing out how the media reinforce the woman-as-victim image. Much popular male culture is based on woman-as-victim images; think of advertising and the efforts of feminists. I particularly liked Sylvia Siddell's drawings of that time, kitchen scenes, a trussed chicken for instance with obvious female connotations, very powerful and vital with a sense of implicit violence surrounding it.

And it's not just that the subject is acceptable?

Yes—but that despite enormous resistance to the knowledge it is men who are mostly responsible for the violence—it is heterosexual males who are responsible for 97 per cent of sexual abuse against children, it is men who rape women and who beat their wives—these are facts. And therefore it is men who should carry the guilt and shame for these acts, not the victims. And to do this, women have to be willing to shed our silences, to be supportive to each other and show we are not prepared to remain submissive and stand by while men set up myths and false images of women as willing victims. Not that an artist will necessarily tackle any or all of these factors, but by having an educational programme at the same time as the show, we provided a context for artists to present the true images of women's experience, not the received ones.

Marian, you ask me to talk briefly about why I chose to write about incest.¹

I wanted to write an exposition, (for the Commonwealth Literature Conference in Laufen) of the use of painful material in art-forms, the relation of women's liberation to aesthetic content, art as therapy/catharsis/truth, art as myth, beyond life aesthetic, class aesthetics, group and mass (patriarchal) culture, pop culture derived from it, hybrid/androgynous/individual sexual and aesthetic response . . .

And of course the Disappearance of women from his-story, the unacknowledged reclamations, the underground culture, the subterranean groundswell that every so often irrupts into street-eye-view: galleries, groups, marches, magazines, court cases, ovulars (rather than seminars), readings, panels, protests—the active outcome of raised consciousness . . .

But when I tried to detach into an intellectual mode I kept getting stuck on two visions.

The first is:

The world is a vast paddock plain. Here and there are a few cabbage trees, far off a river, maybe a farm shelter belt in the distance. But I don't see them clearly. I stare instead at the scalloped rim of blue mountains on the horizon. I have tried to cross the plain, I have to get to the mountains. But behind the mountains, sometimes peering over them, disappearing so quickly I am never quite sure, are two hands and two eyes. I am suddenly huge and exposed. I cannot move while those eyes and those hands wait. I have to move slowly, cautiously, pretending I am not. God lives in the mountains. In front of him I am paralysed.

The second is:

I am sitting yoga-style staring into a tunnel which recedes and recedes rushing past me as I push on into the dark. Far in the distance a small brilliant glow pulses. I strain close

enough to make out the features of a goddess lit up in golden light. As I gaze at her I am suddenly aware that my body has become transparent. My chest cavity is opening, my rib-cage has become a cathedral spire, my solar plexus is a sunflower-spiral window, my belly the body-interior of a temple, my cunt the entrance and nave. I am irradiated. I am saturated with pleasure and translucent with miracles.

Dis-Appearances

The Celts, the Cretans, the Etruscans . . .

and we too lost our unique place
when the church became the state
and empire over-rode
neighbours, and sanctioned rape.

Cinquain

If incest survivors have grown up thinking they are the only person in the world to whom things happen that nobody talks about, a lesbian who discovers her identity in isolation thinks she too is the only person like herself around. Sometimes people do talk about it, but disapprovingly. I think of Robert Graves's story in *The white goddess* of his professor looking round carefully to make sure nobody was listening before admitting: Yes, Graves, she's very very good . . . meaning Sappho. Or Page's Sappho and Alcaeus book with its very long footnote saying there is little evidence to believe Sappho actually did it . . . whatever she wrote about it. (In 1955 lesbianism had apparently shifted from sin to perversity.)

Our identity is suppressed. Discovered in public places it is used to discredit our humanity and talents. Because we exist we are subversive; claims we make for acknowledgement and rights are doubly subversive. Yet we have always existed and will always exist, as Spinster or as Double Woman, despite persecution, uniquely contributing our difference and wisdom to the greatest good of the greatest number.

Lesbian, 1986.

Because lesbians relate outside male/female stereotypes we have the opportunity to discard a lot of baggage: shoulds, shouldn'ts, cultural approval; to discover woman-affirming identities and culture.

Take the area of menstruation . . . menstrual blood is powerful in its connotations of birth/life/death and has accrued its negative potency only through male fear of being cursed by woman/mother. The death aspect is elevated in one of those scrambled cause and effect distortions that happen with political power-shifts. Initially a mother's curse was fatal and matricide the greatest crime. Even the church inquisitors burnt and strangled women rather than axing or knifing them because—however unknowingly or unconsciously—to avoid shedding women's blood was to avoid being mother-cursed.² But the fear of the crime was projected back onto women, not the crime but the woman was to be feared . . . it's that dichotomous thinking Anne Wilson Schaefer talks about—if you're not superior you're inferior, you can't be equal or complementary. So the blood that once protected and was revered became negative and with the removal of the goddesses to underworld death goddesses or to mortality and subservience to one father god, when death rather than birth became the central tenet of religion, women's place and function became not just devalued but she and her blood were threatening . . . Freed from cultural value-judgements lesbians can find their own values derived from personal preference/comfort/health considerations on menstrual or other issues. The percipient's/participant's stance defuses or nullifies or synthesises polarities—particularly the so-called positive/negative ones.

Unguided tour

The bleakest day in Munich
we went to Dachau.
It was a fast train . . .
the bus that met it was
suburban, the people who got off
kept themselves to themselves

as we did.
There's a spacious
car-park full of tourist buses,
a tree-lined avenue, and gravel
up to the iron gate and barbed wire
fence a guard-house stares above.

Each step I wondered . . .
1942?
my birth cry
walks these footsteps?
It's big!
Big as an army camp . . .

long grey buildings unremarkably
spartan . . . a low-key
administration block on a temporary
campus . . . we
visitors old
to be students . . .

The entrance hall
is echoing and wooden
So are the faces of the custodians.
(Peremptory later
when they close at half-past four . . .)
Next, the blown-up photos.

Grainy, with air-blitz spaces . . .
some guards have scratched-out faces.
The prisoners have shaven heads
and pyjamas and heavy eyebrows,
and look out darkly.
They haven't been touched.

except the eyes
and not by fingermarks.
Thursday, Thor's day, War God day . . .
the sky is grey and weepy.
Crows skrawk.
We lost each other.

I went to the ovens.
There was a little bridge across a ditch
and water streaking under it.
I hung on it.
Green fluid sinews washed
my throat lump back.

It was the smell.
The gas-shower concrete room
a notice said Unused.
No nail scratches, no butterflies . . .
Body-sized burners
with furnace doors,

long flat grave-sites
where the barracks used to be.
It was the screech of ravens
in the trees and a woman
sobbing, sobbing near the gate.
It was the paddock being so big

and the crematorium
so small. It was the photos
of those marched off to
an unknown destination
days before the other
jeeps drove in.

It was the silence
and the crunch
of feet on gravel.
And in my head the din.
Man set up as god . . .
soil . . . death has trod

A dress for epistemologists

K was the name she chose, she liked the letter.

K she called the one hid in her cast:
half-one, hole-one, mannequin . . .

K-torso, K-truncated, K-wiped
out of the landscape goats and shrunken heads
po-faced under empire masks she didn't
fit ready-made.
But stayed.

till she found the fathers couldn't stop her
growing past their holds
hooray. Hooray.

K went—queer K
to myth-land, miss-land—the sticks
they said where nobody's allowed to be
a noise

caul, caul, cawl, cawl. Call, Call. CALL CALL

is she a crow? is she kotuku? will she fly?
is it lagoon or well well well, or breakers
or Dis-spell?

O all of those.
have streams.

From cast to cask K
navigates the binaries, the binderies
by double, dyke, diversiflor
a craft to colour silences and stake and fire
places . . .

an interpose between
the bash, the bask

K she says makes luscious worlds.

(September 1986—April 1987)

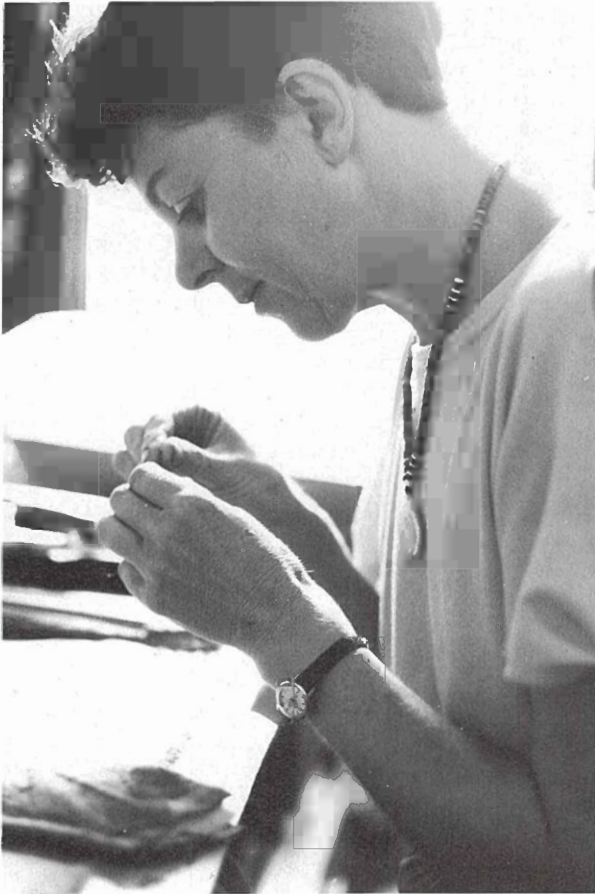
Notes

- ¹ See McPherson, Heather. *The third myth* (1986): The spring ghost; Something's explosive here; Song for a young friend with scarred wrists; Tackling it; She celebrates the body; The third myth; and *Spiral 5* (1982): Incest; If I relive; and The apple belonged to Eve: rape, incest and re-telling myths in *Women's Studies Journal Vol 3 No 1*, 1987.
- ² See Walker, Barbara G. *The woman's encyclopaedia of myths and secrets*. San Francisco, Harper & Row, 1983.

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JULIET BATTEN



Juliet Batten -was bom in Inglewood in 1942, and educated in Taranaki and Auckland. She studied at Auckland University, graduating with a PhD in English in 1969. After living in Paris for two years and the birth of her son, she began to develop her art. She was a founding member of the Women's\$ Gallery and has taught many courses on women artists, collaborative work, visual diaries and fabric work for women. She has had regular solo exhibitions since 1980, has facilitated several collaborative projects and done performance work.

Bridie and Marian interviewed her in Auckland and later sent additional written questions. These and Juliet's answers are added to extracts from the tape interview.

How did you become a feminist artist when you started off by not being an artist and not being a feminist?

I've often said that I became a feminist before I became an artist and that being a feminist made it possible for me to be an artist. I think it was always my secret dream to be an artist. I'd always drawn, I'd loved art at school. Then I got into this whole academic trap: when you start studying the thing they call Great Art and Great Literature this huge gap opens up between the Great Thing that's on the pedestal and you, the small being down there. And being a woman and conditioned to have very little self-confidence, I'd always put myself down. The more I studied the Greats, the more it happened. It was as if the thing—that I really wanted to make art—became more and more removed from me. I think I was aware of that going on—as an academic thing—but when I understood feminism I began to see that it has something to do with those people on the pedestals being male and me being a female.

The first thing about being a feminist was really just like a whole unlocking process, as if the real subject matter for my art and my poetry had been locked away in a big black trunk. Feminism meant that I went to that black trunk and I opened it up and said 'Hey are you all right in there?—Come on out!' I suddenly got access to that locked up part of myself, because feminism was saying to me, 'It's okay to be female, celebrate being female, find the strength in being female.'

I remember it first affected my poetry because I started writing poems about me and my son, all about my anger, the anger of being a mother. Now that was like a big taboo being lifted. It gave me access to really powerful material, both for my poetry and my art. Because I was so unskilled as an artist when I began, having access to very powerful subject matter was like a driving force that could take me through the period of having to go out and acquire skills. Becoming a feminist made it possible for me to become an artist.

IfTmr about your mother (painter Emily Jackson)?

Yes, my mother was a very important role model. But it's funny how a role model can be right under your nose and you don't see it. And it's weird to me how—I think I was so overshadowed by, say, Janson's art history book, that every time I opened the page these were the 'real' artists. My mother just happened to be a painter, doing painting, but I never thought of her as an Artist, with a capital A. It's amazing how brainwashed you can be—so fixated on the idea of 'The Artist' who is male. I hadn't even woken up to the fact that here was my mother and she was a real live artist.

Of course feminism meant looking at our mothers with new eyes. Whereas we might have been slightly embarrassed about our mothers and put them down, suddenly we looked at our mothers with new respect. We saw them in terms of the struggles in their lives and so somewhere along the line I started to realise just what my mother had achieved and against what odds . . . when her fifth child started school she began to paint—became a Sunday painter I suppose. But she just kept moving, a bit more every year, and became a very serious artist. She had her first exhibition at the age of sixty-three and that became an important source of comfort and inspiration to me. I was so conscious of being a late starter when I became an artist in my late thirties—but whenever I heard this inner voice putting myself down for lacking the skills, I kept reminding myself that my mother didn't have a solo show till she was sixty-three.

She'd painted before that, much?

Yes, a lot—but the thing was she's broken down all the prejudices about older women dabbling in art. After that first show she went on to have at least one solo show

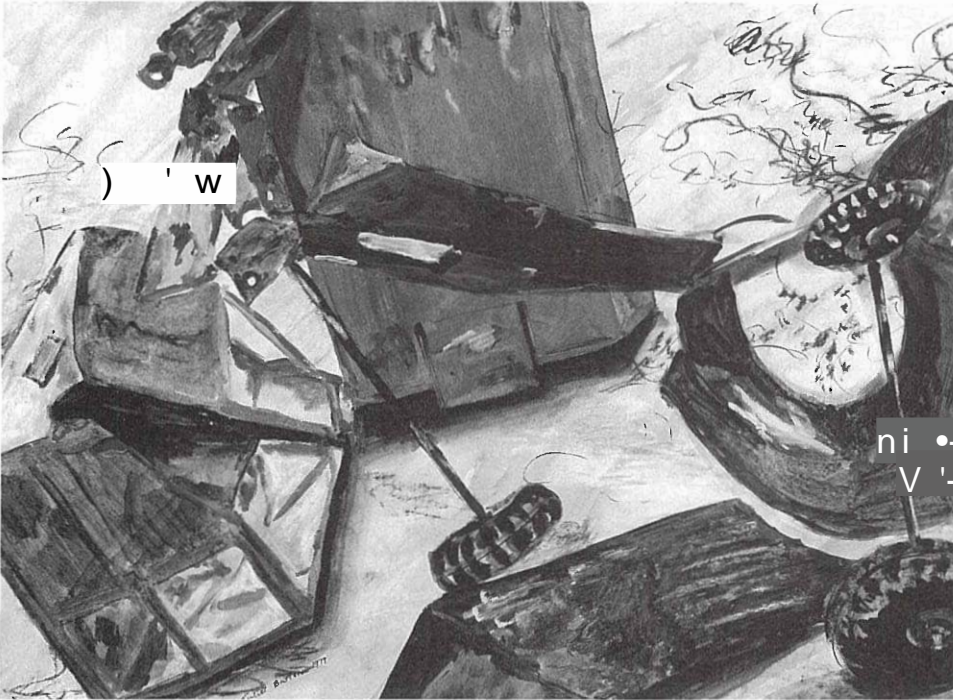


Fig. 31 Broken truck I

1979

acrylic on paper

552 x 750

a year, if not two. Her energy and output and dedication to her work was extraordinary. And her commitment has increased as she's got older. So instead of having a role model of a mother who started to decline after menopause—which is the pattern of so many women—they watch their mothers disintegrate—I had a mother who got stronger . . .

One of the things that had inhibited me creatively was that I'd been indoctrinated to think of men as more important and creative.

And you'd married one?

Yes, I went and married a creative man—which for many women is the end. But I was lucky because my marriage broke. It was terribly painful; I went through a death and a rebirth. But I had this second chance. So I totally rejected my academic and intellectual self, even in a very negative way, for years. I just went and lived in the country and made pots.

How did you move from the crafts to the arts?

Quite gradually. A woman friend taught me batik just after my marriage broke up. I remember vividly, gazing at this blank fabric and thinking 'How can I do a design?' I couldn't find a single image in my head, I just faced this blank—the blank of my own brainwashing. As a child I'd had no such problems—visual images just poured out of me. So it was like overcoming an incredible barrier to make my first batiks.

Later I began to draw the landscape at Te Henga, where I was living, because my response to that landscape was so strong. It was like crossing through another barrier, and I was amazed to find I *could* draw. I got such strong pleasure out of it. For about two years I just drew, and then the next barrier was: how do I cross from drawing to paint?—because I had this brief that I couldn't use colour; these forbidding messages kept coming through. This was still the pre-feminist stage.

But then the phase of living at Te Henga came to an end and I had to make some big decisions. So I left my son for three months, went round the world, and came back and made the decision to move into town. And the moment I did, I heard that Gretchen Albrecht was going to do a week-long summer class, so I jumped at the opportunity. In one week I made the transition from drawing to painting and was on the road to being an artist.

That year Linda Gill asked me to join the Ayr Street group. I also started a consciousness-raising group—that was after meeting Allie Eagle, who came to rent my bach at Te Henga. Allie showed me my first book on women artists and introduced me to women's music. It was through Allie I discovered my female heritage. It was wonderful. I said to her 'But Allie, there aren't any women artists,' and she said 'Nonsense!' and showed me Eleanor Tuft's *Our hidden heritage*. I remember turning the pages: Artemesia Gentileschi, Judith Leyster, Sophonisba Anguissola—and I was so excited and then enraged: 'Who'd kept these women from me?' It was as if my veins had opened wider and the blood surged through them faster. It was such an awakening! We had intense conversations because she was so radical, lesbian, separatist. It was amazing when I look back on it, because when you've got a need, a hunger that's so great, something will come.

I read Esther Harding, *Woman's mysteries* and started painting goddesses, on scrolls, and charts of my menstrual cycle, body temperature, moon and seasonal cycles. But I didn't have the skills, so although I had strong impulses it was still terribly painful. But the Ayr Street group women were so supportive. They were my teachers—because I'd never been to art school and I felt that very keenly. I was in my thirties, I had no skills and I had so much in me that wanted to come out. It was potentially terrible: I could have tom myself apart over it, or given up, or gone back to words—which were something I knew how to use. All my questions were at the most basic level—like how do you stretch watercolour paper, or what is the difference between students' and artists' watercolours. And Allie would give me critical feedback on my drawing, which was absolutely brilliant.

I did the *Broken truck* paintings after the scrolls. They were such angry works. I put them away and didn't know how to assess them; it was really Allie who encouraged me to take them down to the United Women's Convention in Hamilton and show them—that was in 1979. That was the first time I showed anything.

I think a lot of women have trouble making the transition from seeing themselves seriously as artists and then going and getting themselves a solo show at a dealer gallery. A lot of people ask for a show before they're ready, and so they get turned down and that rejection feels like a very big rejection. I had a house exhibition at my place with the Ayr Street group, and then the Women's Gallery came along as another step. It was so important. When I was asked to be part of the *Opening show*, it was a perfect piece of timing: I needed that space in which to grow and feel confident. And of course by that time I'd started working on a consistent series of work—the *Roses* series, all about connections between women. The theme shows were also very important.

The Gallery filled a gap that is like a desert for women to cross. It's like going across the Sahara without women—without water—to cross from your studio (which is probably your kitchen table) to a dealer gallery. Many women never make that journey. It's too arduous, too difficult.

When I approached a dealer gallery for my first solo show I realised what a critical moment it is, that first approach, how vulnerable you are. I knew I had to prepare for it. I was developing quite a strong success mentality through the confidence I'd been building up because of feminism and so on. So I wrote to New Vision first. I chose them because two women were in charge and I believed that they were sympathetic. I said that I had shown at the Women's Gallery and



Fig. 32 **Roses III** 1979

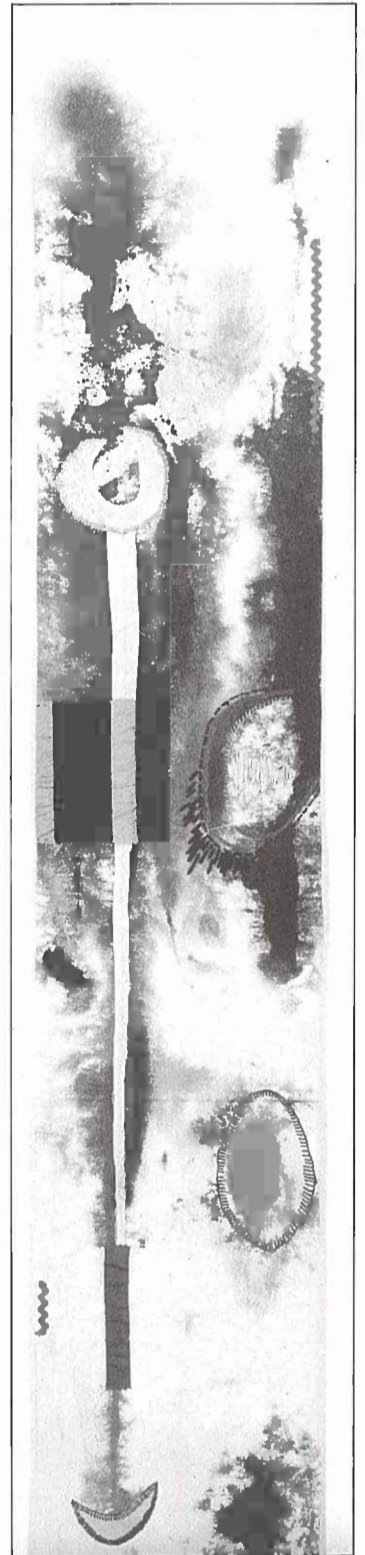
watercolour on paper

550 * 380

Fig. 33 **Banner for the bleeding** (detail) from the **Mending** series 1983

acrylic, fabrics, stitching on canvas

1760 x 210



the show had been reviewed in *Art network*: someone had written an account of it and there had been a photo. I said I'd had a house exhibition and put down all the things I'd done, so I could establish credibility before I went in. I asked for an appointment, not wanting to be naive about it and just front up with the paintings. I remember it very well; Pamela said 'Yes these are very interesting,' and then, because I was completely unknown she said 'We'll put them in stock if you like and we'll see how they go.' That was the critical moment. I said 'No, I don't want them to go into stock, I want them to be seen as a series. I would like them to be shown—not in the big gallery, but I think that small gallery would suit me just fine.' And she said 'Oh, all right.' That was the *Birth* series—my first exhibition—in 1980.

Some of the imagery in your earlier work, the Broken truck paintings, the Coming to terms with pink installation at the Opening show at the Women's Gallery; and a little later, in the Mending series, seems to have been generated by anger. Are you less angry than you used to be?

Yes, some of that work was angry; the *Broken truck* paintings especially. They were quite confrontational. I was struggling with solo parenthood and getting little support. The *Coming to terms with pink* pieces were about breaking out of female stereotypes. Later, the stitched and painted banners came out of a kind of political anger—about the burning of women, and the battering of women. I remember listening to a radio series about battered women when I was doing a piece that later I called *Banner for the battered*. My heart bled for those women. I suppose I am less angry, on a personal level, now, because I have gained control over so many areas of my life. But my political anger, my identification with the struggles of others, remains. Racism has become a more recent source of this anger, or maybe I should call it outrage.

To come back to the personal level: I was very angry when my marriage broke up in a traumatic way. It was a classic case: I was left for another woman, left with no room for negotiation and I was left holding a twelve-month-old baby. I had no money and felt degraded and humiliated by my experiences with Social Welfare. Those were the days of Bert Walker and the witch hunts against solo mothers. My son, not surprisingly, was a very angry and hurt little being. Much of my more recent work has been about healing, first for myself and then on a wider level. Ritual has been an important vehicle for this and I want to make it available for more and more women. Not only do we all need healing, at both a personal and deep psychic level, but we need to tap our sources of inner power. I see ritual as a key to this.

Is the use of stitching a healing symbol for you too?

I love stitching. It feels natural to me, in a way that painting still doesn't. It's odd, because my mother never taught me to sew—she couldn't because her hands were too crippled with arthritis. And I've always hated sewing—with a machine. But hand stitching, embroidering, piecing, that's something else. I still remember the magic of being taught mending at primary school—the miracle of a hole becoming a solid piece as I wove a dam across the gap. I went home and darned all the socks for my mother, who couldn't do it properly!

Paintbrushes and paint still carry some negative messages I suppose, but stitching is all mine. I love the texture, feel and light-catching qualities of fabrics. Mending became a metaphor for my own mending process when I did the *Mending* exhibition. I damaged cloth and paper in as many ways as I could, and then mended it. It was healing and satisfying. It was also making a political statement about the materials of art. I think of a stitched mark as the equivalent to a painted mark. My works

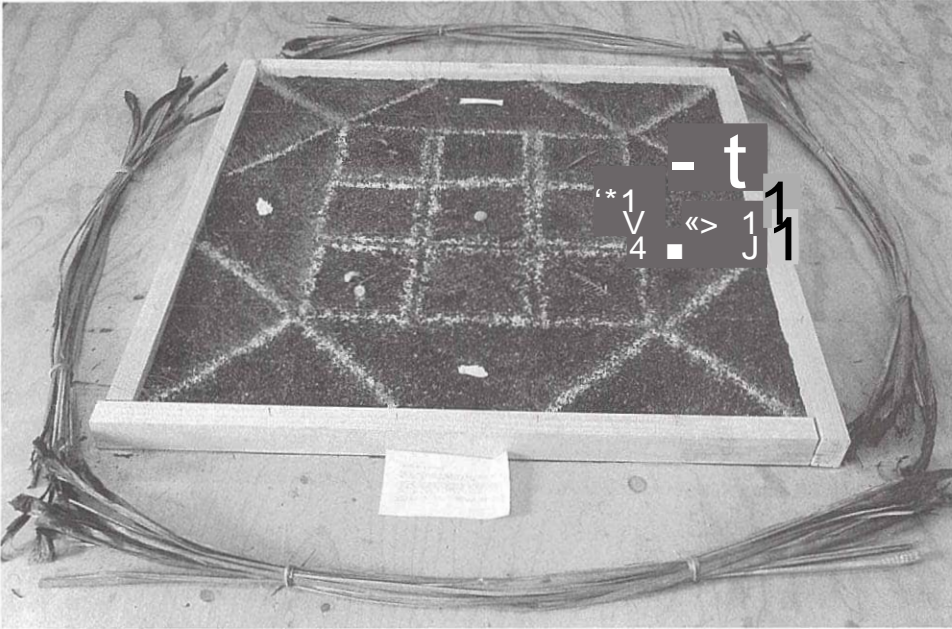


Fig. 34 **A-tending:**
diary of an exhibition
November 1984
 earth, growing grass,
 shells, bones

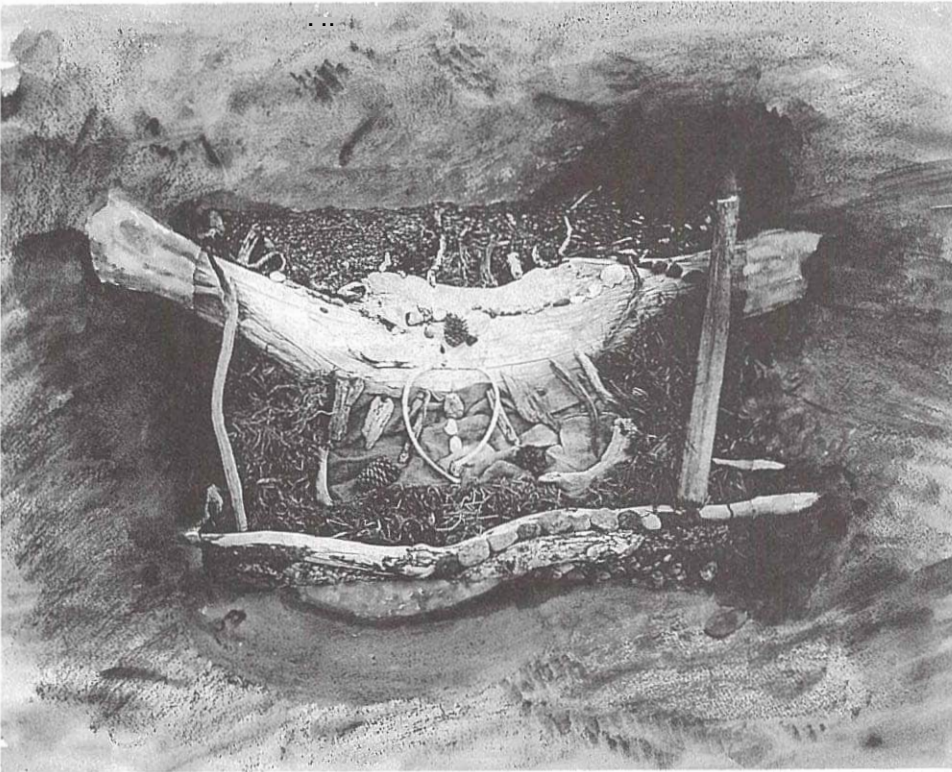


Fig. 35 **Bay of Islands diary IX: Rangihoua shrine** 1984
 colour xerox, watercolour, pastel on paper
 340 * 410

are paintings, not craft pieces. Stitching is about bringing things together, making connections. It feels very life affirming.

In your writing, you've tried to use simple language to develop and convey complex ideas—are you trying to do this with your visual work as well?

No. I don't think the idea of simplicity applies in the same way to visual work. Of course I want my pieces to communicate, to have a directness to them. But I also want them to be multi-layered and full of subtlety. I don't want to make crude polemical art. I suppose I'm really talking about the difference between prose and poetry. I want my art to be poetic, not prosaic.

What use do you make of the diary format?

I made my first visual diary in 1977, after meeting Allie and have made many since then. It's a way of connecting art with the personal life. It was part of the feminist permission-giving process. It's also a way of keeping my hand in. I find it liberating to make a diary of images; it's so direct. It's also a way of playing, loosening up and experimenting.

What do you see in your future?

I can feel a lot of changes taking place in me right now and it still feels a little premature to articulate them. It's as if one phase of being a feminist artist is over but it's too soon to say what the next phase will be.

As far as my art is concerned, I feel that with my most recent exhibition *Flying souls* that I've made a big step forward. I felt so happy and confident about that show, although there was still struggle in the making of it—mainly to do with questions of presentation. It's difficult with fabric paintings—there aren't the long-established guidelines that you have with conventional media. Questions of how to present the work became quite an issue: should the pieces hang, or be framed, or glazed? Finally I resolved it by painting frames around the canvas on three sides, leaving the top open.

Now I've got a major Arts Council grant for the coming year and that is such a boost. At last I feel I'm ready to move into much bigger work. I'm also going to do a performance piece.

My performance work is gaining in importance. It grew out of the collaborative projects and my interest in ritual. I want to do more performance work. I've also made two videos of my solitary ritual performances at Te Henga. I've been doing these rituals for some years but they remained largely private until I used photos of them in my *Ongoing rituals* exhibition in 1984. I turned the photos into colour xeroxes, then integrated them into watercolour paintings as collaged pieces. But, as with my collaborative work and my teaching, I'm concerned with process. Video now seems the way to capture the process of my work with sand, sea and time.

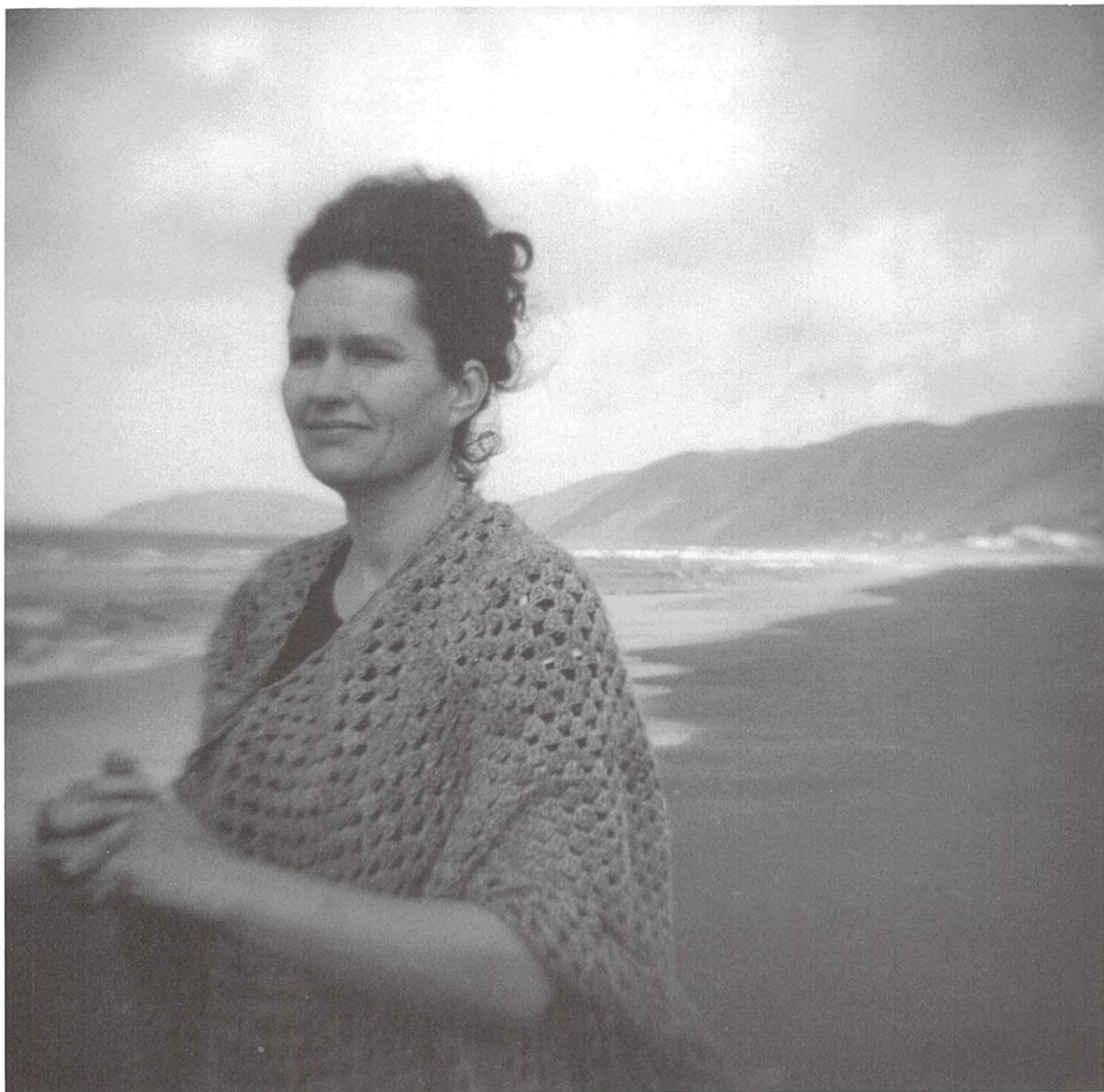
I'm feeling so good about my art. I've given up my main university teaching jobs in order to be a full-time artist and that feels great—as long as I can survive financially!

(September 1985—October 1986)

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SYLVIA BOWEN



to. z

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Coming through: Sylvia Bowen

Dear Marian & Bridie,
It was such a relief to see this heading when I opened a letter my cousin Theo sent me from Wellington, & to read how I was not really drawing attention to me in all my personal perambulations but more to a process wherein growth is possible for those of us who feel a desire to 'do art' one way or another. It is one thing to accept that a lot of people think one is crazy it is another to be glad when...

The Leaves Machine

The Psalm of Havia Foolish

Home of Leaves Access Press

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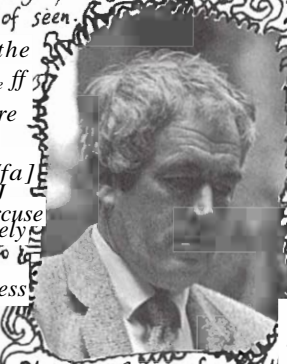


Photo by Rayna-of- the-Mokiang-a-Harbour.



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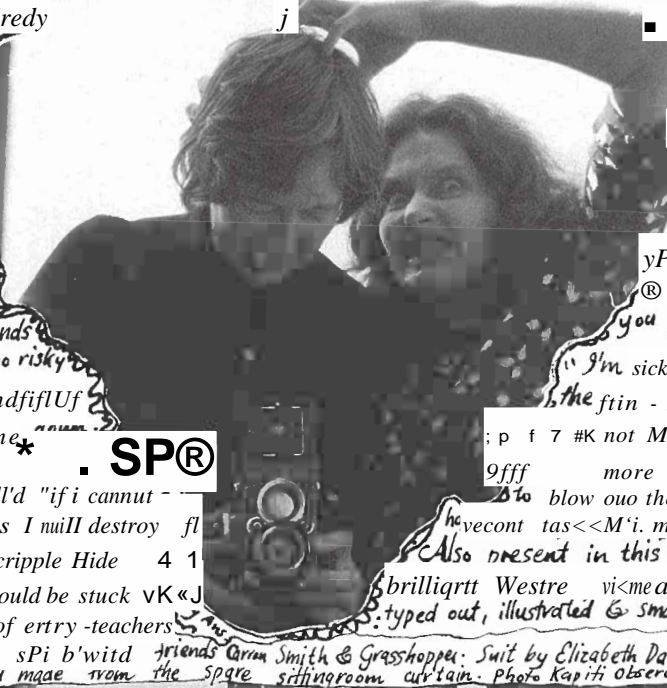
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ADDENDUM

Dear Marian,

Use what you like of this. I have done my best to say how i sometimes feel. Better type it though—the only people who bother with my handwork are the fellow travellers.

I hide behind the ‘subtle’ masks (allegory and metaphor) like my ‘schizophrenic’ friends—a part of my work is as a ‘teacher’ in institutions) who get lost in rhyme. Why? On one hand because i enjoy the world of illusion. On the other hand because if we do not create an obliqueness we will be slapped across the face & stuck in the cupboard. Or needles stuck in their bums. Men and women—it makes no difference to me. We are all men-and-women under the skin.)

We are the wounded, the incarcerated, & as a working-through-Messianic-i identify with them and try to speak for them. BUT NOBODY SEEMS TO UNDERSTAND. Shall i spell it out? Do I dare?

I am not (hence the little ‘i’) talking about *me*, particularly, but about ‘the individual’ whom i represent. I AM NOT TALKING ABOUT MENTAL ILLNESS—although i am saying that what we regard as ‘mental illness’ is a crucial stage of the artist’s journey—i am not talking about Art Therapy or Madness. I am not for that matter talking about motherhood/wifedom, although some of these things are feathers i carry.

I am a professional painter, writer, musician and publisher who is very seriously creating a ‘crucifixion’ journey (the clown is a part of this) as it unfolds—to show (as it will by the end of it) a way through by dedication not to any mad syllabus but to our own gifts, provided it/they are self-consciously used as a basis for the spiritual journey—a search for Integrity. A way through to completeness. Not completeness in the trivial all-american hobbyist sense, but completeness professionally.

I have watched the great New Zealand artists so often stumble and fall into their vanities, fears & greeds. I know that the Way (through mess & chaos, through non commercial & unacceptable) will work, linked as it is to the group, to dreams, to journalling, to prayer—& through daily work on the skills. Through self publication & publication of others. Into ‘The Ideal’ or Grace.

And therefore, like any true messianic, i am tormented. My Judases, my crucifiers, are the editors with their cute little notes or refusal to reply. Certain hospital staff who use me & abuse me & then take credit for my work. The arts councillors, so tricky and clever, who patronise me & do not fund my efforts, who get drunk on the taxes we pay to them. I am trivialised & ignored by Gallery Directors, dealers, politicians of every ilk & professional art workers, by book people & literary scenes. Gallery Directors either will not show my work or only what is their opinion—they seem to want to take power over my message by imposing their own structure on it. (I really wish they would let me show my ‘rubbish’ because that way i can grow but of course that is exactly what they do not want.) I do not really mind, i occasionally still get a greedy satisfaction out of putting them into my books for ‘posterity’. I have never claimed to be without demons myself. I who hold garage sales of my work to survive while they get a fat wage. And i have to say that some of them are women.

They tell me such-and-such a work isn't saleable but then i go and sell it two weeks later privately to an 'important collector'. They ignore what i try to say—that the education system, the 'arts' are by and large demented, that the health system is insane. That they are all much closer to madness, to damnation, than the people they see as crazy, as worthy of neglect. They who cut me short with their 'knowledgeable' opinions. Afraid, afraid of what i try to say &, will say, afraid of facing their own demons.

They who have ceased to paint, know all about the process, like Gods, from the outside, while i am their Underling. While the people who hear voices and see Angels are the true seekers struggling on in pain towards Imaginative freedom. And i will not cease painting until the day i die.

Best wishes

Sylvia

(June 1987)

CAROLE M. SHEPHEARD



Bom 1945

Carole was brought up in Taranaki, and went to art school at Elam. I remember vividly the first works of hers I saw, at Women and the environment in the Women's Gallery: two beautiful and meticulously made small prints; I remember too, the first time I met her, at the Workbooks/diaries show, also at the Women's Gallery, when, hearing we might be unable to document the exhibition, she carefully took some extra slides for us.

Carole is involved in teaching, art making, exhibiting and curating. She participates in many areas of women's art and in feminist art groups both practical and theoretical. She lives in Auckland with her family and has contributed excerpts from her journal, 1981-6. (Marian.)

5.8.81.

The Ballad of the Crying Bead.

"Once upon a time, a long time ago, I made some beads of Egyptian blue. I gave one of these beads to someone special. Later when asked, "Where did you get such a beautiful bead?" she said "Oh I don't know, I just found it in some of my stuff". I was sitting right there the whole time, something given, taken, and not acknowledged. The bead was very blue, oh yes, the bead was very blue. The bead was very blue, I know, the bead was very blue."

Harmony Hammond 1978

Wrappings: essays on feminism, art, and the martial arts. New York, Time and Space, 1983, pp. 42—43.

15.10.82

Took a workshop at Elam today. Asked the women who were present to look at their true identity . . . their physical form, their emotional state, their personality . . . from the inside out . . . This acknowledgement for them was very difficult and without any backup or ongoing assistance from lecturers and other students it became a cathartic and painful experience. I wanted them to find out what influenced them, what images they found being constantly repeated in their work, what their ancestry was, where they stood in our culture and society. It all proved to be too much and too painful. I've decided that the best format will be one where privacy is to be insisted upon. The idea of the diary format, the book, the journal will I think be the safest. Even the idea of putting the separate images in envelopes and posting them to themselves seems appropriate.

3.11.82

Dream.

Rope around one leg . . . suspended naked . . . motionless . . . a hand stroking me . . . sensual . . . no fear . . . no ability to respond . . . back to the camera effect . . . turn slowly backwards and forwards.

6.1.83

I'm becoming extremely confused about the new etching suite. The works . . . 'Body Covers'. I want to use sensual, erotic images but in a non-representational way. The need for the sensuality to be revealed rather than explicitly stated is important. The abstract vs the representational again . . . it keeps reoccurring and I haven't really dealt with it honestly and clearly.

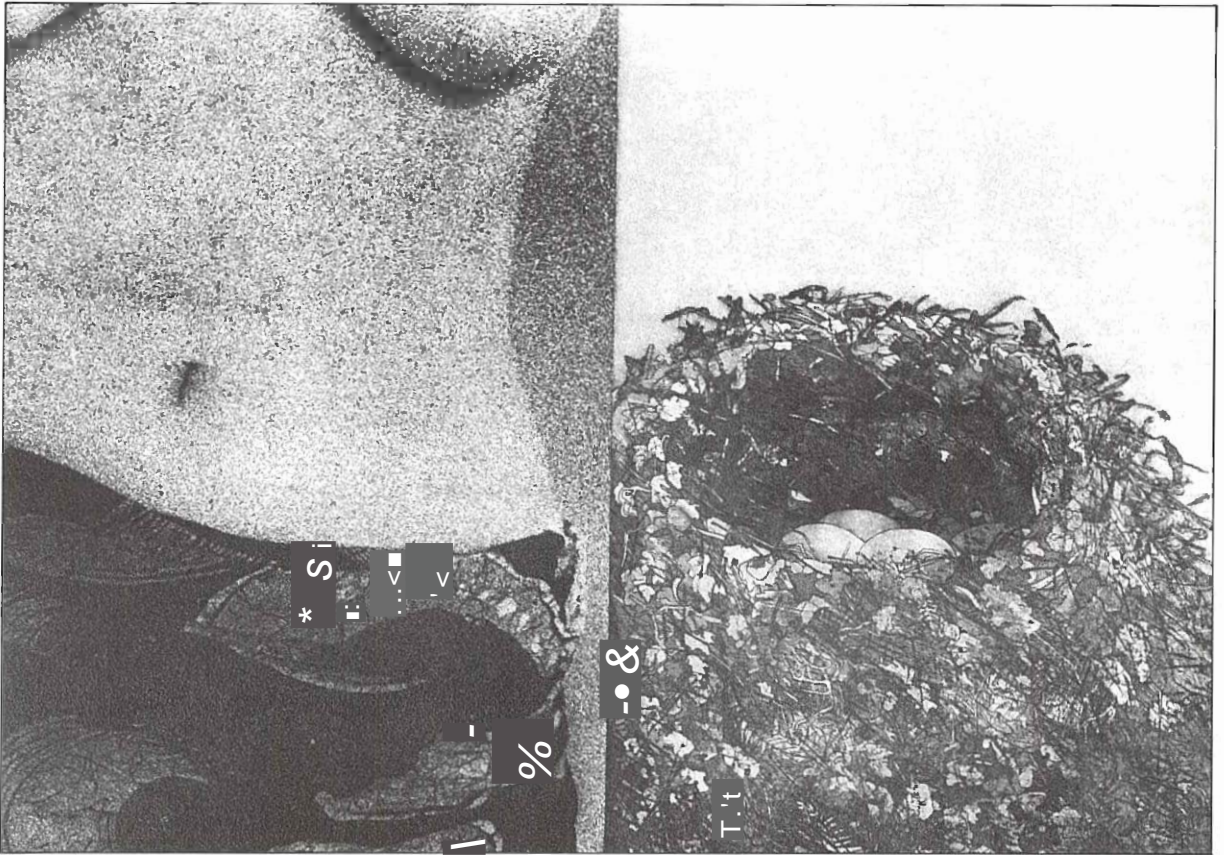


Fig. 36 **Miranda's nest** 1983 from **Body cover**

series

etching/photoetching

22.5 x 32.5

10.3.83

The erotic has often been misnamed by men and used against women. It has been made into the confused, the trivial, the psychotic, the plasticized sensation. For this reason we have turned away from the exploration and consideration of the erotic as a source of power and information, confusing it with its opposite, the pornographic. But pornographic is a direct denial of the power of the erotic, for it represents the suppression of true feeling.

Pornography emphasises sensation without feeling . . . The erotic is a measure between the beginnings of our sense of Self and the chaos of our strongest feelings . . . an assertion of the life force of women; of that creative energy empowered.

Audre Lorde

1.8.83

I don't think I would ever get used to a city like L.A. I am in awe over the accessibility of materials, opportunities and energy but the physical space is violating, the atmosphere one of panic and the art generally exploring the areas of neo-expressionism. The visual symbols of this are images like dogs biting legs off! women being assaulted! men killing others! weapons, brutality, loss of humanity, hopelessness.

strata of feelings / of layered thoughts
 of veiled responses / of enclosed space
 of confused memories / of anonymity
 of private turmoil / of thundering hearts
 of distant dreams / of a body removed

3.8.83

Institutionalized beauty is what white Western men decide is "good to look at".
 Institutionalized beauty is a container.
 Institutionalized beauty is not truth.
 Institutionalized beauty is not real.
 Institutionalized beauty lies.
 Institutionalized beauty smoothes over differences (class, sex, race, age, cultures).
 Institutionalized beauty is passive, not active.
 Institutionalized beauty reinforces power via aesthetics.

Harmony Hammond

5.8.83

I've just received a copy of a letter Faith Wilding has sent out about a collaborative project called Sibyl's Leaves. It's for the exhibition *At home* and is intended to represent women of all ages, races, connections. The Sibyls were ancient wise women and prophets who chewed on laurel leaves for inspiration. Faith was using the leaf as an image of the life cycle and women, children, and men were asked to offer messages in the form of a leaf.

I made a leaf as I sat in my hotel room in San Francisco . . . I had taken minimal art materials but plenty of thread, needles and collected objects. The leaf became one to float on water back to John and the children . . .

2.9.83

Having spent all of yesterday at the Washington Womens Art Centre I need to think a little more deeply about some of the problems attached to an identity as a Feminist Artist. The ideal that an artist is just an artist does not take into account that the artist is also a male or a female who has experienced life in a unique way. Based on this, art should therefore reflect the viewpoints of both male and female . . . it has failed miserably! Women such as Artemisia Gentileschi, Paula Modersohn-Becker, Mary Cassatt, Kathe Kollwitz were as good as their counterparts, technically and with ideas . . . yet they remained outside the inner circle of 'great artists'.

A woman may reveal the unpleasantness, fallacies, injustices, stereotypes as a result of her experiences, and it is this approach that confuses, threatens and puts the general public and the art institutions on the defensive. Often to the point of outright sexism . . . Being a woman artist does not necessarily make you a feminist artist, this can only come with a raised consciousness and self awareness. A great deal of strength must be found to put together works that expose, identify and explore women's lives. The work often begins as being private and although many artists may wish it to remain at that level, the next step is to begin to show the work publicly and face the obvious criticism and possible rejection. This step however feels absolutely necessary if a woman wishes her work to reach out to others with similar experiences.

This new creative energy and the dismissing of traditional ideas is a rich source and allows for a much less rigid approach to art expression. It makes room for the traditional fibre arts to have value, the crafts to have a much higher status, the areas of mixed media, collage, assemblage to gain more respect, the break down of the 'Fine Arts' as the only valuable and viable creative expression.

After this reassessment Connie and I went to the New Zealand Embassy. Where were the works of Albrecht, Blair, Fahey, Eyley, Lynn and others . . .? We saw plenty of Maddox, Brown, Driver, Hotere, Hanly, McCahon, Mrkusich!

20.9.83

Slide talk by Lucy Lippard at the New York Feminist Art Institute. The evening was opened by Lucy. It had been suggested that because she was so involved with political art and third world issues, she was now *not* a feminist! As if one presupposes the other!

The first image she showed was a sequential xerox piece by Alexis Hunter. The slides and discussion which followed dealt with the American involvement in Vietnam, Judy Baca's mural in L.A., 'Women take back the Night', Mother Art, P.A.D.D. (Political Artists Documentation and Distribution), *Speaking Volumes* (Women Artists books at the A.I.R. Gallery).

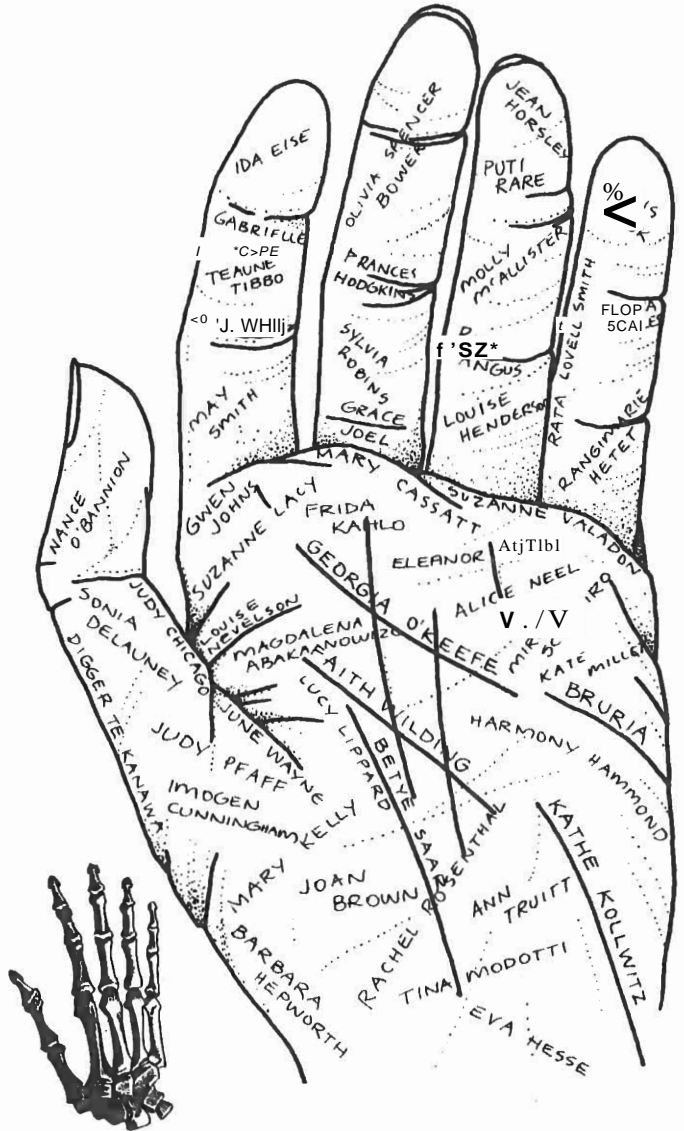


Fig. 37 Drawing from journals 24.9.83

pen and ink actual size

24.9.83

Although I had expected the exhibition to be the highlight of my American trip, I was not prepared for the impact of the *At home* exhibition back in L.A. As a whole the feeling was one of incredible commitment and sensitivity. A celebration. It was in fact celebrating ten years of feminist art in California. I saw the work of Miriam Schapiro, Suzanne Lacy, Eleanor Antin, Faith Wilding, Sheila de Bretteville, Bruria, Rachel Rosenthal, Carole Caroonpas, Betye Saar, Judy Chicago and on and on the list goes. These are all women whose lives and work made it possible for women like myself to continue and find our courage. It is women like this who are constantly challenging issues of race, sexism, nuclear and environmental concerns, social and class rights, and above all the right for women to have equal status in all areas and to show this through every creative discipline . . . painting, performance, prints . . .

15.11.83

I found the keeping of my American journal obsessive, compelling, rewarding and essential to help initiate and clarify thoughts. Went to the *Woman to woman* show at Outreach last night. I had spent Saturday and Sunday there installing my work. To have to get back into action so soon after my trip was difficult and my brain didn't respond well to the handling of tools after so long away. It took me ages to letraset the window, probably because I hadn't really resolved the visual aspect of the piece only the concept. I panicked. Found myself undergoing a complete lack of belief in what I was doing. The day was grim and the atmosphere counterproductive. I went back to Outreach on Sunday, alone, and was able to organise the elements better and clarify the intentions. I think I was phased by being given floor space rather than the wall area I had asked for but . . .

16.11.83

The exhibition is a good one. Quiet, sensitive and appropriate. It demands more than the normal cursory involvement and some works are outstanding. The *Menarche shield* by Claudia (Plate 19) and the books by Merylyn Tweedie were fabulous. Witty. Caustic. Precise. Work by newcomers to the Association of Women Artists has added a new dimension—I sometimes feel that the same women are always exhibiting together and that the new life seen in this show is much needed to provoke, activate and prod us to take more risks and explore more deeply the lives of women.

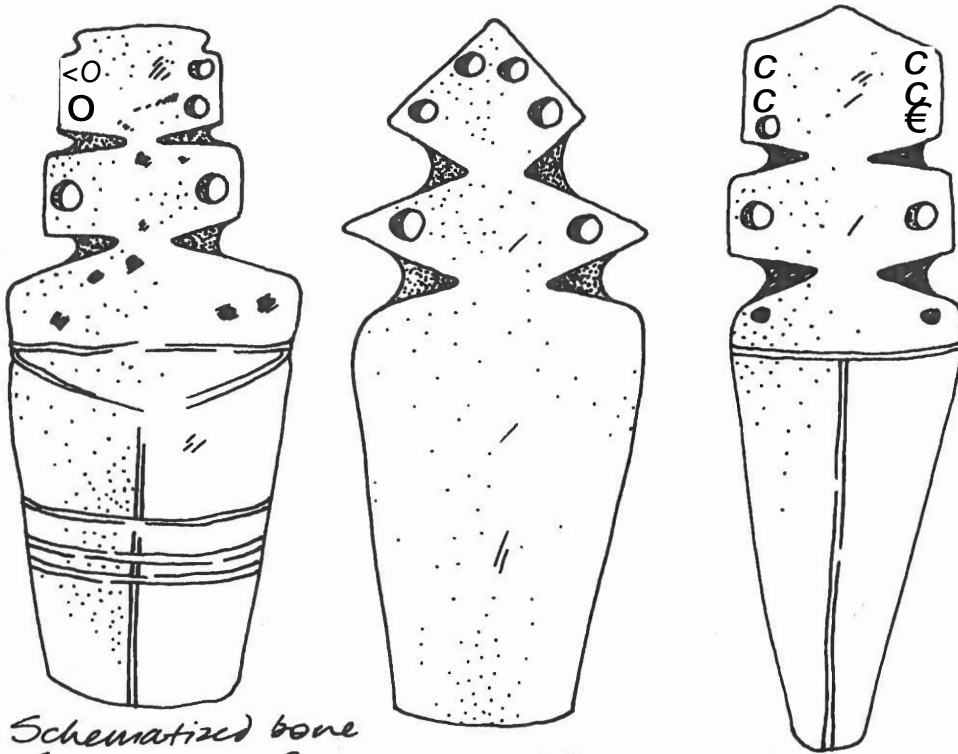
To manipulate feminist theory and philosophy to suit the individual seems to me to be wrong. Feminist art attempts to shake the viewer, reawaken the viewer, and question our somewhat comfortable view of reality. If one seeks to change society through new visual experiences it must be done with integrity, honesty and a deep sense of caring for the lives of all women. I don't think separatism is the answer.

16.11.83

The outside pressure for me to produce new, more exciting, bigger, better work now that I am back in the country and working is draining and difficult. The demands often are much too great.

28.12.83

Came into the studio today determined to get into my new work! Proceeded to fall apart . . . I am very self conscious of my actions, my intentions and the constant analysis of the direction I am heading in. Some days, like today, I am acutely aware of my breathing, my heartbeat and the touch of my skin. I feel so conspicuous and vulnerable. I feel so angry and disappointed in myself when I cannot be fully absorbed in the work.



Schematized bone figures. N. Bulgaria c. 4500-4000 B.C.

Fig. 38 Schematised bone figures

from *The goddesses and gods of old Europe, 6500—3500 B.C.*, by Marija Gimbutas.

London, Thames and Hudson, 1972.

reproduced from journals, 29.12.83

29.12.83

I have felt the pull towards the goddess for some time. The books I bought in America, the exhibitions exploring the goddess that I saw, the need for spiritual peace all are drawing me to become fully involved. The schematised bone figures from around 4500—4000 B.C. fascinate me and I feel like I'm only touching the surface.

30.12.83

I want to look more closely at my own symbols. To unleash. To discover. To explore and to understand their significance to me. It feels the right time, and a safe time, to look at symbols I have consciously and actively rejected . . . the circle, the spiral, the ovoid shape . . . all very 'woman' orientated images!

6.1.84

At present I'm probably in the worst bind I've ever experienced re direction. Feel the pull towards the spiritual organic colour field elements yet want at the same time the emotive passionate colours! The question of my ability pervades every mark I make, every brushstroke. The more I read of Georgia O'Keeffe, Rita Angus, Eva Hesse, the

more frustrated I become. The talks I have with Robin are invaluable. The sifting out of peripheral shit. The dismissing of the clutter. The fragmentation. I love my friends dearly and at this point am not sure if I could function without them. At the same time I wish for more space, isolation and separateness. My envy of the space that O'Keeffe built around her and also Angus to some extent is not realistic for me. I know that it is exclusive, that it is forbidding, and that it leaves little space for others. I can't shuck off my family, my friends, my home. I have an over-heightened sense of my own importance here and perhaps have come face to face with my own mortality.

Interrupted colours of panic
 The danger of painting that lacks reward
 Is that it is compulsive, obsessive.
 The absorption never ceases to amaze.
 The loss of time.

The panic.

... we women have been brainwashed more than even we can imagine. Probably too many years of seeing television women in ecstasy over their shiny waxed floors or breaking down over their dirty shirt collars. Men have no such conditioning. They recognize the essential fact of housework right from the beginning. Which is that it stinks.

Housework as a political issue.

Pat Mainardi. (*At home* catalogue. Los Angeles, Long Beach Museum of Arts, 1983)

18.1.84

The work is going slowly but well. The ideas are well formulated and I feel I am into a framework of painting. I have only got short periods of time as it is school holidays and I swing between the canvas and the beach. I am determined to finish this piece for the university by the end of February. I have realized that to write in this journal is not as important to me as it used to be. Although the process of writing for me is productive, I am also aware that it can be an end in itself and take the energy from the physical involvement with painting. Often the ideas, concepts, thoughts, drawings, images and so on, executed in a free association manner, remain at their best in that format. To physically explore the boundaries and to work practically through a problem is exciting and rewarding. I find I am developing a type of calligraphic language with gestural images. These give movement and the idea of abstract notation.

12.2.84

Ideas are flowing like torrents! I go to sleep with a myriad of floating revolving images and wake with them resolved and in enough detail to begin work. I am really enjoying the *act* of painting. The involvement with surface texture, the paint quality, the movement of the brushstrokes and so on . . .

I see my work becoming more and more three dimensional. This I'm sure has stemmed from my acute awareness of my own bodily involvement with painting, the periods of time that are being energised and the relationship of myself to the space around me. I feel much more confident about doing more installation/environmental pieces now and will start thinking along these lines for possible ways to work on a large-scale piece.

Anyway thoughts for the future.
 Anyway thoughts for the future.
 Anyway thoughts for the future.

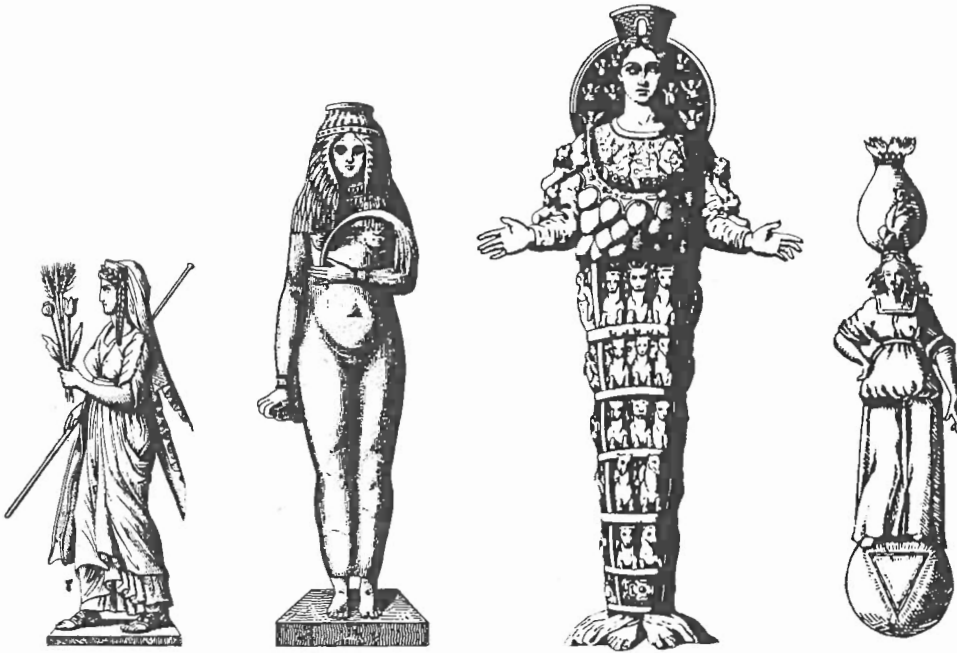


Fig. 39 Xeroxed images from mixed and now forgotten sources, included in journals, 15.3.84

15.3.84

Enjoyed last night's Women's Spirituality lecture. Lea introduced us to Artemis (Diana) and her strengths/symbols/beliefs.

ARROW MOON GODDESS THE TIDES AMAZONS (CRESCENT MOON SHIELD)

SAFFRON/RED STRONG/GUIDED/DIRECT

VIRGIN COMPLETENESS WHOLENESS INNER PEACE

ARROWS AND RUNNING LINKED WITH RAINMAKING . . . THE ANCIENT ART OF INFLUENCING THE WEATHER AND SEASONAL CYCLES.

25.7.84

cobalt blue

acid green

terracotta

mauve and

orange and

purple

dusky pink

navy blue

red

30.7.84

Wanted for some time to do a series based on lovemaking. Somehow the idea is difficult to imagine how best to represent it with the sensitivity it commands. I don't want to use representational imagery . . . probably for fear of being labelled voyeuristic! but at the same time I'm aware of the intensity of a physical relationship and all the mixed feelings and emotions that go along with it. Small intimate books would probably be the best format as it would give me the control over who gets to see the images and a certain amount of privacy to the obvious responses that would follow.

shells . . .

 fabric . . .

 mats . . .

 water . . .

 leaves . . .

 sound . . .

16.10.84

The work for Janne Land is complete and I'm looking forward to hanging it in the gallery. Some of the works are quite large and I've really not seen them in relationship to one another. I realise that I have in fact been able to put into a visual form some of the spiritual feelings I have. To move from the obscure and to give it some tangible form was essential for me . . .

To do this I felt it necessary to identify, explore and acknowledge the archetypal symbols in my work. Each piece of work is intended to be part of a whole. To have a separate energy but a unified intent. The 'fragments' that tell the story are . . . the burial shrines . . . the stone sculptures . . . the four directions . . . the Amazons . . . flight of the soul . . . movement of the spirit . . . the crescent moon . . . graphic notations . . . the labyrinth . . .

25.1.85

The year ahead looks a little awesome at the moment . . . a residency at the Crippled Children's Society, the Anzart Artists Book curatorial job with Christine, an exhibition at Denis Cohn's gallery, and all the various commitments in between. I've taken a few positive steps (for me) in that I have withdrawn from some of the out of town exhibitions. At times it feels overwhelmingly difficult to juggle all the things that have to be done. I want so much to be able to respond to the situation at the Crippled Children's Society. Not on a superficial level but with a deeper involvement than some of my experiences have been.

5.8.85

The studio is finished and working. It's so clean/quiet/calm/organised/efficient. It feels like it needs to be 'broken-in' and adapted. I intend to use this book to work out ideas, pains, feelings and I guess as a meditative device. Everything I'm working on at present is very *white*. Don't have a conscious explanation for this but it feels like controlled anger/stress/tension . . . White sometimes acts as a protector, a dampener, a cover, a veil of rejection. I have to confront this feeling soon . . . I have horrors of becoming a minimalist! The practical response to this must be to work on coloured paper and to lift the colour range up . . . up . . . up. This must intensify the demands within.

6.3.86

After being encouraged to record my dreams, and being given a blank book to do just that by Caroline, I have neglected my journal writing. The more consistent I am in writing down these images, the more excited I become about the wealth of visual images and the extent to which they can be used for further art work. I have decided to use them in the form of small intimate assemblages in the hope that people will want to become part of them and not be put off by excessive scale or 'the monumental'. The dreams often were fragmented, non-sequential, more like still pictures rather than moving ones. Also the span of time often was out of order and the stories almost reversed in actions. I've decided to take only a 'frozen' moment of the dream and record it symbolically. I want to be able to place the action, that is, where it actually took place . . . sea, water, earth, sky, bush etc. I'm unsure at this stage of the final image and am hoping, no matter how risky, that the subconscious will emerge during the making process and lead the way.

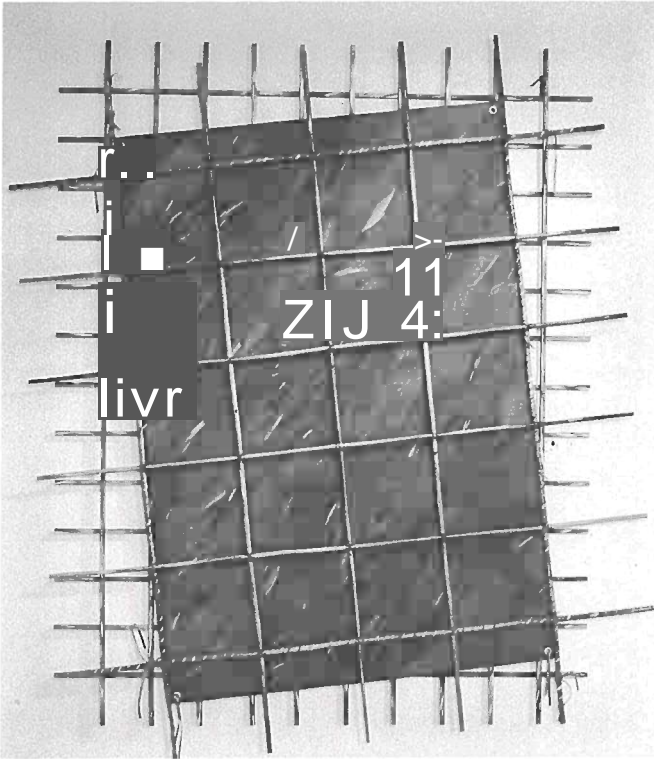
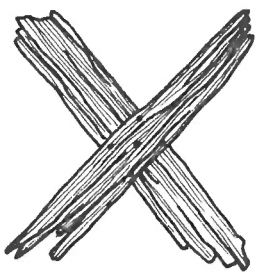


Fig. 40 Kite soar 1984

acrylic, brass wire, fibre, canvas, wood
6 x 4 feet

2.2.86

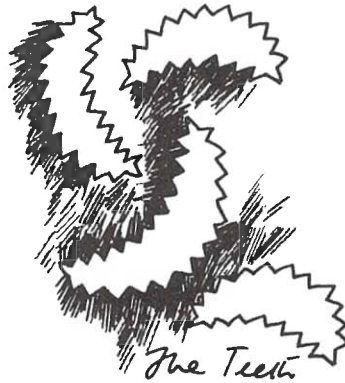
Underwater. Silvery growths of seaweed, coral, rocks . . . Multi-coloured fish . . . I can breathe, speak, sing . . . chambers and beautiful gates carved out of crusty shell-like material . . . the gates close behind me as I move through . . . calm, ease, excitement . . . I can see the moon up through the clear water.



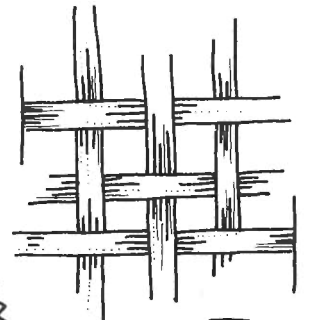
The cross



The rope



The Teeth



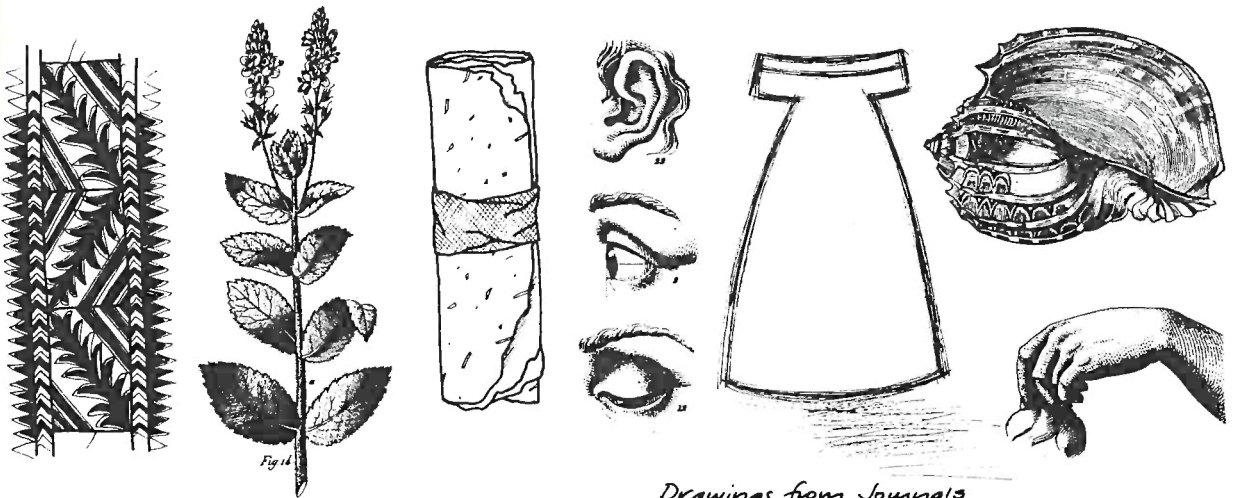
The lattice

Fig. 41 The cross; the rope; the teeth; the lattice
drawing from journals, 25.1.85
pen and ink actual size

5.5.86

I was asked today by a woman acquaintance of mine if I had gotten over my feminist phase yet! I felt like I had just been asked if I had gotten over the flu or measles or something. I was equally stunned a couple of years ago when a woman told me I couldn't possibly be a feminist as I had recently remarried! That feminism is both a dirty word and a fashionable one for the art intellectuals comes as no surprise. The notorious 'catch-up' policy of the institutionalised male is no longer a serious problem. We have women represented in almost all fields of the arts, some committed to a greater extent than others depending on what they have to lose or to gain! The desire for justice, opportunity, equality and access is not only what I wish for myself but for the older woman artist, for the current art students who are mostly in a state of oblivion, and for my daughter who sees the world as being for her alone, and all it can offer accessible. When I feel my feet leaving the ground and a leap being taken, the ground I land back on is very gravelly indeed. It's faster to fall than to climb and things seem to be moving very slowly indeed.

Begin with a thread
 a pliable linear element,
 and structure it
 anyway
 always
 in every which way
 but
 whatever you do
 don't forget the thread
 or
 you will lose the way
 and
 maybe even lose yourself
 along the way.



Drawings from Journals

Fig. 42 Drawings from journals

pen and ink/zerox composite from scattered journal entries 1981—6
 actual sizes

JOANNA PAUL and ALLIE EAGLE



We asked Joanna Paul born 1945 and Allie Eagle (or Alison Mitchell) born 1949 to interview each other because their association has been a long one and their lives and work have some interesting parallels. Both have mothers who are painters—Janet Paul and Loma Mitchell; Joanna also has a sister, Jane Paul, who is a visual artist and Joanna was formerly married to another artist, Jeffrey Harris. Both women were part of the women's art movement in the 1970s while maintaining a fairly close but unaligned involvement with the established art world—during part of this time Allie was Exhibitions Officer at the Robert McDougall Gallery in Christchurch; both now have Christian allegiances.

If it weren't for Joanna asking Bridie and me to take part in A season's diaries in 1977—our first direct contact with the women's art movement—this book wouldn't exist. And when we were unable to organise a joint exhibition of Joanna and Allie's work in 1979—believing that their common use of a diversity of media, their exploration of women's subjectivity and what Bridie calls their 'calligraphic similarities' would provide rich and stimulating viewing—we started the Women's Gallery instead.

The 'interview' is a series of letters from Allie in Auckland (where she lives and teaches art) and Joanna in Wanganui (where she lives with her children) and between them during several nights spent together in Wanganui; Bridie wrote our initial letter and she and I also wrote to Allie and/or Joanna over the months that it took to finish this piece. We transcribed what they wrote as closely as possible. This isn't tidy; some questions here are left unanswered. But that's the way it is when conversations are part of a lifelong dialogue. (Marian.)

LETTERS FROM ROOM TO ROOM

Joanna

Dear Allie,

When I first knew you you were making paintings, delicate detailed non-figurative not very different to the paintings you do now. They had a resemblance to work of other Christchurch painters. Trusttun (it was at Trusttun's '69 New Vision show that we met!); Rosemary Campbell. Is this the influence of Gopas's teaching at Ham? Can you tell me about the genesis of your painting language. It seemed that all the marks had an intimate meaning for you. The 2 strands in your work were already developed in those Auckland years (you at Training College, living alone in Laingholm; vexed years emotionally). Namely the abstract expressionist/impressionist style that has simply become more confident over 15 years—& the very realistic portrait drawings in pencil or charcoal. Does your recent *Asylum* series bring these strands together—figurative but internalized subject located in an abstract play of light & shadow, dynamic strokes. (Yes I suppose so—like the hearts on trial—the rue of the homosexual law reform debate set. The *Asylum* set were drawn out of my own experience during an episode when my mother was being hospitalized for a breakdown. They were heart-cry figurative works—Allie.)

Moving on from your own work—to that done with for & thru other women. The nucleus of your life with Margaret at St Albans attracted other women—the women artists group was one offshoot of this tho not the only locus of discussion on the qualities peculiar to women's art. You were working at the McDougall Gallery by '75 the year you curated the *Woman's art* (an exhibition of six women artists) exhibition wh. included Helen Rockel Zusters Rhondda Bosworth Joanne Hardy Stephanie Sheehan & me. (I collated an earlier women's show at the McDougall in '74 with notes about women's art. The exhibition was culled from the Gallery's collection at that time—Allie.) You wrote and produced a catalogue beautifully designed by Kath Algie which included loose leaf statements from contributors. This was a strong



Fig. 43 Allie Eagle

There is always your love from Asylum set

c 1984

pastel drawing

23 x 18 inches

I did this drawing as my mother was being driven in a police van to Lake Alice Mental Hospital. I was unable to stop her committal as I was so far away & my brother & the doctors were 'in control'. All I could do was be with her by drawing her lying there in the paddy wagon (lower left) maybe drugged & then, if they gave her shock treatment—my hand (God's hand) extended in prayer to her keeping her safe.

I managed to make a number of very frustrating but nevertheless successful phone calls absolutely forbidding the doctors to give her shock treatment feeling sure she'd revive which she did in a few days, without the horrendous loss of memory that electric convulsive therapy leaves one with.

Sometimes I draw like this, expressing something that is so deep and urgent & so needingly a communication of prayer/exorcism that I have to do it right there & then. These drawings are more than often figurative & come out of my head/heart with no preliminary drawings.

You helped me walk again (Fig. 47) is a similar drawing; it is a visual acknowledgement of the help & love & care the lesbian community & my own nearest & dearest gave me when I was recovering from the various trials I went through in the 70s. A.E.

show & precursor of the 1977 CSA Women's Convention exhibition—again your doing? There, suddenly immense energy unleashed—as if women were no longer asking questions but inventing answers—the work was personal witty highly coloured & charged—& distinction between people began to be blurred as between 'artists' & others, art & 'things'. Was this the first diary show? You asked the women taking part to furnish an intimate space. I had an open suitcase I was en route to Wellington in a 3 months hiatus in my marriage.

I put together *Unpacking the body* 1977 an assemblage of texts & objects. What was your personal contribution? Round the corner from you but I was working against time & the memory blanks.'

Because I was in Dunedin or Wellington/Paekakariki I did not see much of yr work from this time. The *Rape trial*² 1978 piece stands out. Can you talk about that? What else from your work of that time would you like to recall.

I remember a mandala painting square/round which may have related also to the alignment of your own private loft space between house & densely tended garden, centering on a white chair.

You were working fulltime at McDougall, sustaining many women in their lives & works, bringing up Karl in Margaret's absence.

In the November of the same year ('77) we mounted *A season's diaries* in Wellington (Victoria University Library) & out of the reshuffle of your friends & mine the Women's Gallery emerged.

This project was Marian Bridie Anna. Others. You & I took part without making a directly 'feminist' statement in the inaugurating show of '80 (w Juliet Bridie Claudia etc.) I placed rectangles of colour round a small white room (transposition teased out by the location of Felix' sleeping waking rhythms). It was an unusually comfortable place to work with a child—there was a cot in the gallery. Heather took Felix for walks—someone took the older children to pictures or planetarium.

At the same time I felt really remote from the concerns of the Women's Gallery refocussing energy on my own work insulated by marriage, distance—heterosexuality! Tho I think what was accomplished there was important—using art as a lever into real areas of discourse. I enjoyed contributing to 2 more diary exhibitions but did not see them.

You were at Te Henga so similarly distanced. Your paintings at that show were beautiful intimate abstract watercolours in the next room. Our colours spoke across their separate spaces.

During the changes in your life your spirituality has found different voices. Your upbringing was baptist? I knew you first deeply imbued with zen. And we both read Jung. Then came the pursuit of the 'mother goddess'. Now a return to fundamentalist & charismatic Christianity. Each stage characterized by absolute conviction & a determination to share it—(you are a natural teacher; & have influenced a huge number of women).

Yet thru all these changes your painting language has remained the same. An anchor against the various pulls of people & ideologies? Or a constant centre of meditation never reducible to the cultural formulations however eagerly embraced.

yours, with love. Joanna.

I haven't talked about our mothers.

Allie

Grandmothers/mothers/sisters/daughters

My grandmother was sent to art classes in Dunedin by my taxidermist/furrier great grandfather to learn how to mould shapes for stuffed birds & generally render naturalistic animal & land forms. She studied under Hawcridge in Dunedin & later under Price in Palmerston North.

My mother took art lessons from Linley Richardson in Palmerston North. She had nine years of life drawing with him. There were also the Hutt Art Society classes I went to with her when I was thirteen.

I think the 'bonding' artists make with artists, parents, teachers or friends when they are very young has an important bearing on their artistic confidence & growth.

I remember my mother finding me, her 3 year old, in the garden, poking some dumped stale soggy flour with a stick. She crouched beside me & watched me discover as I played with the gooey plasticity of the dough.

She had an encouraging presence as I made things with the food coloured salt dough she made me. Later I was given a box of Windsor & Newton *Students* water colour. Lessons/ the white of the paper—keeping paint-water fresh. Days on my aunt's farm in Otaki—watercolour pad each, black ink, paint—learning to draw the 'round' of a tree.

My mother has not exhibited her work, though she sells it privately. There are churches & halls in all sorts of unlikely places where her work can be seen. She has worked with intellectually handicapped people/ folk poor in spirit/ lonely people/ adult orphans, old people & the dying. She knows suffering & angst—knows what deprivation through separation is about. But has a clear joy & confidence for life & giving of herself. She's been wonderful to me. This last year I've gone to stay with her to paint in her Otaki-Kapiti Island/Tasman Sea facing garage. She lives next door to my 86 year

old hale & hearty grandmother. Both keen gardeners dialoguing with natural colour & shape.

& your dear mother Janet—wonderful, bubbly enthusiastic generous dear friend—her enthusiasm! hospitality! The enjoyment of enjoying people books/ food/ pots/ paintings.

You've said of her 'her gift is not seeing any one sphere any more important than any others.' Caring for & working with your father/sisters/her grandchildren/home/garden/publishing/bookdesigning/writing/bookshop/furniture design—a multi-directional talent. Her intention has not been wholly, singly to produce paintings but all these things well.

Her painting: humorous, intelligent calligraphic delightings in the intimate activities of friends & family absorbed: reading/talking/drawing/playing recorders—I think of her images—eleven year old Jane with a dove (or pigeon?) & you with skinny legs and a woodwind, Mary lounging, Charlotte reading. Such love & care.

She gave you the groundwork to take artistic risks, develop intellectual interests. Helped refine your ideas & assumptions. How do you see her in your progress as an artist?

There is quite a strong relationship between both yr. work too.

And Jane ... so exciting to see what she's producing. She may even eclipse your talent Joanna! An amazing inventor/researcher of new forms. A regenerator. Work books full of connections, findings, patterns, workings, letters, invented shapes, daring & confident & definitely from the Pauline school! Vigour plus! Like apples taken from the family bowl—Janet peels, slices & hands them around—Joanna's red/green apple on a white plate, edge of hand thinking—Jane—I see her eating hers as she leaves the table!

& now there's Maggie: reminding me of Jane at 13. Laughing & fun & highly critical. Duck if she gongs you & take her seriously! She's like Jeffrey too. She wrote out this poem for me:

*white plastic bags
lying forgotten
posing as another thing
so a passerby will stop, look
but then turn away saying
it's only a white plastic bag.*

Maggie Harris

You ask me about the genesis of my painting language: Well I guess that began with my mother & her encouragement—& then at Hutt Valley High School especially in the 6th form when I had such enthusiastic teaching from Nolene Bruning, Craig Murray Orr & Virginia Port—a very close friendship with fellow prelim art student Boyd Webb—and then at art school, Rudi Gopas fostered a freedom in me from figurative imagery. An interest in textural & colour & spatial relationships that did not derive from observational analyses of natural forms but rather were released from the unconscious by the often arbitrary & intuitive act of mixing & unloading paint onto canvas/board.

He showed me Max Beckmann's work to illustrate his ideas on the dynamics of visually organizing form & colour in a way that 'released' empathetic meaning—although he wasn't really concerned with Beckmann's imagery—the concern was with the subtle and/or powerful evocation, thought & feeling through colour/marks/tones/form—the way they were put down: fast/slow, meditatively/agitatedly, wistful/provocative, different rhythms/movements & nuances of feeling all in the same picture, without direct reference to the seen/known world.

He taught a discipline of undiscipline followed by discipline. A conscious laying aside of preconceived notions—loose open patches of arbitrarily laid warm grounds on

which to let a cosmos emerge. A fortuitous interplay of ground on canvas/texture paint/trickle/tonal/pigment change. An interchange of mark dialoguing with mark—floating/swimming/travelling through colour field, culminating energy of colour finding places of rest through family relationships—sparring in places of conflict. Seen and taught with a sense of greater spatial realm than the earthbound. He was an astronomer & his interest in outer space gave me plenty of room to arrange my own inner space/ideas/boundaries/emotions/keys to colours/marks for events interpenetrated by over- or underhatchings of colour fields marks & forms. Gopas taught a kind of degravitizing from natural space. Also the value/risk of being psychologically attached to it. Kandinsky & Kokoschka were exciting sources for me at this time.

Gopas showed me Paula Modersohn-Becker & Kathe Kollwitz. I believe he showed me these women quite consciously as female artistic models from the Germanic/European Expressionist background from which he taught.

I remember the biting comments he made of some of the women students who were at art school when I was there: the pity of giving them so much energy when in a few years' time *all* (!) they would be doing would be 'pushing a pram through Christchurch Square.'

He didn't say this of me—although I can remember feeling terribly hot & flustered when he asked me why I painted 'za female wis so much life & vigour ven you paint za male so dull & flat and lifeless?' I had by that time become involved in quite a hot debate at art school over issues about female homosexuality—and he may have been speculating on my sexuality from what he heard, but he may have sensed that from my paintings, I guess.

I rather liked to think that he didn't see me as using art school as a filler till marriage but as the working ground for a lifelong career. I think he'd be oddly pleased today if he could see just how many of his female students have produced families or been married but also pressed on successfully with art careers. Pip Blair, Shirley Gruar, Gaylene Preston, Caroline Williams.

In my last year with Gopas the 'penny had dropped' & I wanted him to move back a little. I wanted to measure, rule straight lines, make arcs, refer to the natural world a little, draw perceived things onto the canvas. Combine abstract expressionism with the figurative. The inter art school debate between Ilam/Elam raged about regionalism vs internationalism. Something of the Elam art school's imagery & concerns affected me when I went to do my 'Div C' training college year with the Elam graduates in Auckland instead of remaining with the Ham students in Christchurch. It was at Training College in Auckland, tutored by Peter Smith and in the company of Derek March, Claudia Pond Eyley, Marte Szirmay, Ken Adams, Leon Narbey & co that I started making images of 'real' things again.

I met you then. It was against the Auckland neo-realism that I began using my until then non-objective calligraphic brush objectively. The Aucklanders' concern for pictorial space and my own interest in Zen painting/poetry/thought helped direct my understanding to pictures in a non-fiddly way with marks that were 'of something: figures, birds, trees, landscape/symbolic images.

I remember your Symonds Street studio work—paintings of yourself on the edge of reflected images in your Stage HI painting studio. You used very direct marks also—your surfaces didn't have the polished/reworked almost mechanical no-brush-mark surfaces of some of the other Elam painters.

Your colour was not always directly observed but was also colour from an inner palette, picking up Auckland atmosphere/light, amplified rich almost fauvist, yet modulated colour, painter's brush work structuring/gesturing.

I 'knew' your reds, pinks & ambers, your purples and magentas teals and blues—coming from an inner mind—with invention of hand & eye—there was something fortuitous & relaxed about it—a spontaneity I enjoyed.

I taught art for three years at Upper Hutt College after that Auckland '69 year. In one of those years I boarded in Karori with your mother & sister Jane. Jane was 14 and still at school.

My painting task in those years: merge abstract expressionist thought & feeling with figurative, build in my social/personal responses to the work.

does your recent Asylum series bring these together? density/opacity/shielded hooded eyes/man smoking gloomily urbane pressured woman numb waiting. This asylum patient in a cell without walls she and others offset/ here the crucified Christ as Rembrandt drew him—strong graphite marks on abstract expressionist ground—white stuck onto canvas feather descending downwards to his head in a spray of yellow white flicked paint 'Because something is happening here/ but you don't know what it is/ do you, Mr Jones?'³

—Joanna

Those paintings, on board, bent & warped behind cupboard doors (unseen and ideologically unsound over the Christchurch lesbian feminist years that followed) until I burnt them with a quiet prayer when I left promising resurrection in their own time ages hence. (I hear my friends say 'Hell, Allie, I hope you're not going to paint god stuff now.')

In this dialogue we agreed to talk of our spirituality:

Your choice of Catholicism

seemed linked to your sense of the poetry & forms found in liturgical symbolism. I think of McCahon's iron cross over your bed in Paekakariki. A white room/ a place of prayer and a year or seasons apart from Jeffrey. I think of drawings you've done: bowls, chalices, containing forms, often over those later years; when I was living with Margaret in Trafalgar Street & you at Barrys Bay with Jeffrey there was a meeting of our separate ways (I was still very much avoiding anything to do with patriarchal religion—in fact men's thinking—we owned no men's books or records in those days—life art music & politics was all female—).

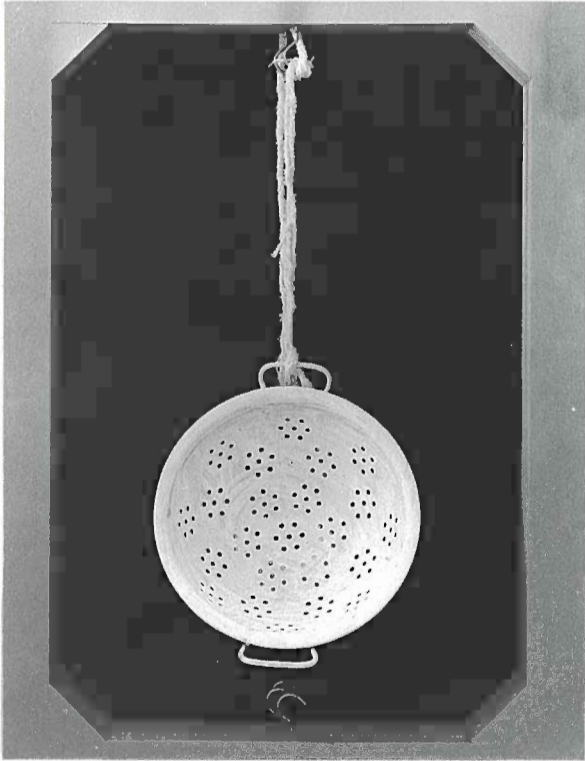
I'm thinking of a chalice, water, the Blood, a knife & sacrifice—& your Imogen & your *Unpacking the body* 1977 works at the C.S.A. 1977 United Women's Convention collective women artists installation.¹

The statements you made with kitchen utensils painted white hanging from string—utilitarian household forms evoking deeper questions—even contemplating Christ—perhaps? Images of mother 'the waist that grows, the hand that seizes, the breast that bursts'—such a brave reflection on Imogen's dear short life and your relationship with her.

(Yes; & yet the images are all implicit in the language of the body. I invented nothing but drew out, if under the pressure of experience, the poem buried in names.—Joanna)

I remember you read and re-read Monique Wittig's *The lesbian body*—you assimilated a lot of her ideas, a kind of internalization that I went through, other women went through, of claiming back our bodies—much like the women claiming back the night, or, I imagine, the tangata whenua claiming back the land—an insistence to use concepts & values to ritualize, commemorate, refabricate & resolve the connection & dispersion of your relationship with little Imogen.

The early women's art movement days of Christchurch with *Spiral* and the women artists group & later the Women's Gallery in Wellington are still very special to me. Especially the ongoing friendships that were established then. I think particularly of Heather McPherson and the really caring groundwork she did to promote women writers & the amazing commitment that Marian Evans has given me & a host of other women artists. Marian's encouragement (and Juliet Batten's) to have the freedom to make statements about myself ourselves/our ideas/ambitions—will always be a very valuable keystone in my life as an artist.



HEAD caput CUP

HEAD	caput	KRP	CONTAINER,
OCCIPITAL			CUP
CALYX			GUP
AS/II/VASM		MIJ	VESSEL
VASA VASORUM			
CHEST			CHEST
TIVWXX			BOX/CHEST
PECTORAL			CAGE
ANGINA			BOX
PATELLA			LITTLE DISH
WUXWJ			CUP
crowra			SEIVE
JELVO			PAIL
AMNION	guros / umb		SACRIFICIAL
			BOVAL

Fig. 44 Joanna Paul

HEAD caput CUP from *Unwrapping the body,*
artists book, c 1978

The C.S.A. shows in 1977 & 78 and the Women's Gallery gave a freedom to make statements about myself/ourselves, our ideas/ambitions—a challenge to realise visions for change. We were aiming at a wholeness in producing art that was not simply for an economy or art elite market. We felt the ordinary gallery's forms & structures denied expression of our private/public vision & our sense of the value of our integrated lives as individual women & communities. There was a real effort to think about alternatives to the art and dealer gallery context which seemed rather to demand artists vie with each other for artistic survival.

I'm very grateful for all those times & processes/relaxing in non-commercial situations where the focus on artistic production was on the quality of our lives and communication not marked by boundaries of isms and excellence—things that seem to thwart open dialogue & taking risks & inevitably prevent less 'professional' women entering into the dialogue. In that context I received generous matronage.

I appreciated & respected your Catholicism. I was glad there was nothing of the evangelical about you. (I was still firmly resisting my Pentecostal mother & Baptist grandmother's hopes for my conversion.) During the Upper Hutt College years I tuned in a little to Christianity but was also reading Germaine Greer, gay political books & Jerry Rubin—& thinking in that vein, leading on to Jill Johnston, Judy Chicago & the *Feminist book of light and shadows* by Z. Budapest—and Mary Daly in the Christchurch years. However, my painting *We will resist/we will resist* 1979 was done

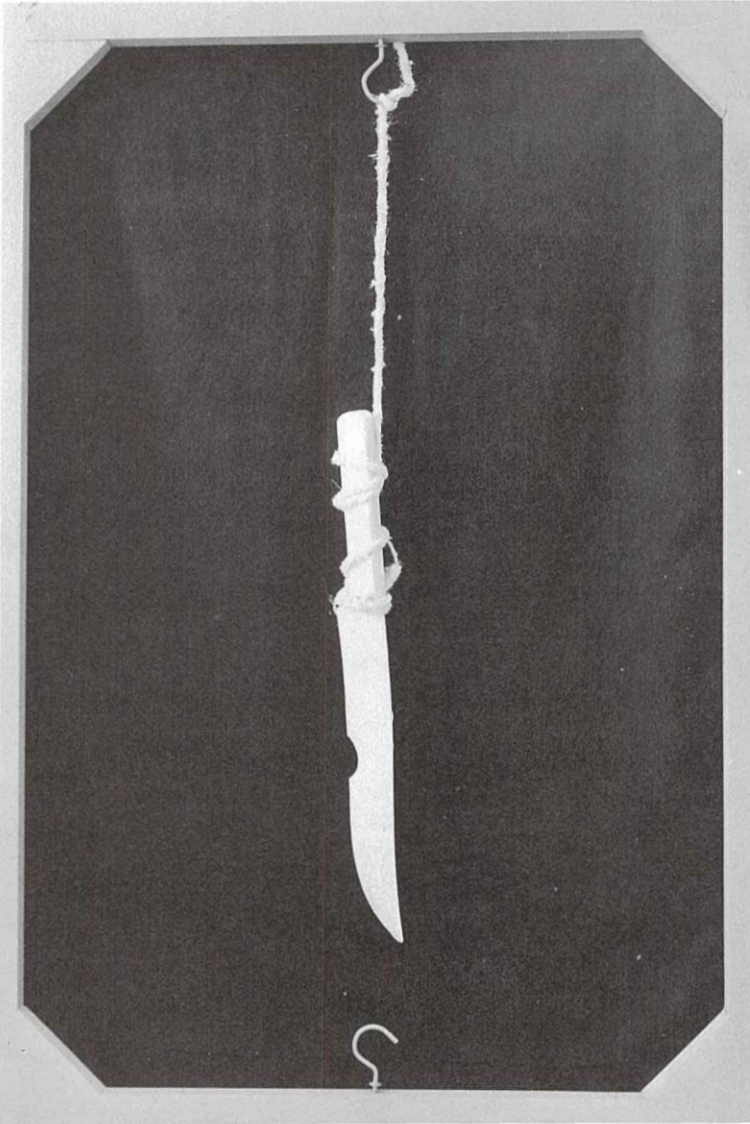


Fig. 45 Joanna Paul _____
AORTA from **Unpacking the body** _____
 installation, _____
 CSA Gallery, 1977 _____

just prior to my conversion to Christ in 1980. The painting is probably just as much about my resistance to my yielding to my vision I had of Christ as it was about women resisting and overcoming patriarchal power.

The last 'womanspirit' statements I made were *SPIRIT BODY LAND connections* 1979 (Plate 18) at Te Henga when I was still living in Juliet Batten's bach.

I spent some days down the road on my land with Linda Landis. I was menstruating. Rosemary Johnson had shown me slides in Christchurch the year before of Jody Pinto's work, a well dug in land, chair at bottom.

some channels.

I wanted to mark time/ commit myself into the land I had bought and was custodian of. We made a fire, stones around it. We slept by its warmth at night. When I felt my blood coming I crossed the stream & squatted it out, naked under my blanket, encircled by a ring of dry leaves.

Fig. 46 Allie Eagle
Oh yes we will resist,
we will resist, 1978
 watercolour
 54 x 72



I was thinking about early women of this land: pre-European, Maori & maybe way back in my own past. Attending to the roots of understanding of this bleeding.

After I had finished I dressed, & the fire was let go out. Linda undressed & let me cover her with the ashes of the spent fire.

She lay on one side holding one of the stream/fire boulders to her belly heaving it away from her.

I photographed her
 'stone-belly woman'
 then down the waterfall track
 to pond & fresh cut raupo nest
 she washed off the ash with
 splashings of spring pond water.
 There were nests
 & mud dishes
 tree hangings

probing to find
 meaning

too risky

for my psyche

collective/ideology/dreaming
 together/jealous watchings/crazy awakenings
 & a turning point

That question is no longer with me now. You called me 'urbane' and plump (quite kindly)—Marian suggests I'm without that 'edge' (skinny & leather jacketed). *Distant fingers* 1978 (Plate 16) is a painting done with that edge: but I'd come far enough and far enough's enough.

Today the land: a digger has been & enlarged the ponds. Bog gardens grow now. Te Henga wetland sedges & rushes / frogs & waterlilies. My cat comes for walks to the waterfall with me. Penga Penga lilies begin to bloom. Children come to stay in my bus & friends. I have a scrubcutter for the weeds. There are heaps of jobs. The chookhouse is due for an autumn clean. The garden grows. The land has become a different sanctuary.

My spirit reflects: '*You helped me walk again*' the drawings from the series *hearts on trial—the rue of the homosexual law reform debate* 1985 record a little of that passage of time since the 'womanspirit' days till now.

There were particular events that resurfaced my idling Christian values & caused me to reconsider carefully Biblical scripture: I had begun to feel enslaved by the very thing I wanted freedom for—my sexual identity. I needed a new base of impartiality/ evenness/faithfulness ensuring something more consistent in all my relationships—& I wanted a relationship with God. In re-evaluating I chose celibacy & church going.

My friends' response to my ideological & spiritual shift was sometimes surprised sadness or even betrayal. Heather McPherson wrote me this poem:

'. . . dark as the moon's dark face
you seem'

I sit on the step
where I always sit and stitch the blue
thread around the hem, and think of those
first wild brilliant days
when the cause was new and loving freed—when
sisters, we found together words
for truths that had not—then—been told:
All possible good in our own company . . .
shared power and creativity
step over the old men's boundaries . . .
but now you have turned back to the fathers' god
And call our choice, our struggle, sin.

The needle slips. I suck the blood.
I knot the thread and look for scissors
to cut it. The wind has sent me in
to where it's warm, to join
my constancies—
Great Mother, friends—
and coated, face against the sky's
blue iciness, the red and yellow leaves
that shake against
dark fruit-spurred branches,
the winter that those branches must survive.

April-July 1981



Fig. 47 Allie Eagle

**You helped me walk again from hearts on trial—the rue of the homosexual law reform debate
1985**

pastel drawing

117? x 16 inches

I would like to acknowledge particularly a friend/lover who is depicted in this drawing, helping me walk again. I drew it on the night I knew & regretted an article I'd helped with was going to press in a local paper. I realized that I was re-evaluating my lesbian life in the wrong context & was about to hurt some of my dearest friends. This drawing came out of that angst. Too late at that point to do anything about it. A.E.

Joanna

Just as in Auckland 60s, when I walked into a branch and went on, scratched, talking, not noticing you dragged me back thru it a 2nd time—You now keep confronting me Allie, with this question of Christianity. I offer a poem, & accent our difference and our sameness in a dream. There is a dream in the poem too, wh is written

on the Transfiguration

the Jesuit said
how would you paint the resurrection?
 'I see it in detail only in black & white.
 a photograph, feet in mud, his ankles swelling
 against the distant flare of dawn, dark
 earth spreading to a low horizon'

he replied
 'your resurrection portrays
 sharing in life to me but what of
 receiving life . . . a
 new life?

the door swings
 onto the smell of wet concrete
 warm chlorine

high up
 I see a white dress hanging
 thru the mesh

& beside me
 a girl bends tying on a white
 figured skirt over
 slender beige legs & pantys
 joined at the hip

at the pool
 a woman stands waiting
 blonde hair knotted, crimson
 jacket merging with the clothes
 of the baby she is holding
 framed by grey plate glass

that opens on
 a brilliant lawn white legs
 & stems of silver
 birch trees.
 Her skirt is white.

again that night
 'you look beautiful in blue'
 'I only notice women wearing white
 white like you.'

*let us put up 3 tents to celebrate
 the change over*

& now dreamt
 we are 3 women talking about the transformations
 in our lives
 when our laughter & the light
 strikes

a chain of women hurrying past the window
 heads bent their eyes flash disapproval;
 they are angry crying praying
O let us join them.

(1982)

Another dream

We were in your 'cigarette box' car, Allie, arguing as we do about politics—I got out at the traffic lights where the street was filled with a procession of black people—I could see the sweat on their faces. The moment I joined them the procession dissolved & I was climbing a hill w gleaming, furrowed ground. The young vines were covered w a coarse white cloth. I cd see the light/ shadows in the white—

Allie

Comment on how you saw colour in painting in 1969, how you see it in 1986.

Joanna

'Intuitive' colour probably formed by scrutinizing my mother's palette—cleaning it! (I remember keeping notes on colour combinations the way Maggie keeps recipes); also formed at say 14 through having had the range of mother's art books (often flawed copies from her Hamilton book shop)—the renaissance, Chinese art, post impressionists. My favourite painters at 14 were (mother's) Bonnard;—El Greco. I picked up the etiquette—always mix yr colours; *make* a black; don't use unmixed white, always some grey in a picture. I can remember the first occasion, the daring of straight black.

Further formed by seeing 1964 the Tate show *Painting of a decade*—great, late field of colour by Miro and Matisse, the painterly textures and still good-mannered colour of De Kooning, & in another show of German expressionism, black—& expanse of white and raw canvas.

I don't think it is enough now merely to be a colourist any more than to 'write well'. Colour must be used to some purpose. McCahon used colour in the landscape horizons (circa 1970) like a spiritual floodlight in the dark night of his paintings. Colour is a barometer for me—muddy as at art school—clean watercolour after each baby—

Since leaving home, in a painterly sense, I have tried to pay attention to the effects of light, the way light explicates the world; the complementary burr produced by adjacent colours, the way this creates line, & a linear mesh that articulates the painting; the sense in which this linear interface of object/area can be used to define *spaces* w. the same or greater clarity than *objects*—the possibilities here for a visual poetry.

I have always liked the way Frances Hodgkins kept colour line & tone distinct, allowing full play to their energies. I thought about this in 1969 (reviewing FH's survey at Auckland City Art Gallery in *Craccum*), & her peculiarly female domestication of the landscape thru a window.

That the TONES (of a landscape) are delicate vehicles of emotion.

*8 square panes & the clear creases of curtains
these shadows contain my childhood
grey dark grey night white*

from *Paloma* (1971)

while colour can express the spirit

*the gulls fly like arrows streaming ceaselessly
dark against the sky pale against the ocean
but into the white cloud their flight is white*
(1982)

The way a lamp-post changes from dark to light from red to green against a changing background occupied me in many small watercolours & all paintings done by 'light of day'; just as stresses in relation to one's own body the continual adjustment of the view as one's body/perspective shifts—have engaged me say in larger oil window paintings. 'Space is curved'. My intuition attempts to put that knowledge into practice.

If the intellect enjoys LINE—line is everywhere under siege from the stress of coloured fact.

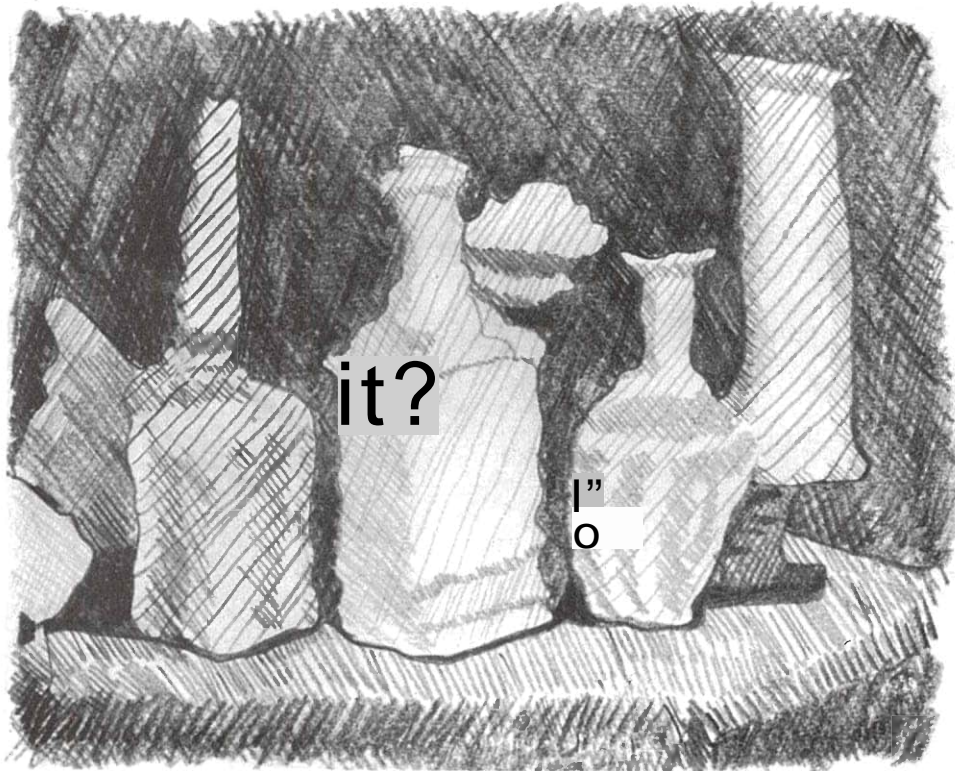


Fig. 48 Joanna Paul
Version of Morandi
1972
pencil
16 * 19

More and more I see my marks as simply energizing and articulating the white space of the paper/ /ground of multiplicity; as if the paper/ /the lens of religious intuition.

and

*Through the shaped spaces of the bed's frame;
through the flowers carved in the wood and through
the window pane; through the pierced verandah
hood, the foliate rose, I see the straight and curved
branches parting of a tree. Without the lens
heaven, the heavens not understood*

MATERIAL,

BODY,

WORLD

BONDING

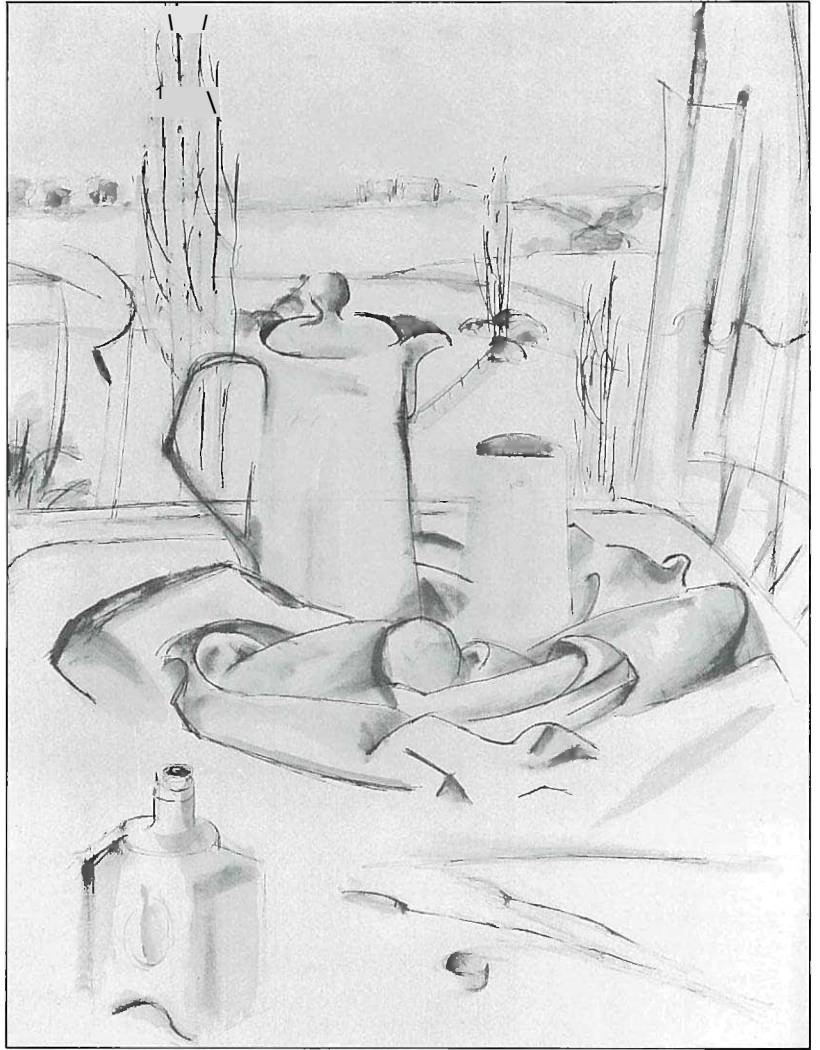
The medium itself can be eloquent—book/page—ground/
support/frame & surrounding space. To use silk painted
canvas raw canvas raw silk staples might have as much
to say about the abuse of a landscape as the image of raw
hills & iron swings. Painting becomes an avenue for
empathy. I used to feel vis a vis a familiar landscape,
completed by it; as much as by my face in the mirror.
Has my bonding been primarily with places
COROMANDEL BANKS PENINSULA
DUNEDIN PORT CHALMERS
SEACLIFF WARRINGTON PAEKAKARIKI

With people I inhabit various concurrent and actual
communities, one that includes Ian Hamilton Findlay &
Stan Brakhage whose work I've never seen; my neighbours;

*Fig. 49 Janet Paul***Still life, Hoopers Road, Hamilton 1957**

ink and watercolour

25 * 18 inches



MY MOTHER

my catholic community; my sisters; brothers in law; old neighbours; the poets in *AND-*, women interested in herbs; dispersed friends.

I am still searching for words that do express the radiance of my mother's attention, her quality of eliciting response, drawing out a person, her gifts of joy. Definitely taught to see, enjoy the vista from the car window, analyse my pleasures—mother, orange & blue don't go, thinking of the crepe paper streamers in the classroom—yes they do, putting segments of a white & orange on a blue Moorcroft plate.

And of course the Phaidon art books, the Plischke furniture, the whole furniture of modernism. Taken for granted, enjoyed, repudiated. I ungraciously go on, though not from where she 'left off' because she has very much gone on.

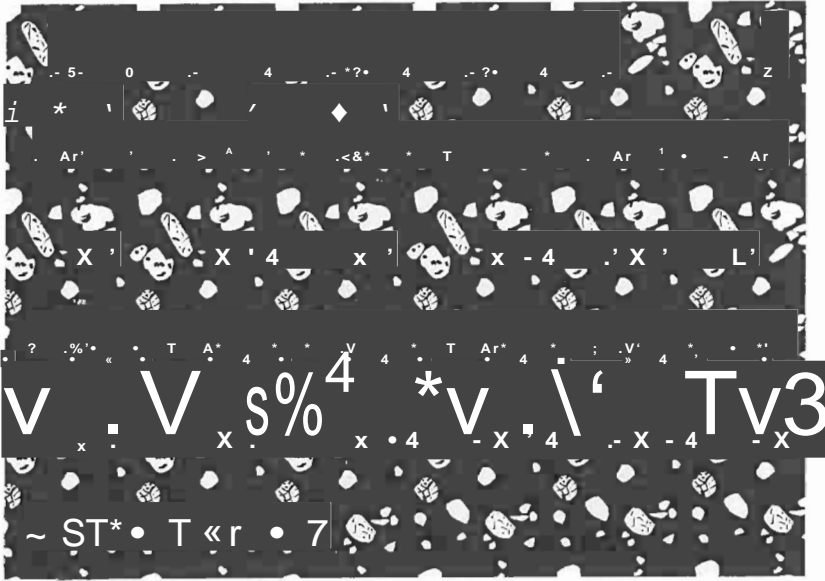


Fig. 50 Jane Paul

Cloth c 1985

screenprint

1550 x 2250

It was easy for me in the 60s & bred to it, to feel Cezanne as an influence sucked dry. I respect her meditations on Cezanne, her discoveries, the landscape, Chinese painting, the Tao.

(I think I'd like to put in mother's 50s still life in blue ink, w coffee jug.)

—*Talking of coffee.* Allie and I are sitting up for the 3rd consecutive night, writing at the same table, or in adjoining rooms, reading out loud, criticising, laughing.

—I like what you say about Jane. I acknowledge that—feel happy—proud—Am not competitive. Am continually refreshed, surprised by her work (that freshness, inventiveness & I otherwise get only w Killeen—Pattem/meta pattern; in flight from the frame /onto cloth toys, furniture, papier mache.

Allie: You might be eclipsed by Jane

Marian: Ask her about post-modernism

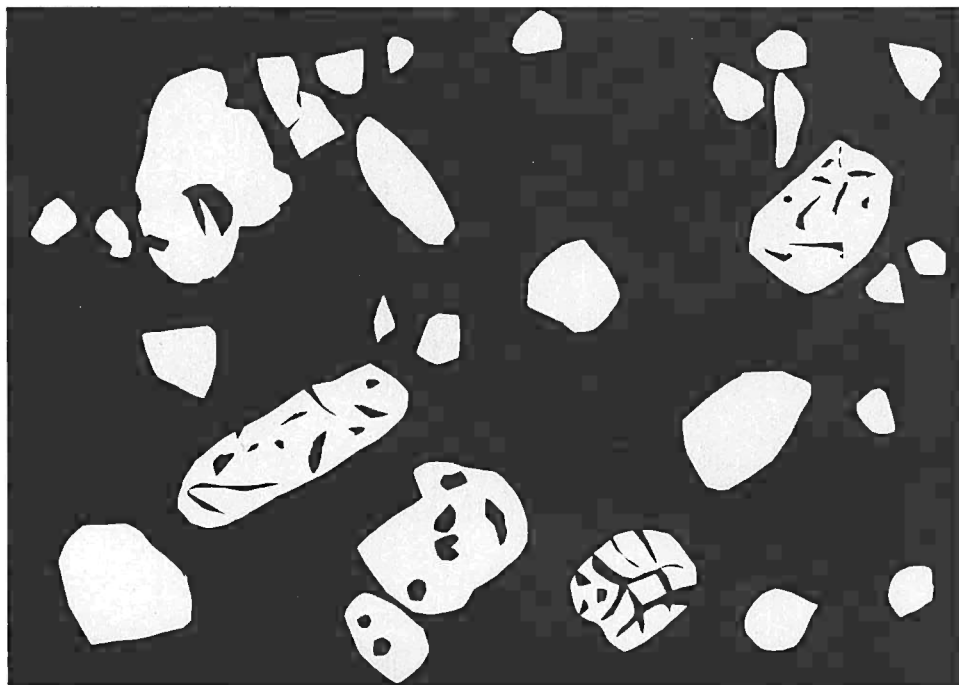
I am on shaky ground, I haven't read the texts. We don't have enough billboards. If McCahon stated a modernist dilemma; where to go after Barnett Newman! (his anxiety) his answers like Philip Guston's went beyond modernism in their emphatic *meaning*, their offences against taste. I then at Elam (late 60s) was not engaged by the problem/could not see art as a one way track. Modernism, then was art history. Greenberg came. I remember only his silences.

A complex subject, as there are contradictory strands in the 'modem' also; antecedents & antigens as it were to 'postmodernism'.

Complexity, plurality essential in a contemporary world

Fig. 51 Jane Paul

Cloth c 1985 (detail)
screenprint



where there is no common understood. No common reader. If my personal sense of relativity is in part related to autobiography (the dislocations, travel/marriage) I also feel disassociated from the rhetoric of disassociation.

The sense in wh I feel connected at some points w postmodernism is in the recognition of subjectivity as the only mode of truth/ the impossibility of taking for granted a shared subjectivity/ the necessity to build in one's own perspective/hand, chair, time of day into the construct; treat words as things.

Marian: I'm reading a book of critical writing by Margaret Atwood, who believes that poetry is the heart of the language, the activity through which language is renewed & kept alive (that fiction writing is the guardian of the moral & ethical sense of the community). And I remember you writing somewhere about the way language affects and effects what is being said. What do you think are the visual parallels to poetry & fiction if one sees those distinctions as valid? Do you think she's right anyway? And if so, is it realistic to say that poetry is the heart of the language any more when it is so rarely read and so rarely read well? How does Cilla (McQueen) saying that for her being a poet involves using every medium she can (every language, to renew and keep alive language?) fit in? How do you decide wh to use a visual or a verbal language? I feel you are constantly trying to renew and keep alive, wonder whether some of the language you try to keep alive, the visual language which is so little understood, is perhaps an anachronism now, because so few people have access to its basis.

(extract from a letter)

When I first began making poems (71/2) I was pregnant & too tired to paint. I lay on the bed reflecting on the landscape while words formed. Gradually the substance



Fig. 52 Joanna Paul
Pascal (a) 1982

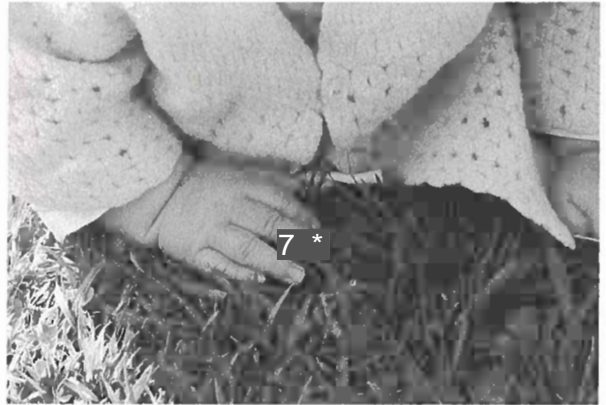


Fig. 53 Joanna Paul
Pascal (b) 1982

*only in the aggregate
will your images
release their
phosphorus*
'Conversation with
Bresson' in
Notes on cinematography

**ANACHRONISM/
SYNCHRONISM**

of words & paintings have diverged, poems able to trap the elusive donum of an experience; a movement & a change.

It was the mythopoetic & clumsily extended aspect of my paintings in 70/71 which turned me first to film making, (super 8, no sound). With of course the help of an introduction at Elam (Tom Hutchins) to cellulose—& cameras; a reading of Eisenstein's *The film sense* (a love of Bresson, Flaherty etc).

I also enjoy the abstraction possible w the camera, movie or still & the gter resistance to the purely subjective offered thru that lens.

One might be tempted to see it (poetry) as a malfunctioning heart pumping the renewed blood back thru its (lungs) audience, leaving the same old bad blood to filter thru the organs of the mass media.

Need either poetry or prose be closer to the heart beat. Think of what *bread* means in a novel by Heinrich Boll. Even choosing a word or form takes on an ethical dimension. (Are you questioning the polyglot habits of Cilla & me?)

I should like to keep the roots of language alive. [CUP CAPUT HEAD] Easier to do verbally. Visually, I *don't know what I do!*

But it excites me when past & present are bonded together — like the Victorian stained glass saints embedded in perspex in a Wanganui catholic church.

And I should like — its a maori proverb to walk backwards into the future!

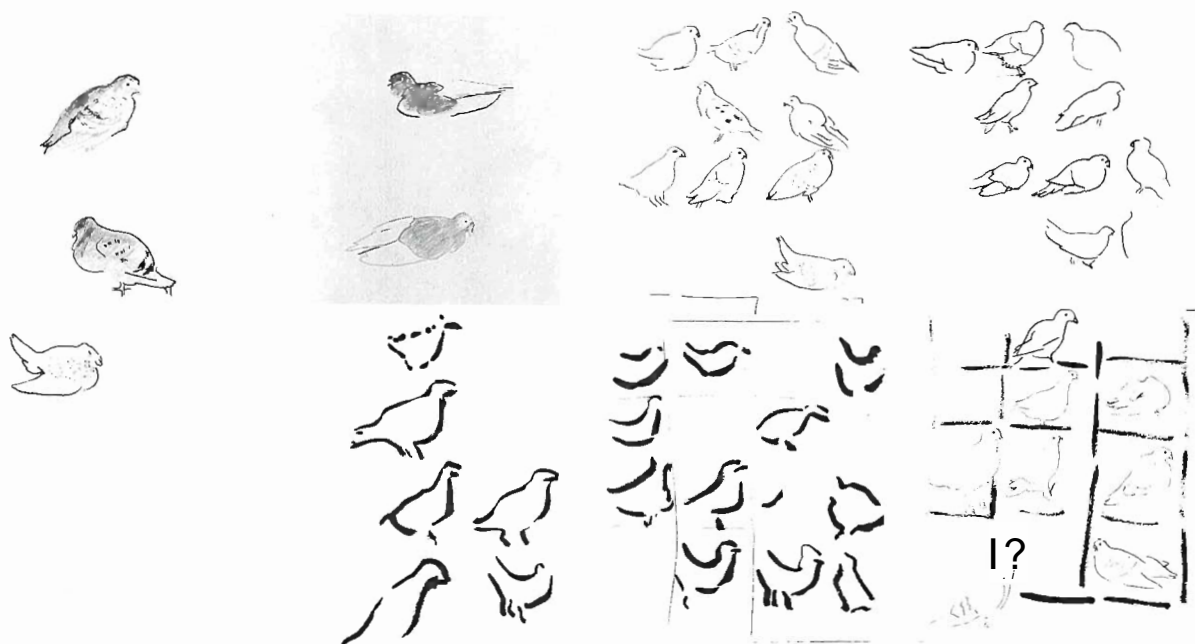


Fig. 54 Joanna Paul
BIRD/WORD drawings 1986
 ink and pencil

27/2

I've finished, Allie, & just planted out your mothers (african) marigolds. I like to recall your mother, her peaceful presence, quiet withdrawn inwardness wh. is like the underside to your character; her love & the areas of attention wh. live in her garden, pink & yellow upright old fashioned flowers; the secrets of the glass house, the curving lawns & beds that yoke the 2 neat domestic dwellings—of your mother & your grandmother—echoed maybe in your garden at Bethells—then there is the quiet clean simplicity of the tree painting on the wall inside; & the order of the house; her attentions to you. Her watercolour, your painting of a macrocarpa, the tree itself, top lit at dusk, provinces side by side. She stands also for achievement/outside the rhetoric of self-fulfillment, off the page.

(February 1986—May 1988)

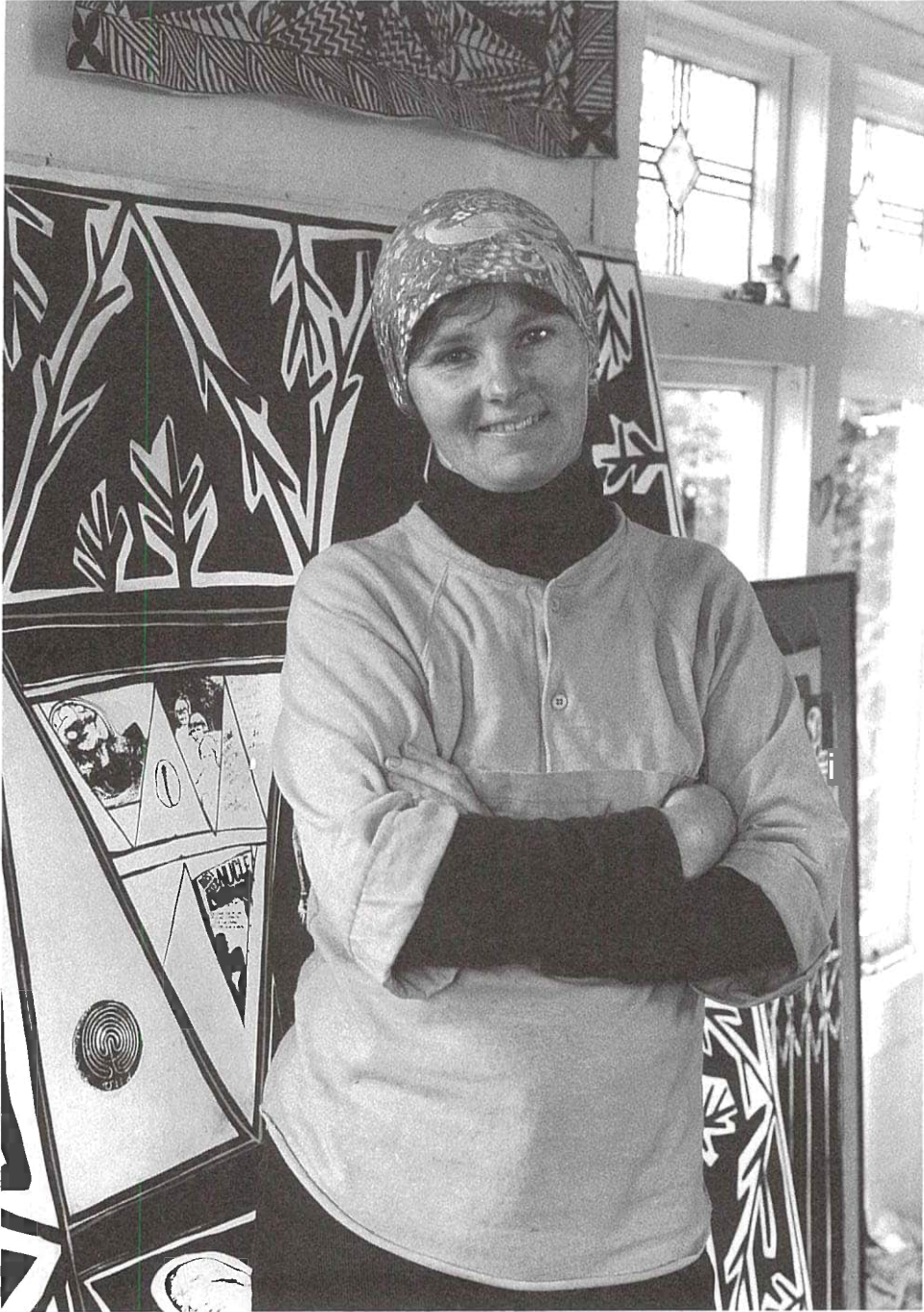
Notes

- ¹ see *Spiral* 3.
- ² see *Spiral* 5.
- ³ Bob Dylan, *Ballad of a thin man*, 1965.

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CLAUDIA POND EYLEY



Claudia Pond Eyley was born in a Waikato farming district in 1946. A post-war baby-boom child, her father was a bomber pilot who met her Canadian mother during World War II. When five years old, Claudia was taken to Canada by her mother and attended schools in Montreal and in Yonkers, New York. Returning to New Zealand in 1965 at the age of eighteen, the artist attended Elam. She married in 1968 and settled in Auckland although frequently travelling abroad to visit friends and to look at art events. The artist has two daughters and lives in Mt Eden, Auckland.

Bridie and Marian interviewed Claudia, once in Auckland and again in Wellington; the interview was edited jointly with her.

When I was eighteen I came back to New Zealand to go to art school, mainly because I wanted to be an art teacher. I'd been brought up in New York by my mother who'd remarried. She had six children so financially things were really tight; if I wanted an education, which is really expensive in America, I had to come back to New Zealand. So I made that decision. I came in 1964 to see my father and my relatives whom I hadn't seen since I was ten. I lived in Matamata and worked in a bookshop for six months until university started and that was a good time to get to know this country. I think my first year at art school was really in lots of ways fun and an important time in making a peer group of friends. Lots of them became lifelong friends.

I remember in the third term of my first year when McCahon took us for painting for the first time, we went to Huia to paint. There's a lodge which was for the students out in the Waitakeres, near Whatipu. I just painted and painted, it really clicked for me, painting, and also it was the first time that I realised that I actually could be a professional artist, which had never been an option before.

Because you were interested in teaching?

Yes, because to me being a professional artist was not on the cards really unless you wanted to live a life of poverty and difficulty. I never regarded my talent seriously up until then. The difference of living in suburbia and always being an odd bod out and then actually going to art school and finding a whole schoolful of odd bods was really nice.

You found McCahon particularly encouraging. What form did his encouragement take?

Just walking round the class. He held crit. sessions, just simple things he said: he'd point out people's work and he'd talk theory, he'd have some concept, something he was going to extend us with.

And he did that equally to women and to men, there was no sense of encouraging the boys?

No, I think he was encouraging to everybody, but there was an interesting aspect. I was talking about this to Robin White and she was saying, 'You remember when years ago'—this was talking about twenty years ago—'all the guys used to go to the pub with the lecturers?' The women didn't go to the pub. The boys would all go off to the Kiwi Hotel and the rest of us would want to know what was said and done.

So you were on the outside getting translations back.

To a certain extent. I failed everything except Art History in my first year at art school. That was a real blow. Suddenly in the last term everything came right for me, I knew what I was on about, but apparently my average wasn't good enough so I failed everything and I had to start all over again in the second year. I lost my studentship, my bursary, my place at the student hostel, so I had to start again from scratch.

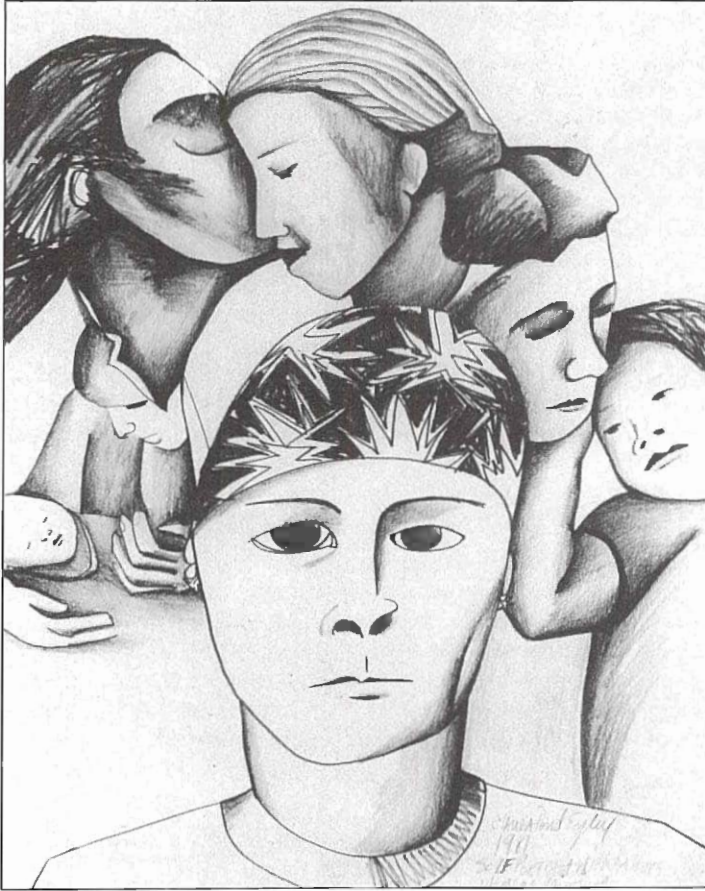


Fig. 55 Self portrait with famous women's paintings 1981

pencil on paper

570 x 470 (mounted)

Were you tempted to give up?

I did go to a vocational guidance officer to see what was going, but it was ridiculous in New Zealand, there were no openings for anything. I remember spending an afternoon talking about possibilities and in the end the counsellor said, 'Well, there's nothing else going to satisfy you, you're going to have to go back to art school.' I went back to art school and I never looked back. I was so angry, I was so mad, that the energy I must have put out was a real whirlpool and I ploughed through the place.

Anyway I went off to Training College after art school and then had my first daughter Brigid the following year. Peter and I decided to buy our own house, which was this one here in Mt Eden. I taught part time and then when Brigid was two years old Peter and I were in a serious car accident. Peter was in hospital for months and I was in hospital too, with a ruptured liver. When I was better I was offered a teaching job which was *really* important for my morale. I started working and I thought we're going to get a project for next year, we'll go to Europe and so we did. The next year we spent six months travelling round Europe and America. It was a brilliant trip and when we came back I was offered a teaching job at the School of Architecture. The job offered me enough money to buy materials

so I could be a painter. I've always worked steadily. I never stopped painting even with little babies around.

Did McCahon come and see your work during that time?

Sort of. Once I announced I was having a baby and McCahon threw his hands up in the air and said, 'Oh, what a waste, all that effort and energy, here goes another one, you'll never do any painting again.' I remember saying, 'Yes I will, if it's in me to paint, I'll paint no matter what.' I think that one of the advantages was that my mother had six children and I had to take care of those babies; she had three babies when I was a teenager and I had to spend a lot of time handling them. It still was difficult, children make a big difference to your life, but I did feel pretty much at home and natural, very confident. I had a determination that I wasn't going to let a baby take over my life. I was going to be creative. I used to do a lot of photography after the baby was born, when she was asleep. I would dive into the darkroom and be producing lots of photographs which I now use in my paintings.

So how did you get from that to feminism?

Well in 1979 after ten years of professional commitment I had a sort of identity crisis as an artist. It must have been when my younger daughter was starting school. It was a traumatic time. I wasn't going to have any more children, I had two daughters. I wanted to find my direction. And I was researching my family history and putting that together in a photomontage of each generation through to my great grandfather. That gave me a starting point of visual material which related to my art work. And because of the women's movement it could be used as part of your work.

When did you start hearing about this?

It must have been from Allie Eagle and the show she organised in Christchurch of women artists. Then there was the United Women's Convention in Hamilton. I went to that, so I must have been interested and I remember the next time I saw Allie I was so excited to tell her. I don't know what sparked it off in particular, it must have been an identification thing. I was looking hard for a direction. Where was I going, what was I doing, what was my art going to be like.

I was in turmoil and I thought I'll just start from my home, that is what I know. I've planted a garden around the place and I started seeing I could use my day to day existence as the material for my art. I remember that in the garden there was a wattle tree full of brilliant yellow flowers so I got my sketch book out and started from scratch, using the garden as a basis for imagery.

Your earlier paintings are very soft. Could you explain the transition from these to the harshly coloured more contrasting colours of the garden/Mt Eden works and the shields?

The early paintings were colour field work which were based on a more impressionist field of work, using the Parnell Rose Gardens as the inspiration for them. With the Mt Eden works I was looking more specifically at individual detail, there's the sub-tropical growth in the garden, sunlight pouring down, there's the use of contrasting colours against each other, complementary colours against each other and I wound up outlining them in black, a dark outline to give them more vibration; I was trying to achieve the feeling of energy and vibration.

My own garden would be a much more emotional place to me than the Parnell Rose Gardens. The reason I started working in my own garden was because I wanted to be in my own place, do my own thing, in an environment I was close to and one I knew intimately. I knew the shapes much more than I did in Parnell where



Fig. 56 **Landscape 1975**

(Parnell Rose Gardens)

acrylic on canvas

1000 x 500

I was just out of art school and I was looking at things more with art school eyes and within art history contexts.

Do you remember how you made the change from painting the garden, looking through the window at the garden, to making the shield paintings?

I'd been in Australia, did a whole lot of drawings based on different cultures and images of women. Then one day I was in my studio looking at different images and it seemed to me that I saw this correlation between the window and the shield. I liked the shape and I liked the idea of aboriginal story boards, the way the Aborigines use painting in a narrative way. There's the same compositional thing happening in the windows. The chevron shape had happened already in my paintings looking out of three windows. I was using my home environment as a starting point and the shield paintings include things that are more internal subjects: private things from my domestic photographs, children's drawings that affect me. It all came together with a lot of things I'd been thinking about at the time.



Fig. 57 Mount Eden garden 1980

pencil on paper

560 x 760

The first shield I did was for Frida Kahlo. I'd been to her house in Mexico and seen her work and was very interested in it and I saw the relationship of the colours in Mexican primitive art and the colours I'd been using in the Mt Eden paintings. So that was a tribute to her and I did one on Mary Cassatt and one on Kathe Kollwitz because I was interested in their imagery of women and children. After that they became like shields for contemporary women; and the menarche shield for Brigid (Plate 19) as a tribute to her, a celebration, and that's using personal material as well as the historical universal material.

A lot of the images I use are universal, a lot are from my collection of domestic photographs. Some are based on my children's drawings, on photographs of my own childhood, myself as a child, my great-grandmother Bertha and ancestors, Venus of Willendorf, coconut palms, the whole wealth of different motifs which I feel close to because they're a part of my life. Extremely close. I've got a photo of Brigid and Stonehenge in my photograph album, a collection of documentation from taking photographs of anti-nuclear marches and women's movement events.

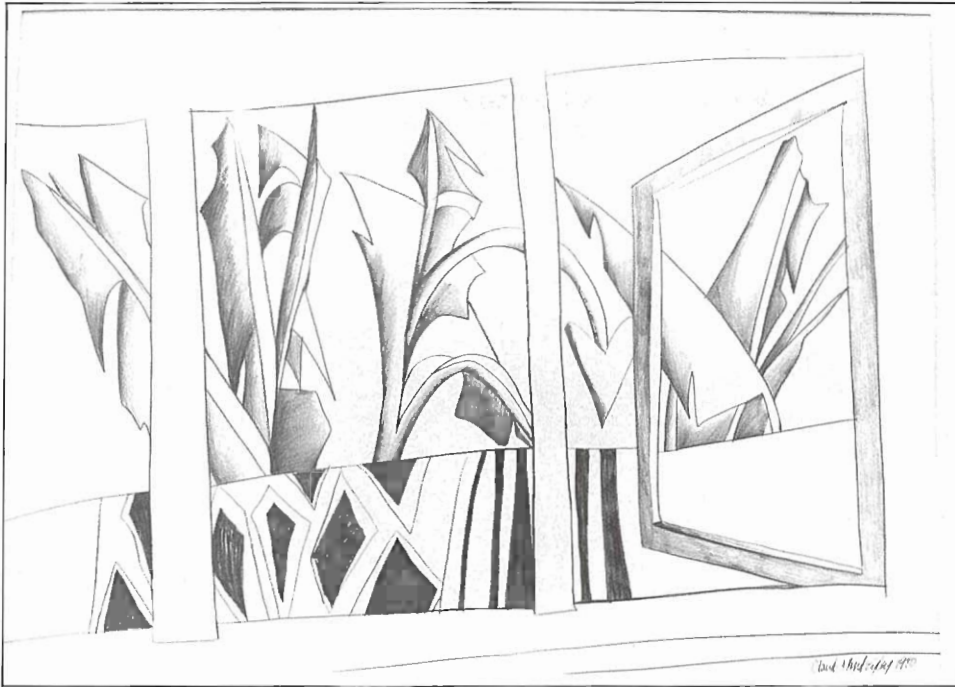


Fig. 58 **Window with banana trees** 1980

pencil on paper

560 x 760

Do you see a predominant emotion conveyed by your work?

Celebration. One of the first feminist works I did was after a Waitangi celebration and a lot of young Maori women were protesting and there were headlines in the paper saying 'When the hen crows like a cock it's time to wring its neck—old Maori proverb', and I got so angry at that statement I did some drawings as a protest. But most of my work is celebration, just pride, and a positive approach.

So many women work on the kitchen table: you don't.

I've never worked on the kitchen table. And when I was first offered a teaching job I saved the money and built a studio out the back of the house, with demolition materials. The first couple of years I was in there I didn't have enough money to put gib board on the walls and I was freezing in winter but slowly I added gib board and also a whole bunch of old carpets, about three or four and laid one on top of the other which is really comfortable to sit on. I find that I sit on the

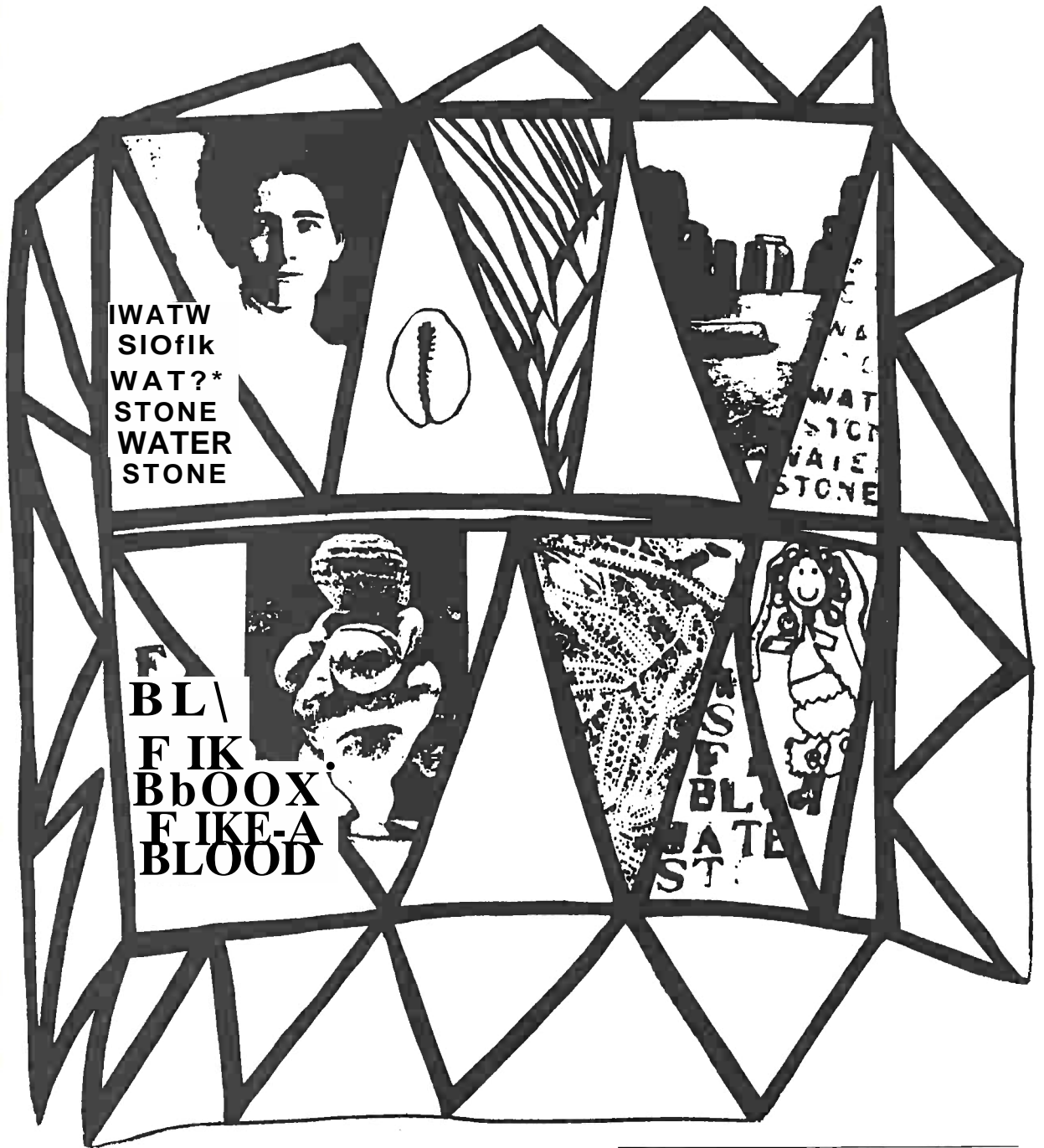


Fig. 59 Shield 1985
photographic silkscreen print
760 * 560

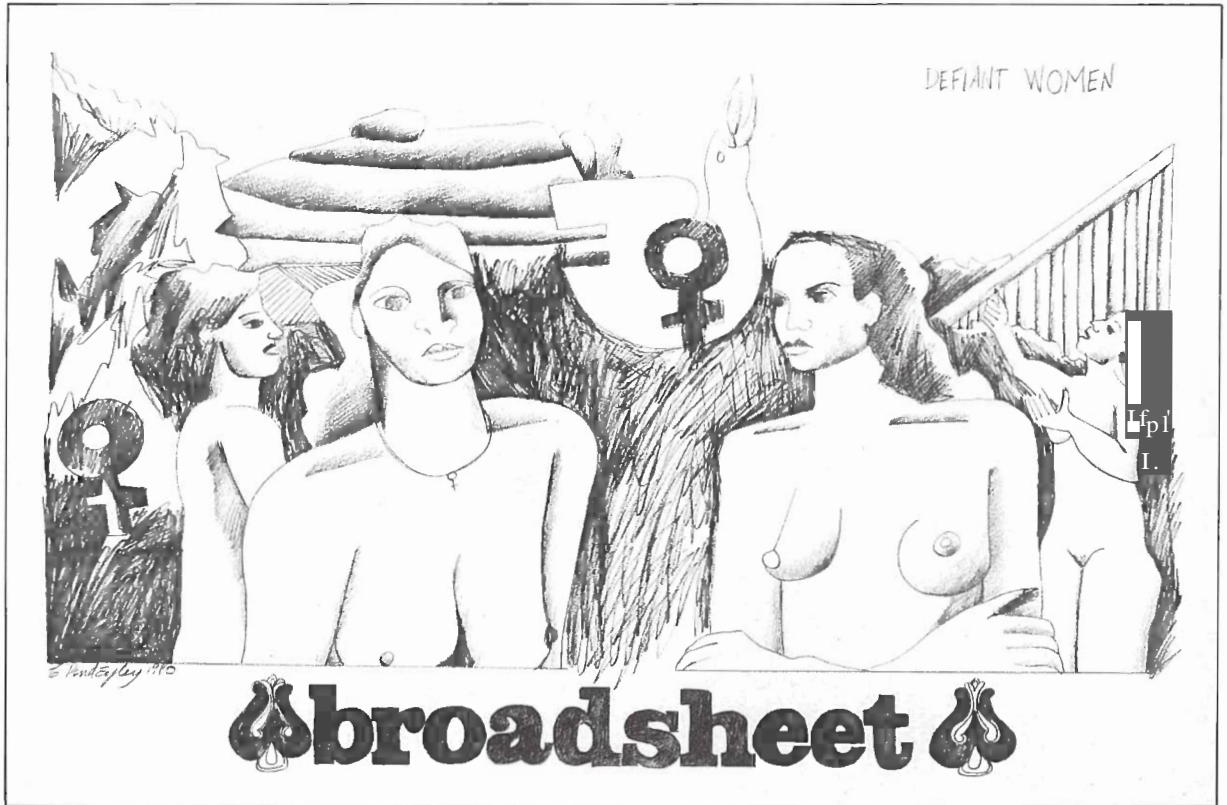


Fig. 60 Defiant woman 1980

poster for *Broadsheet* magazine

410 x 625

floor to paint now. I teach only two mornings a week and that's ideal, it gives me an income. It means in the afternoons I can go and do research or look at shows, buy materials, prepare stuff for full days of work in the studio. I get into the studio 9.30—10.00 and work through. Usually there's an interruption at three thirty when the kids come home. I would dearly love to have a studio outside the home like in a great big warehouse, where I could go and shut the door because while I'm working here I'm still part of the family. But I stay here because the kids can come in and see me in the studio, say what they're going to do and go off and do it. If I was away, locked in some sort of studio place I'd probably have to break off and come home. At home, I can work through. Some of my best working times are on Sundays and at night. I've always got something on the go. When I do have a spare hour or two I don't waste any time, I work. And I use every minute. Well my goodness, if you've only got so many hours, you use them. It gives an edge to your work.

I think the most interesting part of my life was trying to find a method and a lifestyle in which I could be all the things I wanted to be. I wanted a home, I wanted kids, I enjoy all that. So I'm lucky that I have a field of working where I can amalgamate all these things without conflict and I'm able to use them as subject matter in my painting. That spontaneous thing works for me, it keeps my work fresh. After all, if you're making art it has to be the best, it has to be as good as you can possibly give otherwise there's no point in doing it, and that's a very high standard to set.

(September 1985—February 1986)

DI FFRENCH



Born 1946

I am not involved solely in the formal investigation of materials although materials are necessary. It is only through learning techniques and being involved in a variety of materials that I am able to effectively portray my ideas. My interest first of all is in researching the idea. And the way the idea and the materials come together decides whether the outcome appears beautiful to some people. 'Appears' because sometimes objects, like people, are not what they seem to be.

I find comments on idealism, politics, within my ideas. These comments also take the form of questions. Partly I see the works as 'questions'. Although I think political influences and early childhood experiences have some bearing in the making of a work, for me they are the surface layer. The content is not so simplistic, I don't find the question of existence so simple.

Marian and Bridie interviewed Di by letter. This piece is extracted from our questions and her replies, transcribed as closely as possible.

A lot of your work has a political content. Does this relate to your Irish background? How much were you affected by the violence in Melbourne where you lived as a child during the Union troubles?

Socially everyone lives in a political environment. Everyone is part of the human condition. I am aware of my Irish heritage, most people know where they come from. My ancestry is partly in County Clare, West Ireland. I was taught mostly by Irish nuns in Melbourne and never by male teachers. My ancestry is Irish and my immediate predecessors have only lived in the southern hemisphere for just over a century: that recent southern heritage cannot cancel out the previous centuries of an Irish background. I am interested in racial memory but don't know enough about this.

The sculpture/performance *Gut reaction* 1980-81 was triggered off by the death of Bobby Sands, and generally the Irish problems. I had been taught at school the subject of Irish oppression etc. Human tragedy was not hidden from us. From the age of five, daily religious instruction mostly included some R.18 horrors. Also every Friday there was the ritual of attending the current funeral in the church that was in our playground. The church and its ancient ritual was part of my growth, it was rich in violent and beautiful imagery. I saw Hell every night before I fell asleep, so surrounded my bed with bowls of holy water, holy pictures, little statues, rosaries; and risked strangulation with scapulas and other medallions on cords round my neck. I was very well equipped.

My uncle James McLarty was involved in the wharf union. He was also a communist and an atheist. With my Catholic upbringing, visiting him was like going to the zoo to see some strange animal. I listened to him arguing with the rest of the family about politics, 'the Unrest' and religion. I don't think he was arrested but I remember the atmosphere was fairly tense about being the odd one out in those days. He was always amused by my *amulets* hanging around my neck, which also protected me from the strikes etc. and his 'wicked' communism. But worst of all, for me, was the great stir when the Mafia and its corruption in Melbourne was revealed. I was older then and didn't rely on scapulas for protection any more.

One did not walk alone in the streets at night etc. Also the motorbikes were warring and rioting. The police were feared also, one kept out of their way. My adolescence was restricted. I was always driven and picked up to and from social events, and I belonged to clubs and mostly socialised with Catholic friends and their families until I arrived in Auckland to live when I was sixteen, in 1962.

During the making of *Gut reaction* I used my body as material. I originally had the co-operation of several women who were filmed moving, undulating their stomachs; only I was not pleased enough with the film results. I then used myself as the material—a tool. Partly because I can demand more from myself than from other people. I directed my stomach objectively through a video monitor, concentrating on the correct movement, twenty minutes non-stop, in one take. Also, because projectiles were necessary, I had to practise throwing rocks at a target (at a cliff on the beach). The arm/wrist action became a tool in a sense. There was *no* melodramatic throwing with great passion. Rather it is how hard and relentlessly one throws at a target that decides the visual impact. All I did was concentrate on a target. This target was two blue lines I painted with my hands during the performance.

In 1981 I described the site for this work—‘The target wall’ which should be at least 3.5 metres high by 8 metres wide, to be made of either brick, concrete or stone. It must be of unbroken surface with no openings or windows. This wall will, in essence, serve as a target for the delivery of missiles, i.e. hand thrown rocks, slabs of concrete, asphalt of small to medium size. The violence of this work demands a fairly rugged space, but one which is architecturally contained as a precise rectangle. This would serve to visually ‘pull’ the viewers toward the target wall.

The *work* was violent—*not* my *acting*. One must remember an important part of this work was the repetitive playing of a recording I made of a semi-automatic rifle shooting. And this *sound* was *complementary* to the visual image of an undulating abdomen, which was looped through three video sets and these sets were behind me, and close to the viewers who ‘linked’ into the videos.

Regarding the content of this work, in 1981 I wrote:

Increasing levels of awareness towards violent issues in our society are now decisively with us in the 80s. Directly observed in the essence of actual time or indirectly transmitted through various media, while video in particular has catapulted our capacity to expose violence, vulnerabilities, tragedy. The collective powers of authority in society shelter behind their administrative structures. When this democratically created power is misused—people will respond. Public protest is one form of individual or collective *opinion*. Other more reflexive actions usually follow a *gut reaction* to a given situation.

Gut reaction, xerox handout to accompany performance, Christchurch, University of Canterbury, 1981.

You used your own body image printed on muslin for your Diaries 1980 work. Could you talk about the background of this piece?

I needed a female torso for the imprints and *I* was available. Sometimes I use *myself* in a work because it is practical to do so. I tend to view the body as material. At the time I wrote:

This is essentially a diary in that I imprinted my own body image (torso) onto the gauze rectangles, daily for the month of June 1980. Also newspaper clippings indicating dates were attached to the lower outside edge of each gauze. Conceptually the piece became a visual analogy for an aspect of education that has always been my deepest concern—corporal punishment.

Statement to accompany *Diary 1980* installation, Women’s Gallery, 1980.

A strange contradiction/paradox occurred in reactions from people in response to the work, which used leather straps, bamboo canes, fish-hooks (into skin forever trapped). In a strong metaphoric sense these were a sinister support system for thirty-one gauze hangings, containing the body impressions (victims). The *paradox*: the strange beauty created by moving around and through the work—touch, smell of leather, fabric and body makeup; the draught created by one’s own body which separated the gauzes, undulating with the *intrusion*.

Could you say why, when you've referred either implicitly or explicitly to motherhood, as for example in Mother Daughter Woman or Diary 1980 you've used images of transparency—muslin, water, bowls. And why the meniscus on the bowls of water?

From 1976 I created images from materials that suggested transparency. The muslin and cheesecloth associated with the natures of skin, a filter, a haze (fatigue), an obstacle and very much the *membrane*. My ideas are layered, that is one object can be all of these, depending on the work.

In the work *Mother Daughter Woman* I did *not* think of skin, but only the *membrane*. The membrane wraps and protects, it seals in. This work largely deals with the womb. I wrote, re *Mother Daughter Woman* in 1980:

Three fibre glass vessels, shaped to the contours of a woman's stomach.

1: the tight curves of a girl, her growing awareness of the womb—(the inner shape).

2: the pregnancy, mother, fuller womb contours, movement of the infant's head.

3: the woman—last stage towards death.

Water is level with the edges, a meniscus and is symbolic of life. Mirror image photographs seen through the water are two sides of the personality, relating to mother and daughter. Water has a density and the women are watching eternally through this.

They become ghosts who are and are what has gone before and what will inevitably come after.

Artist's statement in *Mothers*, Women's Gallery 1981, p. 29.

Fibreglass is a resilient material, which in this work has the *translucence of a membrane* filled with water. The *meniscus is the membrane*, the sealing in.

What effect has being a mother yourself had on your work?

Basically for me there is the question of time and stamina linked with being a parent. There is enough time, but one has to have the stamina to use time efficiently. Because I have a family, I must use time efficiently, so therefore I am always aware of energy levels and work out hard to increase stamina. I think of mothering in practical terms, i.e. humans surviving.

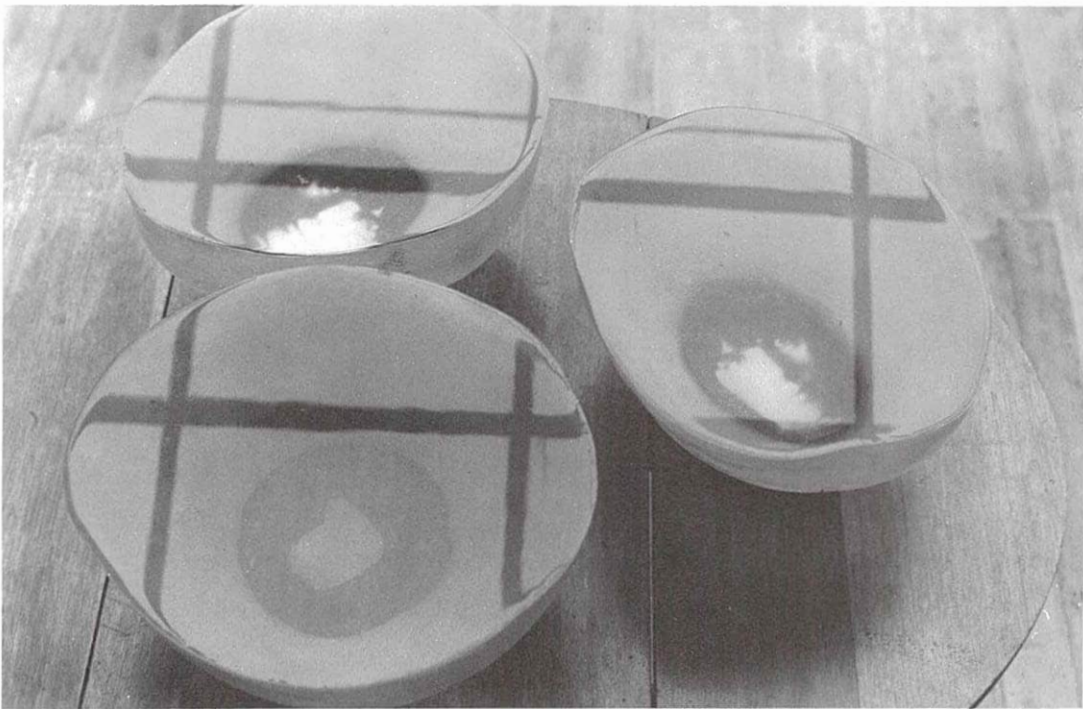
How do you see your own physical fears, your being small, your weight-training, in terms of your current work?

I do weight-training and other athletics daily in order to develop and strengthen the back. I am currently working with the athletic figure and the study of the human anatomy. And this interest will probably keep me occupied for years. I have always dealt with the figure, but never so directly as in my recent work.

Could you talk about Fontanel which many people found disturbing and visually beautiful?

It's good if art makes you feel sick. I've found that even some of the younger people are afraid of being disturbed by art and of upsetting the boat. This is what art is meant to do sometimes. I visited galleries in New York and never had a relaxing time in any one of them and I realised that you didn't necessarily go to galleries to have a nice time.

Art works can disturb. For example *Fontanel*, a performance/sculpture work was a disturbing work—it is partly about how people can be cruel to one another, how everyone has more or less a capacity for cruelty. One can isolate different experiences then they seem to combine to form the idea which can be portrayed in the medium one is involved in. For example I felt quite nauseated last week when I saw this particular mother and child, I thought the mother was comforting the child, but she'd been beating it—and just that twist—it took me a day to put that image aside. It still sickens me, that mistake and the experience is similar in *Fontanel*. You have this macabre beauty and then you realise—god—the equation between the head of



Figs 61 & 62 **Mother, Daughter, Woman** 1980
fibreglass water photograph construction

the adult and the fontanel—yes, and being a mother you handle the infant's head and you know you must be careful.

At the time of making the work *Fontanel*, the police brought in the use of long batons, during the Springbok Tour. This has had a negative effect on the country. And that is where the police are trained to hit—on vulnerable places. Also one has reminders, associations of obscure events, fragments one may have read or seen on television for example of police and military treatment under the dictatorship of Idi Amin. And this is really looking into cruelty—you probably don't like to hear this, but it is important for understanding *Fontanel* and remember Idi Amin was still a recent memory in 1981, political fragments can have an effect on the 'anxiety' of an artwork. Amin devised this execution where the prisoners knelt in a row and one was given a sledgehammer then the prisoners executed each other . . . this really did happen, human beings behave like this, it could be happening now or something just as abominable, and we know it is. Generally when authority responds to social problems by becoming violent and negatively tough, *the population increases in violence. Violence feeds on itself.*

There are these polar opposites, compassion and cruelty, to 'understand': perhaps it is a question of experience and time. But then—what on earth is the point of it all? What is the point of the existence of cruelty? All I can do is *question*. I cannot see any simple answers. Summing up I include the text I wrote on *Fontanel* in 1981, a description of the performance, at ANZART.

Fontanel

People drift in—a small rectangular space, the floor lined in black paper and lit by five candles. Seven skull sized, rock-like ovoid forms assume a ring—an oval configuration in the centre of the room. I turn on the projector from without the room. The projector is elevated, attached to the ceiling and aiming at the floor.

The candles are blown out.

To a beat of approx. 31/2 seconds, I project 36 slides in reverse within the ring of forms. The images are those of black Africans. Details of sepia slides climb over the forms creating distortions. The presentation has a structure. Each portrait is followed by its mirror image, which includes a cross drawn over the fontanel area of the skull. The series comes to an end, the target is lit by the projector's white light.

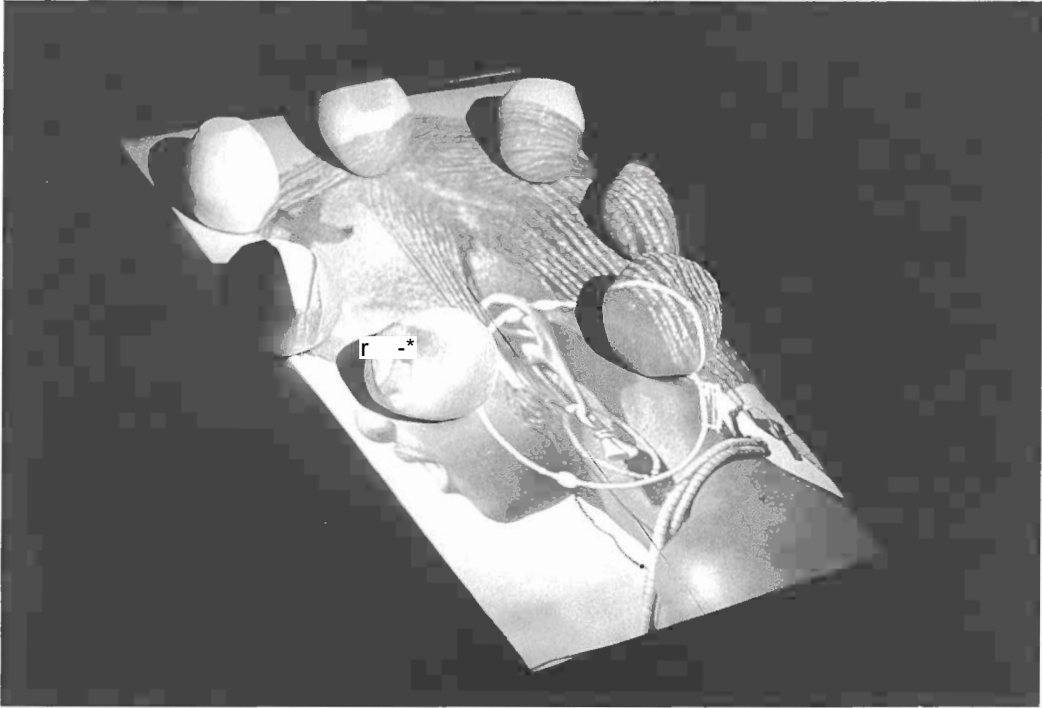
I walk to the area, now free of imagery and spray it with white lacquer. Toxicity levels rise, causing audience reaction in the confined space by the acrid paint fumes. This has no other significance than part of a work in progress. Black masking tape is removed from the rectangular area of action to reveal a hard black edge, bounding a surface of glistening wet reflective colour.

The polarity becomes clear. The same slides are now projected onto this. The pace of the performance is a steady regular beat with no sustained pause.

At a point some way through this second phase the gauze patches are removed to reveal one dark hole in each skull. It is now obvious that they are of clay substance, no longer stone, but vessels of containment. The gauze squares that covered each fontanel (circle within a square) became covered with white lacquer.

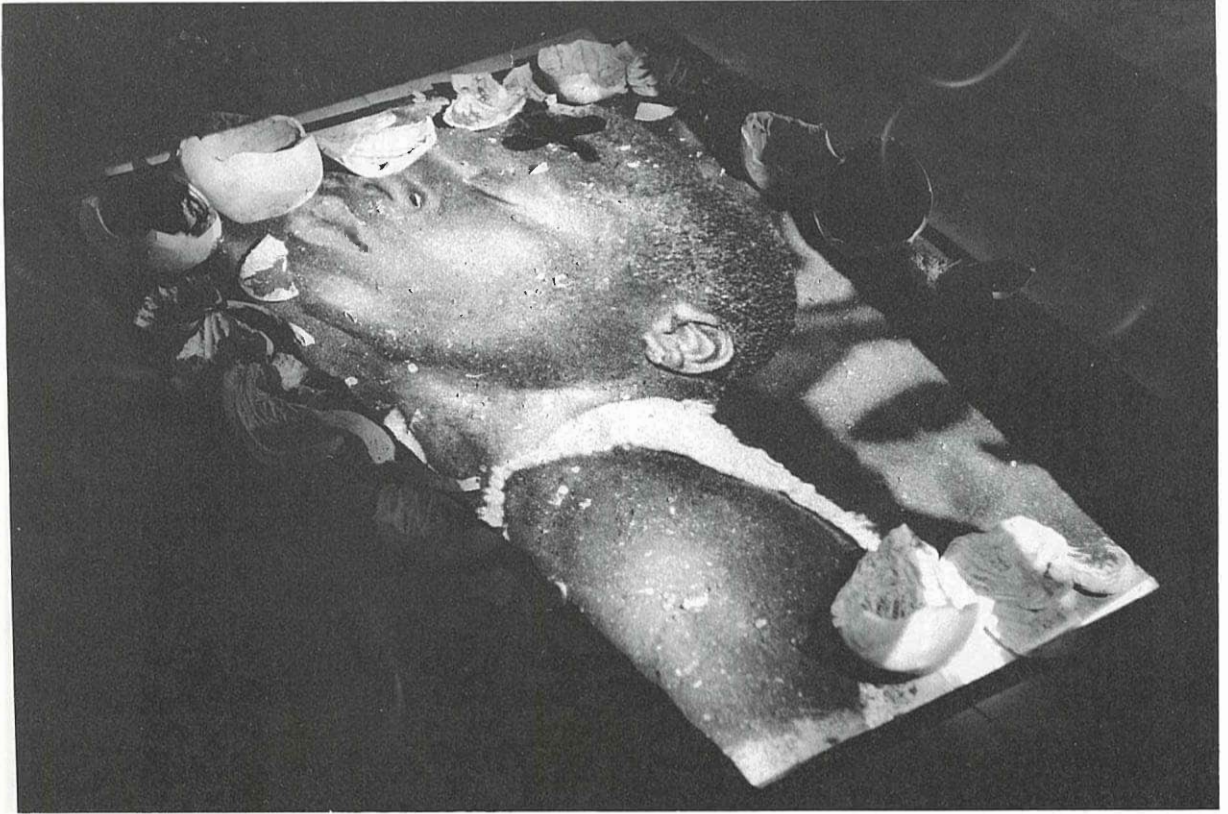
I leave the last slide on and walk to the edge of the room picking up a polished steel machete.

Each vessel is now struck across the fontanel, they crumble to reveal an interior of ash. This ash spreads over the white lacquer, over the projected sepia portrait taking up the colour—becoming a landscape merging like a ghost. The last two vessels are completely wrapped in gauze. I stand within the portrait and carefully unwrap these fragile vessels, mummified for the short duration of the performance as a result of damage by vandals. Ash falls away as they crumble beneath my fingers. I finally step out revealing a desert-like landscape of sepia ash surrounded by broken shards of clay—the portrait taking up the subtle contours of ash—present to prehistory.



Figs 63 64 65 66 **Fontanel** 1981

performance sculpture



Structuring of the work

Onto paper on the floor. A work in black white and sepia. Actions: My actions are purely work actions, that of a labourer activating animating the materials. Working the projector, spray painting, splitting the vessels, spreading the ash. These are mundane work actions, a continuation of day to day activity. Similar work patterns are performed in private. Clothing is of no consequence to the work—but that of protection.

The pace of the performance time

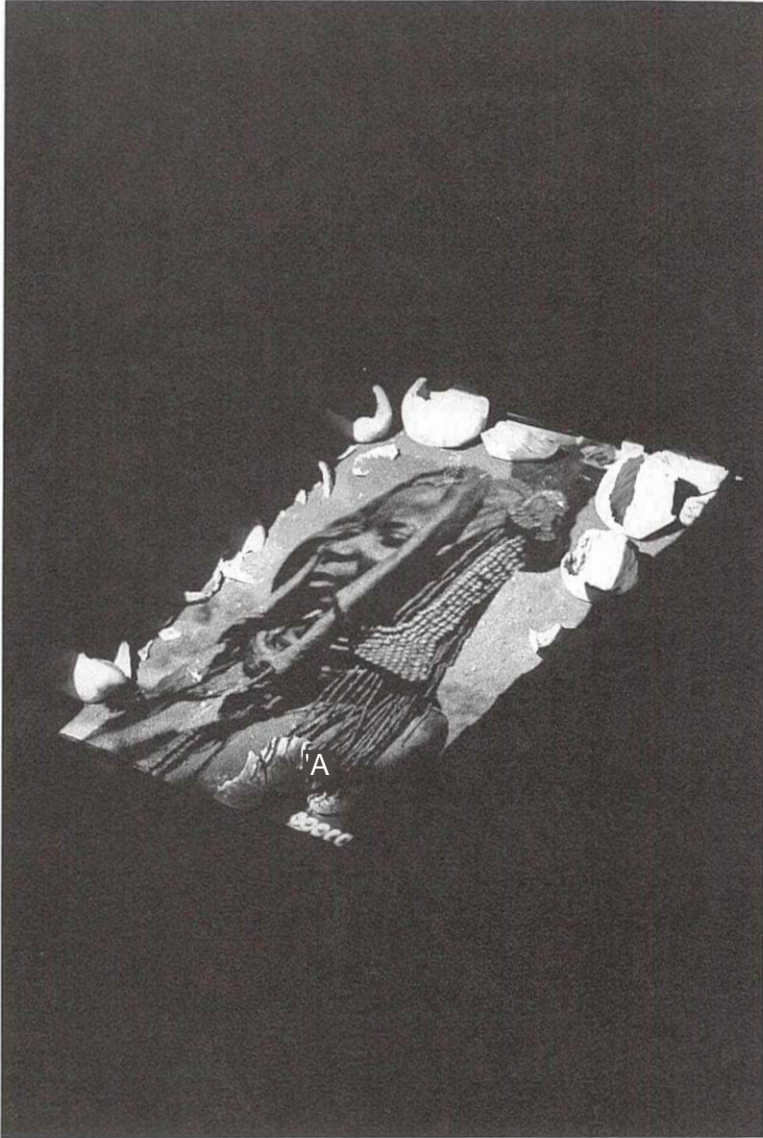
The fast beat of the performance has a function. The viewers are not given the opportunity to reflect during the performance. The silence is within the work: i.e. preparation time.

I am interested in objects, in situations that appear to be something else—*illusion*. I activate animate these changes at a fast pace so that the viewers experience an eruption of *images* and expectations, not giving them time to reflect. The viewers' thinking *lime* is within their own *time*, but not in my work.

One cannot perform a work more than once, even if the content is the same; if one performs that work again it becomes a situation that is being performed twice; and there will be differences.

The timing has to come from within—a rhythm that one feels from the content of the performance.

Because 7 vessels were used I counted that and halved it to 3½ seconds. As the actions had not been practised, I found out that the *images* worked well on black as well as white which allowed the projections to occur twice. The performance was thought out but not rehearsed. I was experiencing new developments during the performance, the ending was



a surprise. As the timing was cut from 7 to $3/2$ seconds, I concentrated on that beat from the beginning to the end. For me, the performance time begins with the idea and carries right through to its completion.

When the image was left as a light source for the ash I originally thought the gradual spread of that ash would black the portrait out; but the projection emerged as a dark sepia ghost merging on a light sepia landscape; where the skulls/vessels appear now as prehistoric shards in a shared landscape.

The Fontanel. Entrance to the spirit. Eyes watching.

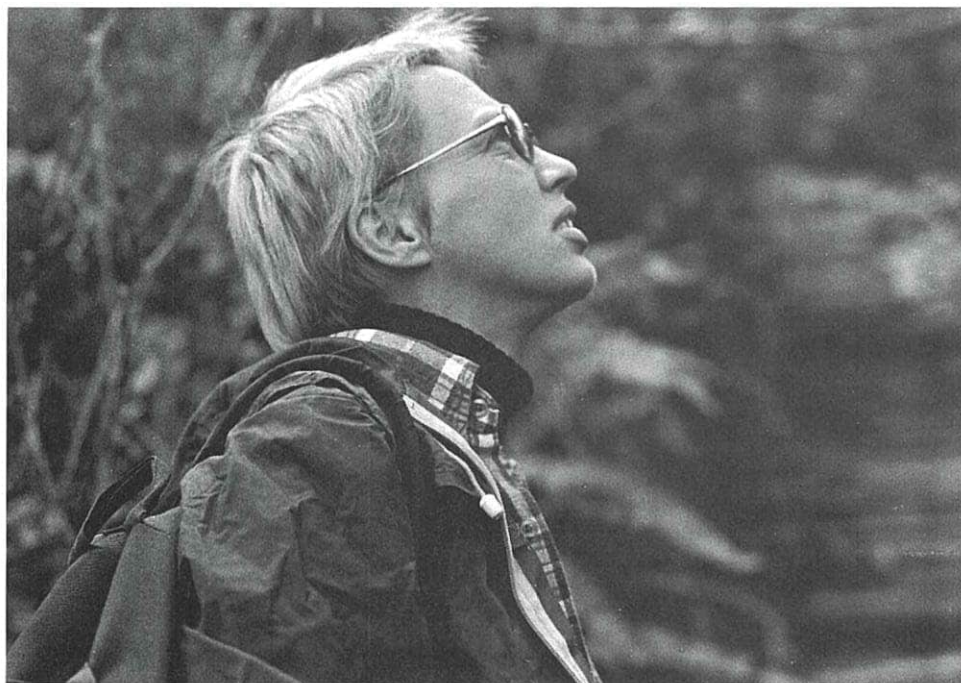
White spray. Mist time. Eruption.

The Fontanel broken, the spirit spilling out.

Fontanel, xerox handout to accompany performance, Christchurch, ANZART, 1981.

(February—April 1986)

JILL LIVESTRE



I was bom in Calgary, Canada on 7 May 1947. My heritage is mixed but predominantly Scots and English. My childhood was working class but my marriage and the women's liberation movement were middle class. I have spent all of my adult life becoming deeply attached to people and places and moving on. I work where I can get a job, recently with computers in typesetting. I have recently discovered colored pencils—perhaps the perfect medium for a wanderer and an antidote'.to my hi-tech job. I learned to write through a lifetime of reading great quantities of absolutely anything and being opinionated and wanting others to understand my opinions. While I no longer believe that if I just explain it properly everyone will understand, I will continue to record the facts as I see them.

My pictures lie about in the homes of the nicest lesbians, and my writing moulders under the beds of political women who still dream.

I was the token lesbian. In spite of our overwhelming contribution to the creation of women's art, there was not, originally, a visible lesbian presence in this book. Things have now changed, but there are still lesbians in this book and active in the arts who aren't visible because their experience and instincts tell them that being 'out' will cost them somehow. For how many more generations must lesbians waste precious time searching through biographies, studying works, digging up letters to find out who else was queer, survived, and created? Whether you reckon its okay, irrelevant, sinful, outrageous or slightly embarrassing, some of us *are* lesbians, and our lives and our perceptions have had, and will continue to have, tremendous impact in women's art.

There have been times in the past when lesbians were perhaps over-represented among women in the arts. Because of their independence of mind and body and the irrelevance of the male ego in their personal lives, upper class lesbians could indulge their creativity and eccentricity with the support of their friends and lovers. The post-feminist lesbian however, is not only faced with conducting decent equal relationships and making a living, we are also undermined by a women's art movement in which everyone is busting a gut to prove that they are 'normal'—'not only a husband and two children and a career in teaching, but a studio out back where she creates art between dinner parties and sports days'—and/or trying to make a living without seriously upsetting the middle class heterosexual women who now have the consumer power in women's art.

Thirty years ago, more out of longing than any sense of costume, I dressed up for Halloween in trousers, floppy shirt, beret, and moustache—and had to tell everyone I was an artist. Somehow the moustache was a more important prop than a paintbrush. Should that same longing make me dress up as a middle class heterosexual woman today?

I was raised on the prairies in Western Canada by two very nice (heterosexual) people, who hoped I would grow up to be a legal secretary. Not having the courage or imagination to invent myself, I avoided the inevitable by eloping on my eighteenth birthday with a man thirty years older than myself, and a similar determination not to stay on the prairies. I produced two babies and went off to build a log house in the Highlands of Scotland. By the time we got to New Zealand and the children started school, I had worked out that you can carry my mother's adage that 'you made your bed, you lie on it' too far, and I started at last to invent my life as a lesbian. He got the kids, the money, and self righteousness; I got guilt, freedom, not a little pain, and the best ten years of my life.

I never went to art school, but when I was nine or ten, I spent Saturday mornings in the spare bedroom at the local high school art teacher's house, drawing and poster painting. There was an older girl there who used 'real' paints and I have been hooked on the smell ever since. Until the tribulations of adolescence overtook me, I spent my allowance and pay from my first jobs on Walter T. Foster 'How to' draw and

paint books. Other than a heady few weeks in which I painted local flora and fauna for the tourist trade in Scotland, art was a very personal and private solace for most of my twenties. When I came out as a lesbian I tried and occasionally succeeded in coming out as someone who painted. My lesbian friends have been encouraging as well as inspiring, and when I have had the time, space and determination to do it, my painting lunges between the ponderously political and the frivolously personal.

If I am an artist, it is because of how I feel about what I see, how I see what I feel, and how I feel when I am putting it all together with pencil or paintbrush. I want to *be* a lesbian and *do* art and I have few traditions to call on for either.

Why are there no great lesbian artists?

1. There are, but we don't know they are lesbians
2. There are, but we don't know they are artists
3. There is no such thing as great art
4. There is no such thing as lesbianism
5. Lesbians are by definition excluded by great art
6. Great art is by definition excluded by lesbianism

It is past time for women artists to deal with all of the above, past time for the women's art movement to acknowledge our presence and the significance of our imagery.

Lesbians are women who stand outside of society's definition of women and therefore have a pretty interesting perspective on women and the world.

Lesbians are women for whom a room full of women is a room full of people. It is lesbians who can imagine women's work, rather than wanting women to succeed at men's work.

Several years ago, in many parts of the world, lesbians were instrumental in the creation of the women's art movement. I took part in an exercise in Auckland in 1978 which we called the Women's Art Workshop. 'Why', I might have asked, 'women's, why not Lesbian Art Workshop, we're all lesbians aren't we?' And replied, 'well, not quite, there's so and so, and oh yeah, that one isn't really comfortable with the word lesbian yet, this one isn't out at work.' Or, 'It doesn't matter, *women* makes us more accessible to everyone.' In my naivete about art, and about politics, I helped make sure art was less accessible to lesbians. Oh, we did give a lot of women a leg up, but now we're being stood on and its time we did something about it.

Instead of seeking protection and anonymity in a women's community, we could sharpen our consciousness of who we are, why we are so dangerous, and find our threatening imagery. We once thought we had found such imagery in Amazon shields and axes, but we seem to have passed them on to the women's community as symbols of personal protection. We don't carry axes now—what is it that we have/are that is so powerful? We are not fools to fear the consequences of flaunting our difference, but we are fools not to fear the consequences of our lies. Let's leave more than hints and signals. Let's be warriors and not victims.

Instead of exhausting ourselves in protecting our bodies, minds, sexuality and sensuality from the public and private degradations of men, let's share ourselves openly *with each other*, create a context in which we can learn to celebrate our bodies without the shadow of pom. Women will always be victims in the heterosexual patriarchy, and that will be part of our lives and imagery. But we can also develop our own environment in which to create ourselves without reference to the 'other'.

Instead of putting tits on god and creating a great mother from the distant past, let's find our strength, solace, continuity and understanding through our more fluid, transportable, internal realities. The crimes of Christianity in its short history in this country alone should be enough to warn us off a Christian derivative spirituality. Lesbians *can* stop fleeing to the 'security' of the established religions and spiritual groups when the goddess doesn't come across with the goods.

Instead of hanging our heads guiltily, and doing nothing noisily, Pakeha lesbians, especially those of us who come from generations of landless people, could release our own imagery around land/landscape. Instead of trying to find our patch of land, perhaps we could come to terms with being visitors of the land wherever we are.

Instead of grabbing hold of the symbols of peace, we could ask ourselves what is worth fighting for, why anyone fights, and what fighting means. There are contradictions involved in keeping a poster of third world women with machine guns while passively accepting the denial of our own realities and potential. There should be questions about working for a peace movement while we have more than enough of nearly everything and peace is threatened because others have little or nothing to lose. The lesbian community fights hard internally, and we fight for survival. Many of us would rather be dead than het—put that on your brush and paint it!

Because we must struggle against ourselves and each other even before het women and men, to make our lives possible, our imagery must be different from that of women who are essentially involved in a personal growth movement within existing definitions.

Can we create an art for all of us rather than a luxury consumer item for the upper class lesbian? An 'art' for those of us who sometimes choke on the word with its baggage of mystification, pretension, arrogance and sheer stupidity?

Can we believe in ourselves enough, find a means to survive and work at our art, without losing consciousness of the fact that such creativity is a privilege denied to most of us? While it is the middle class, well educated lesbians who work in the arts, unions and social services who are most visible today, can we create a lesbian art for those of us who work hard for a living rather than a good cause and take our recreation at the movies rather than the theatre? Can we learn to take ourselves seriously without dividing into artists and non-artists, producers and consumers, the namers and the named?

Can we create an art that will be a passport into our community for all of us rather than a ticket out for a few at the expense of us all? An art that is ethical in our terms, that considers lesbian economic and political realities, the very powerful and painful differences amongst us?

The day to day reality will be one of working at our jobs, our relationships, our community, and our art, without the support of arts councils, grants committees, galleries, the churches or even, probably, the women's art movement. Perhaps it will keep us honest. I also hope to have a good time.

I plan to spend the next few years trying to answer all of the questions I have raised and I know that there are many more questions. I also have a beautiful apple shrivelling in a bowl on my table. I'd like to have painted that apple. But I must bring my lesbianism and my class to the apple, as well as my sex.

I realise that at thirty-nine years of age, having spent most of my life in struggle to know myself and be real as a lesbian, I will never acquire the experience and achieve the technical competence I need to accomplish my mind's eye, my heart's desire and my soul's expression. But if we are brave enough, visible enough, honest enough, and if heterosexuals keep breeding lesbians, one day we'll give 'em apples that will tear their world apart.

(1985—1986)

CHRISTINE HELLYAR



Bom 1947

We invited Christine Hellyar to take part in the Opening show at the Women's Gallery in 1980; she was too busy to come. She later contributed to Women and the environment. I'd always enjoyed looking at her work very much: the first time I saw her I was looking at her Nests, in glass containers, at the National Art Gallery, resisting the temptation to lake off the glass lids and poke about inside the nests themselves.

But I was intimidated by the idea of interviewing her, as I felt that my grasp of an language was inadequate for discussing the complexities of her work: it was a relief when she wanted to be interviewed by letter as that meant that just one of us, Bridie, could formulate the questions—Bridie with the appropriate art history and art language sophistication (and who thought up the wonderful phrase 'ghosts of natural phenomena'). However, I found myself drawn into the correspondence by the way Christine answered Bridie; and I started sending questions too. This piece is a jigsaw of her replies to each of us.

Christine Hellyar lectures in sculpture at Elam and exhibits frequently, in New Zealand and overseas—fourteen exhibitions in 1986. She lives in Auckland with her husband and son. (Marian.)

As a child my favourite outdoor occupations were: 1. swimming in the river; 2. building supplejack and fem huts; 3. just sitting. My favourite indoor occupations were: 1. making things with the enormous number of blocks my woodwork teacher father had made for us; 2. making shadows on the wall (big) when the fire was lit and the lights were out. I think. Maybe I recall different things at different times! I had but one doll. We made mazes for the budgie, poor thing. I can't recall other toys.

When I was a teenager I was very aware of the Maori Land Wars and the Waikato Taranaki wars. A sense of danger however came from the land itself—so young, still on the move. The fact that Mt Taranaki is *dormant* is very important to me and the logic of Paritutu Kaitake Pouakai Taranaki Fanthams Peak blowing up in sequence in a row is quite something.

How do you deal with danger in your work?

I think 'danger' is largely psychological in my work/life—fear of the unknown and all that. It's not a large element in my work—it is perhaps a device to gain/retain interest and to provide physical/mental/spiritual reaction. I cannot say I am a pacifist because I believe in ultimate survival and the two are not necessarily one and the same and/or opposed to one another. I do not like war. I do not like buying or cooking meat. I believe in the survival of lions. I believe in the survival of Inuit. It seems suitable that a dreadful brain disease can be the result of eating fellow man. I love the idea that Inuit are not killing the individual seal—the next one is the same—its spirit is released and the (life?) cycle starts again. The use of weapons/tools in my work is something I *feel* about more than I think about and I tried to write about it but I have given up on that one in the meantime. They do say a lot about the morality of the society they are used in and I think that is how I use them.

I do like to think that I do have maternal/paternal, brotherly/sisterly (mmmm) feelings towards nature. I know I can't get inside it completely—I do my best by relating to it as closely as possible. I am not sure what being a mother father sister brother is for me exactly . . . being a *protector* is very important to me—I'd like to go beyond those limits or perhaps just do it differently. I have always felt strongly about Sylvia Plath's relationships, with her mother, father and brother and her husband and children . . . but I don't know why exactly . . . I guess it has to do with feeding

Fig. 67 **Sporting clubs** 1975
mixed media

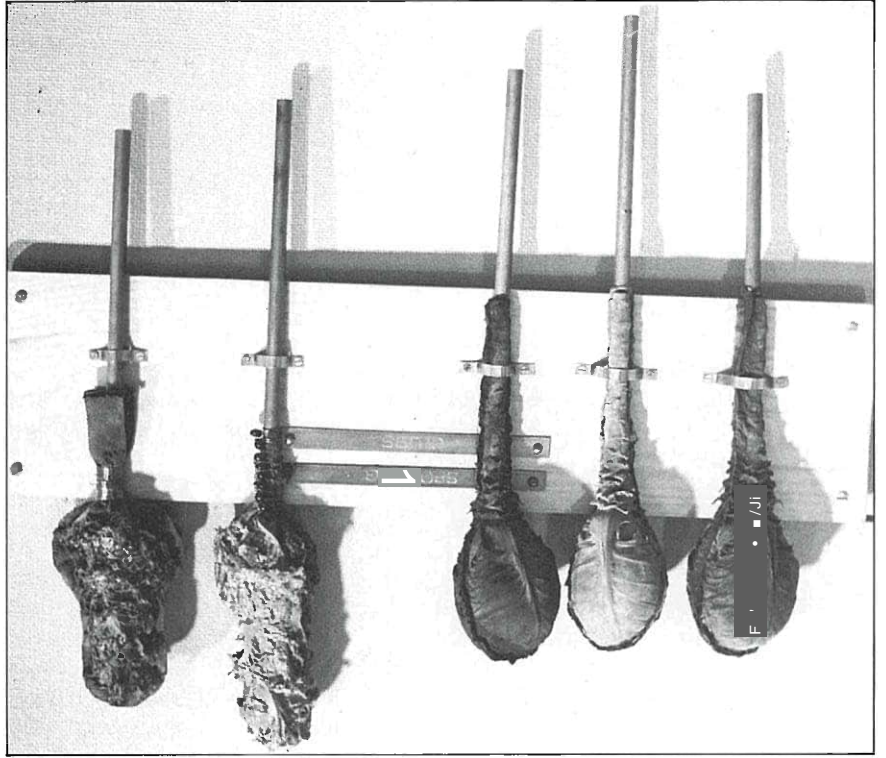


Fig. 68 **Tool trays** 1982
mixed media



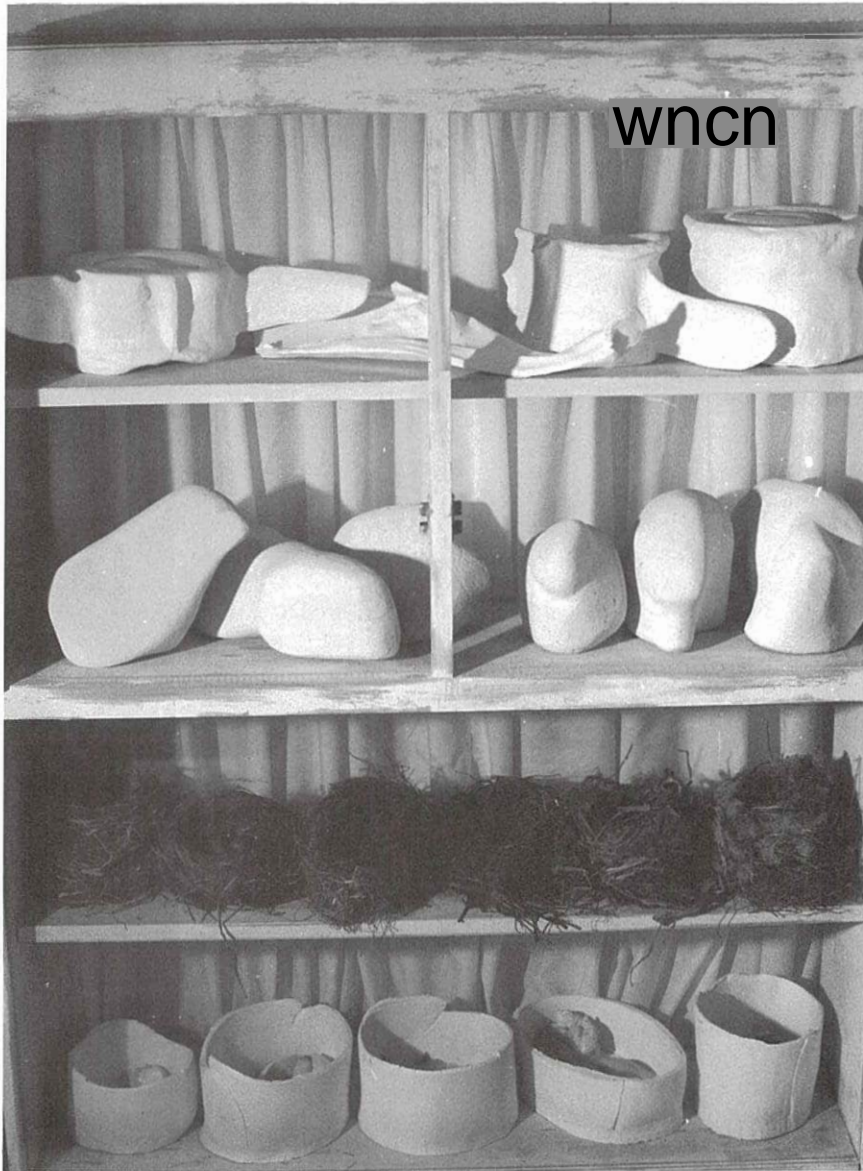


Fig. 69 **Meat Cupboard** 1981
mixed media

and being fed. Embryology fascinates me, growth fascinates me, change fascinates me, evolution fascinates me and the relationship between them fascinates me. I think the Rich quote¹ very good and it can be applied to many things, e.g. people's behaviour generally in that we cannot define it exactly but we do know certain things (some half guessed for me) and can start from there.

I have an erotic (spasmodic and mostly to do with Mt Taranaki) feeling towards nature—I write bad poems about it—have done so ever since I was fifteen or sixteen I think. The erotic element is important to me in that the erotic is related to life itself—to life force and to pleasure in being alive and a part of things that are outside

your own body. I would like to do some work on the beach in New Plymouth and in the bush where I grew up. Maybe up Mt Taranaki too. In places where I feel at home!

All art for me is gathering and ordering. All thought processes are. This was the theme of my thought cupboards, i.e. 1. Gathering 2. Worrying 3. Mixing 4. Enhancing, all formally presented.

I use technique as a means to an end, not as an end in itself. I do what I like, i.e. I like baskets, I prefer African art to Renaissance art (with the exception of Donatello and Michelangelo). I don't see Maori art as carving only—and fail to see how various writers and curators have seen it that way—they're crazy. I enjoy weaving, knotting, etc. and I am not a good carver (although I do enjoy whittling). I don't believe in any technique for its own sake. An enormous work called

*Giving birth/Bearing fruit/Dying
Sea—Land—Air*

which I have been working on for six years now does have found objects, cast latex and bronze, carving and modelling in it. It seems to have missed out construction. Maybe that is the final (if ever) composition. I don't see a dichotomy between high tech and the artist. Personally I like to be able to make the whole thing myself and understand the mechanics of the processes—totally. I don't *totally* understand computer graphics.

Colour of course is used for many things—uniformity, contrast, emotion, atmosphere, identification, drama, beauty, power, memory etc. Sometimes I use it as an 'accidental' or a 'fun' element—it is something to play with physically and intellectually. I can't say I use it in any systemised way but the most 'useful' aspects of colour for me are association and extension.

I know I am a teacher. I know I am didactic and have a somewhat missionary zeal. It gives me great pleasure when someone says to me: 'I'll never see the beach (whatever) in the same way again.' As a mother and a teacher I believe in awareness being the most important thing I can teach. Any child, any nature lover, any alternative thinker, any thinking and/or feeling person who does not have a strict conception about what sculpture is or should be about, is the audience for my work. i.e. no Peter Fuller types thank you.

I want the work to be handled, I want it to be loved. Unfortunately rough handling does mean a shortened life span usually, doesn't it? Hands are very important to me—theirs and mine—apart from being another physical response, it is to do with the fact they are capable of so much ... I don't really have any preferences about how long it should last—I do like it to be cared for though and get upset when people don't take moderate care. I don't think there is a conflict between touching and fragility—surely it is all relative to care. The strongest things can be broken—the story of works at the Sculpture Triennial in Melbourne illustrates that—when my work withstood storm and vandal, stone and wooden monoliths were damaged.

Your sources seem to be natural phenomena and processes and the artifacts of the indigenous peoples of the Pacific; and you seem to be making ghosts of natural phenomena. Do you feel at odds with European culture/art?

'Ghosts of natural phenomena'—I like that phrase. I think we do that whenever we cook. A ghost is a *transformation, an essence of reality* and that is what I like art to be, I think.

I don't know why I prefer non-European art and museums rather than art galleries. Perhaps they say more, use more interesting materials. I am an admirer of Meret Oppenheim and medieval sculpture and Joseph Beuys (his objects). Gaudier Breszka and Duchamp are okay too, but these people have looked at non-European art too, so ... (medieval is the exception but maybe had a similar base for making and



Fig. 70 **Nests under glass** (detail) 1981

mixed media



Fig. 71 Country clothesline (detail) 1972
rubber latex & cloth

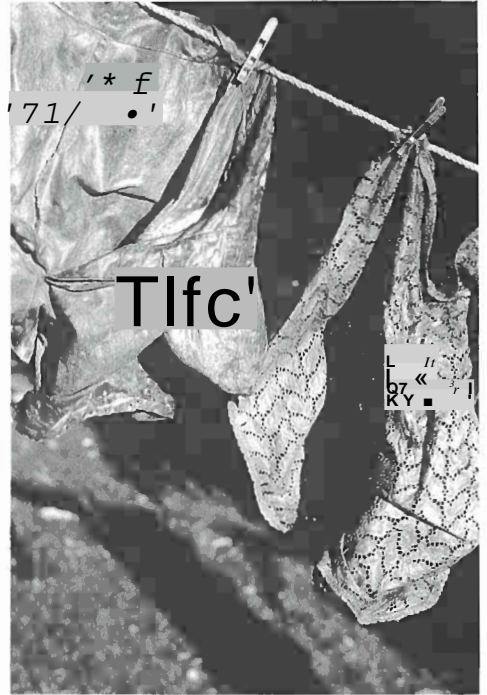


Fig. 72 Country clothesline (detail) 1972
rubber latex & cloth

using what was made?) I love Art History but I hate Art History because I like the way it plays games but don't really like the implications and results of those games.

How long was it before you introduced a human element into your work?

The first human element work I did that I liked was the *Country clothesline* 1972. The *Country clothesline* was never intended to be a satire as it has been read. It was meant to be a form of pleasure with some visual puns. I like many interpretations and puns and as many associations as possible in order for the work to have meaning for as big a range of people as possible. The *Country clothesline* was a real 'joy of life' thing. It was about animation, continuity, the ties between people and their landscapes and a reflection of various personalities. I am not a believer in bodies and frames. I believe in bodies as people. The aprons (Plate 22) were skins, parts of the body—a frame suggests a support or perimeter or confining device—I don't see bodies or aprons as any of these.

The aprons do form a bridge between being less direct in talking about people and being more direct about talking about people, chronologically, sort of chronologically. My two clotheslines (*Country clothesline* and *City clothesline* 1972) 'bedgowns,' (in a work called *Chinese laundry*) babies' clothes, and hat cushions, were dotted moments of direct speech in the chronology.

My grandmother had a hard life. She had three husbands and brought up her two children somehow. She *always* wore an apron. That extra skin always fascinated me. My aprons are not shields. They are representations of my own body and perhaps that of any creator. That is why I had them photographed next to bare skin. They are gut things (gut is the seat of *emotion* in many cultures). My grandmother never showed any signs of any emotions. Quite a lot of aprons and objects in them belong

to undervalued men—carpenters, foundrymen, fishermen, gardeners, blacksmiths. The objects in the aprons are creations, signs, language and hopefully recognised as tools (pacific) to do with housework, gardening, fishing, preparing skin and cloth etc. (building, forging, too).

Differences between aprons and shields:

Aprons

used on the body to protect the body & collect things that are everyday, mundane, useful and little to do with violent powers

i.e. an extension of a closer self
reflects the identity of the wearer
soft (usually)

light and no display attached

not considered to be of any value in themselves separated from their jobs and the people who wear them

Shields

used by the arm to protect the body & symbols of 'power' (theirs)

i.e. an extension of *action* and thought
reflects the identity of the state
hard (usually)

often enormous and heavy (Papua New Guinea) and next to impossible to lift—
i.e. displays of strength feats of strength

valuable revered and taken care of from person to person and museum to museum

and why do I like *sacking* aprons (unobtainable now and who has preserved one?) so much? and rags made out of flour bags etc. Thrift is not quite the right word. Nostalgia is definitely not the right word. What is the right word?

People with parts of their bodies did not get exhibited until 1985. The skulls and hats and wigs in the *Dagger cupboard* 1982 were very important and I want to go back to looking at skulls hats and wigs. The largest 'human' work will be the *People and the land* that I am doing for the Dowse in September 1986.

I looked towards doing figurative work in 1983—5 because I thought I was old enough to have something of my own to say about people *directly*. One of the satisfying aspects of doing this at this stage is that many of the figures I make turn out like people I know or have noticed . . . but that is not a deliberate thing on my part. I have always been interested in saying something about people indirectly and in some humility I have wanted to be full of life in areas beyond human egocentricity. I think there will always be a side of me that thinks that thousands of years of Western sculpture is too human orientated. The enhancement of human life and the celebration of life in a many faceted way are the two extremely important things that mean I have to do this stuff, this work.

(September 1985—September 1986)

Note

¹ To think as a feminist means trying to think connectedly about, for example, the science of embryology as it may connect with sexuality (what does it mean for example that in the fetus male differentiation occurs only after several weeks); and about human body rhythms and their relation to natural cycles (the menses and the lunar month; the connections between women, darkness, sleep and death in the male unconscious; the connections of these with male attitudes and political decisions affecting men and women) about the uses and criteria of psychology. It is easy to say that we cannot ever know what is truly male or truly female. There is much we can know. We do know that these principles have been split apart and set in antagonism within each one of us by a male-dominated intellectual and political heritage. That at least is a starting point.

Adrienne Rich, *On lies, secrets and silence; selected prose*
1966-1978. London, Virago, 1980, p. 78.

SHARON ALSTON



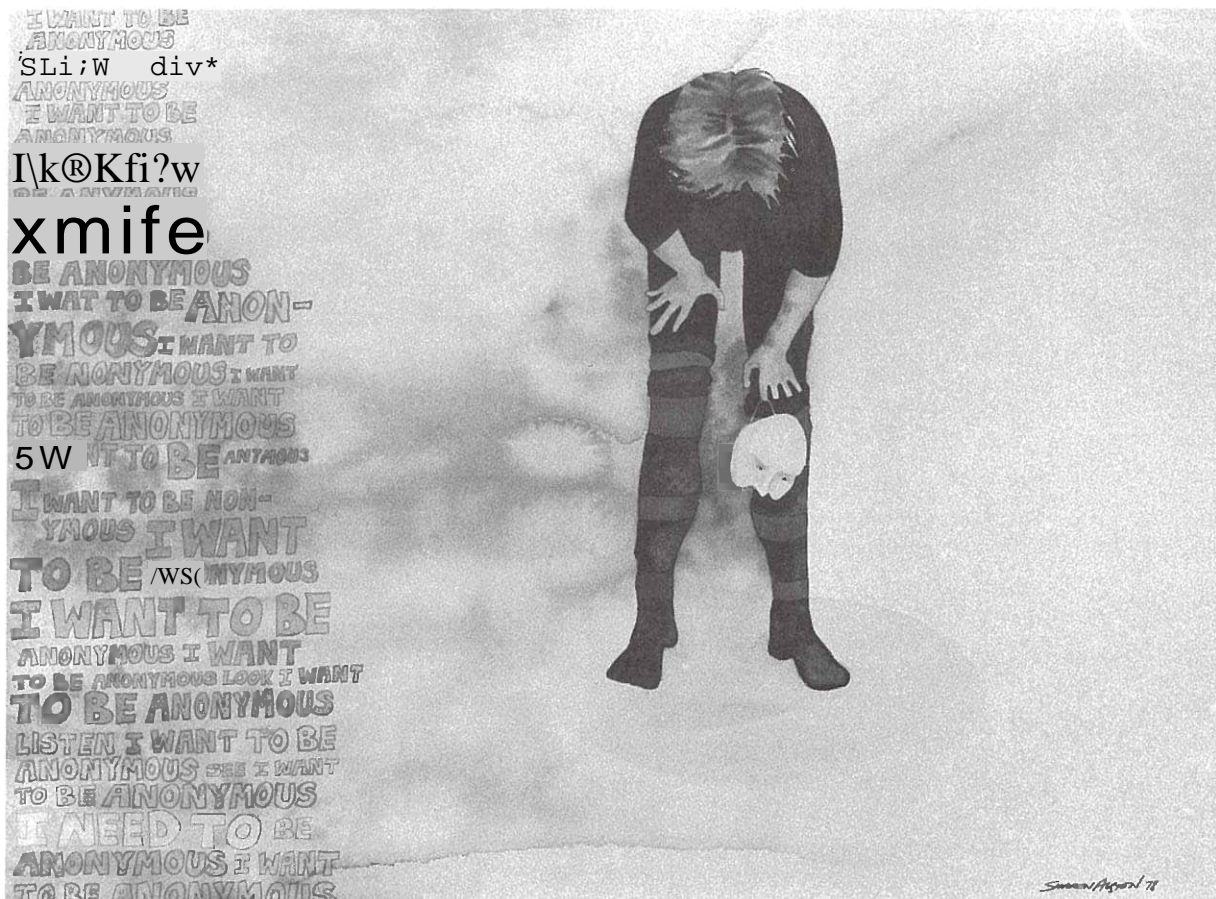


Fig. 73 I want to be anonymous 1978

watercolour

60 x 79

Bom 1948

Sharon Alston has been consistently visible for near on a couple of decades of lesbian feminist activity, and her art has always had a political motivation. Her posters and cartoon strips heralded the arrival of endless events and the departure of many old hat ideas, and her smashing of His Lordships window was a physical corollary of both. (Tilly.)

What was at play when you did your self-portrait I want to be anonymous

The woman there is a performer. She's just removed a neutral mask. She's bowing as if to an audience, so her face is invisible to us. The contradiction is how can you be anonymous if you're raving the words in the painting—'Listen! I want to be anonymous! See! I want to be anonymous! Look! I need to be anonymous! I want to be anonymous!!.'

It came at the tail end of a very public involvement with Gay Liberation and the early Women's Movement. For some time I'd felt unduly exposed. I needed to get my privacy back, to find out who I was, as opposed to the public image I'd created. In a sense I was bowing out. Also I was at the point in my life when I needed to get away from my own art. I needed to step back and look at it. I had been making a lot of masks, working with clay and papier mache, enjoying the luxury of these two things together. But I needed to be inspired, energised, pushed on by deadlines, these sorts of things, because I was becoming too introverted. With each mask I was thinking, could this be an aspect of myself? Who am I? Who, indeed, are you?

So when the letter came from the Women's Gallery collective asking me if I'd like to come to Wellington to work there—it had only just opened—I leapt at it. Initially I was quite nervous because I thought that it was quite a responsibility to take on other women's work and do something with it for them, for the gallery, and for other women. The common driving force we all had was the love of art and the love of women. We knew that at least at that level we'd meet in harmony even if working in the collective was sometimes difficult. I learned a lot from all the women who worked there. It was a valuable experience both personally and politically.

How do you see the Women's Gallery now, some two and a half years since it closed?

We certainly made some changes in people's thinking, and we positively influenced other galleries in terms of how you can make art works more accessible, friendlier, less intimidating, more fun, more surprising, more experimental, more risky. We forced people, women, to look at women's art, to produce it, and to feel good about it. Sometimes I would wander around the gallery, feeling disillusioned, bumt-out, and slightly bitter and twisted. But then I'd get a flash of a woman artist, maybe with two excitable young children racing about, and she'd be frantically trying to work on the kitchen table, and producing wonderful stuff, and this spurred me on. I thought yes, this is why we're here.

Did you feel split between artistry and admin? Take your installation for the Self image exhibition for example.

The ironical journey. Hmmm. A highly misunderstood piece.

How so?

Anything we may want to say about our self image runs this risk. How far do we go? I used a mirror, a box shape like the safe house, the free place, the tree house. The paraphernalia inside, the globe of the world, the trinkets, the shells, glitter, with eggs as the reference point for fertility, birth, and death. Bridie Lonie said to me 'Oh eggs seem to be so repetitious in women's work.' She'd used eggs in a sculptural thing she'd done some years before. I felt good about the connection. And yes we do, we do use eggs, not I think as arty objects to be looked at, but from a connective point inside ourselves. It occurs to me that women may well possess a common consciousness at certain levels, particularly around birth and death and the spiritual kind of awareness that comes with that.

I've always loved corrugated iron so Sand Hall and I tore all round Wellington, grabbing iron from various places, and I had fun with that. I slammed *The ironical journey* all together very quickly the day before the exhibition opened. I didn't want it to be overtly serious and I didn't intend for it to be a 'marvelous' piece. It was mostly found objects since we come into this world absolutely bereft of material things. It was made to be destroyed, removed. I wanted a kitsch element there because it makes me laugh and it was me not being serious about me. I had charged at

the iron with the spray paint, which I loved doing you see, with a gaudy lime and a bright pink. I loved the rawness of the iron and the patterns that the rips and the rust made. It was like my skin with scars and wrinkles, and patterns of ageing taking place . . . a few laugh lines too.

So much of your work—paintings, the mural for the film Sylvia—is work in relation to Maori culture.

Europeans are very literal. Maori work is bordering on a kind of abstraction. It has a stunning visual narrative.

I went to a predominantly Maori school in Wanganui. So all my early drawings and grasp of shape, form and colour was influenced by those surroundings. I felt privileged to be part of all that richness. We did a mural for the school hall about the coming of the tangata whenua. I was thrilled by the canoes, the wonderful carvings. Maori art is highly developed. It's the best in my opinion. I'm very biased towards it. I think it's perfectly feasible that as a Pakeha artist I will be impressed and influenced by what I perceive to be the quintessential culture in this country. It's an art form which reflects the people, the culture, and the spiritual world in which they live. Beyond race though, I'm after an honesty which has nothing to do with 'high art' because I'm more and more convinced that what is seen to be 'high art' is a product of a hierarchy that I don't want anything to do with. It's irrelevant to the real world of people.

And especially to yours, the world of women? One of your better known construction pieces was your Mothers piece, which was, what, a salute to her? A salute to the brevity of her life?

It was a salute, yes. Members of my family, including my grandmothers, have a disturbing tendency towards dramatic and painful deaths. There's a tendency to slowly self destruct or have a fatal accident. Either way, it's shocking. If I can stand far enough back from it there seems to be a two-pronged approach to how I observe death. One is to accept the simple inevitability . . . you have to let go of the physical person. The other is to question the meanings of life.

I used both prongs while I constructed the *Mothers* piece. It had to be about the truth of my perceptions, of some of the things she meant to be while she was alive, and some of what she means to me dead. I chose to be visually very basic in presentation. No fuss, no disguises, no veils of sophistication. My mother was a very good actor, and to be good at acting I believe you have to be tuned to the basics. You need to be a fairly astute observer. Sometimes what you observe about human nature will cause you great pain. She was often in pain. I tried to convey some of it, the way she dealt with it. It's a sad piece—but it's honest.

When you look at this construction how does it compare with your set design for Accidental phantasies?

They're the same genre, exciting areas to get into now and then. At times I think of it as an eccentric arm of sculpture. You can create fantasy, illusion, pseudo-reality. It is theatre. Debra Bustin's work has all those elements. She's wondrous. Magic.

Is My bloody hand literally your bloody hand?

The menstrual series? Yes, that was a bit of a blast. Real kitchen table stuff that one. I was invited to contribute to the health section of the United Women's Convention in Hamilton . . . the one that ended all conventions for all time. While I was painting for the exhibition I thought a lot about my hysterectomy and the loss of the bleeding and the great relief about not having the pain anymore. I was keeping in contact with my blood. I was celebrating. I remember one night I held my hand up against

the moonlight coming through my bedroom window, romantic, and I thought wow, because the blood was quite black with the light behind it, though you could see the red as it was glistening, it was wet and beautiful. Part of that image came back to me when I did the painting. I wondered how many of us make love with each other when we're menstruating. I imagine most of us do. I wonder what other lesbians do with their bloody fingers. Do they wipe them on the sheets or on the woman or does it just go dry and slightly cracked, or what. And I thought about the colour changes—when you wake up in the morning and look at your hand and think 'oh'. I wondered at the time whether exhibiting it was actually over the top, but I felt okay about it.

Well it does have an insolence about it eh. For one thing it flies in the face of heterosexist taboos about lesbian sex and public periods; it puts the 'bedroom' back into lesbianism, for Pakeha anyway. There's something about it whereby it's automatically known that it's another woman's blood, don't you think?

Yes I do. That's definitely a 150 per cent lesbian image. As paintings go I don't think it's a particularly good painting. It's a little over-worked. But that's because I went straight into it, with no preparation or sketching. I just put my hand on the desk and drew it straight onto the watercolour paper.

Like a rush?

Yeah, like a rush.

What are you thinking these days about lesbian sexual images?

There's lots of photos of women making love, of references to the bedroom. These *are* incredibly relevant, but I think what's happened is that lesbian feminist literature has streaked ahead of visual imagery. It's mainly through words that we see ourselves so far. Our challenge now is to make visual language of ourselves—not just our sexuality. What I liked about the film *Desert hearts*, apart from the fact that it's an excellent example of cinematography, is that it has set a precedent, a standard that all future lesbian film makers might adhere to and improve upon. Pornography excepted, I'd like to see changes made to those safe images of naked women together. Sometime in the future I'll begin a series of images containing emotional, sexual, and sensual elements of my own lesbian lifestyle. I don't actually mind bleeding all over the carpet so to speak. I'm prepared to do that because I think it's necessary. Jacqueline Fahey's incredibly honest and upfront about what's happening in her life. Her work would perhaps be fitted into the so-called 'domestic' category. It has guts and political content. And she's witty.

I refuse to accept that art is something people don't or can't have access to. It can be and should be, very accessible. That's the way I like it. That was an integral part of our philosophy at the Women's Gallery. Like with the journal *Antic*—it's very interesting, but I think how inaccessible they make it for us to actually comprehend what they're talking about. It's all art historians or art theorists lingo. They've forgotten about the artists in there.

Tell me, what do you think about this primal imagery or cunt art thing, like what Tee Corinne offers with her colouring book?

Let's call it cunt art. We know what we mean. I never warmed to it as the be-all and end-all.

Why?

Well to me it's like endlessly painting fridges because fridges are suddenly politically correct. You see there's a lot more to a cunt than the exteriors of the labia majora or the interiors of the vagina.

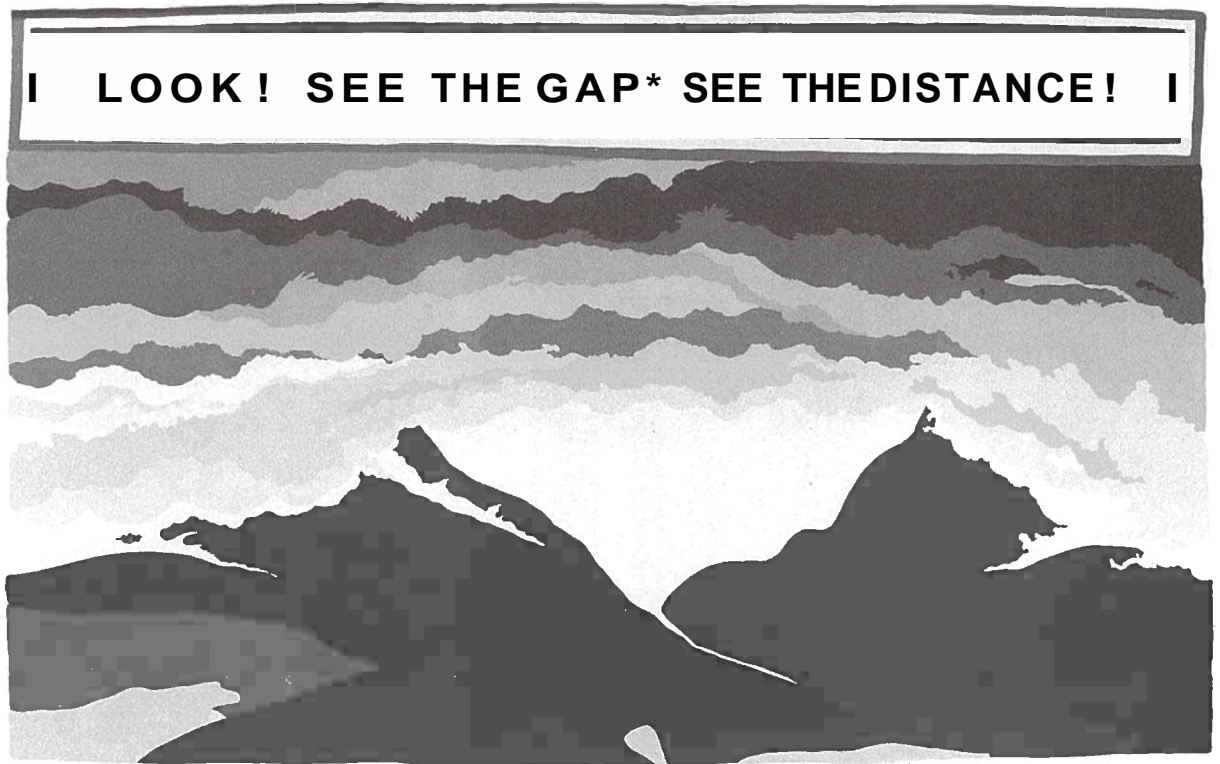


Fig. 74 Look! see the gap! see the distance!

c 1982

enameloryboard

38 x 59

It's been a phase? A feminist art fashion?

Yes I think it was, or is. It was necessary because it symbolised a reclaiming. It also symbolised a subsequent barrage of redefinitions of female power. So much of feminist artists' political activity was in reaction to the male definition of women as 'cunts'. Those earlier feminist artists, like Judy Chicago, who was the most obviously well known, seized upon the male definition and redefined it visually. She and others opened the door onto a whole new language. Her initial reaction led her along the path to *The dinner party*. I think we've moved on from this. We've expanded. Now we're looking at and describing all the other bits—the parts—which make up the word 'cunt' as Woman. We know that cunt imagery is a symbol of life itself, and if men have any sort of envy it must have more than a small focus on the cunt—otherwise why would they be so obsessed with laboratory breeding and control over birthing? The patriarchy is essentially a violent, destructive regime. With their deadly weapons, their insatiable appetites for wars, and their expensive laboratories, they are intent upon destroying life. With their controlled breeding experiments they are working to render women invisible. 'Cunt Power' is not about fucking with men. It is not about competing with male phallus imagery. It is about the whole woman; the life force. And our visibility.

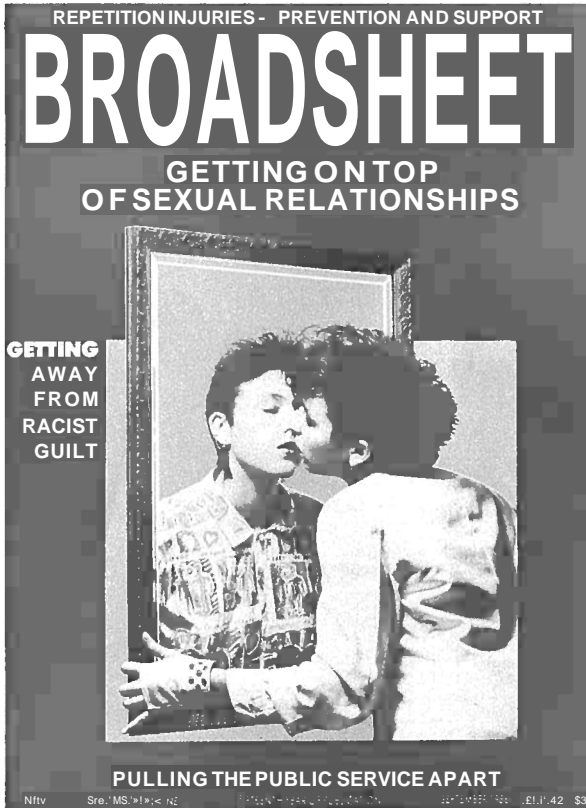


Fig. 75 **Broadsheet** cover **September 1986**

art direction and design: Sharon Alston



Fig. 76 **Trial run** portrait of **Annie Whittle 1984**

watercolour

82 x 58

It's a very literal leap, but what was behind your painting Look! See the gap! See the distance!

When I painted it I was thinking in spiritual terms, with the gap representing eternity, life, expanse, and freedom.

Do you think that on a less ontological level, the idea of Look! See the gap! See the distance! *is how you operate politically?*

All the time. It can be difficult that way because very often it can take on a very idealistic aspect.

Which might not fit in with various opportunistic tactics that get cooked up on a day-to-day approach?

It demands a certain faith in your intuition to work towards a far away ideal whilst presently undermining what is in the here and now. If I didn't think this way I couldn't create an image. There has to be a politically delicious reason why that image has to happen. It's grist to the mill for me.

Do you think working full time doing design for Broadsheet *has taken the grist out of your other mills?*

It's brought them to a temporary halt, but that's partly in myself as well.

Because you're trying to outdo Nathalie Barney?

Did she die young?

No.

Good.

Yes. But focussing on the magazine again, on the September '86 cover, the sex issue. . .

Another 150 per cent lesbian image. I like that. I wanted to get away from couples, not because I have anything against couples, but I didn't want a stereotype. I wanted to say something about a lesbian looking inside herself, but I also wanted to convey an outward manifestation of her desire, that inward/outward look, yet something quite intimate as well . . . between two women.

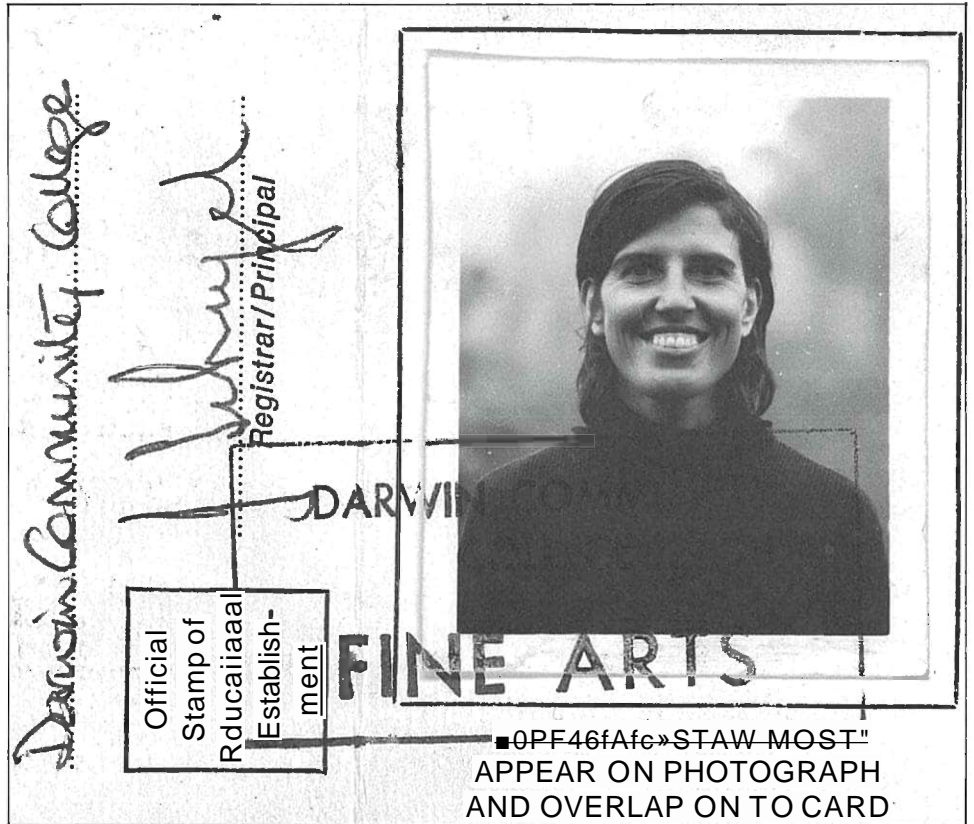
With the *Broadsheet* cover about women and addictions I was also trying to get away from stereotypes. The image I was after was of a woman in her mid-thirties with a fully established career up her sleeve—a confident upwardly mobile sort of a Pakeha who was at the point of realising that her alcoholism and her drug taking were going to destroy her. She wasn't some unfortunate degenerate lying in the gutter with her dress up around her neck, because too many of us might think 'well I'll never get to that stage', or 'this would never happen to me'. I felt perhaps we could relate to an addict who was actually vertical.

The painful co-incidence there, was my sister's accidental overdose. That was the April cover. And my sister died on the third of April. She was thirty-one years old, an alcoholic, and an intravenous drug user. And brilliant.

With these kinds of truths happening in my life it's imperative that my art describes them. My 'domestic' art. You see I think it's how you feel about yourself as a dyke, that it finally comes down to how you're going to handle that, how you're going to live your life. I think being a dyke is very creative. It puts an edge on your life.

(January 1987)

BARBARA MCDONALD



Barbara McDonald, born 1948, has spent most of her adult life travelling and living outside Aotearoa, often on boats. She is remembered in Wellington for her immense vitality when she worked at the Women's Gallery in its second home, in Upper Willis Street in 1982. For some of us, as she says 'pleased to be going off and doing (our) own work' it was astonishing to see such energy and enthusiasm in a place where we had become disillusioned; we greatly admired Barbara's clarity of purpose. At the end of 1986 Barb passed her B.F.A. degree with distinction; she is now studying for a Dip.Ed. (Marian.)

Tilly interviewed her in Darwin, by mail.

I said to Barb, give us about three thousand words, and posted twenty-nine turgid terror-type questions for her to hang them off. She sent this, mostly unhung, an absolute greyhound of a thing. (Tilly.)

Last night the town got another coat of graffiti, the talkback programme this morning blamed meatheads and the police are investigating. Tuxworth, our present top politician recently said he would welcome U.S. bases in Darwin. This is post-Libyan bombing, April '86. I've spent the night down the wharves watching yellow cake being loaded for the northern hemisphere and this morning photographing the graffiti. It's reminiscent of 1980 when off-duty beer drinking cops took 75% of my year's negatives and photos. The images of women were used by cops to identify and pick up women at bus stops etc, put them in solitary, no charge for twenty-four hours and abuse them. This put me off photography for a while.

When I left school in Hawkes Bay I worked in a photographer's studio so I had the speedy candid wedding snap mentality before I started art school in Darwin in 1978. I sailed to Darwin from New Zealand in 1975. The year the women's centre began. Feminism was not something a lot of people knew about. Ten men to every one woman in a fairly drunken escapist society, post Cyclone Tracy. Houses with no walls, families split, materialism blown away, anarchy rife. A multicultural society, the white Australian, the bureaucratic minority. It's hot, isolated, raw, fragile and wild. The sun and moon are close. The sea cannot be swum in for six months of the hottest time. Crocodiles, birds, goannas and snakes—the bush is alive, as well as frogs on the toilet seat and ants that eat the crutch out of your knickers. Huge contrasts: in landscape from red desert to green mangrove, in aboriginal attitudes to land, to the 'if it moves shoot it, if it grows chop it down' white fella, in the light and shade of midday. I love the frangipani, pushbike rides to East Point and a Fannie Bay sunset from the Yacht Club. In the incredibly diverse social mix I thrive and have stayed here off and on for ten years.

In 1978 the Women's Centre held a festival. The first ever in Darwin, in Australia. I was asked to cover as photographer. It was exciting, naive, brave and involved the whole community. The photos were put in a box at the Centre with a jar for donations. It started a pattern for me that lasted for three years of non-stop documenting women's events in Australia. Darwin Community College (now the Darwin Institute of Technology) hadn't yet decided whether photography was Fine Art in '78 and I learnt my skills at night classes. In my school holidays I followed the action in the southern and eastern states, arts festivals in Adelaide, conferences in Melbourne, lobbying in Canberra, marches in Sydney and even more marches in Brisbane. We had another festival in 1979, though on a quieter scale and in 1980 the finale. Busloads of women turned up from all over Australia for the ultimate outback experience. At this stage Self Government for the Northern Territory meant less Canberra handout and the boys were looking at ways of becoming self-sufficient. Mining, tourism, casinos and pastoralists were bread and butter, anyone else lost funding. Women's energy was divided then polarised. The Women's Centre and Rape Crisis were sacrificed for a promised Refuge. An unfunded Women's Liberation Centre started. Meanwhile women staying on from the festival needed somewhere cheap and communal to live. Don't let houses rot—Squat. About 25 women squatted, were evicted, squatted, evicted, squatted, arrested, squatted, bailed out, houses bulldozed, squatted, harrassed, arrested, jailed, offered free airfares out of town, more bulldozing. About this time these off-duty beer drinking cops removed the negs. I have no proof, just the fact that they were there before and not after their presence. I left Darwin in '80 paranoid and confused with one more year to finish on my BFA. The College had been threatened with funding cuts. I'm back after a five year absence to find the govt, has replaced the academics with party members. I now make videos about the bush.

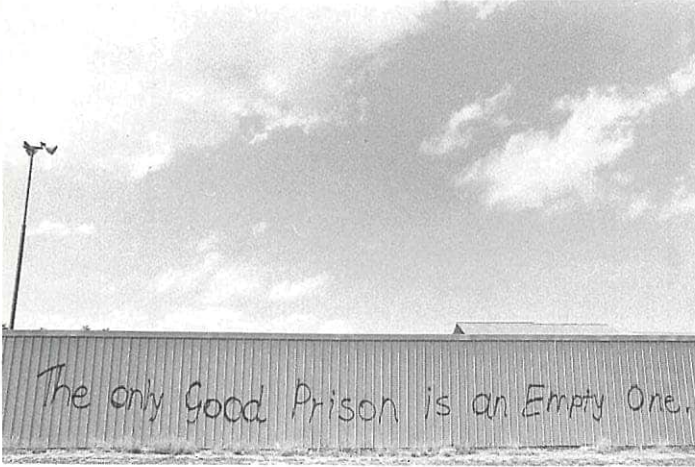


Fig. 77 **The only good prison is an empty one**

1980 Darwin

black and white photograph



Fig. 78 **Policeman with egg on his face** 1980

Melbourne

black and white photograph



Fig. 79 **Policeman behind banner** 1980

Melbourne

black and white photograph



Fig. 80 **Policeman with horses** 1980 Melbourne

black and white photograph



*Fig. 81 Wonder woman has a boy
child I*

from the **Cartoon** series **Darwin 1978**
black and white photograph

*Fig. 82 Wonder woman has a boy
child II*

from the **Cartoon** series **Darwin 1978**
black and white photograph

Fig. 83 Darwin 1978

black and white photograph

In the time that I was photographing women's events, I was not aware of any other woman doing the same. In Darwin I had no similar peer, I shared the College darkroom with two other women whose work was different, I had no herstorical reference, no women's art movement. I did have a beautiful breeding ground for creativity, did not read any theory, believing experience the only real way of learning. I used the camera to learn about politics, to be removed from threatening situations, something to do with my hands, I've never been arrested. I took the photos to record uranium mining in a national park, graffiti before it was painted over, to record the changes in women, to remember the moment when numbers were small that there had been many, for my friends and lovers, to aid damaged brain cells, to prove that it really did happen and that it will never be repeated, because I really love visuals and dragging out the album at a moment's notice, to be useful, to focus with, to learn a skill and share it and because everything about Darwin has a transient feeling. Women would stay one dry season and be gone. Ants, bushfires, cyclones can destroy your house and family; the heat fades the negatives and silverfish chomp through books. My pace is fast in this tropical paradise and the photo is still, time to think. I used over 20 rolls of film in a down south circuit returning to the Darwin darkroom to remember.

Many of the photos I would not have been able to take if I was a man. Because of my love and caring for women I was trusted not to rip off images, there was an empathy and response, I was not simply a *taker* of images.



Fig. 84 **Cigarette vending machine Darwin 1979**
black and white photograph



Fig. 85 **Revolution photos for cigarette vending machine 1979**
black and white photograph



Fig. 86 **Pearls and Marlborough 1979**
black and white photograph



Fig. 87 **Art school corridors of power for cigarette vending machine 1979**
black and white photograph

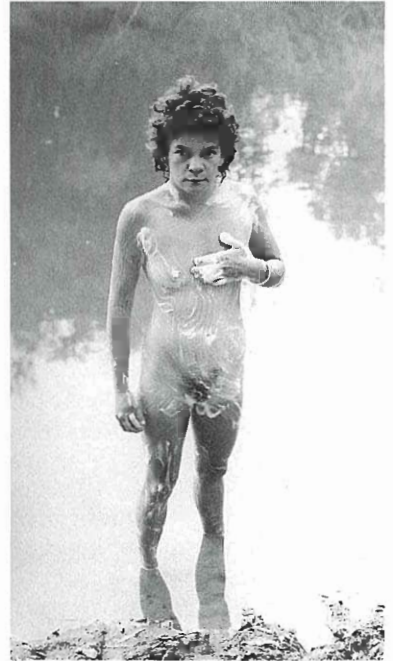


Fig. 88 **Meiling, Adelaide River 1978**
black and white photograph



Fig. 89 South Alligator Billabong
 (Women's Festival, Darwin 1979)
 black and white photograph



Fig. 90 Rape display
 (Women's Festival, Raintree Park,
 Darwin 1978)
 black and white photograph

The old AHA! feeling happens most often in the silent seclusion of the darkroom. Seeing the image appear on paper is still a surprise. Developing these photos so long after the events has brought back all those emotions vividly. The AHA! usually relates to touching the central being of the person or thing.

My typical relationship with the women was that of friend, fellow demonstrator, lover. It became very painful for me when my male lecturer had the power to ascribe my friends an A, B, or even F for failed. He saw a static object of art to decorate walls and not a living experience, forcing me into creating the *People participation cigarette vending machine*. You paid your money, chose a packet, inside was a swaps size photo. A lot of the images and info very personal. On the back was a statement, usually shocking (e.g. rape statistics, or abortion) or informative (e.g. where to get help if needed) and included in the packet was a gift. In the Revolution packets was a small cap bomb, in the Talley Ho packets a condom . . . 700 different photos, a lucky dip of my life. With the money I'd buy a carton and have a party and talk about oppression etc. I had the exhibition only twice, Darwin and Adelaide. I had rarely asked permission, no time or need, but this was different. I had gone further than the photo album, into the public. Anyone could hold your intimate image in their hand. At the time I was into shocking and sharing all the nitty gritty. Women were up and fighting in '79 and I felt could handle it. I wouldn't do it now. I don't take photos without permission, especially since living at Ayers Rock with the Aboriginal people.

I always encouraged women to organise their own darkrooms. I helped set up the darkroom in Brisbane's Women's Centre in '78-'79 and had fun teaching the women from the young women's refuge. During the 1980 Darwin Women's Festival, after being treated with a great deal of suspicion by a few paranoid urbanites, then asked to produce several prints, I organised about twelve women to come to the College darkroom so they could have control of the process and do their own images. Their suspicion was justified when shortly after the negs were taken.



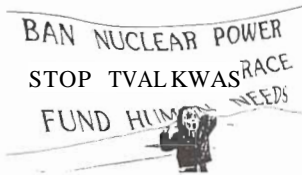
Fig. 91 Women's Gallery collective 1982

l. to r. Celia Elizabeth Thompson, Linda Pearl, Linda Hardy, Barb McDonald, in front of the sign made for the Women's Gallery at 323 Willis Street, Wellington by Debra Bustin

WOMENS DISARMAMENT EXHIBITION

OCTOBER 9—NOVEMBER 20

WOMENS GALLERY
323 WILLIS ST.



TAKE THE TOYS FROM THE BOYS!

A FEMINIST WORLD IS A NUCLEAR
FREE ZONE!

THE WOMEN'S DISARMAMENT
EXHIBITION
THE WOMEN'S GALLERY
323 WILLIS STREET, PH 850-179
OCTOBER 9 NOVEMBER 20

Hei whakaau langa leni. Mo nga whine
kiri02 nga mahi pikitia i rolo o Poncke mo le
nuclear. Tcilei taoua a Puncke mai non a henia-
hema i le nuclear Knorr tala mo te wahine
kotahi te tauporo te nuclear cng.iri me whaka-
mou te toopuu katoa.
Kia muln tenei mea te nuclear.
Hei ma te Ao mo talou Iarnariki akc alu akc
hinu 3(1)

The Women's Disarmament Exhibition is a
multi-media festival with an associated pro-
gramme of workshops, films, direct theatre
and political action. The festival has been
prompted by the fact that Wellington City has
been declared a nuclear-free zone, and by a
growing awareness among New Zealand women
of the links between nuclear technology and
practice and women's oppression in a
male-dominated society. As individual women
we are powerless to fight the male institutions
that perpetuate and glorify violence. Our
strength depends on sharing our resources and
skills and on our common determination to
create a habitable and just world for ourselves
and our children.

TAKE THE TOYS FROM THE BOYS!

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Come and do it on our yclioow
garage W.h. The Women's Gallery.

M.irrituls ire needed for banner-making - old
sheets paint, wood, fabric scraps etc. Drop
anything you can spare in at die Gallery or
come along tn die banner-muking on October
30th at the Aru Valley Community Centre.

PROGRAMME

All workshops for women only

- October 9 Saturday: Exhibition Opening
5pm. Fire-eating ceremony with Lyndy
Hilherly, speeches, music, theatre, wo-
men's resource displays, multi-media
works, books and buttons for sale
- October 10 Sunday: AccessRadio Programme
Take the Toys from the Boys
- October 14 Thursday: Women's Meditation
Every Thursday at the Gallery, 5 - 7pm.
- October 16-17: Personal Disarmament Fr
Day and Ros Caper at the Gallery
Bring your lunch.
- October 20 Wednesday: P.riliaka Slide/T.p.c
Sequence. During regular Gallery hours.
9am. - 5pm.
- October 23 Saturday: Story-telling and paint-
ing for children with Fc Day
- October 27-28: Dance workshops with Lyn
Pringle 7.30pm. All women welcome,
including those with no dance experience
\$6 for both nights.
- October 30 Saturday: Banner and mask-mak-
ing at the Aro Valley Community Centre.
10am. - 4pm. with Sylvia Bowen and
friends of the Gallery

November 2 Tuesday: Full Moon Celebration
7pm. at the Gallery.

November 7 Sunday: Workshops run by Maori
and Pacific women for all women
The anti-nuclear struggle-in relation to
the indigenous struggle in Aotearoa and
the Pacific. Displays and specific work-
shops. Bring your lunch.

November 10 Wednesday: Women's Poetry
Readings. 7 pm. at the Gallery

November 12 Friday Topp Twins Concert
8pm. Newtown Community Centre
Food and dance afterwards. Tickets
available from Women's Place Bookshop.
The Women's Gallery, Silvio's and the
Vie. University Students' Assn O'Hice.

November 13-14: Non-violent action work-
shop - Rachel Bloomfield. At the Gal-
lery. \$3.

November 14 Sunday: A workshop held by
Maori and Pacific women for Maori and
Pacific women only. Please phone the
Gallery for details

November 15 Monday: Talking Dancing
"Clint." and other performance pieces
by Lyn Pringle, Janie Bull and Lotie
Loll. 7pm at the Gallery.

November 16 Tuesday: A evening of films.
7.30 pm at the Gallery, open to the
public. \$2.50
"The War Game"
"Hiroshima and Nagasaki 1945"

November 17 Wednesday: Pentagon Action
Day Slide/Tape show with Jill Carotyn,
discussion afterwards. \$2.

November 18 Thursday: Another film evening.
7.30pm
"If You Love this Planet"
"I Have Three Children Of my Own"
Slide/Tape show. Both with Helen Cald-
cott, Australian anti-nuclear activist.
Public welcome, \$2.50

November 19 Friday: Women's march through
Wellington. Leaves 7pm. from the Gallery.
Banner parade, street theatre. All women
welcome

November 20 Saturday: Non-nuclear Alterna-
tives a workshop with K.e Miller. \$2



More workshops are planned but dates are not yet
confirmed. Contact Linda Pearl at the Women's
Gallery 850-179 or call in.

Fig. 92 Women's disarmament exhibition October 9—November 20 (1982)

Women's Gallery, 323 Willis Street, Wellington, associated programme leaflet by the organising collective: Linda Pearl, Fe Day, Linda Hardy, Sue Turner, Cate Anderson and Anaria Tangohau with assistance from women of the International League for Peace and Freedom.

It wasn't so long ago when chemists used to refuse to print naked shots of women and give them back unprinted the following day. Time to do it yourself.

Fine Arts feels like whispering in a whiter than white gallery and I can see photos in there but not mine. Unless it was for fun, a group show or the area creates change. I do not wish to promote walls. We should be as open as possible and work should be honest, collective, active participatory. A growth experience. Photography was never my exclusive discipline.

After five women were raped in a short time, I sculpted a rape display in the centre of town. Plywood lookalike rapists told their shocking stories. Darwin has four times the national average. Rape had the most politicising effect on me and is still the basis of my anger. We printed t-shirts with civil rights on the back I wore as a school bus driver. Postering, card games, newspapers, films, bands, writing, theatre, Darwin attracts creativity. With our politics and poverty we made our own rules.

The idea of women's archives makes me nervous. An Aboriginal organisation in Alice Springs got its building burned down with ten years of land claims up in smoke. If anyone wants copies of my photos well maybe they could get in touch with someone who knows me. I am enjoying access to books on women's work. I hope to compile the herstory of the women's movement in Darwin sometime and my thesis is on women and art so I appreciate the archival work done. Women's studies, Life before Cook and Car maintenance are essential for all school children.

I worked with the Women's Gallery in 1982 when much of the original energy was pleased to be going off and doing their own work. I was born in Wellington and to come back to a women's space devoted to feminist expression was like doing the full circle. The idea of shared theme exhibitions combined with workshops and activities is to me the perfect set-up. I thoroughly enjoyed the challenge and am tempted to try something similar up here. I would hope to include as many cultures, ages, activities as possible—art is everywhere and for everyone—lots of noise and passion, and the breaking down of the odd barrier or two. Then again I might not. Offer me some money.

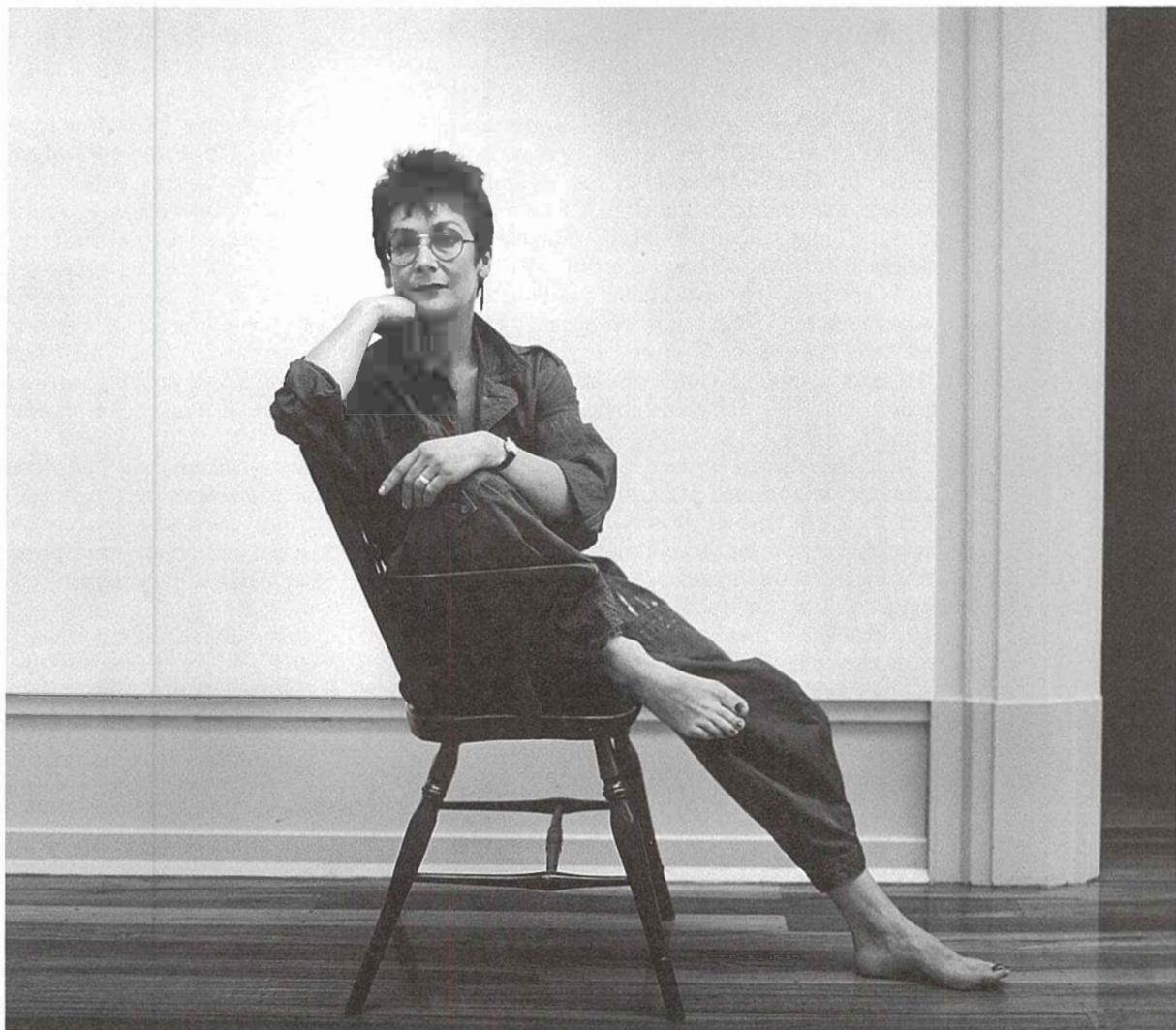
1982 was not a dull year. The issues confronted: white women's ignorance of black women's issues, classism, boys' images of war for a peace exhibition, my menstrual pad in a collection of growing up photos over the table, money always money, power struggles, much of which never became exhibition material except in indirect ways. A good reason to pop over to Australia with the *Mothers* exhibition. I am a four star Sagittarian, we need lots of movement and space, and a sit around with old friends and a ukelele over a tinnie, and sing *Arriba*. I believe the Women's Gallery was tremendously influential in changing the public attitude to women, art, roles, everything. Especially the *Mothers* exhibition in touring N.Z. and having organised activities associated with the exhibition organised by local women. That's revolutionary. I burnt out after working for a year. Being under attack from without and within. I'm not that resilient nor gave myself enough runaway time. I've given up all my props like cigs, booze, coffee, tea, meat, self-destructive workaholic pace (well trying) and feel lots clearer.

I don't see the need for Lesbian Galleries, what's wrong with someone's living room? I do see a need for Feminist galleries, the position of women has not demonstrably changed. Lots more work to do. We've had no Women's Centre or Rape Crisis since 1980 and a Women's Gallery might just fill the gap.

I would like to keep in touch with what is happening in Aotearoa and will visit often. The heat, sea and the wide open spaces and friends who know me well suit me now. It's good to have this bizniz looked at again so I can get on with new stuff. There is a whole new breed of young competent women photographers in Darwin so I might retire gracefully. Concentrating on videos (everybody's got one) documenting women who work in the wild. One day I am going to get a paid job and use all my skills, watch out.

(July 1986)

CILLA McQUEEN



*Born 1949. Poet, teacher, visual artist, composer, choreographer and performer. Her first book, *Homing in*, shared the National Book Award for poetry and her second, *Anti gravity*, has attracted attention with its innovative language and imagery. Her third book is *Wildsweets*. She received an Air New Zealand/P.E.N. travel award to visit Australia in 1984 and a Fulbright Visiting Writer's Fellowship to study at Stanford University in 1985; and she has been Bums Fellow at Otago University for 1985 and 1986.*

We did interview Cilla when she visited Wellington but she decided to contribute this piece she wrote at home.

Context? Where do I see myself? Right now, living in Dunedin where I've spent large chunks of my life. Being Bums Fellow, or Fella perhaps at the University . . . where I did an M.A. in French in the sixties, when J. K. Baxter was Bums Fellow . . . he was the first full-time poet I'd met. We were good friends. Now I'm a full-time poet . . . my whole life centres on poetry in one way or another. All the different things that I do, writing, drawing, performance, music, they're all aspects of poetry . . . I often have trouble drawing the line between one thing and another, one discipline and another . . . right and wrong, this and that. I get lost in the grey scale. The arts are reflections of each other . . . so for instance if I choreograph a ballet, that's just the same as pulling words out of my head to make a poem, or if I'm drawing musical scores that take their inspiration from the landscape, they're just as much poems as well.

A South Island writer . . . some people might find that significant . . . I suppose Dunedin is a unique place to work. It's not much good for restaurants and night life, but there's a core of writers, artists, musicians here who have particular reasons for staying . . . perhaps the landscape, perhaps the likeminded people around, an atmosphere of concentration, creativity, which is harder to find in other cities . . . the size of the place . . . it's a comfortable scale.

A Pakeha woman writer married to a Maori artist . . . that's interesting . . . there's obviously plenty of room for friction, but also a huge creative impulse created by that . . . we've had major upheavals, but luckily it's still a marriage, better than before . . . I'm happy that my marriage and my work can coexist . . . sometimes the interaction of the two has been almost unbearable, but the richness is undeniable, that makes it worth it.

My family: we're very close. I have an elder brother and two younger sisters. We all have children. My parents are still flourishing . . . the ancestors of both my parents . . . English on my mother's side, quite illustrious, and on my father's the heritage of St Kilda. That's rich, for a poet. In *Homing in*, there's a poem I wrote about that place, called *Songs for a Far Island* . . . I was just learning about it then . . . now, I want to find out more, to go there if possible, though it's difficult. It was evacuated in 1936; the population had got too small, and inbred, and they didn't survive intense contact with the outside world . . . tetanus among newborn babies in epidemic proportions . . . smeared fulmar oil on the umbilical cord . . . old magic . . . but the missionaries did the most damage, destroyed the old society. Earlier, much earlier it was an old matriarchal society, it seems . . . the Amazon House, the homed dwellings, stone courtyards, Celtic religion, then early Christians. Conachair the mountain above. Green meadows, without trees . . . but birds, but birdsong. Sleep the night on Conachair and wake a poet in the morning. The gift of perception. Cliffs, eggs, feathers, oil. The rope, on the cliff face . . . cragsmen, delicate cunning. With a horsehair noose on a long pole, snare a gannet, wring its neck and slip it under your belt. There's also the idea of balance, to run along cliff paths. A good path shakes and jumps you along like a cloth. Fulmars, puffins, on the black cliffs . . . spray, windswept grass, springs and streams, wildflowers. My father's forebears left on the ship *Priscilla*, bound

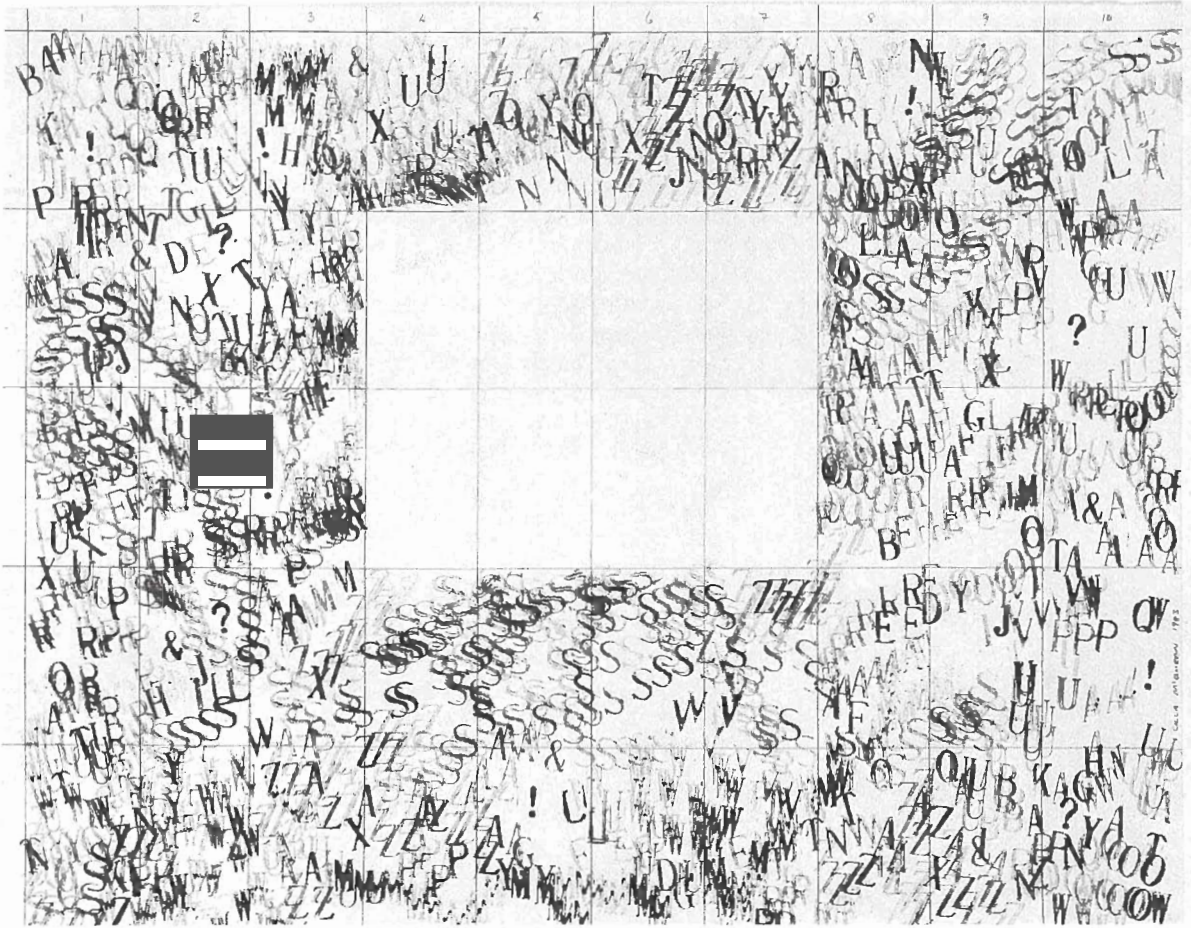


Fig. 93 Two people fall silent for four seconds during ten seconds of conversation among five people in a crowded room 1983

score: ink, rubber stamp and pencil on paper

46 x 62

for Melbourne, in the 1850s, and they lived in the place called St Kilda. And my father brought our family here from Australia. There's a St Kilda here in Dunedin, too. So it's probably not an accident that I feel at home here.

I feel strongly the line that connects me to that strange isolated civilisation . . . on the other side of the world, a tiny archipelago 50 miles outside the Outer Hebrides, perched on a few stacs of granite in mid-Atlantic among millions of seabirds, climbing the cliffs to gather eggs, catching birds for food and for oil. It was a very bare and precarious existence, but it clung on there for at least a couple of thousands of years . . . things I have in my bones are cliff-walking, the trust in the rope, birdsong, flight.

Poetry's condensed, compressed meaning. It's also song, at the melting point of words into music. What I like about performance is the element of improvisation, the live ingredient, the edge, the present moment, when it all comes together . . . stepping out, keeping balance . . . When I write a poem, it's usually because something has hit me, changed me in some way . . . it may not be anything more apparent than a slight shift of perception, but in any case what hits me is a difference, a flaw in the world I'm up against, and it makes the springing-off point . . . which isn't necessarily the same as an act of communication; that may come next, almost simultaneously in the case of improvised work . . . but it's never a question of trying to persuade anyone of some conviction or belief of mine . . . it's just an act, a gratuitous thing . . . to put this recognition into words, into song, into line, into colour . . . for my own pleasure, I suppose, and also a bit for other people, in order to communicate, but not to communicate a particular thing, but to express . . . kinship, an understanding . . .

I don't think that poetry is essentially polemic . . . for instance, you need explanation and expansion for political speech, whereas poetry has something condensed, it invites you inwards, you discover a lot in something small. You have to want to participate. In politics, you're telling, not seeking to elucidate . . . the growth of belief that one is right, the growth of dogmatism, bigotry . . . these are all getting into dangerous ground, and farther and farther away from poetry.

I'm sort of a signal box. I use all these different but related media, but it's my poetry, my perception of the world that's coming through in each one, even if it seems different on the surface . . . Which doesn't mean to say that I'm not politically aware . . . I am . . . I think that there is a new political consciousness arising, and it transcends racialism. It's to do with the Pacific. And also, Antarctica must be a world park. New Zealand has had too recent an experience of colonial acquisitiveness to allow it to be carved up for short-term exploitation by some greedy nations in the world. It's our responsibility.

Synaesthesia

the lines the eye can see the mind can hear
 the sounds the eye has found the ear can see
 the landscape sings inside my inner ear
 invisibly its silent harmony

the sounds the eye has found the ear can see
 the eyes see patterns that the brain can sing
 invisibly its silent harmony
 draw out the music inside everything

the eyes see patterns that the brain can sing
 invisibly the music pictures sound
 draws out the music inside everything
 and sings the lines of light my hand has found
 behind my eyes as melodies unfold
 the landscape sings inside my inner ear
 a visual music that my mind can hold
 the lines the eye can see the ear can hear

(early 1986)

ANNA KEIR



I was bom in Wellington in 1951. I grew up here, then lived, for a long time in Christchurch, where I went to art school. In 1980 I came back to Wellington to help Marian Evans and Bridie Lonie start the Women's Gallery. I was involved with women's art activities intermittently for about ten years from 1975 and supported this habit by working at a variety of jobs, including teacher, postie, proof-reader, housemaid and clerk. I now live in Wellington with my son Tom, age three, teach part-time and try to do my own work.

Bridie and Marian gave Anna written questions.

You have destroyed most if not all of your art school and early work. Why?

I think probably a lot of the destruction wasn't intentional though it certainly linked with not taking anything I did very seriously. I did painting at art school and I had a tendency—part economic—to paint over things. My gradual transition to working mostly on paper and drawing rather than painting would have been part of the reason why I started keeping more work. I couldn't re-use the paper in the same way (though I've sometimes cut up drawings that didn't work and re-used the bits of them that did or that fitted a later idea). Also, when I think about it, I did give away a lot of my art school work—I just never bothered to document it first.

When did you begin to make images that you felt you could keep, and what was the difference between those and the earlier ones?

Probably from about 1975—6 onwards. By then I was making mostly small-scale graphic works and from about 1976 I consciously tried either to get slides made or to keep at least one work from each series so I had some record. I started keeping a scrapbook of working drawings, cuttings and photos around that time and I think Rosemary Johnson encouraged me to do that—I'd visited her and had seen her beautifully ordered notebooks. By then I was realising that I was going to keep working in some way and that I did tend to work in series with each new thing visually having a fairly close relationship to what had gone before. So the importance of not covering my tracks became clearer.

How closely do you feel your work as an artist relates to the feminist movement in this country?

Obviously quite closely though I've certainly never consciously looked around for feminist themes. The feminist movement and, more specifically, the women's art movement, has definitely given me the confidence to express the sorts of themes that, temperamentally, I probably needed to anyway. Though of course I don't know what I would have ended up doing or what my work would have been like if there hadn't been a women's art movement. While I was at art school I had started trying to do some drawings based on photographs of my grandmother and her family but I gave up—because of not being able technically to do what I wanted rather than anything else—and went back to doing expressionist landscapes which often had quite strong references to bodies. I always wanted to paint people but couldn't and that was part of the reason for my transition to mostly drawing. In my first heady involvement with feminism and the women's art movement I feel I played with some rather overly-conscious 'women's symbols' (as distinct from themes)—things like moons and flower-vulvas. Now these reduce me to embarrassment, even scorn. (For example, see *Spiral 3*, p. 31.) It's a strong and possibly not entirely fair reaction to thinking such symbols can be too easy, too glib and therefore open to ridicule. They don't have enough ambiguity for me.

You say in a Broadsheet article that your work is partly an attempt to place yourself within a context. Could you talk about this in relation to the social circumstances of your childhood? What do you think helped you develop an interior world that was strong enough to become the subject of your work by your late twenties? For most women, I think, childhood images become of importance somewhat later in life.

I suppose it's to do with the effects—both positive and negative—of isolation. I'm an only child and I've spent a lot of time by myself. I think I'm by nature fairly solitary and then I find I don't want that level of aloneness and the isolation distresses me. I guess the positive side is that the interior world can be strengthened by being alone. The negative is that you can start living in it. I have been aware all my adult life that I retreat into fantasies very easily and that it's generally an indication



Fig. 94 **Untitled** 1979

pencil

28.5 x 21.5

that something in my life is out of balance. I used to spend a lot of time as a child with make-believe people and situations, acting things out either with tiny dolls I made out of wire or through drawing. A lot of what I do now has strong links to that play.

Could you talk about the function art has in your life?

It provides a way of thinking about things, ordering emotions, examining what's happening, past and present, expressing emotion. A lot of it is play. I think drawing or making something gives me an area of expression where I don't have to be as careful as I often feel is necessary in real life.

How much are you addressing an audience when you work? How much yourself?

When I'm absorbed in doing the work I might feel as if it's largely for myself but it's not: I do want the work to be seen and I do want to reach out with it. Quite often I'm thinking about specific people to whom I can't actually say what I'm trying to say in the work so the drawing becomes a way of addressing a particular person. Often now it's my son—not so much addressing him as just having him in my mind when I'm doing things. Quite often I think about an audience of other women, not specifically but along the lines of—okay, I'm dealing with a very personal experience of whatever it might be but all these personal experiences are universal to some degree and there will be other people (but more, and perhaps especially, women) who'll relate to it and that's a very supportive feeling.

Are you conscious of making social comment?

Often, sometimes quite clearly, sometimes in a much more ambiguous way which leaves a lot of room for people to feed in their own meanings. The drawings about myself and my mother are one series where I was quite clearly trying to make a social comment. And I felt the force of what I wanted to convey—that mix of love,

Fig. 95 Mother with child and grandmother 1982
 etching
 12.5 x 10



rage, loss and the mother/child being so caught together/bound together—was so strong for so many women that I knew when I was doing the drawings that other women would look at them and be able to relate to them very easily. With the later family group drawings there's still social comment but it's less obvious because the meanings there were a lot more private and purposefully veiled. The means I use to make any social comment are mixed, it depends on the work. Humour, odd juxtapositions of things, sometimes words if I want the meanings to be fairly explicit—like in the book I made the summer Tom was learning to talk and Dad had just had a stroke.

Could you talk about your work in relation to the past—for example, in the family series and in your work on your mother, the present seems represented by your active memory, while the past supplies all the pictorial information—you are translating the past, how much in its terms and how much in yours? Do you feel your work acts on your memory and alters your perception of the past or does the past remain intact?

I think I'm mostly translating the past on my terms. Certainly this is true of the drawings of Mum and me and of the later family portraits. This series of drawings of my parents and of their families that I made around 1982 were about my perception of those people as individuals. But, more than that, they are seen as a group, an 'ideal' family, in the traditional sense—Mum, Dad, kids—and I'm using them to comment, via the temperature charts at the top, on the sort of family any child I had wouldn't have. It's using the past to reconcile myself to and comment on the future.

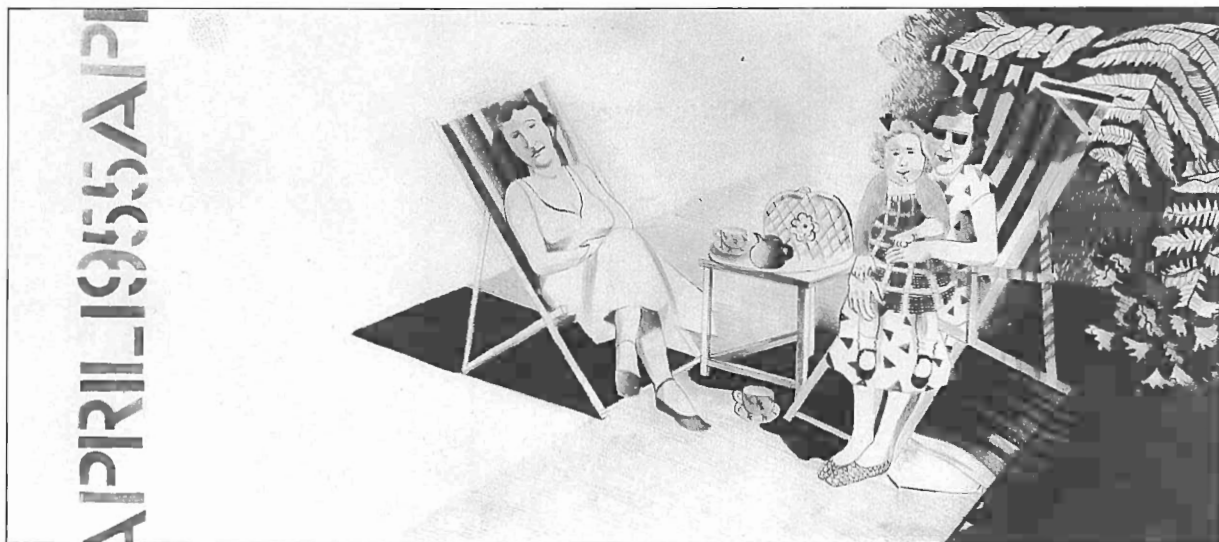


Fig. 96 Mother child and Aunt, April 1955 1982

pencil and watercolour

17 x 37.5

I think sometimes what I do changes my perception of the past and sometimes it doesn't. A lot of it is play with memory, visual memory as represented by the photographs and memories of stories I've been told. The family drawings are also partly about photographs and about drawing from them. The images and poses of these people came initially from photographs, often the only photographs I have of that person at that time. I've always been fascinated by photographs. I've always wanted to draw from them—to re-use, alter, combine and play around with them. I've no desire to be a photographer myself. It's a way of acting on the past. My father took lots of colour slides from the early fifties. On and in his wardrobe there are boxes and boxes of frozen moments of my childhood. Every now and then I think about how I'll have to 'deal with' them one day and I get a bit weary at the thought. But I'm glad they're there at the same time. And the earlier and much more fragmentary black and white records of my parents' lives.

I've always had a very strong sense of the present being about to become the past, and of the past working in the present. I want to record the moment, to hold it but I'm playing with it at the same time. In the last of the *Birthday party* series the children got older and put on masks and danced out of the frame and I was left standing in the middle, aged ten and holding my fish. So maybe that was partly about isolation and in that sense as much about the present as the past. But it was much more ambiguous and less intentional than that, more a playing with ideas and possible meanings.

I've heard lots of stories and comments from my parents about people, relatives, many of whom I've never met. And that information (which I love and value) is in my head but it's been filtered through my parents and sometimes they tell things differently than they did before. Some of it's hearsay, some of it's their parents' memories. So it's not a static past. And then I remember and I only remember selectively.

Fig. 97 Family portrait with chart 1982

collage pen watercolour

34 x 26



I like accuracy, both in the present and about the past. It matters to me to know what my mother wore in 1937, what games my father played in 1915. I've always wanted to be able to go back into the past, both personal and otherwise, and really experience it. But perhaps the drawings are in part my reconciliation with not being able to do this and an admission that the past is not something fixed, embalmed, but shifting. And so I play with that.

Are you aware of yourself as a New Zealander? How do you think this is made apparent in your work and are you concerned that it should be?

I'm aware of myself as a New Zealander but I think it was only when I was twenty-eight and had actually been to Europe and come back again that I was able to begin the process of accepting it. For a large part of my life I wanted to be in some other place, as I've often wanted to be in some other time.

I don't think being a New Zealander is much apparent in my work and that does concern me, though perhaps it's still an intellectual concern rather than a felt need. I don't yet quite know how to make it apparent and clearly it has to be through something internalised and not just an easy appropriation of symbols. Now I live in a Housing Corporation flat I want to do some drawings about State housing so perhaps that will be a start.

You've been involved in so many women's art movement activities at key historical periods. Why have you chosen to be involved in these specific things rather than working alone? Have there been any particular personal benefits that you feel will affect your work in the long term from being such an integral part of the women's art movement?

One thing which drew me to women's art activities was a growing feminist consciousness. The other was a very strong sense of art 'not being enough.'

I'd been interested in feminism since reading *The female eunuch* and *The second sex* around 1972. Feminist theories gave me the possibility of one way of making sense of the contradictions I sensed in my life and those of my friends. Towards the end of my time at art school I began to apply some of this thinking to an institution I'd never felt at ease in or particularly enriched by (though to be fair for my first two years at art school I was so scared that all my energy went into maintaining a fine balance between being as invisible as possible and still passing courses.) I remember that in my third year (and third attempt at passing Structure 1) we had a group video project and it was clear to me that it was the males who directed and filmed and the females who assisted and cleaned up. No-one 'set it up' like this. They didn't need to. In 1973 in an art school where women comprised at least 50 per cent of the students but where only one woman was a teacher (who taught only Stage I) and where women's work was rarely mentioned in Art History classes, to take no positive action to make it happen differently was enough. This was 'just the way it happened' and though I commented on it in my report at the time I certainly wasn't up to doing anything else.

My first contact with someone who was consciously thinking about the issues surrounding art and gender was in 1974: Allie Eagle who was then Exhibitions Officer at the Robert McDougall Gallery and documenting women's work came and photographed some of my stuff. Then in 1975 I began going to meetings of the Christchurch women artists group. I was twenty-four, had just finished art school and teachers college and was teaching part-time and trying to do my own work as well.

I can't remember a lot about those early meetings but I do remember Heather McPherson (who had started the group and was then putting together the first issue of *Spiral*) ringing me and asking me how my work was going. I immediately started telling her about teaching until she said 'I don't mean that.' It seems such a minor thing but it meant a lot to me then.

My feeling of art not being enough was tied up with the idea that it came from the self and fed back into (or ate up) that self, that it didn't change anything, or, unless one was 'great', didn't contribute anything to that world. And that it was in many ways a selfish activity. These ideas were very strong for me, for many years, and linger on still. I'm aware of them now only when I'm very discouraged or broke or when the balances of my life are upset. But for a long time they were very strong and, consciously or not, they affected many of my choices. I think they had several sources. In part they were a response to a strong female conditioning which left me with a lingering tendency to define anything which required a serious concentration on myself as selfish. This linked with a background where art was okay, good even, as an accomplishment, a hobby, but not as a serious career as it didn't pay. I see these attitudes as immensely common stumbling blocks, the latter for men too. For me they both contributed to a profound lack of confidence, a fear of failure and therefore of risk.

Now since the women's art movement, I see much of this idea of art not being enough as a symptom of the difficulties of trying to make art without a context and within an unsupportive, and often undermining culture. Without models of women who were artists—not 'exceptional' women such as Rita Angus and Frances Hodgkins who often seemed to me to have paid far too high a price, but of women around

WOMENS

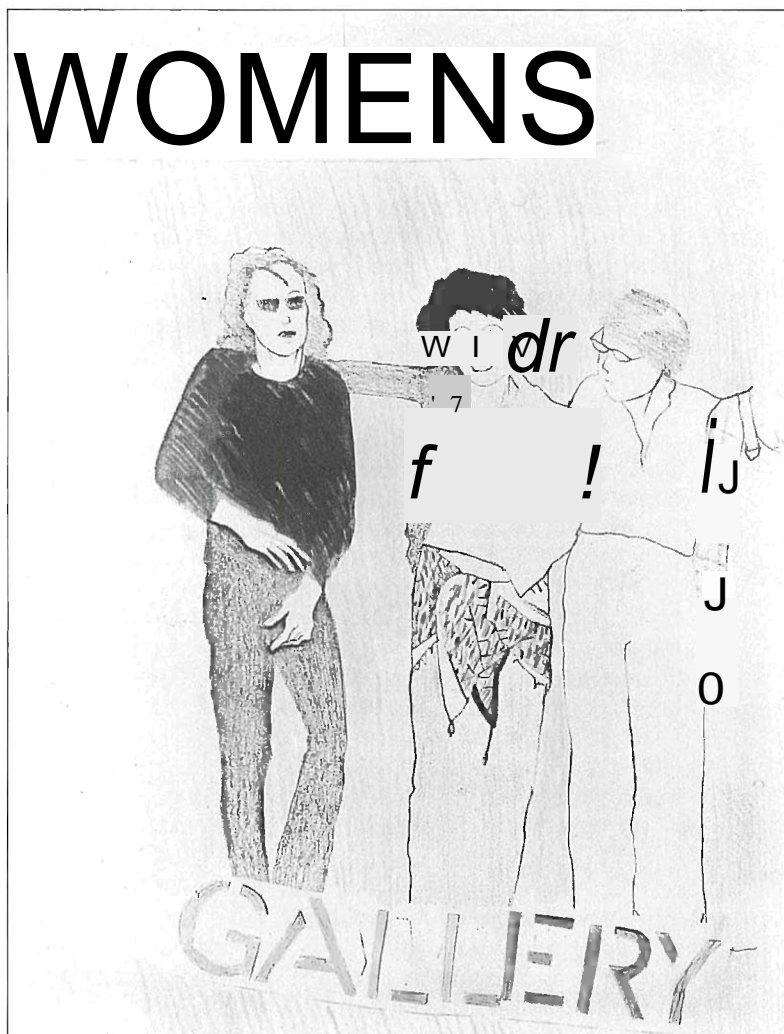


Fig. 98 Lesson in transience: lesson in wholeness

1982:

pencil drawing from xeroxed artists book

29 x 21

me who had children and other jobs and somehow integrated making art into that. Without an audience, a sense of whom the work was for. Without any real sense of the reasons for going on. I had never been quite able to work out why when the urge to record, order, transmute my experiences in some visual form was a continuing need for me, I remained largely so unaffected, even disaffected, by art schools, artists and art galleries. Now I see this as being a difficulty with the ways art is institutionalised rather than a problem with me. And now, because I have the context of the women's art movement to work from, I don't find it such a problem.

There are still very few people I can show my work to with ease. Yet I have a much stronger belief in the validity of what I want to do. That my work is and

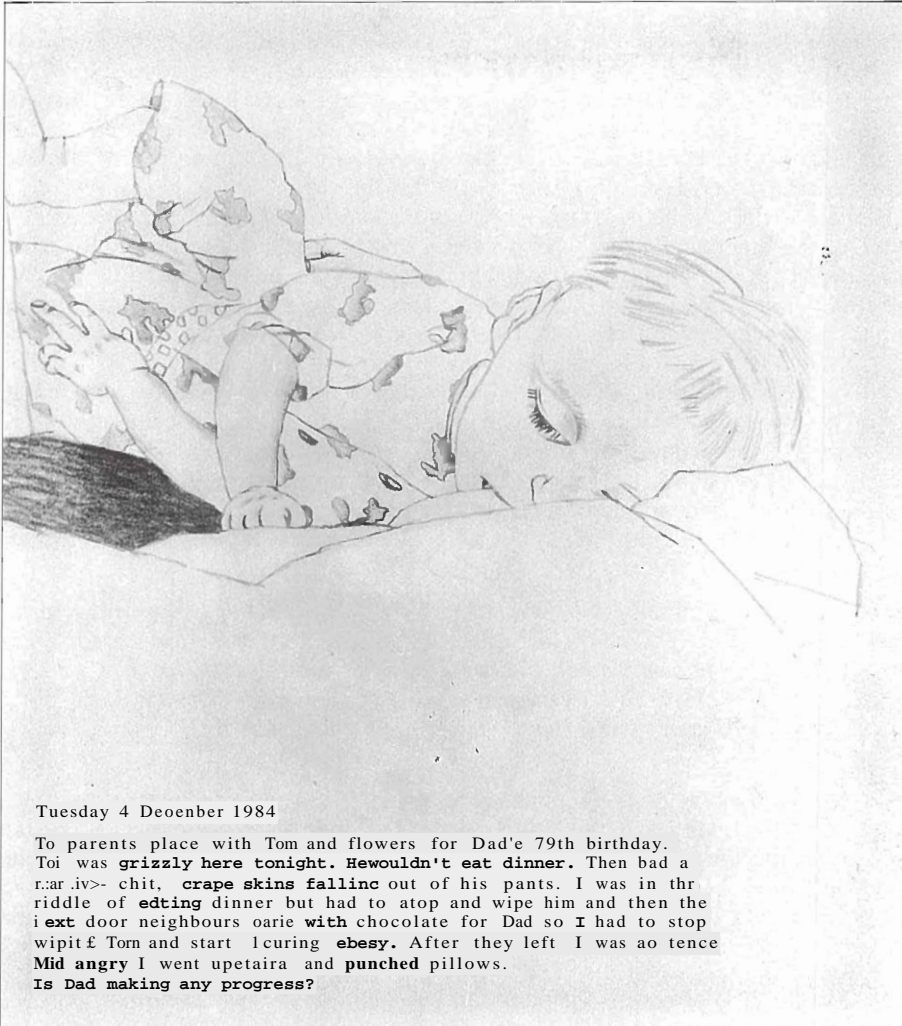


Fig. 99 Untitled diary of a summer 1984

pencil drawing from artists book

30 x 23

will go on being a fairly direct expression of one particular female reality and that's okay. And if that seems, as it does to me writing it, a very tame statement, maybe that's a measure of the difference the women's art movement has made and of the changes women of my generation had to create.

One of the particular benefits of the last ten years for me has been friendship and a sense of community. I have a sense of shared concerns and commitments which—though focusses and interests change—creates some lasting bond. I can look back and see where I—and we—have come from: a tradition and my place within that. And I can see lots of women around me who are making art, writing about art, thinking about art. And I can feel a sense of who I'm doing the work for, of it not just being for me.

I've gone on being involved in women's art movement activities because working together with other women to try to create conditions which make both making and looking at art more interesting and accessible makes good sense to me. Much of my work has been organising to create opportunities for other women. I've usually felt fine about this as I've seen it in a wider perspective of making opportunities for us all, with the administering role being something I've chosen in this context. But it certainly hasn't been a role without conflict for me.

While I feel privileged to have been part of the Women's Gallery and in retrospect awed by the amount women who worked there achieved, I felt ultimately taken over and burnt out by it. I worked there full time for eighteen months and it's taken me a long time to sort out its lasting benefits for me. One of the difficulties for me in working collectively was balancing my own needs with other women's, being clear about what I was doing and why.

I felt after leaving the Women's Gallery that I didn't want to be involved in any more collective activities for some time. This had to do with being very tired and finding I was coming up against the same old barriers in myself which still turned out to be about lack of confidence. I'm interested to realise looking back that I've done very little collaborative art work. I've done a lot of collaborative organising and exhibited solely in group shows but the actual making of art has largely remained a solo activity.

I got a great shock to be asked by an Australian woman at ANZART if I knew you, whether you were in Auckland too, where she could see some of your work. You're fairly invisible here and largely unknown, but your work in Mothers which this Australian woman had seen (and which is also remembered here) is very strong and you've been working away for years. What's happened, why aren't you exhibited in dealer and public galleries, why aren't you written about?

It's probably because of a combination of things, some intentional choices, some to do with personality and the way I work. I've spent large amounts of the last ten years putting energy into projects like the Christchurch Women's Art Environment, the Women's Gallery, *Spiral* at various times. And when I stopped doing this I had a child who kept me occupied for a long time. Though I've almost always been doing some of my own work as well there have been times when I pretty much stopped. And often I've felt, when I've been working, that I haven't had the sustained concentration or energy to do it properly.

I appreciated being able to exhibit in contexts like *Mothers* where all the different approaches combine into a rich accumulation of ideas around a theme. And the feedback that's been obtained in these contexts has been very important to me. There having been richer and more appropriate contexts in which to exhibit is the positive side of why I haven't got into dealer galleries. The negative part comes back to lack of confidence, lack (until recently) of the sustained time and drive required because I've chosen to do other things. I still often find my technical abilities clumsy. The cost of presenting works professionally is prohibitive and I've been slow to learn the technical skills required (they certainly weren't taught at art school). I now feel I have the commitment and time to work more and in many ways would like to show more, sell more. But it seems important for now just to keep on working.

(February—April 1986)

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JANE ZUSTERS



Jane Zusters born 1951 look part in many of the women's art activities in Christchurch in the mid seventies. She now lives in Auckland and works primarily in the mediums of painting and photography. (Bridie.)

Bridie and Marian interviewed her in Auckland; Jane later edited and made supplements to the transcript, with us.

Do you feel conscious of living in the South Pacific? Some of your paintings have that feeling.

I was brought up a South Islander and Christchurch is the last bastion of the European monoculture. One of the things I've liked about Auckland is being with people from other cultures. I suppose you could see a Pacific influence!—it's the things like the colours and there are little bits that look to me Aboriginal and there are Island trees, now and then the zig-zags of tapa and the bright sea not the grey cold . . .

I did live in Fiji for a while about twelve years ago and that was important for me. I thought my first photographs there even though I had no camera. I literally burned images into my brain—sitting inside a bure and watching a sunset through a hole in the wall framed with thatch, coloured roosters glinting against the mud. Owe, the woman who took care of me on Bega, paddling her canoe—everything was so bright and vivid. I think going to Tunisia had a similar effect on Paul Klee. It opened my eyes which had been half shut. When I came back I went to art school.

Do you ever use Polynesian symbols in your paintings? Do you have any difficulty with misappropriation?

I have a great deal of respect for Polynesian art but I am not into outright cultural appropriation. I wouldn't put tapa patterns around my borders much as I love tapa. It has to be an absorbed influence for me—to have been filtered through my own unconscious. I think many Maori images are creeping into the collective unconscious of the Pakeha!

After Fiji I went to art school for two years and then I dropped out. I reached a point at which I had to choose between what I perceived to be my own direction and satisfying the requirements of the institution and they were in conflict so I left. I was a feminist in an inflexible institution. The painting department was too stifling for me. I don't like to be confined to one medium. I'm a multimedia artist. I see all the different media as feeding each other. I take photographs but I'm not interested in being a photorealist painter. The photo exists in its own right as well as being a trigger for a compositional or colour sensation in some other medium. The sgraffito effect I use in my painting can be traced first to etching and then through ceramics and then into painting. I've always gone in and out of the abstract via the figurative and my concern today is to put together the kind of vehicle which enables me to use any element I like.

I remember the ceramic objects you used to send to the Women's Gallery and the statement you made about beauty in Rhondda Bosworth's article.

Oh yes—that it was much more difficult to make a statement about beauty than to wallow in the shit.

Do you still feel that?

Yes. I like to find some kind of balance in my work between the roses and the black spots. I want to put the whole continuum of emotion or whatever I'm concerned with into my painting. I've just done a series of paintings about the Rainbow Warrior



Fig. 100 Portrait of a woman marrying herself
 1977
 black and white photograph
 22 x 22 (4 images)

because it was something that touched my life. I suppose my work is about whatever is close to me and the people I've loved. My work has always had a strong autobiographical element. I suppose that would be my connection with the feminist art movement—the personal is political.

Now my feminism is something I've internalised so I don't feel the need to make self-consciously feminist images. One statement from me in 1977 was a portrait of a woman marrying herself. The metaphor of marrying oneself implied a woman taking responsibility for her own life and being prepared to care for herself. I guess I'm a post-feminist survivor!

Do you ever provide statements about the meaning of the symbols you use in your works?

I would always throw back at you, the person who is looking at the paintings, the interpretation. I would say let that image work on your psyche and let you come



Fig. 101 Dis-ease culture 1985

acrylic on paper

560 x 780

up with whatever you like about it. I do not provide specific interpretations for my work even though it's full of things like boats, bones, life-savers and fragments of reality.

You must have a philosophy about the position of the artist in society, the function of the artist?

Gosh I've never thought about that but we're the bone people really—apologies to Keri Hulme—we're sort of pointing bones: art objects are power objects for journeys into the psyche. But for me being an artist reduces to my own obsession and needs to make art which have gone back to childhood. I suppose I could say that I was an art junkie meaning that I'm addicted to the process of making visual images.

What are your feelings about the art world?

Well I think one of the bad legacies of the nineteenth century has been the creation of those romantic myths which equate genius with tormented and demented artists living at some kind of edge. The only ones who benefit from this are the art investors

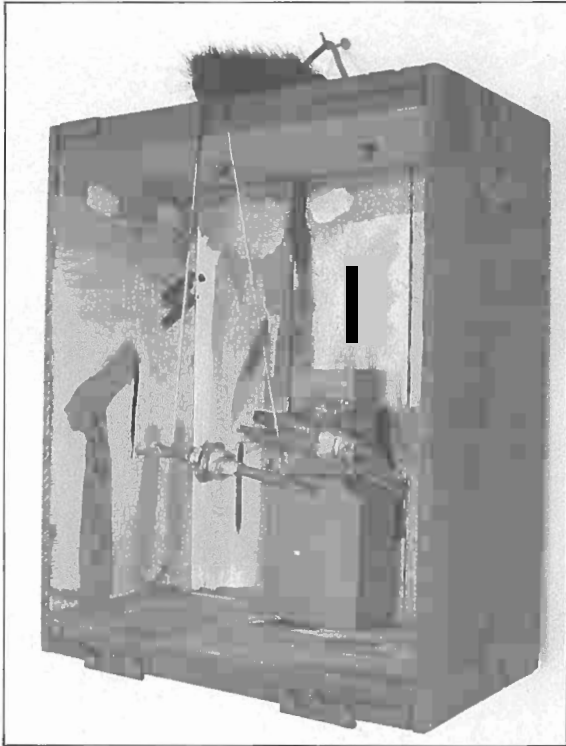


Fig. 102 **Porangi box** 1983
mixed media

who speculate on artists. Women's career patterns have been quite different from men's. We're quite often late starters and not so focussed or so directed and ambitious early in our careers, though that's probably changing for the younger generation of women.

Could you talk about the work you've done with murals, for example the Carrington project?

On a political level as an artist I benefitted from the unemployment policies of the National Government in that I got a number of opportunities to work full-time as an artist on P.E.P. projects. One of them was when I worked as a community art worker at Carrington Hospital where there was a dichotomy between the job I was doing for the hospital and my own personal work in which I articulated my feelings about the world of Librium and Stelazine straitjackets.

In the ward I was painting quite naive and consciously inoffensive pictures of windows and gardens and then I'd go to the room where the artists were based and give vent to my real feelings in constructions of found objects.

The dichotomy didn't upset you?

I was glad to be capable of it because I saw the painting I was doing up in the ward as being a gift for the patients. I felt they needed to see things that uplifted them rather than depressed them. The feedback I got from people was incredibly positive.

And did they see the other things you were doing?

Well *Porangi box* was named by Bill, a Maori carver patient who Emily Karaka was working with. He came in one day and taught me that word when he saw



Fig. 103 Milano post-modern 1984

acrylic on paper

560 x 780

what I was doing. *Porangi box* had begun when a man in the wards gave me two stones as if they were real treasures. I turned them into boats that sail in a wooden lake in a world made of objects discarded around the hospital. The world outside my *Porangi box* has treasure—it is the world of the unconscious—the spirit world—a power space to be explored to re-enter the imagination.

Librium blanket with mask and totem was about how in our culture people are turned into shells/masks by the suppression of their real feelings through pharmaceutical drugs. The totem was an authority symbol and in this case a maimed and deranged one. Totems have been a recurring structure in my work.

You spent six months in Italy recently. Did that affect your work?

I was living in a small provincial town called Biella and I had a room in a disused apartment six floors up that I could use as a studio. I used to take the elevator up there and confront myself and my experiences on pieces of paper on the floor, without brushes but using a burin. The way I'm working at the moment comes out of that time. Before I left New Zealand I was getting more realistic in my painting than I felt comfortable with. I was evolving a way of juxtaposing abstraction with fragments of reality.

Do you feel you're coming into your maturity as an artist?

I should jolly well hope so.

(September 1985—May 1986)

BRIDIE LONIE



Born 1951

Bachelor of Fine Arts from Elam. One daughter. Eve worked in various aspects of the art world—painting, writing, coordinator at the Women's Gallery. I've benefited from support and encouragement throughout my life, particularly from Jean, Iain and Judith Lonie. I am at present at Training College, in Dunedin.

Making art or talking about my own fills me with panic (Pan was the Greek god who caused terror in the countryside, the untamed element)—art for me is either a *rile de passage* or an exercise in contemplation, the function of which is to calm. As a child I was always encouraged to paint or draw. We travelled a great deal and I suppose it soon became for me a way of ordering things, a personal necessity. The mechanics were necessary only in so far as they were useful to me.

Moving from country to country, and later in my adolescence, I painted about difficulties without self consciousness: later, when sexuality became too evident a subject, my work embarrassed me. Consequently going to art school posed problems. Now I think, though perhaps it's not as true as it should be, the self is regarded as a reasonable subject. Then in the early seventies the self was an untidy element, not spoken of: modernism for me was an ivory tower concern with the sublime—its iteration that paint was paint and nothing but, never convinced me. I read anthropology, in particular Claude Levi-Strauss, for another way in. He talked about the inter-dependance of things, the ways in which all of a society's various habits and arrangements accorded to a cohesive scheme, a world-view. So the ways domestic utensils were used told essentially the same story as did ritual and relationship: I didn't realise then how nearly that touched me as a woman. As an intellectual discipline it freed me from the feeling that art was an exalted province. It didn't however make it any easier for me to talk about my female self explicitly: the climate at Elam was inimical to that. It snuck in sideways, with alizarin red dots towards my menstruation. There remained however a dissonance, and I didn't finish my MFA.

When I started working, at various library and teaching and bookselling jobs, I painted big silhouettes of myself along with hands in symbolic gestures, tools of trade, words and things. There never seemed much of an audience for these and I didn't understand them fully myself (though one never does or need). They ended up cut into bits, or used as roof repairs. I still painted the big abstracts I'd painted at Elam, but their obliquity no longer satisfied.

In 1977 Joanna Paul asked me to participate in *A season's diaries*: in this I had to talk about myself (paint about myself): and for years now I'd hidden myself from my work. I used the landscape as a metaphor, timidly: but the exercise brought me in touch with the women's art movement, the Christchurch women, in particular Anna Keir and Allie Eagle: Marian I'd known for years by then. That was the first time I'd seen anything Marian had done: she seemed to find no difficulty in bringing herself openly and explicitly into the chart she wrote, with its references to the moon, to Greek poetry and to her garden. I saw that as her particular gift: I remember Joanna pointing out that it was the women who weren't 'artists' who made the most direct and effective statements (Gladys Gurney was the other). I still had too much belief in the art hierarchy to see the point.

The next year some artists started the Wellington artist co-operative in a big warehouse and had a show—I made a double spiral of eggs, which I bought and at the end of two days took to the Home of Compassion, where the nun who took them said she'd pray for me. Real eggs, a real double spiral: the obduracy of found or co-opted objects prevented me from the destruction I'd been enacting upon my paintings, which were confusing me. The whole thing, from their purchase, through the destruction of some of them by the poet who walked across the spiral, to their finish as food for the children I wasn't having, was one process: again I still saw the central issue as me making the spiral, isolated in my role as artist.

In late 1979 Marian proposed the Women's Gallery. It opened with a group show: participants formed the first collective. There were to be no solo shows; we wanted group exhibitions based on themes of interest to women. We planned a long series and prepared them over the next two years, in the first location of the Gallery. It was a space where I felt able to make art about things that bothered me: to use it

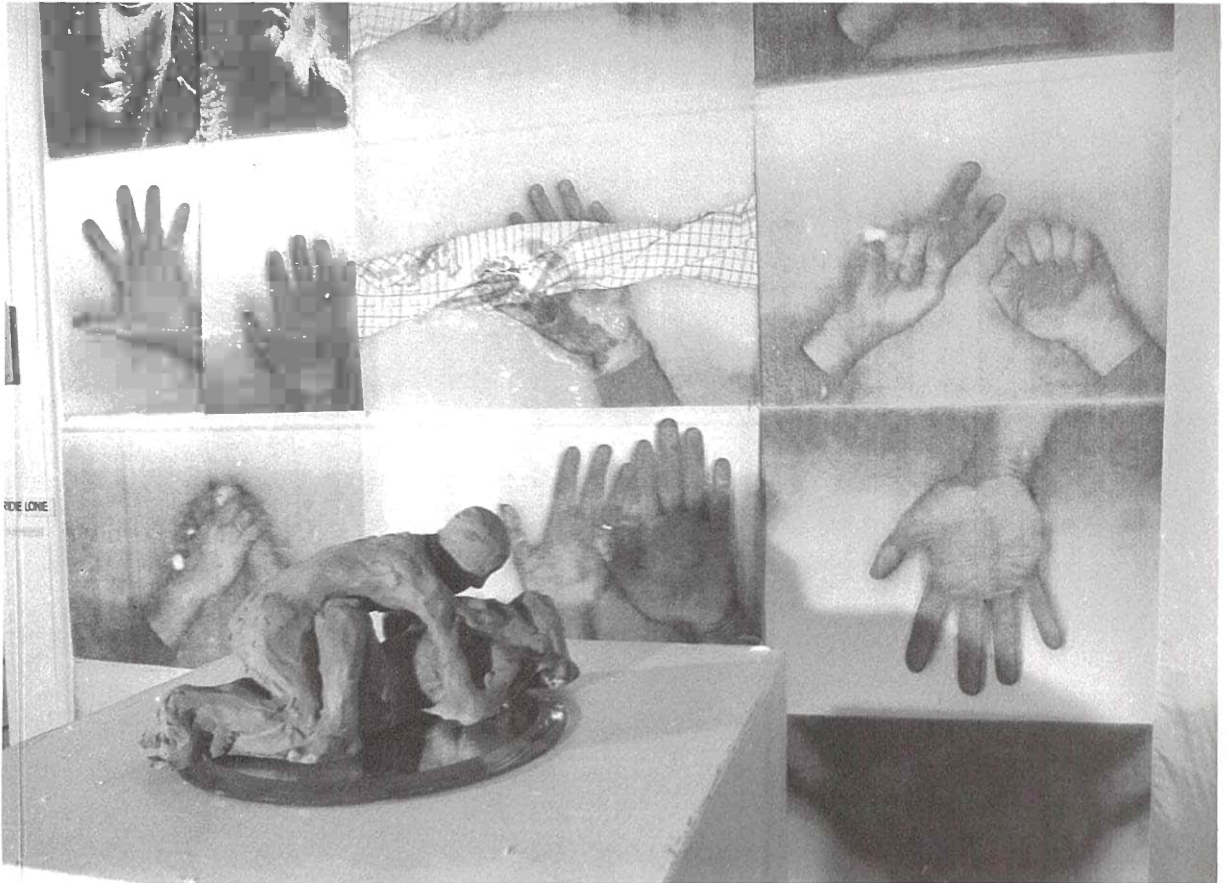


Fig. 104 Untitled 1980
 installation *Women and violence* exhibition,
 Women's Gallery
 clay figure xeroxes metal frame

as a place for art to fulfill its cleansing, developing function: the achievement of new understanding and growth, marked by the *rite de passage*. This function is at odds with any intention to make a living from art by making saleable objects.

The first piece I did followed on from the double spiral and from the menstrual red that had inserted itself into my abstracts. It was a combination of choices, a claustrophobic corner with a chair, hangman's noose, red curtains, a mirror, hay, a nest . . . white stocks nearby. Later in the year I drew Marian's and Anna's hands as part of Joumingher's piece *Walking the crack between worlds*, and painted a floor, red dots again. Then Heather McPherson coordinated *Women and violence* (1980) and I confronted the domestic violence I had come to know: this piece combined the functions of catharsis and development. I think now it has some of the qualities my abstracts have: a deliberate ordering and distancing, a concentration on tone rather than colour. I placed a clay figure, which appeared to be that of a couple making love but was in fact a man strangling a woman (who lies acquiescent, even collusively), in front of a wall of xeroxes of my brother Angus's and my hands. They were variously affectionate and angry, twisting a teatowel between them till it became a taut rope.



Fig. 105 Signs of life in Aotearoa 1985

performance piece by Marian Evans and Bridie Lonie at ANZART in Auckland

With these I used images from Ghiberti's bronze doors for the Baptistry in Florence: a calm woman, a troubled man. Around the corner was a vertical row of xeroxes of my hands making shapes such as hearts, behind a metal cage.

I think now what I wanted to describe, exorcise, explore, analyse—all those things—was the aspect of collusion there can be in domestic violence. It was a piece about my own experience which I was able to do something about, and it didn't speak for women who have children and live in economic dependence upon their violent men. It was one aspect of the problem.

At the end of that year, in a show called *3 Sculptors* I exhibited with Rosemary Johnson and Di ffrench. I traced silhouettes of Anna Keir and my sister Jenny Black on the walls of a small room, placing beside one of them an outline derived from a mannerist painting. Rosemary, when she had made her own installation, added a circle of broken mirror pieces on the floor which maybe made the piece more explicitly angry; I wondered about it but left it. It was about being a woman artist surrounded by male angels: the woman's face and womb are made of broken mirror: she's turning away from the angel but evidently needs assistance and is watched from the other end of the room by a more stalwart woman who stands alone, except for a little dolphin-like shape. (Plate 31). The piece seems quite clear to me now: when I made it it baffled me but it had a life of its own which was the main thing.

Since then I have had a child, painted, drawn, and worked on various projects with Marian. The paintings, which continue directly from those I did at art school, still satisfy my more contemplative needs.

(1986)

LYNNSAY RONGOKEA



Born 1952

Collage of Thoughts

The following thoughts are not written on the spur of the moment, they are a collection of observations gathered over the years.

*The things this culture wants me to be
I won't be . . .
The things this culture wants to be
it can't be . . .
I know what I see
But do I see what I know*

Why do people want to burn or destroy what they can't understand? Why are they aggressive in the face of something that is different? Art is not meant to tranquilise or give people nice, warm, secure feelings only. It's also supposed to excite, challenge, upset, antagonise, enrage, stimulate, and unify.

What follows here are some thoughts I shared with Irihapeti Ramsden.

I suppose I should start off where I was adopted like a lot of us, by my mother's sister and her husband. My birth mother is my auntie and my auntie is the mother who brought me up, so I consider my birth mother to be my auntie and my auntie to be my real mother. My birth father was a pakeha, and so I'm not dark, but I'm not fair enough to be a pakeha, so I suppose I felt that I was neither one nor the other and felt in a sort of limbo, and it has affected me for most of my life, not fitting into one and not fitting into the other. But I can cope with that now, I've learned to merge the two, and get the best from both cultures.

My family came to New Zealand from Rarotonga with the intention of one day going back. They had their own land there, but to be able to develop it they needed money and so they came here, to a land where there were more choices and alternatives. It was the land of milk, honey and money! But when they got here any money they earned was spent on surviving.

They came from a fairly simple lifestyle into a culture heavily slanted with materialism. They were also confronted with discrimination. They had trouble finding employment, they had trouble finding accommodation. I remember when we left Huntly and went to live in Wellington: we went there because my father had hurt himself in the mines and so to get another job we had to move to a city and my mother going to look for housing and ringing up and going round and when they see her they say sorry lady it's gone. Being rebuffed on a racial basis because of your colour and being surrounded by people thinking one thing and saying another can rob you of your fabric, your spontaneity.

My upbringing was very sheltered, with the basic fundamentals of life, love, warmth, shelter, food and a constant reminder to be proud and not forget my roots, and my ancestors, who are still present in spirit. Within the family and extended family my parents retained their identity, language and spontaneity. They tried to shelter me from all their negative experiences as much as possible. I remember being told pakehas are different, you've got to be careful because they'll think this, or they'll talk or don't do this because they'll talk or don't be untidy because they'll talk; in the end you get too damn scared to say any damn thing in case it wasn't the right thing. I thought what the hell are they going to talk about and let them talk. When certain pakehas came to our house, they would say gosh your house is clean or your yard is tidy. Why shouldn't it be clean and tidy?

When I moved to Wellington in the fourth form I couldn't cope with the bigness, I was shy and quiet. I made no decision about what I was going to do when I went to school there, my parents made my decisions for me. I hadn't any close friends and I was very lonely. People are shy and quiet for lots of reasons: mine being because my parents had protected me from outsiders. I think people treated me like some sort of dumb bitch. I was quiet, but I was still taking things in around me, and actually getting some sort of joy out of it. When I left school I wanted to go nursing, but my parents thought the best thing for me to do was to get into an office, which is what I did for the next two years. I didn't really know what I wanted; I wanted to be like my grandmother and have lots of kids and there's nothing wrong with that! I didn't want to travel, or go to university.

When I turned eighteen I did rebel. I left home which caused a big rift and I couldn't cope with that and so the next thing I did was to get pregnant. I hear a lot of pakeha women talking about young girls from working class families who leave home and go and get pregnant and I happen to be one of the girls or women they've spoken about. I just wanted a baby that I could love and call my own. Looking back on it now, I'm sure subconsciously, escape was one of my principal objectives but like all escapees . . . problems cropped up. I could barely cope with the rapid changes I was experiencing. Marriage, motherhood and shifts brought unbearable pressures on me but I had what I would call the earthy craftiness (which is a major strength of



Fig. 106 Lynnsay Rongokea and her daughters

1986

top (l. to r.) Charlotte Serena Marie

bottom (l. to r.) Bonita Lynnsay Sarah

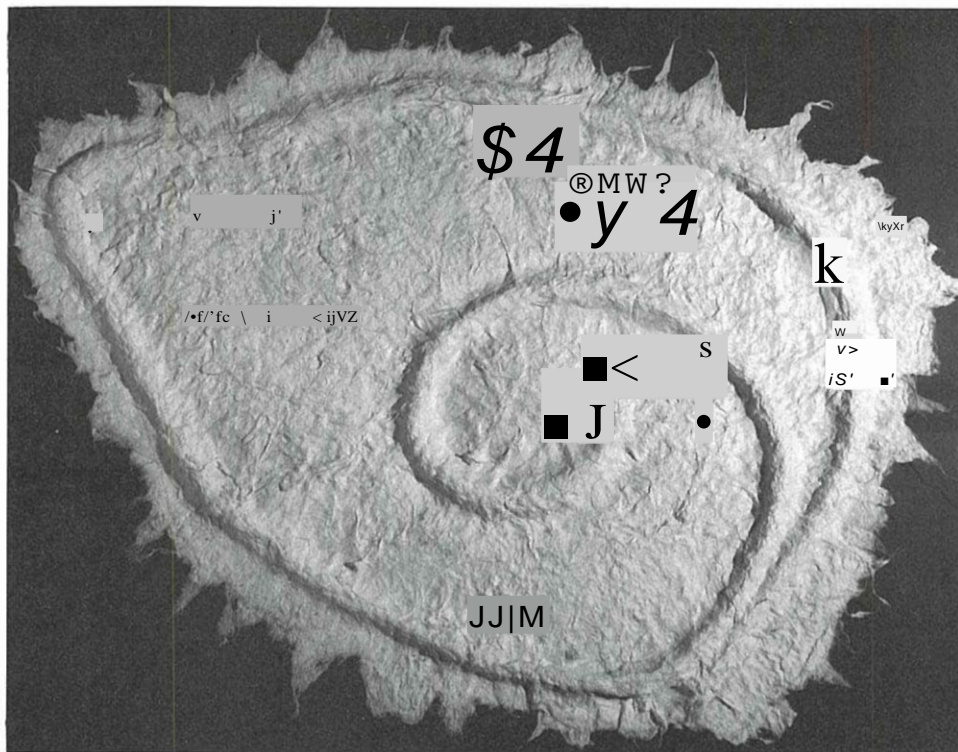
Polynesians) to help me hang on. But my marriage did open many doors. It was my introduction not only to the art world, but also to people from all sorts of social levels.

At that stage I didn't think of myself as being an artist, I was too busy being a mother. A lot of people make a big deal out of being a mother. For me I was instinctively a mother, I didn't make a big deal out of whether I was doing this right or that right, the girls were there and I took care of them. During this time things were extremely difficult, and so I enrolled at Polytech to do pottery and at YWCA to do patchwork. I found that pottery wasn't for me. But I got a lot from working with fabric and knitting. Knitting is my thing, I used to knit for everyone. Anyone who wanted a jersey I would knit it, they would come along and say, I want a jersey like such-and-such for my child and I would say yes of course and I'd knit it and get a big kick out of it, but I didn't think of that in terms of being creative, it was something that I liked doing and that I was good at. I was also working and have always worked part-time in an office. By now I had Serena, Marie, Sarah and was pregnant with Charlotte, and then John said he wanted to go overseas and I thought oh well why not. It was tough, we went to England for six months, John got a lot out of it but

Fig. 107 Harakeke

paper work 1986

54x75



I just wanted to come home. I rang my parents up twice crying over the phone because I missed them, and I had no one in England. And then we came back to New Zealand, we had no money, nothing. We had to start from scratch.

The children and I stayed with my parents for two months which was beaut, I had a wonderful time with them, and then we came to Dunedin. Four months later my father died. Maybe that was why I wanted to come back to New Zealand, because I sensed that there was something not quite right. My father said to me one day in the garden that no matter what anyone says about you that the main thing is that you're happy in life. I remember writing to him from Dunedin, when he was in hospital to tell him that I was having another baby (Bonita), but I never heard from, or saw him again. At least I have the memory of our talk in the garden: I was in limbo, I didn't know what direction I was going in and he knew that I was searching for something.

Having all these children, I spent much time making things with them, and doing things for them and getting enjoyment out of it. Then reading an article in *Fiberarts* magazine, I saw there were women who were doing all the things that I was doing, and being 'artists' and I thought, why can't I do that.

My exposure to art within the home was my grandmother's and mother's patchwork quilts. The women in my mother's family are all strong women and are all creative in their own way. They make patchwork quilts, knit and crochet. But their main artwork is their whole Polynesian approach to life.

My mother, a dressmaker, spends a lot of time sewing and doing needlework, she is very creative and it was from her that I developed my love for fabric and fibre.

It was also through my interest in working with fibre, spinning, weaving, dyeing, knitting and felting, that I discovered papermaking. I had thought I'd like to get into

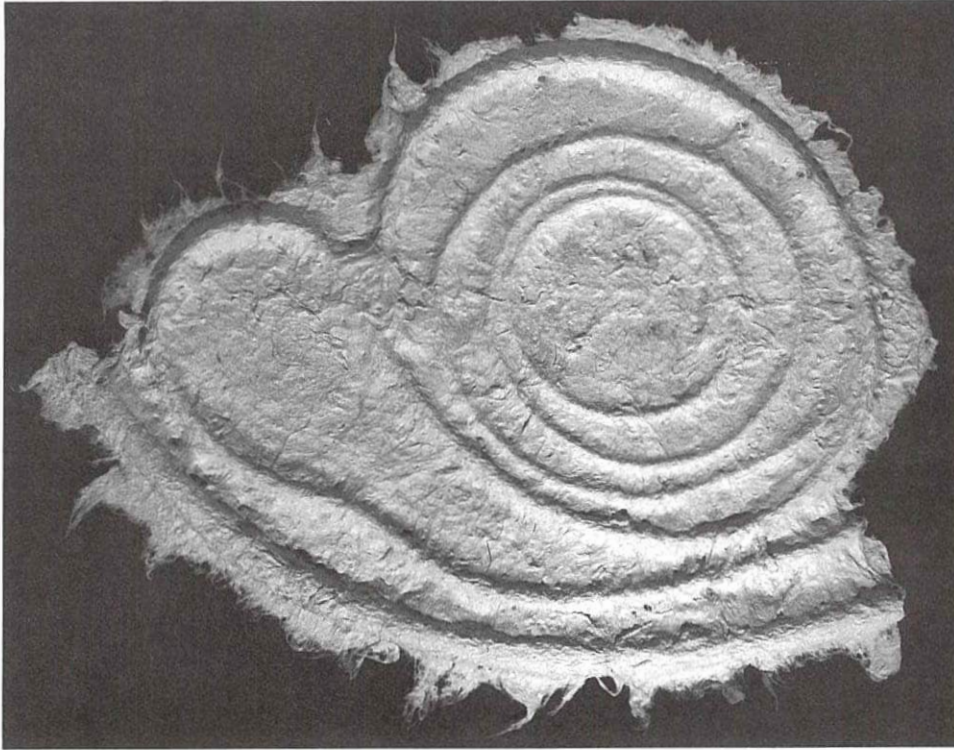


Fig. 108 Harakeke
paper work 1986
61 * 65

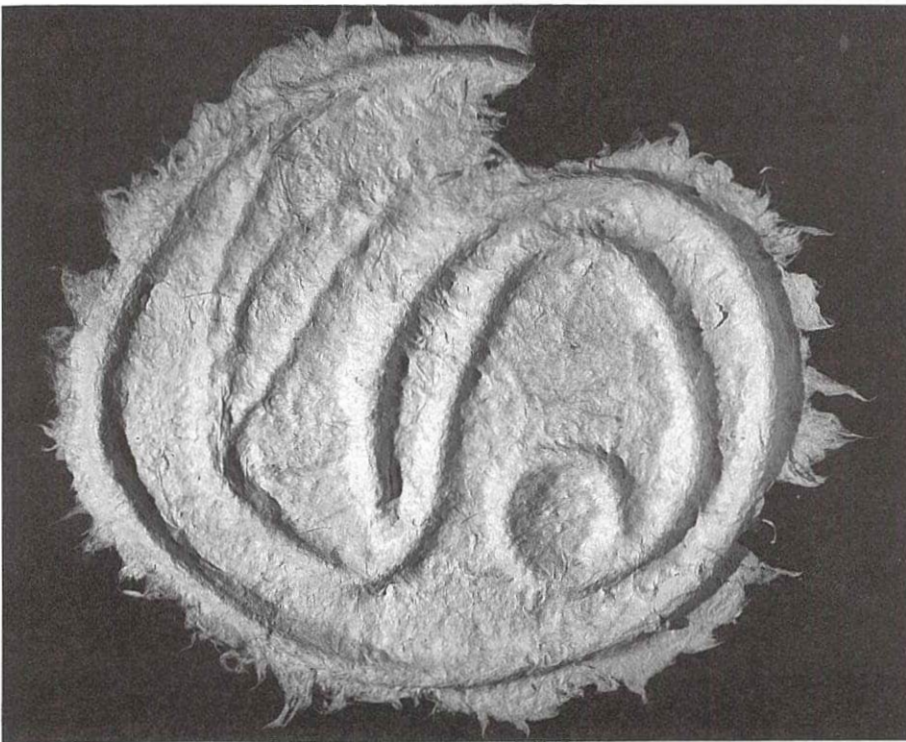


Fig. 109 Harakeke
paper work 1986
56 * 69

taaniko weaving, that I would like to make kete, but I knew that there were already a lot of Maori women who were already doing this. I wanted to express myself in a more contemporary way.

I've been making harakeke paper, using a material that has traditionally been used for taaniko waving, kete, cloaks, but I'm using it differently.

My work reflects an interest in colour and texture in fibre, and the movement in shapes, colour and colour combinations. I like to use abstract imagery and geometric shapes, because the design possibilities are endless. Colour is very important in my work—and I use bright, bold, strong colours.

I'm exploring my artistic abilities which I have never consciously explored before using the medium of handmade paper. The basic philosophy behind my work is coming to terms with certain feelings and becoming free to express those feelings and emotions that have been bottled up for years, in a creative way—using the negative experiences in a positive way. When I've finished a piece I like people to get their own feelings from it, either positively or negatively, it doesn't really matter, just as long as they respond to it. I feel that art is something that's instinctive, I don't think it needs to be spelt out to someone. For me art isn't just something that you hang on the wall, a bit of sculpture or whatever, my art is me. That's not my art and this is not me. We're one.

I don't think of my work as being Polynesian, but I think that me being Polynesian comes through without me making a conscious effort, saying oh yeah, this has a Polynesian influence, or this has a Maori influence but I feel my ancestors, the old people, are always there, guiding me in what I'm doing and the decisions that I make and I feel that I have been guided in the right direction. That's something that I've always been brought up with, that there isn't only the physical world but the spiritual world as well. I feel very good about myself now and I know who I am—where I am at and where I am going. Before I couldn't cope with my isolation and aloneness, I can live quite happily with it now. I know that I'm not alone, I've got other people watching and guiding me. Before I didn't have a sense of self, if you don't have your own self identification I can't see how you can identify with anything else, outside of yourself. And also having my work which I'm very happy with.

There are enormous pressures on you when you've got a family, commitments, you're working and trying to work on your art. I get sick of people telling me how busy they are, when you've got lots to cope with, you cope with lots more.

I've found my five daughters and a handful of friends have spurred me on. In many ways they've taught me how to communicate, how to relate and how to live in the present. I hope that I've passed on to my daughters knowledge that will help them develop into well rounded individualists.

Along the way I've had to expand my horizons, energies and expectations enormously and I feel like I'm just warming up . . . life is just starting to get interesting.

I feel
that life is art and art is life,
you have to have a deeply entrenched belief in yourself and
conviction in whatever you do.
Art broadens your horizons, breaks down barriers and
adds a new dimension to your life.
A lot of people believe in what they see and
lack the ability to believe.
Belief is not a verbal thing it's instinctive
Conviction is everything in life—
But to believe costs.

(September 1986—May 1987)

PAMELA GRAY

Born 1953

I have played music for as long as I can remember. From an early age I was confused by the division between musicians and non-musicians, professionals and amateurs, and the subtle differences in people's expectations of a girl musician and a boy musician.

This confusion has led me along a different path from other musicians. I have doggedly continued my love affair with the cello, performing with it in every conceivable situation—in parks, for old people, on marae, to accompany dance, theatre and visual arts for young people in schools, playing jazz, rock, folk tunes, new music, 'early' music, singing with the cello and using it as a theatrical prop. I wanted everyone to have experience of music making, not just an elite few, so as well as performing I teach music in many guises—recorder to children, singing (we all have voices) and cello to anyone who loves the sound enough to want to learn.

I felt confused about why music was isolated from the other arts. After all in the Pacific culture singing and dancing come together, storytelling is accompanied by music and song. I brought my music to dance and theatre and found myself teaching dancers and actors to sing.

How could I succeed as a traditional classical musician when I risked alienating myself from other women, my own sex? So I composed pieces that said 'hey I'm a musician but I'm also a woman, music making is just another job like child-rearing or maybe child-rearing should be as glittering and glamorous as we suppose professional music-making to be. What's all this difference in status anyway?'

*I go to London soon, still confused about these issues. I don't know where I fit in. I want to play the cello as well as I can, I want music to bring people together, I want us to truly hear and experience it, to heighten and enrich our lives, I want audience and musicians to feel bonded. That matters to me so much that the way the music is presented (am I an expert versus a lot of fools, or are we all in this life with all its facets, together?) is more important than the music itself—except I want fine music making too! I am perhaps truly a performance artist and I'll sing, dance shout and play the cello lying down if I think it'll make people feel more at ease. I am still experimenting but I keep telling myself that the important thing to do is **JUST DO ITU***

Tilly interviewed Pamela in Auckland and edited the interview with Bridie.

Why the cello and not another instrument?

My mother was secretary for an amateur orchestra and she knew that cellos were always needed. I felt all right about it because I'd started off playing the violin because my hands were too small and when I started playing the cello, when I was about nine, the sound really suited me; the violin was too shrill. But I suppose I had some trouble working out that I wanted to play, rather than my mother having given it to me, and I didn't practise enough even when I went to university and studied it there. I was also singing, and felt more and more drawn to that, and there was this constant question in the back of my mind that would assert itself every time I sat down to practise: 'Why am I playing the cello?'—which is why I didn't practise much.

It was the same later with composition, I had to justify being allowed to do it. I don't feel very proud of the fact that I've given in to all this pressure that women aren't meant to do things like compose and play music. I've managed to play and sing all these years because I get into situations where the responsibility of saying 'well am I a musician or aren't I?' is taken away from me: what really got me going was people getting me to play in all sorts of situations. Whenever anyone assumed that I played the cello and sang that's how it was and I got on with it.

What was your access to feminism like?

I had very little but when I did it was potent. I remember Janice Bums put a *Heresies* magazine into my hand, the one about women composers, and that gave me the confidence to write. We women musicians can't get totally into any style, because none of them belongs to us, so it's almost like we've got no respect for The Great Tradition because it's not our tradition, for god's sake. So I can be involved with Beethoven one year and Besser the next, and I go on these little bike rides but I can never get totally there and so I compose my own pieces. Maybe it's the permission thing—how can I give myself permission to play men's music? It's not mine, it's not my tradition, so the only thing I can do is make fun of it, like the potted history Michelle Scullion and I did. Or make up my own pieces. And in my pieces I'm always slotting in little bits of men's music saying hey, look at this, look at this . . . My anger buoys me up, stuff the lot of you, I'm going to play anyway. But I do feel on my own because I find it quite hard to stand alongside, say, folksingers, because the music's not complicated enough for me. Simple music is important to me, I've written and sung it, of course I have, but then the balancing thing comes and I usually go to the cello and start playing Bach.

I wonder . . . we ourselves still unwillingly harbour different amounts of misogyny, so struggling away to find an art medium—

That's really yours—

Can still only go to a certain successful point because we have to think of the extent to which we've been contaminated by what males define to be Art, or Music, or Performance.

As a woman I've had a particularly strong bias to be total about my art. I want my music to be useful, I want it to go with things—you know, just as you make an art out of cooking, because cooking's very important, you need it everyday. And when I'm performing there's this urge in me to debunk the idea that playing music is so great and putting the baby to bed isn't—I feel it so strongly I almost have to say it onstage before I can get on with it.

Tell me about Jennifer Shennan and Pleione.

I wanted to get my body more physical. Just playing the cello with your hands—



Fig. 110 **Debbie Groves and Pamela Gray**
(April 1979 National Art Gallery)

maybe I wanted to make a connection between dance and cello playing. So I went along to Jennifer's classes, and she just assumed I played the cello so we did a little piece and the next year we worked together, with the composer Judith Exley, and *Pleione* came out of it. Everyone had a go at everything: it was lovely to fulfill that ideal of co-operative working. The piece itself had a lot of images about women and fertility—I remember making a note to myself very secretly about it—because Judith had just had a hysterectomy and that came into it, not in a very explicit way but it was definitely there. She was a woman who had children and didn't want any more. And Jennifer got pregnant between the first performance and the rest of them so there was a woman wanting a child. And at that stage, for me, I was so angry about being a woman there was no way I was ever going to have a baby so it seemed we made a triumvirate.

Or as Hazel Irvine would say triumgynate.

Three women, one who'd lost her womb, one who was actually going to have a baby and me the young girl who was just resisting having a child. And there was this terrible thing about Judith's operation, about having a general anaesthetic and losing time, and how frightening it is. Jennifer had been blowing eggs—she'd been practising at home and had said it was an amazing image. She had pricked both ends and blew one. And in an improvising session I said 'I want to throw them, I want to throw them—'. So in the course of the performance we actually broke one, two eggs and nearly threw a third. And it seemed to me that that was my anger, being a woman, but how fantastic, you felt like you were taking power.

How obviously feminist do you think it all looks?

I don't concentrate on it when I'm writing or before a performance but I can't stand that kind of pretentious acting in performance where you know your eyes are dead—I have to stand there and say 'This is me, and of course I'm a woman in all the things that I am, fully, and I'm not afraid of it either.' Over the years I've had to accept that I am who I am and if there's anywhere I feel absolutely and entirely at home it's on stage. There I can feel totally vulnerable, which is how I feel in the world half the time. I get on stage and I can be that, fully, because I'm in a closed structure and the stage gives me permission.

To what extent is that vulnerability mixed with power?

Maybe that's the feminist question. Because that's what you do as a woman, just get up there and be yourself, and that's the power of a woman.

And there's a paradox there eh—the taking and using of power to display vulnerability in public. . . I'm reminded of your Pre Menstrual Tension Period graph in the Premenstrual experience book—how do you deal with your PMT when you're performing?

That would be a private thing. I'd be doing exercises either to bring myself up or come down but I tell you there's an urge to bring the period onto the stage. That's what *a Tune a day on an oestrogen-waxing-moonhigh* is about. It was saying 'look, I've had pre-menstrual depression for the last two weeks and I'm sick of it and now I think it might be a good time to write a piece.' The amazing thing was the shining faces would suddenly come out of the audience and they'd all be women's faces and the men's faces would retreat. It was a piece for all women, of course it was, but I was talking to the men too, trying to tell them what it's all about.

And challenging the taboos.

Challenged is the word. I'm speaking for the women and I'm challenging the men.

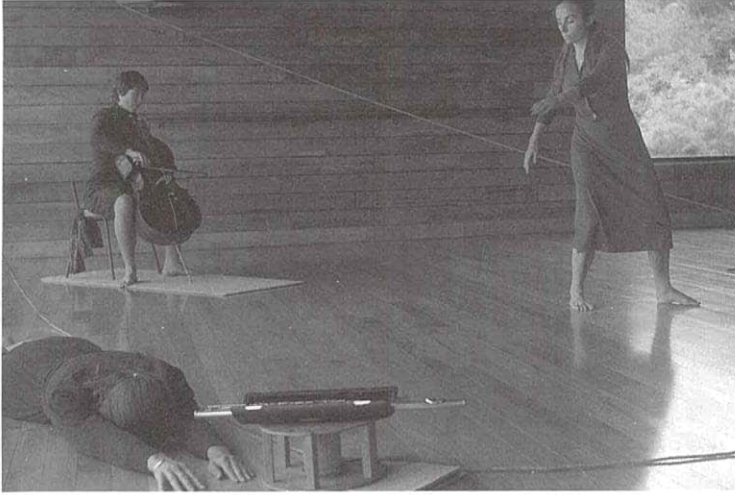


Fig. 111 Pleione 1981

Fig. 111.1 Judith Exley Pamela Gray
Jennifer Shennan

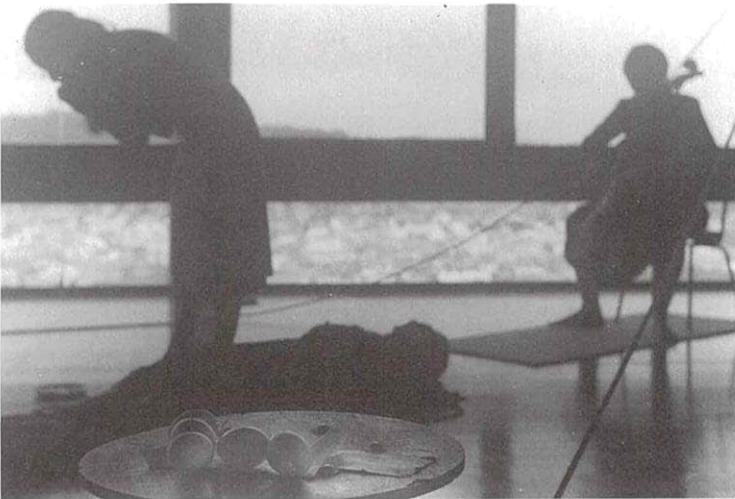


Fig. 111.2 Jennifer Shennan Judith Exley
Pamela Gray



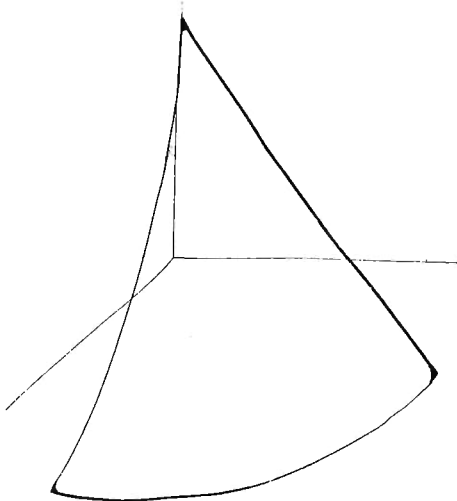
Fig. 111.3 Pamela Gray Jennifer Shennan
Judith Exley

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PLEIONE

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Fig. 112 Pleione February 1981 programme

My sexuality is of course a part of my work, why separate the one from the other?
 That's what male art often does.

What happens when you do something like the Pramazons, which has an obvious and
 integrated political dimension?

That was great. If there's one thing that's grounded me in this world it was that,
 working with Luise Brandt, Tamsin Hardy, and the other Pramazons, working with
 feminists—and the pram that Tamsin had, that was the prime image. I was into
 walking in those days, I thought 'What do human beings do really well? They walk.'
 So I thought 'How do you walk when you have a cello?' and of course I could
 never leave the cello alone so this whole idea evolved around the prams. And there
 are all those other images, like refugees leaving cities. It all came together in a month.

We had a repertoire of songs to do with bomb-testing in the Pacific, linking
 it with the exploitation of people and land. We got off the bus at Whakatane, unloaded
 the prams and off we went, performed everywhere, schools, marae, community halls.
 Anyone could come, we just asked for donations. And I had all these ideas that
 I wanted to test out: that you could play the cello anywhere, you can say 'Look
 at the cello, it makes beautiful big sounds' and they all gasp and they're thrilled.
 Yeah, my whole feeling about music and the cello got grounded. But afterwards
 I thought 'People should enjoy this for no reason: you don't have to have a peace
 rally in order to have music.'

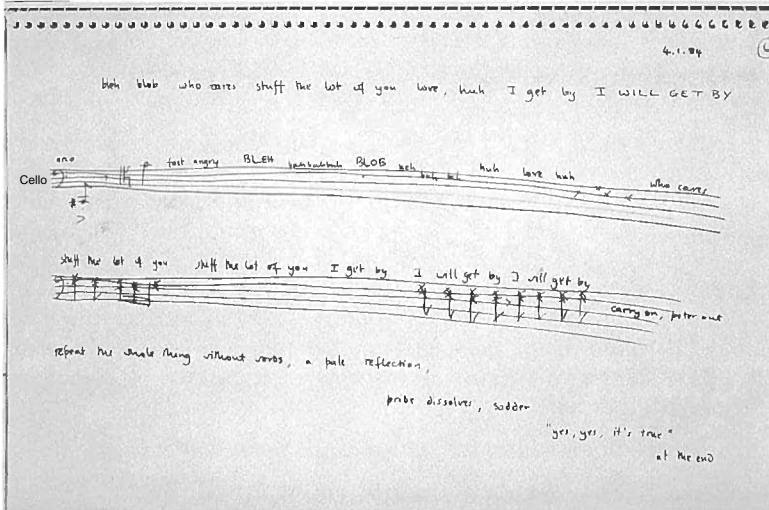


Fig. 113 The third tune from Tune a day on an oestrogen-waxing-moon high 4.1.84

score: ink on paper

21 x 30



Fig. 114 The Pramazons 1983

Tamsin Hanly/Luise Brandt/Jane Cooper/

Clare Woodham/Pamela Gray/Robin Nathan/

Felicity Day

And also at that time Pamela I remember you had your own propaganda regarding music per se: that was a high part of your experimental time wasn't it. How do you see yourself now in something like the women's art movement which says fuckitall, we will be strong image makers, and we will tell it as we see it?'

It's important that there's been a few people who've said 'I'll show you what it's like' because that's given me the courage to do the same. I tell you who's a major inspiration for whenever I'm getting slightly down about it and alone, that's Janet Frame, because she had a secret desire to write and she was incarcerated in a mental home for how many years. I feel that my desire to get out and perform no matter what is as dangerous as that, as dangerous as her need to write. It's to do with wanting to communicate and feeling no other medium works as well as music for me; and maybe I'm just more daring on stage—the freedom for her was the book. Robin Hyde's another, those two women are a tremendous source of inspiration to me because they dared, they bloody well dared.

Interesting, given all the collaborations you've been into that you've cited individuals.

It's because of my own need to get these shadows out of myself. I relate to those women because I can see they've dealt with their shadows by dealing with them artistically. It sounds self-indulgent to say you make your art out of what's in you but because you know there are a thousand million other people out there who relate to those shadows, you have the courage to get them out. That's why I relate to those women rather than a movement. I can see very clearly their pain and the way their art was dealing with it and hurrah hurrah for art if it deals with pain

...

(April 1986)

Notes

There were three versions of *Pleione*: the first, discussed by Pamela; *Pleione II*, made for a video in 1982, an extension of the themes in *Pleione*, and *Pleione III*, performed at the launching of the video.

In *Pleione*, *Bequest* was set to music and sung by Pamela at the end: it tied together various themes hinted at or gone into quite deeply; in *Pleione II* four or five Duggan poems were treated one after the other, explored from the static beginning of the reading of a poem.

The *Pleione II* video is available from the Resource Centre of the Queen Elizabeth II Arts Council.

(thanks to Jennifer Shennan for this information)

Each of us will have received and taken from *Pleione* what we each wanted, and needed. For me, the important side of it was the abstractions we drew from our own experiences—certainly as women and as a threesome. And I think the relationships we developed with each other, separately and together, was at least as important as the subject matter we explored to reach those abstractions.

Response to the work was varied of course. Some accused us of being obscure. Others related to it immediately. It was an important work for the methods we employed to develop it (which was also a weakness!) as well as for the content explored.

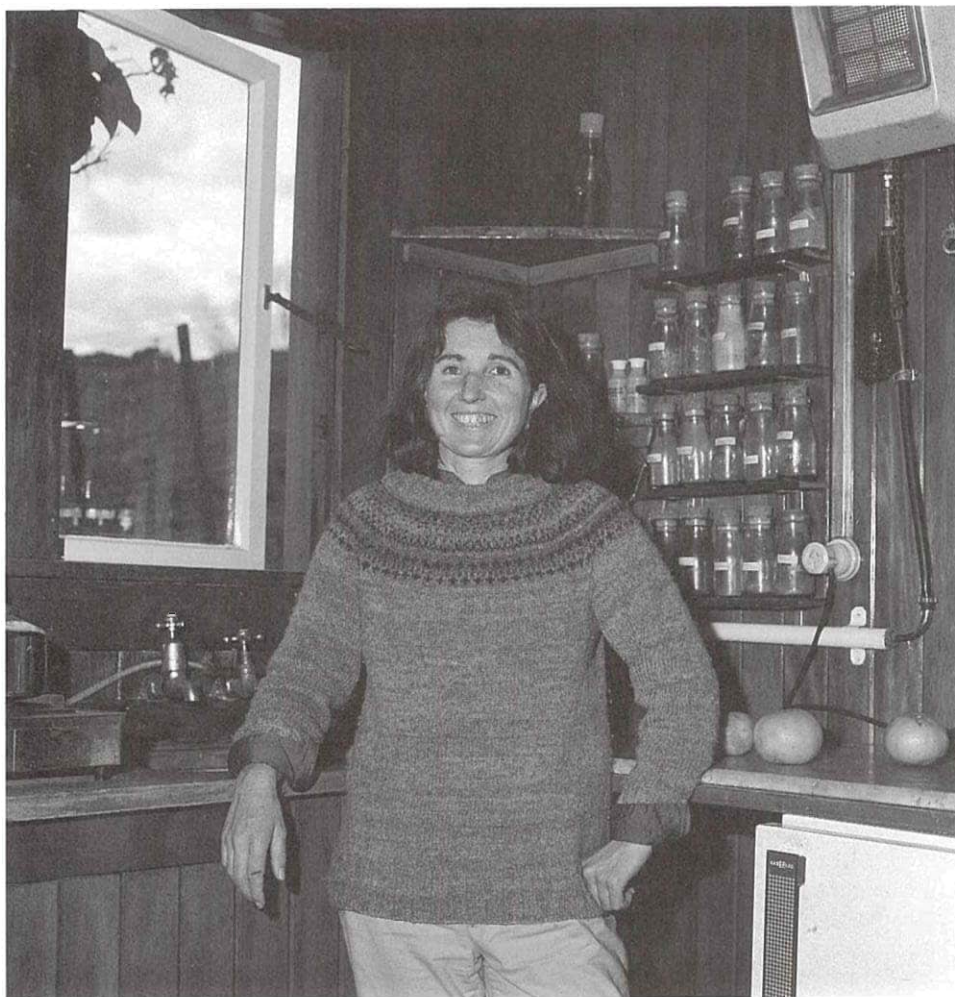
You mention the Eileen Duggan poem (*Bequest*, from *Poems*. London, George Allen & Unwin, 1937). I found it on my bookshelves and brought it in one day after Jennifer's discovery of the Pleiades. We 'discovered' Eileen Duggan then, reading numerous of her poems, relishing her love of and affinity for New Zealand and things and creatures of New Zealand. We used several of her poems in our second *Pleione* work.

Judith Exley in answer to Bridie.

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FIONA CLARK



I was bom at Inglewood in Taranaki in 1954. I studied at Elam from 1971 until 1975 graduating Dip.F.A. (Hons) in photography. At the end of 1975 I moved to Tikorangi in Taranaki, setting up darkrooms and a studio in an old dairy factory. I was involved in a serious motor-vehicle accident in 1977 and lost sight in one eye and spent a lengthy time in hospital. I resumed continuous photography m 1980.

Bridie interviewed Fiona in Taranaki and edited the text with her.

I decided I was going to be an artist when I was fourteen. I never painted, that was a bit obscure, I usually dabbled and dabbling was a thing the locals did anyway. I bought a vintage car on my fifteenth birthday and spent my holidays working in a panel-beater's shop and restored it. That to me was being an artist. And I organised the painting of the local band rotunda, because my Uncle Jack had built it and the council was going to pull it down. I wrote to the local council and said I'd paint it, met the local panel-beaters and painters, who helped me sandblast it, and organised kids I went to school with to help me in the weekends. That's how I started.

I went to Elam. I didn't want to go to Ham, there's water between there and Taranaki and the mountain. In my first year as my last-term assignment I photographed Wood Street where I lived, did a portrait of everyone who lived there and their houses. That was a nice thing to do, I like fronting up to people and talking to them, getting to know them and going back and having chats. Then I got interested in strip joints because I used to walk along K' Road where they are prominent; also the people you'd see walking into them late at night would be the farmers from Inglewood, all the boys I went to school with, all the men I detested at school, and I wanted to find out more about the places, what they meant and the people who worked in them and the whole cult around them. And the women, I was trying to work out where they were at.

Were you ever nervous?

No. I think I was naive in the way I handled things then but that was probably quite good, to start with.

And you photographed them at home as well as at work?

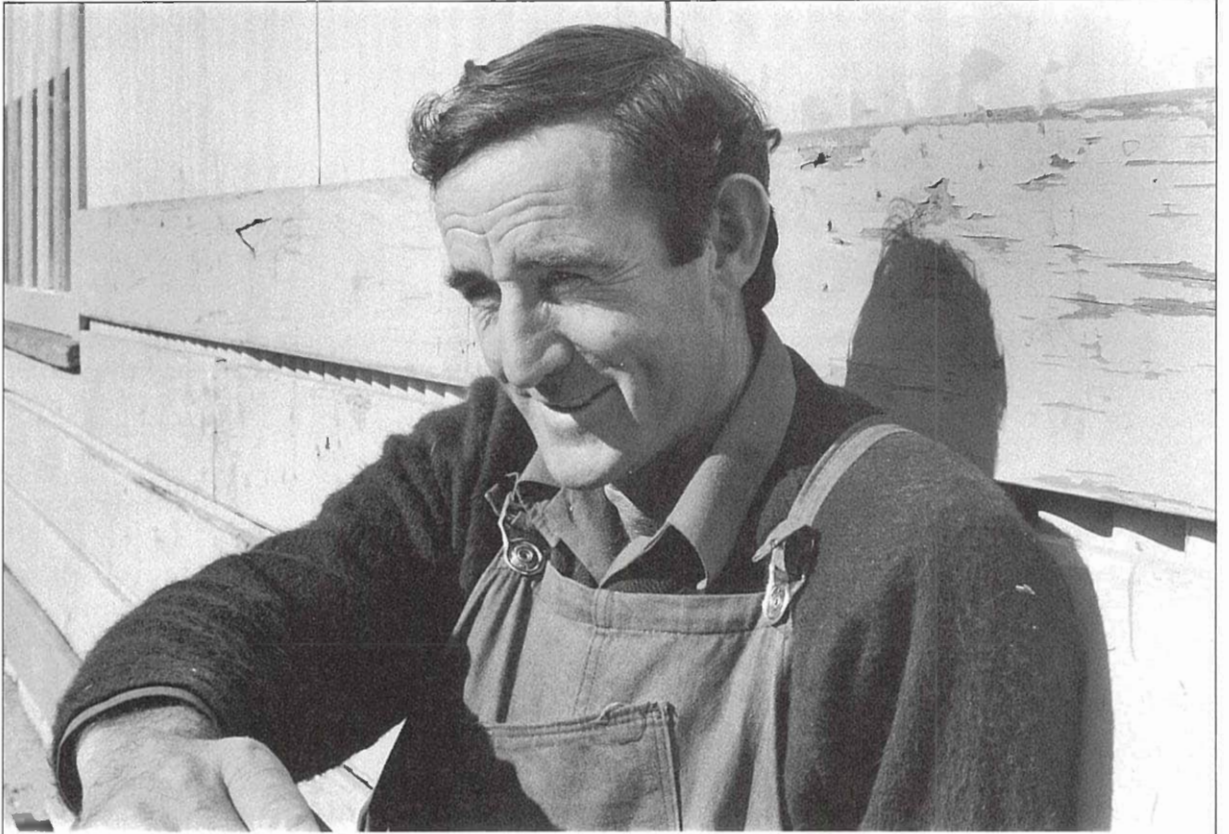
Yeah, I went to Newmarket, two of them flatted together. They lived near the Frisco Bar, I thought it was amazing, it seemed so appropriate, so American and kitsch. They were neat.

I'd been photographing nightclubs and people in drag, and I wanted to do them in colour because I couldn't think how anybody could photograph these amazing people dressed up to the teeth in black and white. Elam didn't have any colour then so we went out and bought this little drum. It was painstaking, ten days to make one print and I re-photographed all the women from the cosmetic counters that I'd done in black and white, and then Iain McDonald and I built a darkroom. We got a door at night from where the new engineering block was being built and in the morning I went in and I could smell it, it was the door from the men's toilets and it really stank. Photographic chemicals smell too so it was balanced. Then Elam got a small chemical processor which I used a lot.

I also did a series of the wharfies. I went down to the waterfront and did portraits of most of the men there and did a final print, got the wharfies to sign them, gave them a copy and they signed them and wrote comments on them.

At that point were you already very clear that when you photographed a person that person had as much right to that image as you did, so they always got a copy?

Yes. I always had permission. I remember someone at Elam had a form that you gave to the person you were photographing to fill in and they signed it and said



A. clear & well
developed picture B. Goddard

Fig. 115 A clear and well developed picture B.

W. Goddard

Auckland 1974

sepia photograph

it was okay to use the photograph. I thought it was a huge joke, I said: 'Well if you know them well enough and they've got a copy isn't it enough?'. I didn't believe anybody could be so formal and cold about photography.

What did you plan to do when you left Elam?

Buy this piece of property and come home. I had it all worked out. I was going to have a piece of property by the age of twenty and have everything I needed for my work by the age of thirty. That's what I wanted to do and people used to be totally amazed: 'How can you leave Auckland? What is there to photograph out there?' And I didn't feel that at all because what I photographed was my view of how the city affected someone who was from the country, because that's what a country person saw and couldn't understand: the Countrywomen's Institute view of say the cosmetic women from George Court's shop in K' Road, and the Federated Farmers' view of the striptease artists. And people from here may see my work and a couple of them may change their minds about how they view these people, which I thought was very important.

What was the progression in your mind from the transvestites (Plate 36) to the bodybuilders? (Plate 37)

I had a car accident shortly after I came back from Auckland. I had established my darkrooms and I'd been photographing country fairs, the local calf day, the Lions Club parade in New Plymouth—the Greatest Shows on Earth, and a collection I called New Zealand kitsch: people's gardens, garden furniture, butterflies on houses. After the accident I found it difficult to decide whether I was going to photograph again because for a time I didn't have any sight and that freaked me out.

I finally got sight back in one eye and I decided I'd have to set myself something I'd have difficulty coping with. I do that. Anyway there's an image of a guy called Quentin Smith on the back of those *Photo news* from about the fifties, and when I was a kid I'd wonder about him. I didn't know anything about bodybuilding and I decided that would be a good thing, because I'd have to travel. I had to get out of living here all the time and other than going to Auckland to go to the hospitals I'd have to go somewhere else, be with people I'd never met. And I was interested in that macho-type rugby boy philosophy. It was the whole thing about vanity as well; being in a neurosurgical ward and also in a plastic surgical ward and having to tolerate people saying 'Oh don't you want your nose done Fiona? you can have it all done so beautifully, you can look so beautiful again.' In the end I refused to go into hospital unless they gave me my own room because I couldn't cope with the plastic-surgical patients who were having their bums tucked and their tits done. I used to think that's the way they cope with the world, fine, but if I have to talk to them again I'll end up arguing.

Here I was, I could have anything I wanted and I said 'Put it back together the way it was, don't do anything extra, don't worry about the nose; it may be broken, it sniffs a bit, it's got a bit of a bump but it's my nose.' And they'd say: 'But Fiona we've waited three years to have our bums tucked.' So it was the issue of vanity, and also because I still wonder when I look at myself in pictures, I still can't see what I used to see, and when my face was very badly distorted ... it was part of that as well I think in a funny way.

I toured *Body building—forty colour photographs* without any assistance, nobody wanted to touch it. Well, at the Govett-Brewster they changed their minds when I'd had a show there but they wouldn't put money into it. They wanted their name in the catalogue but I told them to get stuffed, names cost money.

In 1979 I got involved in local politics and the pollution issue. I stood in the local body elections, unsuccessfully (I will continue to do it until I die, just to annoy

them) and I started photographing for Clean Sea Action Group. I got involved in tribunals firstly to have land-based sewage treatment for New Plymouth, because we'd seen the way the coast had been affected by sea outfalls here in Waitara. Kai moana was becoming inedible. Clean Sea Action Group fought successfully for a land-based plant for New Plymouth. What happened at the hearings was that the Medical Officer of Health said that all Maori boil their seafood, and Aila Taylor of the Te Atiawa got up and said 'We've got some photos here we'd just like to show you.' 'These photos show people eating their seafood raw, is that right?' 'Yeah, we eat them raw.' 'Adjourn this hearing.' And New Plymouth got its land-based plant.

Then Aila for the Te Atiawa took the matter of the Waitara Borough Council's sea outfall to the Treaty of Waitangi Tribunal. This was particularly important in view of the prospect of effluent from the proposed Motonui Synthetic Fuels Plant and the Methanol Plant, both of which would also be discharging waste on to the reefs around Waitara, and these matters were also placed before the Tribunal, which decided in Te Atiawa's favour and recommended that a task force be set up to look at the whole problem of waste disposal in the North Taranaki area. But even now three years later in 1986 the outfall is still pouring waste on to the reefs and nothing has happened.

And then I did calendars. That was for awareness, nice direct things, put them in your kitchen, live with them everyday, have some understanding every day of the year, indoctrinate someone three-hundred and sixty-five days of the year and raise some funds to take Mobil to the Court of Appeal and fight multinationals. That recipe, very simple. The first was *Kai moana 1982*, and the second *Nga whaea o te moana Taranaki 1983*, the local Maori women. There were ten women who appeared at every meeting, and there were two other photos in that calendar, one of the mountain and one of the tide, and one of Parihaka on the cover. Someone said 'Oh, you've missed some of them out', but there were just ten that kept being very prominent. I saw them as important, they were underestimated, they held the whole lot together and Lavinia, Ngawaina Te Teira, was like the strength of them all.

I wanted to ask about colour; in Nga whaea you've photographed Ngawaina Te Teira who's ninety-four, the sun's setting behind her, you've got this lovely golden glow of the setting sun and it seems a very symbolic use of colour?

Yeah I printed all my bodybuilders red.

Red with rage?

Meat. Like my pig-hunting pictures, when I printed them they went a bit red. I print how I want and Aunt Lavinia's like that, she'll always be the oldest, she keeps going and going.

Have you any Maori blood?

No.

I wondered if you might have because of your involvement in the Maori community round here.

It's got a lot to do with conservation. Mary, my mother, was brought up strictly Scottish, and Scots hate the English. For their land values, for their land grabs. Mary's values are English, in the New Zealand English sense, but she was brought up with Gaelic speakers. That was in Waipu and every year we used to go back and I used to dance in the Waipu games.

Maori things matter a lot to you spiritually don't they.

Yes because I live here.

And it's in the land.

Yes, yes and that's something, the farm's been handed down to us so that sort of philosophy was very built in. I think it's disgusting that we live in Aotearoa and can't speak the language of the country.

Was there any political activism in your family? Lobbying?

Oh my parents lobbied each other, my father would lobby my mother to vote National and my mother dared not vote on the local polling booth down on Bristol Road.

She'd vote Labour.

Yes and there'd only be one Labour vote and twelve National and she'd be ostracised for another three years; so my mother would say I'm going into town and she'd walk into town and vote, that would fix them, and she'd never tell us what she'd voted.

You've done other things than photography here. Could you say something about the Hiroshima shadow project?

I saw the outline of the *International shadow project* and thought about what would fit our own environment and what time of day I liked so I organised this thing at dawn. I'm quite into dawn things, I probably get that from marae openings and ceremonies I've been to at dawn. We get the first light of the world too. So I organised the project on the beach, where we used the sand as a symbol of what happens when you get vapourised, and how you get etched. We drew shadows and figures of people and wrote messages at low tide, and then the tide came in at one o'clock, the city bells chimed and the tide washed the images away. I wanted people to understand the concept of being vapourised, of human beings being sand or grit, and then nature controlling it all in the end anyway, washing it all into the Tasman. I'm thinking of doing more political projects because I enjoy them. For example, you know the Mobil Song Quest, well we had a No Mobil Song Quest.

At the moment I'm working on eleven inch square prints and big portraits. I decide who I'm going to photograph. Usually I've had some contact with the person, sometimes for a while, and then I arrange a time to go and see them. Sometimes I go two or three times, and then I ring them back and say 'It would be good if I could photograph you next week' and they say 'Oh yes' and they get ready and I get ready and I tell them that I want them to feel comfortable with something in their house that they like, something that's important to them. It's important that they can dress how they feel they want to look. If they're dressed in a particular way it's usually their idea, not mine. And they are aware. I don't take photographs of people who aren't aware of me taking them.

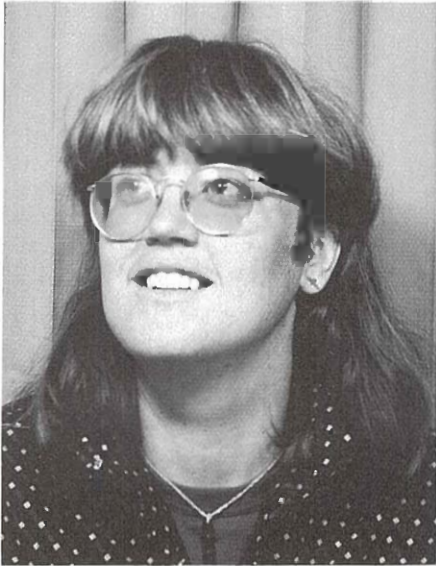
And now you're photographing your family.

Yes, and friends and people that I know that I haven't got a record of because lots of photographers will go to Antarctica or to the North Pole and photograph yetis and penguins and forget about their own family and the people around them which I think is a reflection of where we're all at. So that's what I'm doing now.

It would be nice if there were, in a few years time, a few more women, artists and writers, who work the way I do, just being involved in the community and not being the god of it, not expecting to be treated as someone special but providing a very useful service; artists can do that. I think it's quite complimentary when politicians refuse to speak to me at meetings, you know, you do effect change.

(September 1985)

JANET DE WAGT



Born 1957

After coming back from Europe in 1982 I arrived in Wellington loaded up with all my work I had done in the previous three years. I saw a poster advertising an exhibition at the Women's Gallery so I went to find it. To my surprise I found a very friendly and warm women's space. We got talking and I asked if they had any spaces for an exhibition. My contact with New Zealand feminist art went from there. I'm much clearer about what I want to do now. I would like to spend more time painting but the community mural artist bit seems to be taking over (and when I get home I'm so tired). Murals are how I support myself but I prefer to spend as much time as possible doing my own personal paintings of women in their environment.

Tilly interviewed Janet in Leeds, by mail.

What is it about Speed, the women in the speeding boat?

The *Speed* painting is one I did about Tonga while I was living in Australia. It's one of my favourites because it took me so long to get it right. I'd spent weeks painting and painting and painting and it wouldn't be right, and I'd go over and over and over it, and this is how it turned out. It's about small outboards. The motor represented each family's wealth, their western influence, their capacity for earning money through fishing. I was travelling on the 'big boat' which was carrying all the food and goods. The 'big boat' was like the thread that held the Tongan islands together. Some local women saw this painting and enjoyed it, and Tongan women living in New Zealand liked it too.

Tongan women's art and craft work are an integral part of their social life. The main forms are tapa cloth and lou'akau (flax) mat weaving. I was lucky to be asked to watch in the long process of tapa making. The whole day was spent singing, laughing, and working, not forgetting the hours and hours that had been spent working in small groups preparing the cloth for that day. The traditional art is mainly done by older women but the younger women are encouraged to learn the skills which are slowly dying out.

Tapa cloth patterns are symbols of the environment, some from hundreds of years ago, some more recent, with influences from the king and church. I found these interesting. It is a very strong women's art with the patterns and the skills being passed through the women. What I did find difficult was the influence of the church.

I think the women's art movement is getting better at dealing with racism. I think the interest in other cultures is good, so long as they don't get fucked over. I think it's important to join with indigenous people of the Pacific, to keep the Pacific free of the super and wee powers, to support them in what they want. Two of my Tongan watercolours have been made into postcards which have been used as fundraisers. A women's Pacific support network arranges visits from Islander women to come to Britain on speaking tours. The support network puts a lot of energy into indigenous people under French rule, around the issues of independence of French territories and the stopping of French testing.

In your painting Will she or won't she?, I wonder, will she or won't she what? Get her vision back? Always have to juggle? If I didn't already know Phil is lesbian I might also wonder if it was a comment on contraception.

For me it's about juggling with decisions—which things to drop in life, and when. It can be anything. I like to add a feeling of question. A painting can be a bit like a mirror. You get out of it what you want. Having it based on a party that I went to with friends adds a humour. And there is a personal feeling of painting women friends having a good time.

I haven't come across much out-and-out lesbian portraiture. Are you somewhat alone in this respect?

Yes. But maybe a lot of women HAVE done them! How do we know? The glint in the eye eh. A lot of women paint each other in the home—only because we're told we should be there as mothers and wives. Unfortunately! But being a lesbian where are we supposed to be besides in the closet?

Painting *Karen* wasn't a great political statement. Going to the beach, having a nice day out, newly in love, enjoying each other. *Karen* being a lovely strong woman, I wanted to try to get it down on paper.

In your lesbian portraits, do you seek to depict anything essentially lesbian, beyond stereotypes that is, beyond Phils overalls, Maia's fairy fembot-frock, Karen in the great outdoors?



Fig. 116 Will she or won't she? 1983-84

watercolour

40 x 47

I think most women have a love for the environment as they have a love for other women. But I don't like being all spiritual about it. Vaginal shaped flowers aren't me! For me, I like to paint lesbians as I see them, a part of the world, in all shapes and forms, in and out of the closet.

I don't know about any lesbians who did portraiture. No artist has influenced me in this respect, only my friends, what I see, and travel.

Travelling is important to me. But I imagine living in New Zealand in the future. It's because of the mixture of blood I have in me and I'm from a family of travellers; the fact that half of my family live in Holland is a little extra bonus.

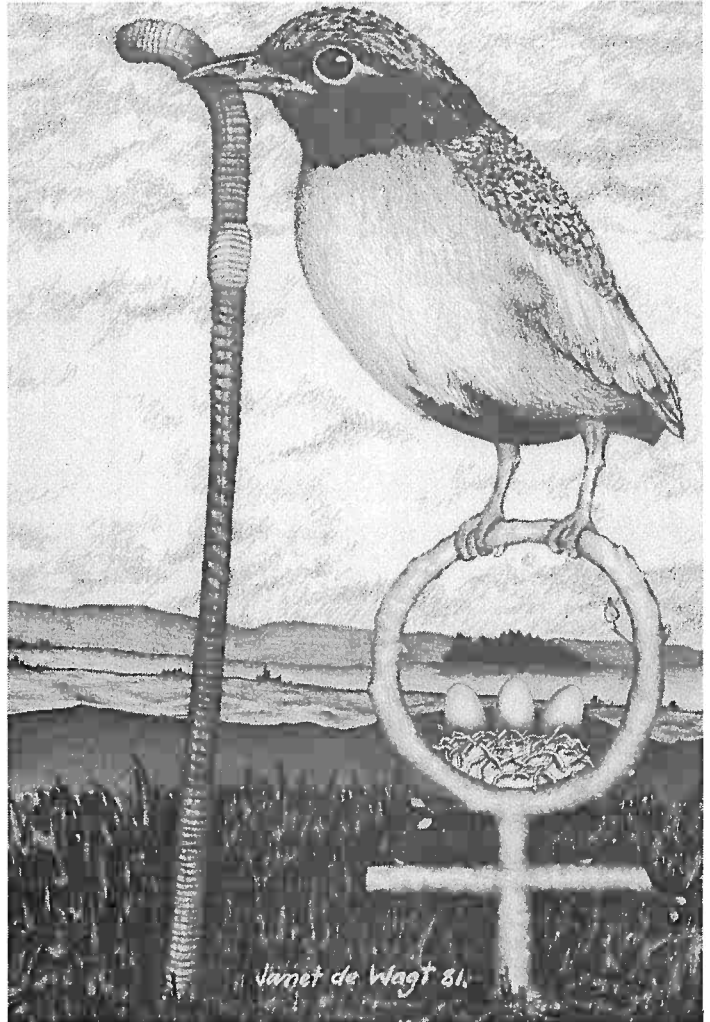
It's important to be open and honest about yourself. Being a lesbian I'm very much woman-orientated and I suppose that's mainly why I paint about women. A lot of the paintings are of lesbians because that's who I'm close to. However I now look at things on a wider scale than I used to and I enjoy (if that's the right word, I don't know if it is) painting women and men together and painting where the woman really is in that sort of relationship. I paint women so that they come forward, a bit like painting the foreground rather than the background.

Fig. 117 Women are called birds because of the worms they pick up from Leeds postcards series

1981

pencil on board

40 × 30



The propaganda aspect?

There is an appetite for artworks by, about and for lesbians. The same goes for women generally. I drew the incest illustration for *Spiral 5* just using black and white, trying to get the most meaning out of those lines. I found it hard to illustrate but I was pleased with the result since incest is everywhere. Puke! (I feel as if I've won a raffle sometimes because I haven't been incested.) It's so hard to get the loving child, the fear, the guilt, the sickness of mens sexual whatever down on paper.

In the postcard *Women are called birds because of the worms they pick up* I wanted to use the male language but change the meaning to a woman's point of view. The female is a strong visual image. The male image is of a vulnerable wiggly little thing—ready to be picked up and eaten.

I suppose, given our bias, that the postcard is also a comment on compulsory heterosexuality.

Yes.

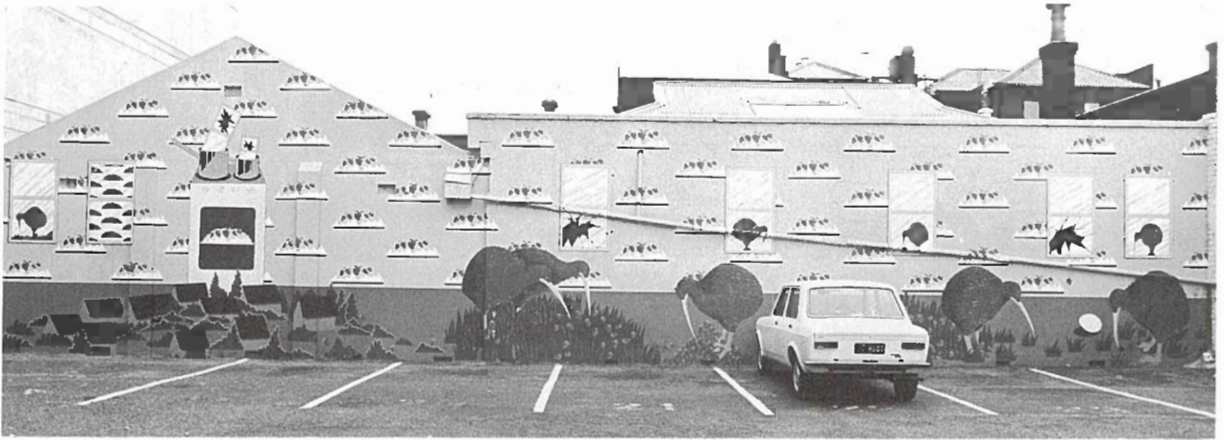


Fig. 118 Pavlova paradise 1983

mural: emulsion on roughcast

Such a lol of your output is about oppression in its many and varied forms—the colonisation of the Pacific, of women, of queers, of the working class, even the Australian kangaroo. Your most sardonic one must be Pavlova paradise though.

It's about New Zealand suburbia. It was about women and men having to conform to standards set—to have a house, to be in a couple, to have children. That's why I did the houses at one end. It's funny that the wall for the housing end of the mural has been knocked down—men at it again. I don't mind because people become too precious about murals. They should be renewed often.

What do you think about the way kiwis and pavs are being used as symbols? The mural makes me think about the undesirable extinction of the kiwi (and, come to think of it, the Real Pavlova), and the desirable extinction of the imposed rule for women to be missus + mum + something-a-little-bit-more-flash.

There's a strong visual Pakeha culture. I mean it in a working class way, with all its funny wee things—flying ducks included. I'd been away from it for a while and when I came back that suburbia stuff came out and hit me in the eye. I wanted to show this by repeating the pavs; originally people responded to them. I can always remember having lots of pavs.

The kiwis are there because of us being called kiwis, rather than because of the bird itself. They are there on the mural on a more day-to-day level.

You've got a lot of birds in your graphics—the thrush, the seagull, ducks. And also their egg-*

I like birds, the way they fly around; their freedom, flying high, looking down on the things that we do. Maybe that's why I have them in my work.

I don't want to reduce our vastness to a bunch of 'isms', but when you look at how art is racketeered as the most rightful domain of refined white males, how much better do you think the WAMov't did, particularly in terms of class?

I do feel the barriers of class as a woman artist. I used to just put J. L. de Wagt on my paintings so no one could make a judgement on my sex/gender before looking at my painting. But on looking at my paintings I suppose the viewer couldn't help

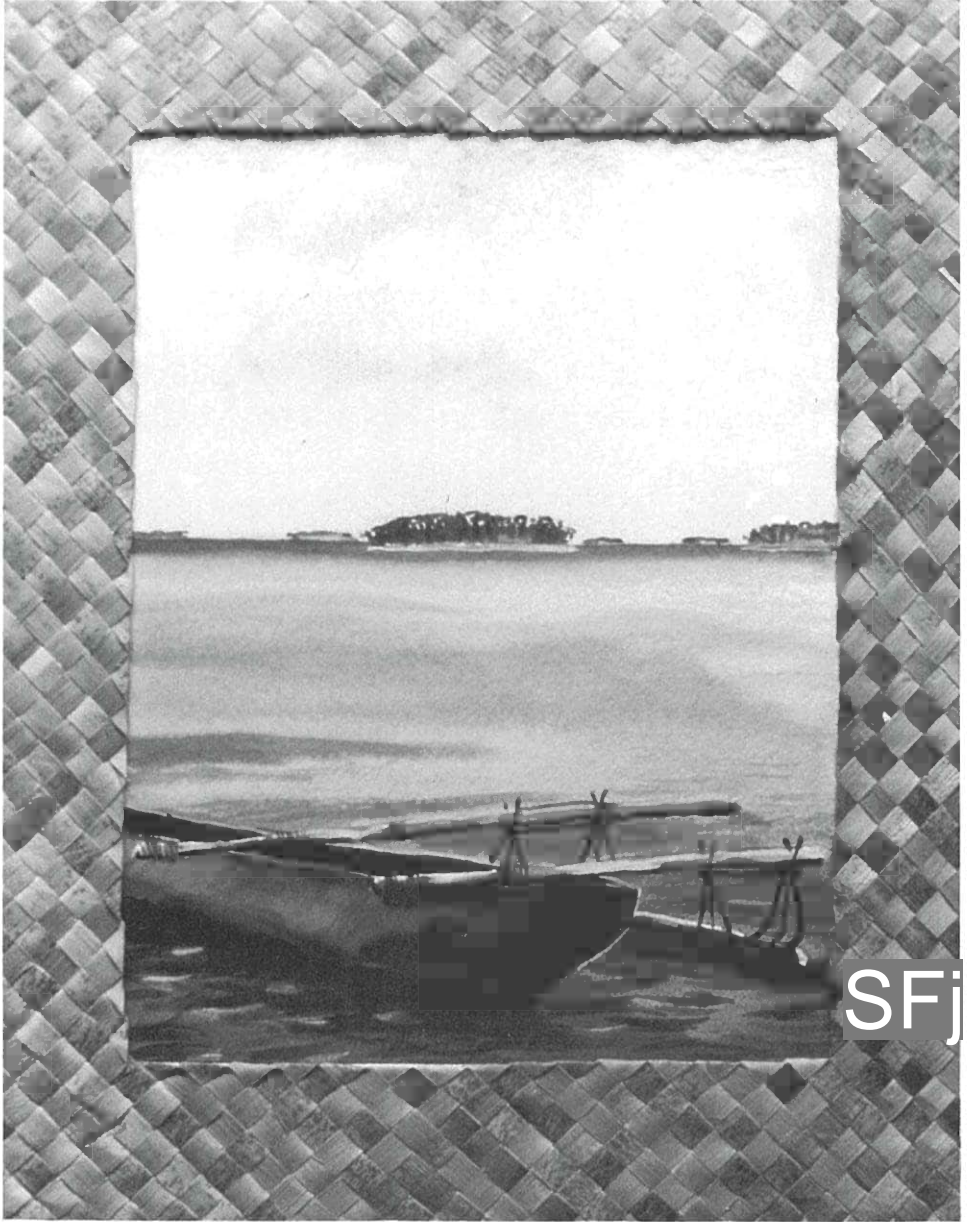


Fig. 119 **Keep the Pacific independent and nuclear free** 1986

watercolour

38 x 30

it. I am a lesbian, no hiding the fact. And sometimes I think that I'm a feminist—if I can spell and talk the right way. That's what the middle class expects of everybody in this world. I guess I do send up the middle class. They put so much importance on how people should express themselves. It's the women who don't say much, who just get on with it, that I admire. On the gut level these women are straight up. They have what I think are working class values. These are the women I enjoy painting.

As I get older I get better at dealing with barriers. That whole thing of trying to better yourself I mostly try to do in painting. I always think as long as I've got enough money for paint it's okay.

The small progress in classism could be because not many working class women are painters and artists. There is a lot of guilt around class. Are you what your parent/s are? Why is it important where you have studied and what your qualifications are? I don't agree with that. The fact of being self taught should be seen as a compliment—to be strong enough and love something enough to do it ourselves. The whole learning process is a part of classism. I enjoy learning new things—new ways of painting, new ways of expressing myself. And I think it's important to keep learning, to keep building. I can't imagine doing the same paintings in the same way for the rest of my life. I know that a lot of people, particularly women, can't handle my subject matter because, I don't know, it's too direct or something. But I think it's important to be myself.

I don't paint with an exhibition in a gallery uppermost in my mind. I paint for myself. On recovering from myalgic encephalomyelitis it's important for me to get lots of shit out, and so what I tend to do is a series of paintings simply because I want to do them. I approach galleries when I want to show them and when I feel strong enough in myself. But what usually happens is that most galleries don't want to know about them. There you are busily taking the piss out of them and showing them carbon copies of themselves—it's hard work really, it isn't easy.

There are still a few wiggly areas in the WAMov't. Women have to put up with sexism in this world all the time, so I guess you can't expect women to stop thinking about it. I think it comes out in some women's work. Wouldn't it be good to have a show, with posh, so-called well known artists that do puke work (sexist stuff), and also have strong women's stuff next to them all in one gallery. Maybe that's an idea for a series of paintings. I'll think on that.

The WAMov't is heterosexual mainly because it's so safe. You can be feminist (that's a wee bit over the top) but to be feminist and heterosexual makes it all okay.

And then there's the whole thing about painting male views, women painting male stuff. They know that if they paint that way they'll 'make it'. It's important for women/lesos to get better at the technical side of painting so that their ideas could come out stronger. The WAMov't theorises a lot. It seems very top heavy a lot of the time.

What do you see as being your influences on artworks by other feminists?

I don't know if I have any influences on women's artwork, besides being a thorn in the side of some! I hope if anything I encourage women to be themselves, and have a good laugh. (Me and Barbs always had some good laughs.)

And vice versa?

They make me try harder to be a bit different, to try to paint women who are ordinary and quiet—the ones you see supporting other women.

I want to paint a wider outlook on things—the whole world and the things which happen in it—because they affect us all. Like it or not.

(22 November 1986)

MARY-LOUISE BROWNE



Born 1957

I work principally in the areas of sculpture, installation, performance and text, specifically with text-print and text-sound.

I am committed to exploring the possibilities of literary intermedia in regard to my interest in socio-political issues.

The text HORTUS CONCLUSUS 1986 is the first of ten textworks from the series VICIOUS CIRCLES 1986.

Q HE FINDS IN HER WORK EVIDENCE OF A GLOOMY DENOUEMENT. MOST OF HER AUDIENCE WANT TO READ HER WORKS AS ANGUISHED SELF PORTRAITS OR AS SO MUCH CONFESSION. HENCE THERE SEEMS TO BE A RELUCTANCE ON THE PART OF MANY TO SEPARATE HERSELF, WHOEVER THAT MAY BE, FROM THE WORK SHE CONCEIVES, CONSTRUCTS AND EXHIBITS. THIS HAS BEEN THE CASE PARTICULARLY SINCE SHE MOVED ON FROM HER EARLY DILEMMAS AND COMMENCED, WITH EVER INCREASING CONTROL, TO PRODUCE WORKS ABOUT DARK AND PAINED WOMEN. SHE IS AWARE THAT THESE WORKS PORTRAY WHAT COULD BE A WIDELY HELD NOTION OF HER AS THE ARTIST, WHILE IN NO WAY INTENDING TO. SO THERE IS THIS OTHER READING. THE WAY SHE

PRESENTS HER SELF TO HERSELF AND TO HER AUDIENCE. SHE IS SELF-CONSCIOUS BUT CANNOT SEE HER WAY OUT OF THIS. IT ALL BEGINS TO ADD UP. A LONE FIGURE SOON TO BE WALKING INTO THE SURF. SELF EXAMINATION MERELY REVEALED A GROWTH WHICH IS RAPIDLY INCREASING IN SIZE. SHE IS AWARE OF THE PERSONALITY THEORY OF DISEASE IN WHICH NEGATIVE TRAITS SUCH AS ANGER AND PESSIMISM ARE SAID TO CONTRIBUTE TO ILL HEALTH, AND SO ATTEMPTS TO CONJURE UP ALL HER POSITIVE TRAITS TO PROTECT HERSELF. SHE ALSO SEES THE POTENTIAL IN USING THIS EXPERIENCE AS PART OF HER WORK. THE FIRST POSITIVE STEP. SHE DELVES INTO THE MEDIEVAL CONCEPT OF THE HUMOURS (BLOOD, PHLEGM, CHOLER, AND MELANCHOLY) AND JUXTA-

POSES THIS AGAINST THE SO-CALLED ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT. THE MELANCHOLIC NATURE OF A WOMAN, FULL OF UNRESOLVED SADNESS AND DESPAIR APPARENTLY COULD REALLY MAKE HERSELF SICK. A RATHER ROMANTIC WAY OF LOOKING AT ILLNESS SHE THINKS. SHE REMEMBERS THE TENDENCY TO CATEGORISE PATIENTS BY PERSONALITY ATTACHED TO TUBERCULOSIS VICTIMS AS LANGUID, POETIC, AND SENSITIVE UNTIL SCIENCE FOUND IT TO HAVE BOTH A CAUSE AND A CURE AND AT A STROKE STRIPPED IT OF ITS MYSTIQUE. SHE IS FAR FROM CONVINCED THAT HER ARTISTIC PURSUITS, HER BIOENERGETIC SHRINKING AND HER INABILITY TO DEFEND HERSELF HAVE MADE HER A SICK WOMAN. BUT THEN AGAIN IT COULD BE LINKED TO UNRESOLVED

CONFLICTS AND ANXIETIES. AFTER ALL THE MOST SIGNIFICANT FEELING SHE HAS HAD IS THAT THE DISEASE INVOLVES THE WHOLE OF HER NOT JUST A LUMPY BIT ON THE LEFT HAND SIDE GOING DOWN. IT COULD BE AN ACCUMULATION OF UNDISCHARGED GRIEF, PENT UP GUILT, AND LAYER UPON LAYER OF FEAR. SOMEHOW CUTTING IT OUT DOESN'T SEEM LIKE THE ULTIMATE LONG TERM SOLUTION. NOW EVEN THOSE WHO UNDERSTAND THAT HER WORK HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH AN UNFOLDING AUTOBIOGRAPHY, BUT EVERY THING TO DO WITH A COOL INTELLIGENCE APPLIED TO AN OBSESSION, NOW THINK THAT SHE IS TELLING THEM TERRIBLE TRUTHS. THIS STORY MAY NOT HAVE A HAPPY ENDING. PEOPLE ARE TELLING HER THAT THEY DIDN'T THINK SHE WAS THE TYPE.

UNTIL THEN SHE HAD BEEN FEELING QUITE PHILOSOPHICAL. SHE HAD CONVINCED HERSELF IT WAS PROBABLY HEREDITARY SINCE FIVE MEMBERS OF HER FAMILY HAD SUC-CUMBED. SHE HAD NEVER BEFORE FELT MORALLY RESPONSIBLE FOR HER PREDICAMENT. THIS OVER SIMPLISTIC INTERPRETATION OF PERSONALITY THEORY WAS MAKING HER FEEL FATALISTIC. SHE DISCHARGES HERSELF. NO ONE CAN DO ANYTHING FOR HER. THEY COME TO SAY GOODBYE. THEY ARE CONSCIOUS OF THE MUCH QUOTED RESEARCH SHOWING THAT WOMEN WHO MAINTAIN POSITIVE OPTIMISTIC ATTITUDES TEND TO DO BETTER AND LIVE LONGER THAN THOSE WHO ALLOW THEMSELVES TO BE DISCOURAGED. THEY WAVE HER OFF CHEERFULLY. SHE IS TO REMEMBER TO BE POSITIVE AT ALL

TIMES. IF ONLY SHE HAD A SANGUINE PERSONALITY. BUT SHE HAD ALWAYS LIKED IT BETTER WHEN THINGS GOT WEIRD OR UGLY. IT WAS TIRESOME TO HAVE TO SAVE HERSELF FROM ONESELF. EVERYONE SEEMS SO UNNATURALLY SENSITIVE, CUTS MUST BE MADE WITH SURGICAL SKILL. SHE GOES BACK TO WORK AND DOES A SERIES ON MUTILATIONS. IT MAKES HER FEEL BETTER. SHE HAS NOT BEEN RAVAGED BY SELF OR THE STYLE OF HER WORK WHICH COULD BE TASTEFULLY CLEANED UP IF THAT IS WHAT HER AUDIENCE REALLY WANT. SHE IS QUITE SELF-POSSESSED EVEN WHEN SHE FINDS IN HER WORK EVIDENCE OF A GLOOMY DENOUEMENT.

HORTUS CONCLUSUS, 1986.

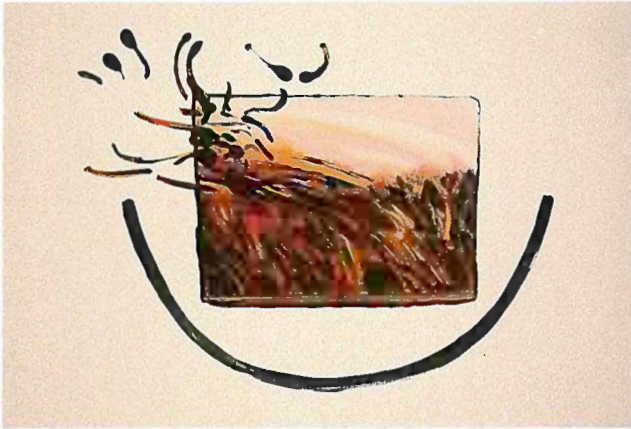


Plate 1 Marilyn Webb

High country flambe plus recipe 1982

monotype and handcolouring

81 x 122

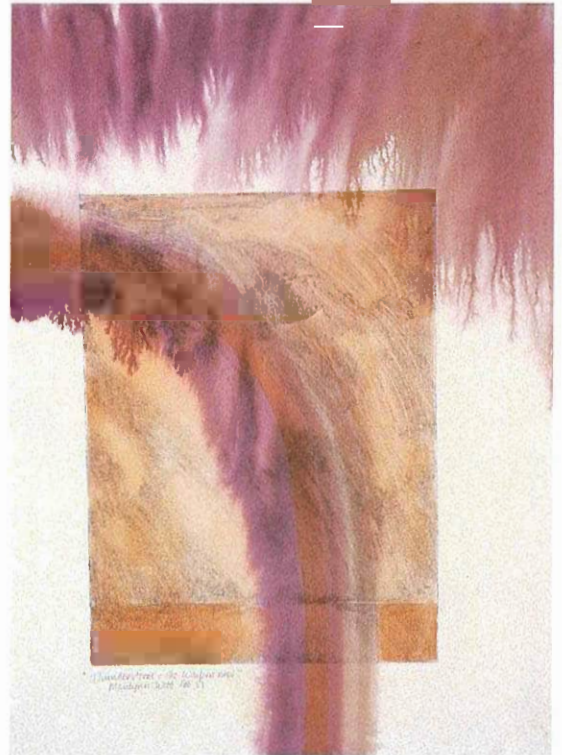


Plate 2 Marilyn Webb

Thunderstorm and the Waipori River 1981

monotype and handcolouring

81 x 122

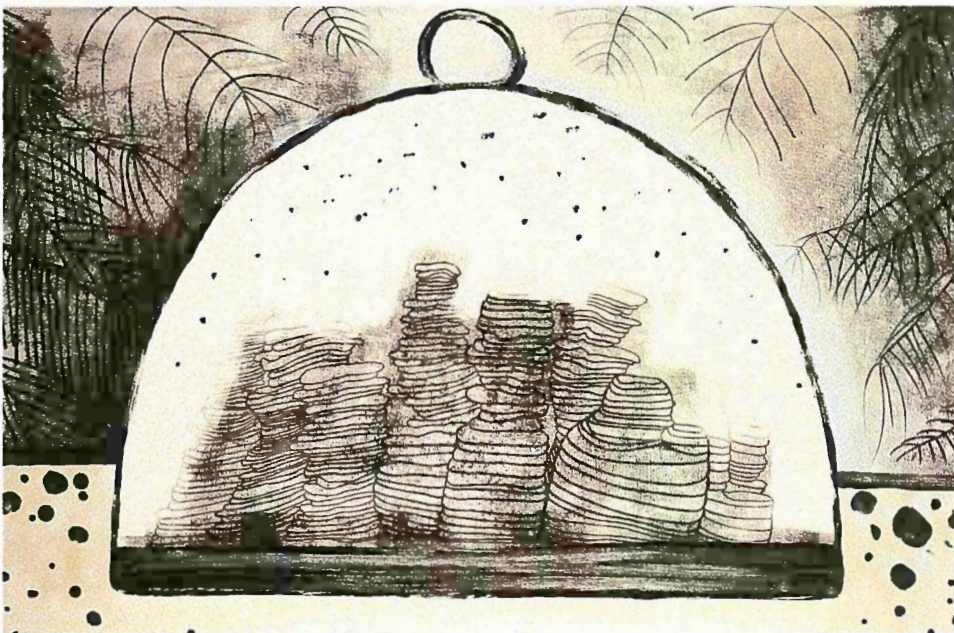


Plate 3 Marilyn Webb

**Punakaiki centrepiece
and recipe** 1982

monotype and
handcolouring

70 x 51

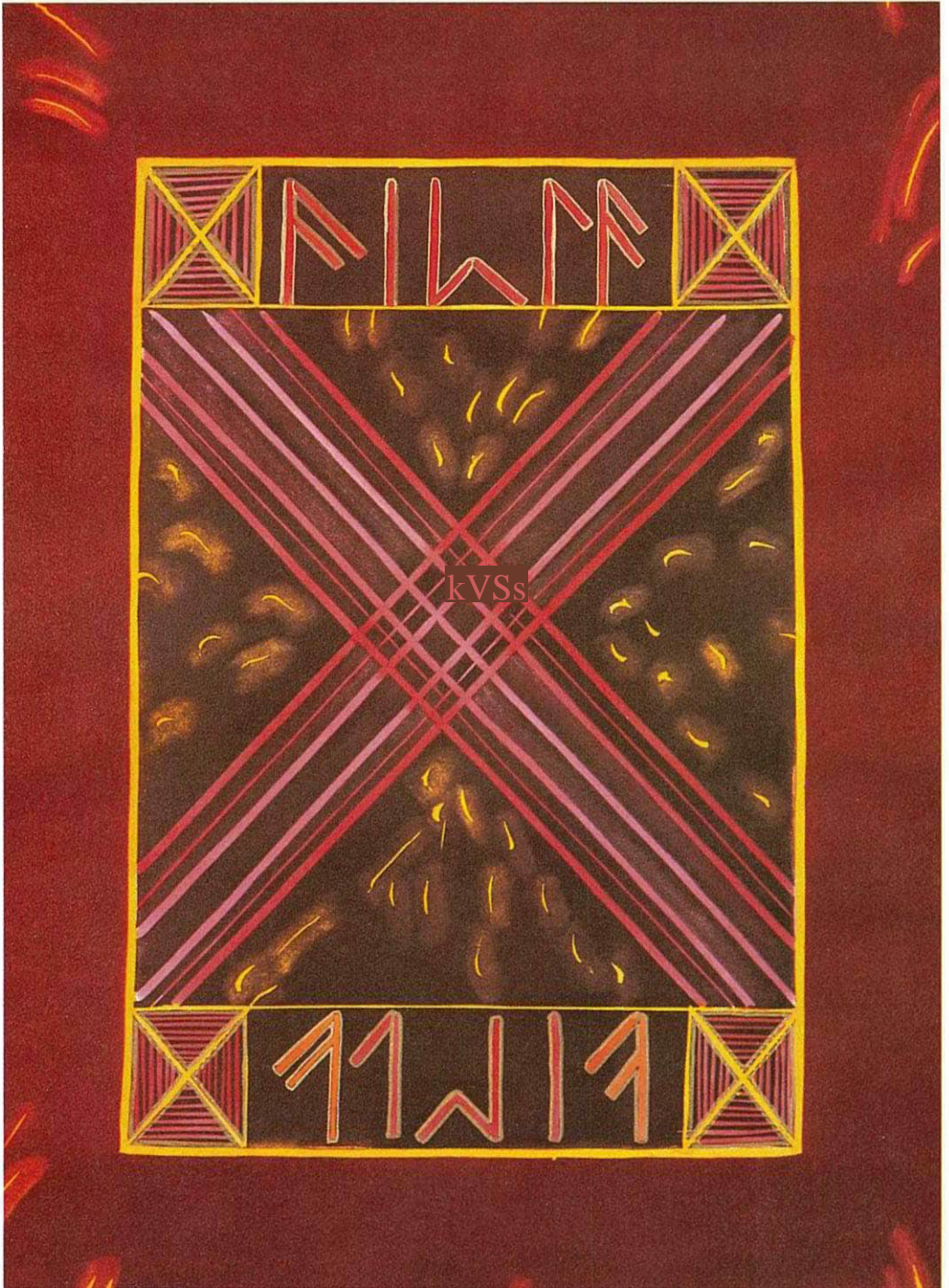


Plate 4 **Marilynn Webb** _____
Protection work—fire 1984 _____
linoleum engraving and handcolouring _____
76 x 56 _____

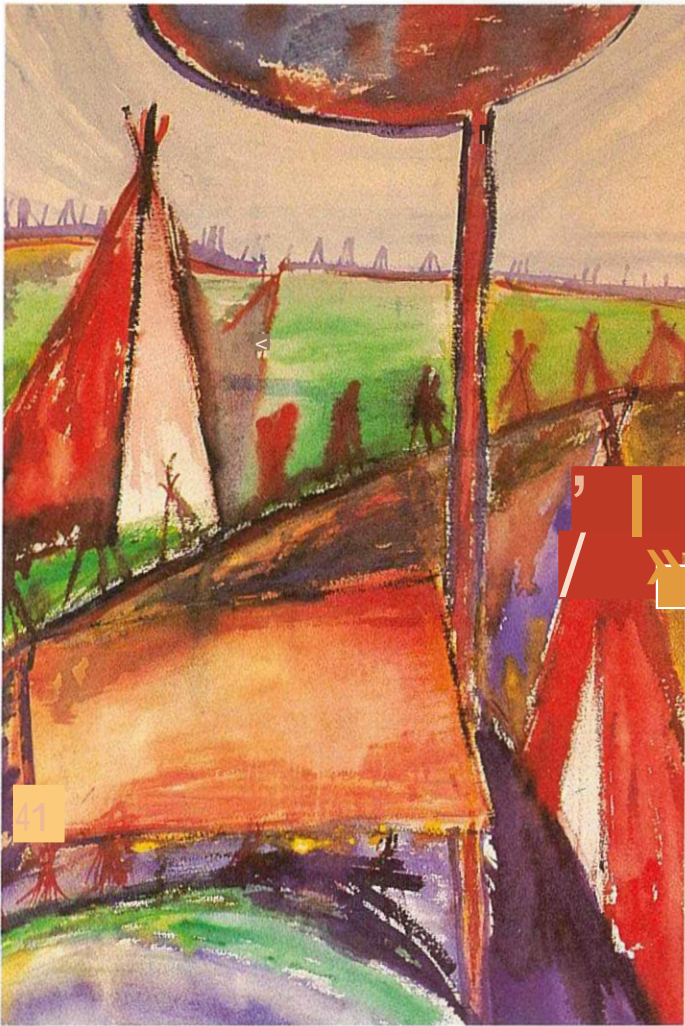


Plate 5 **Tiffany Thornley**

Common purpose I 1985

watercolour

80 x 57

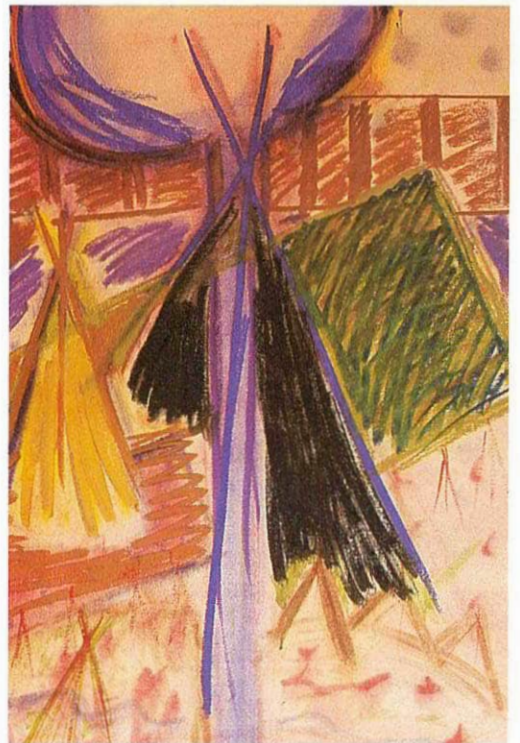


Plate 6 **Tiffany Thornley**

Common purpose II 1985

watercolour

80 x 57

Plate 7 **Barbara Strathdee**

About forty miles by sea 1986

acrylic on canvas

125 x 90



Plate 8 **Barbara Strathdee**

While others decide 1987

acrylic on canvas

80 x 137





Plate 9 **Pauline Thompson**

Emmanuel, hydrocephalic case 12 months 1985

oil on canvas board

8 x 10 inches



Plate 10 Juliet Batten

Openings to the sea, summer solstice December 1982

sand work (Te Henga)

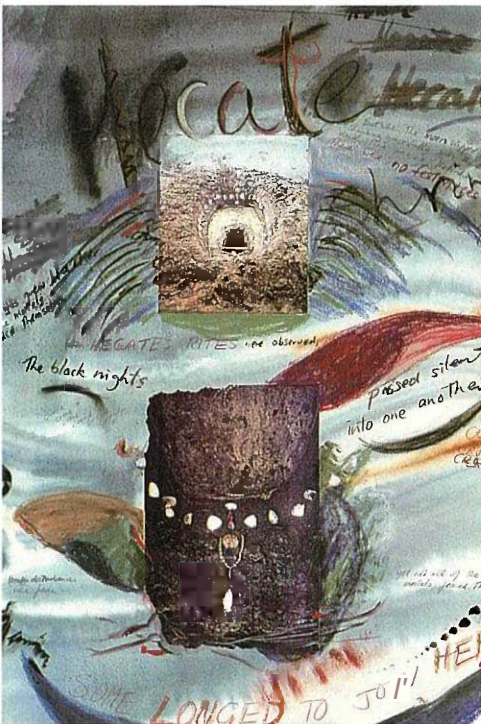


Plate 11 Juliet Batten

Hecate II 1983

watercolour oil pastel colour xerox

72 x 52



Plate 12 Sylvia Bowen

Orange china aeroplane 1980

oil on board

1200 x 600



Plate 13 **Carole Shephard**
Marion's necklace 1983
 from **Body cover** series
 etching/photoetching
 22.5 x 32.5

Plate 14 **Carole Shephard**
Underwater garden 1986
 wood acrylic bindings
 600 x 400

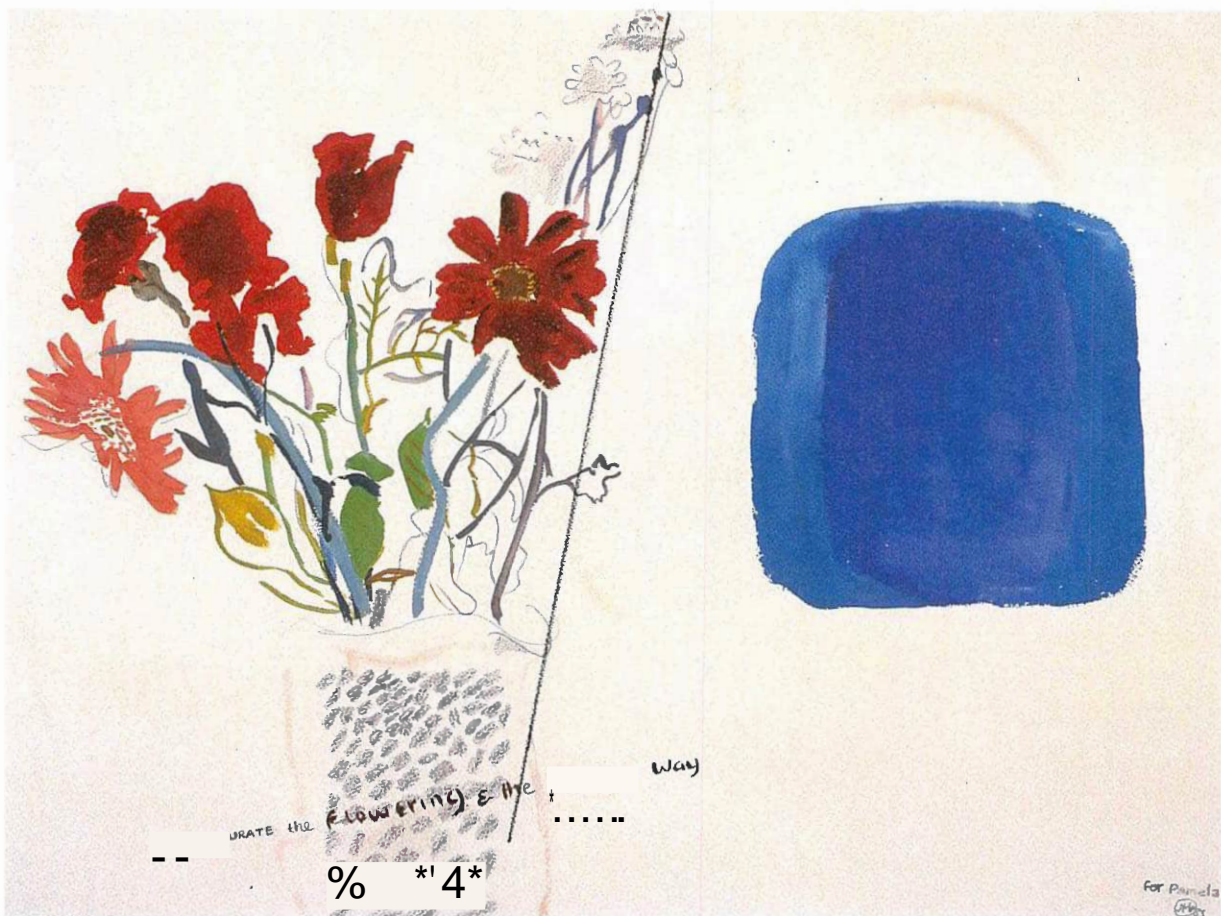


Plate 15 **Joanna Paul**

In memoriam Pamela Tomlinson 1985

watercolour

45 x (approx.) 60.5

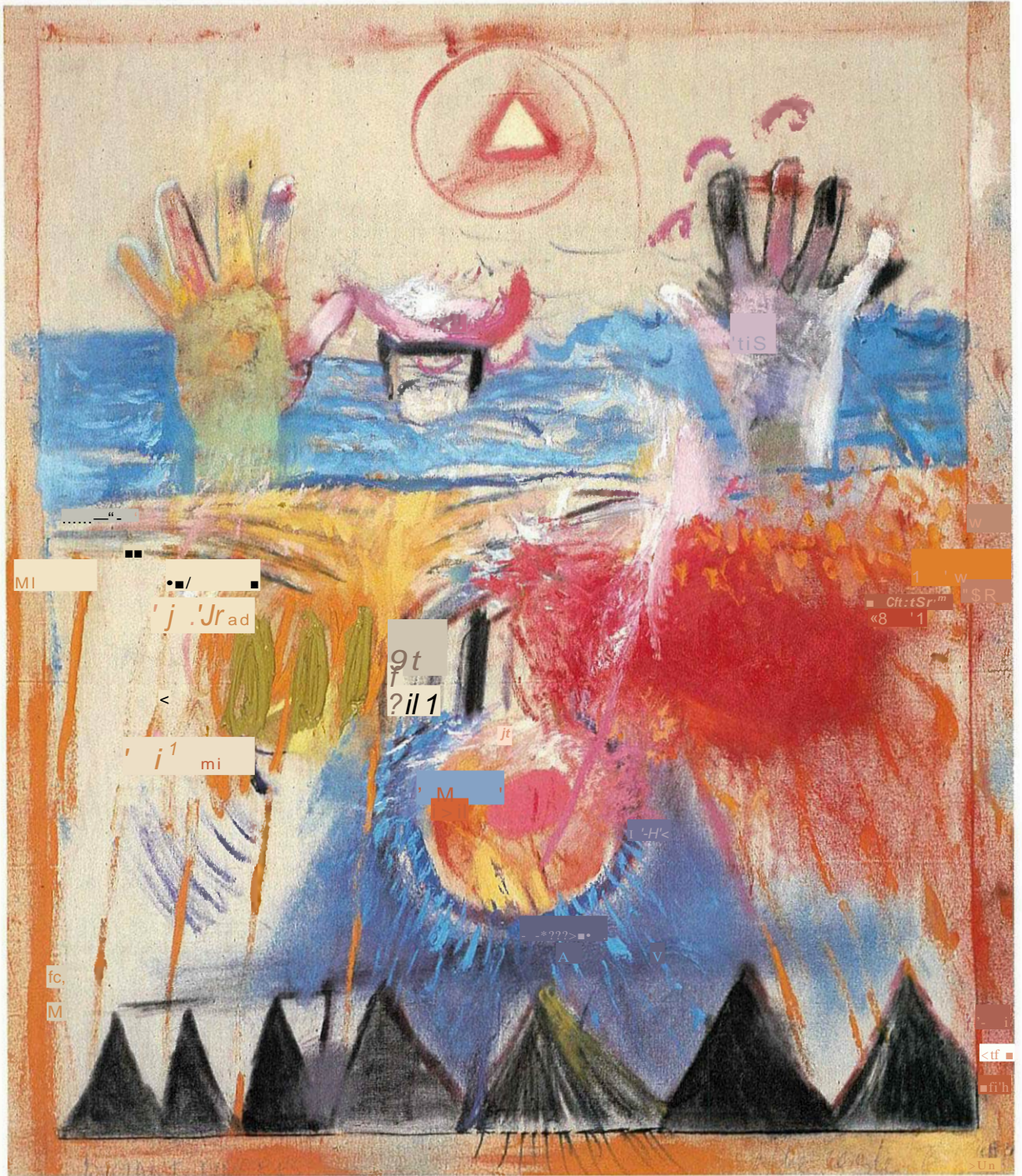


Plate 16 Allie Eagle

Distant fingers 1978

oil on canvas

33/2 inches x 29 inches

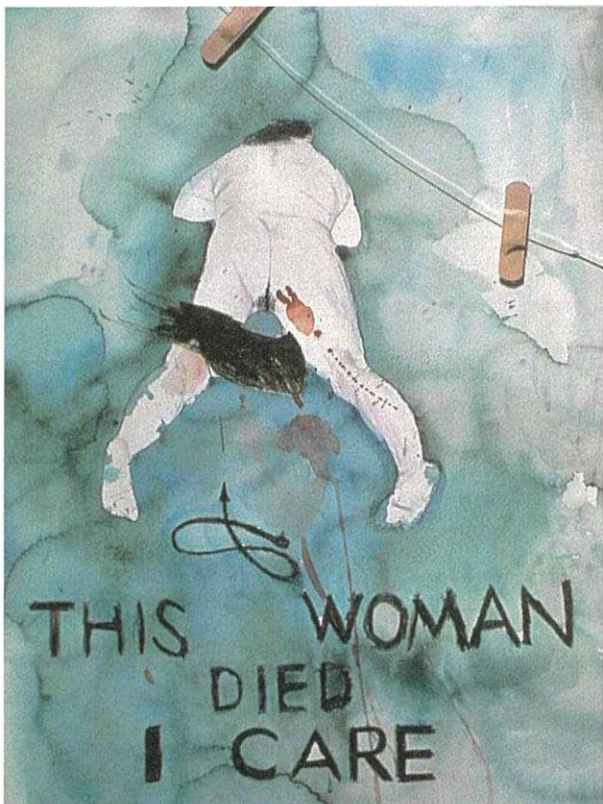


Plate 17 Allie Eagle

This woman died: I care (died trying to abort herself) 1978

watercolour and pastel

72 * 54

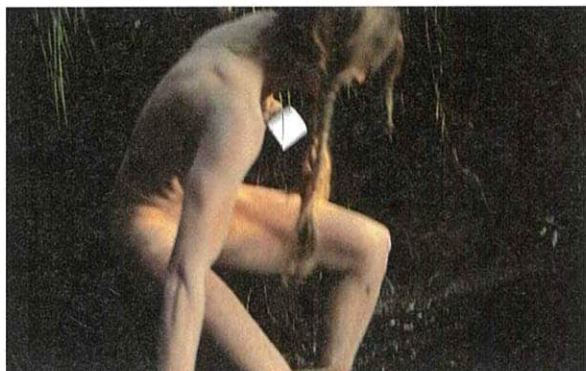
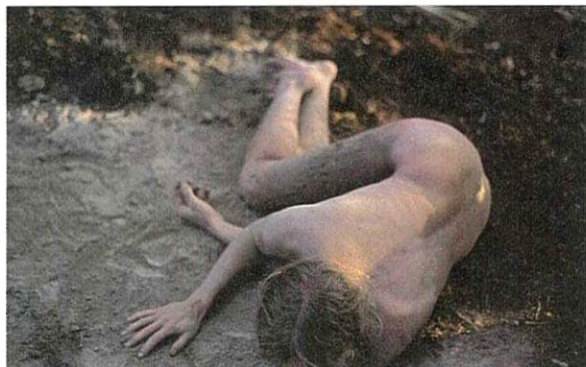


Plate 18.1-4 Allie Eagle

Stone belly woman 1979 (SPIRIT BODY LAND connections)

documentation

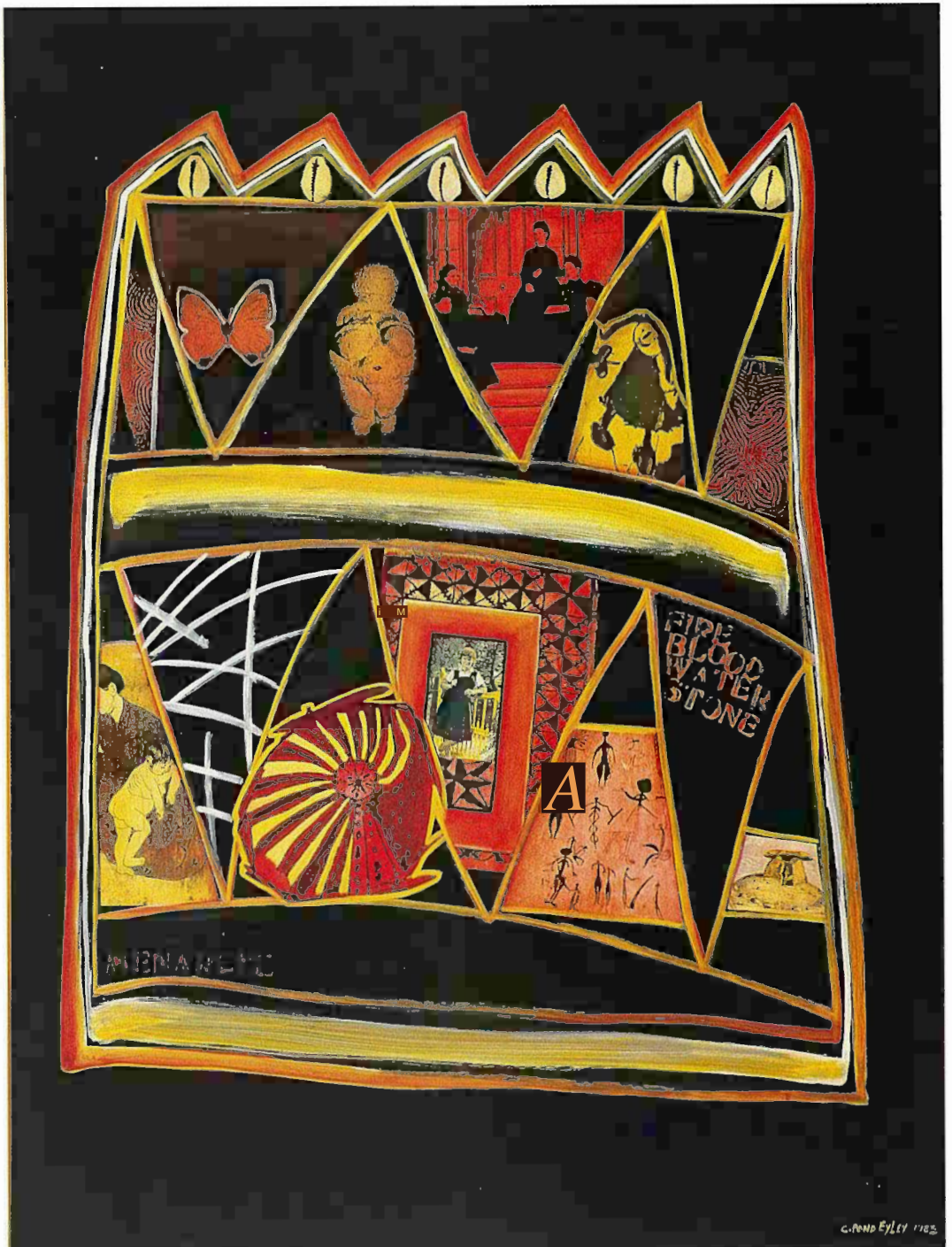
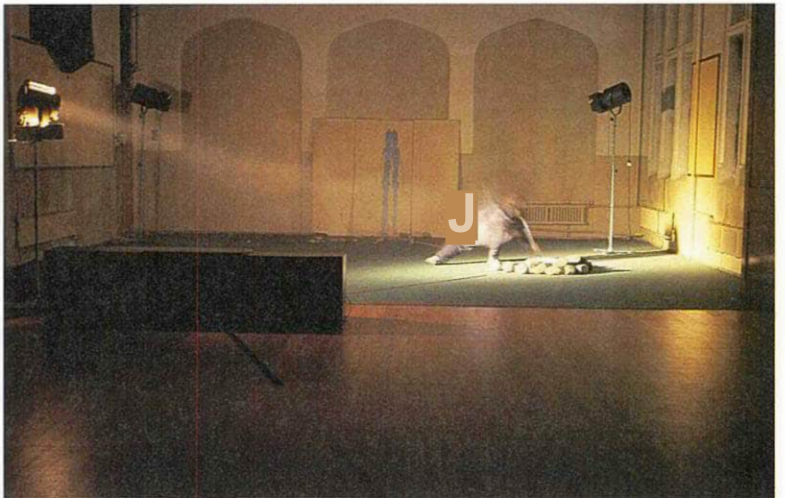
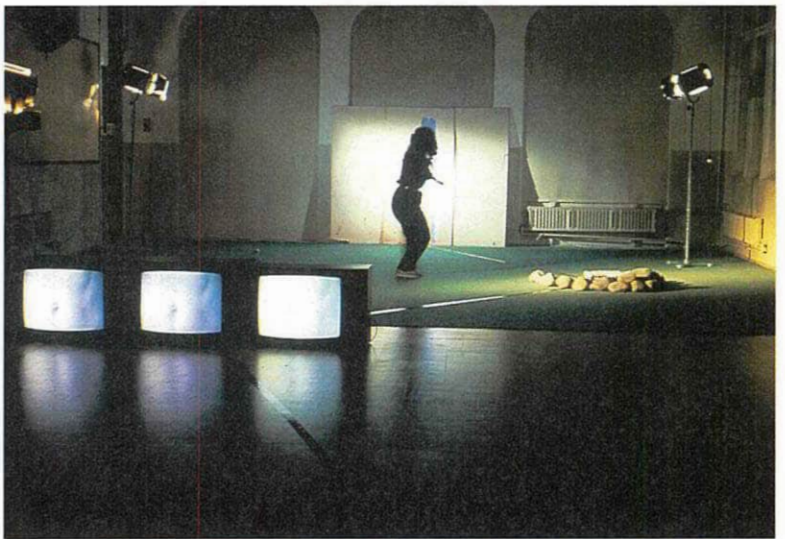


Plate 19 **Claudia Pond Eyley**

Menarche shield for Brigid 1983

acrylic paint/paper montage on hardboard

1210 * 910



Plates 20.1-3 **Di ffrench**

Gut reaction 1981 -----

performance sculpture

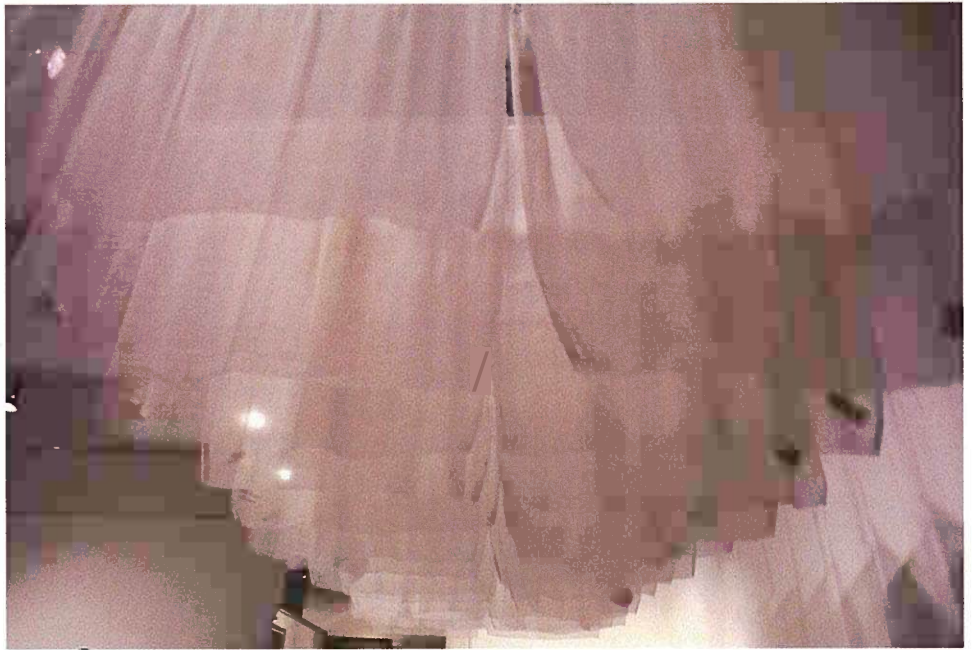


Plate 21 **Di ffrench**

Diary 1980

installation, *Diaries* 1980 exhibition, Women's
Gallery, Wellington

muslin leather hooks newspaper greasepaint

Plate 22 **Christine Hellyar**

Peaceful pacific tool aprons 1985

mixed media

48 x 51



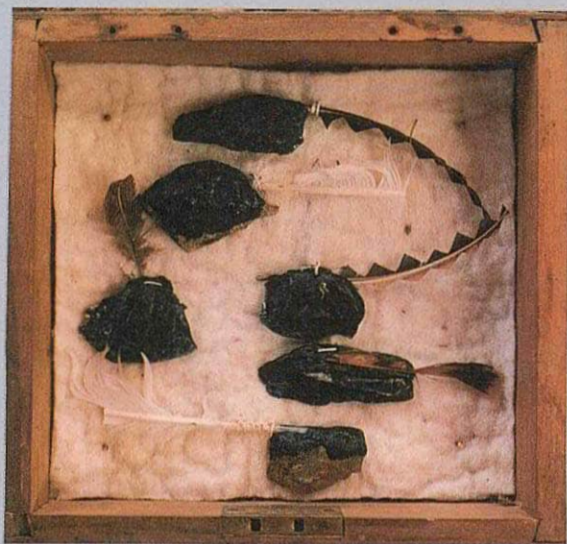
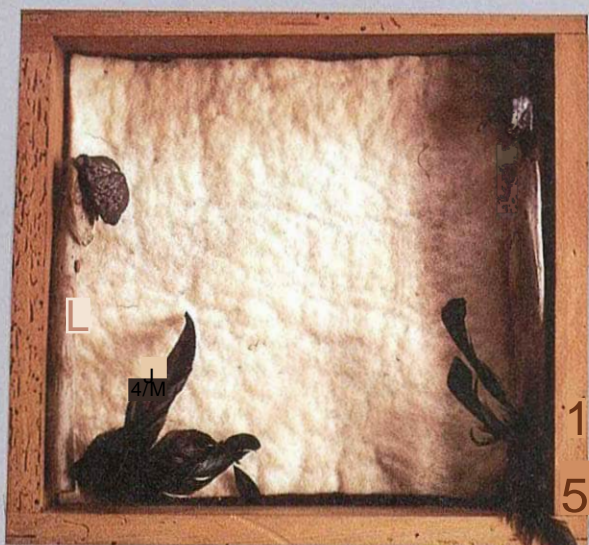
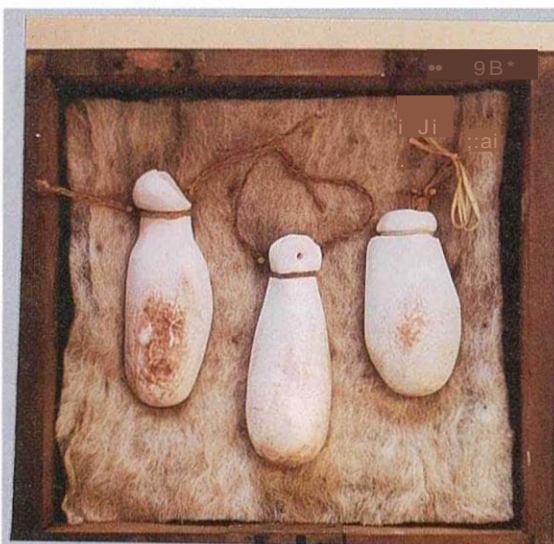


Plate 23 Christine Hellyar

Women's work 1984

mixed media



Plate 24 Sharon Alston

My bloody hand 1979

watercolour

51 x 48



Plate 25 **Cilla McQueen**

Score for an imaginary landscape 1986

ink and crayon

35 x 42

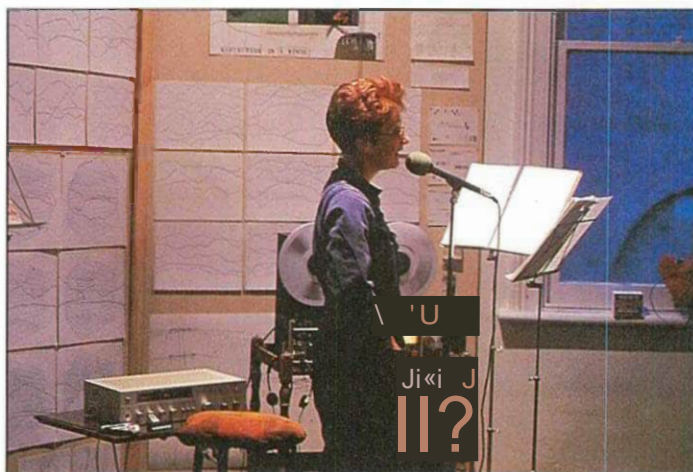


Plate 26 **Cilla McQueen at the Red Metro Gallery**

Dunedin 1983

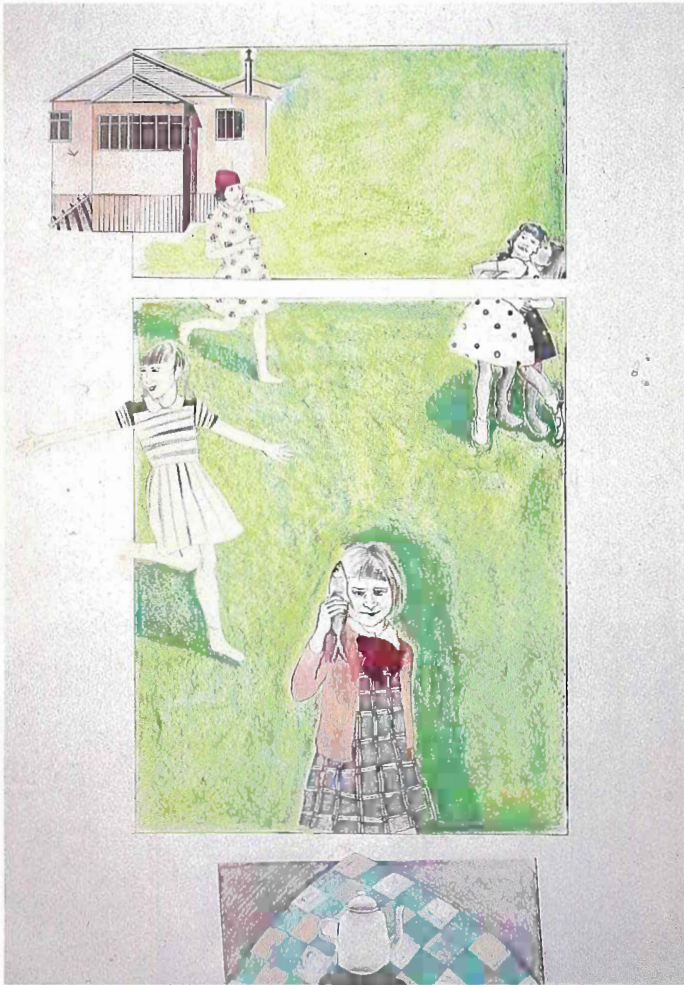
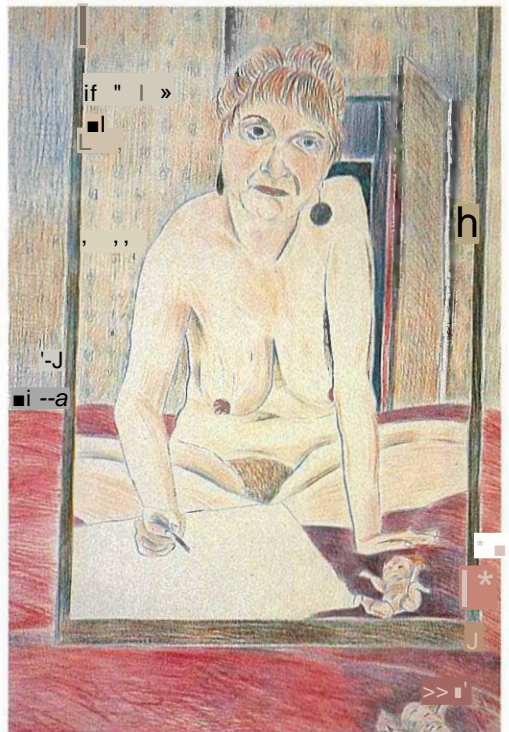


Plate 27 **Anna Keir**
Portrait of self as a child with fish 1983 from
Birthday party series
 pencil oil-pastel watercolour and collage
 60 x 42.5

Plate 28 **Anna Keir**
Self portrait 1985
 coloured pencil
 33 x 29.5



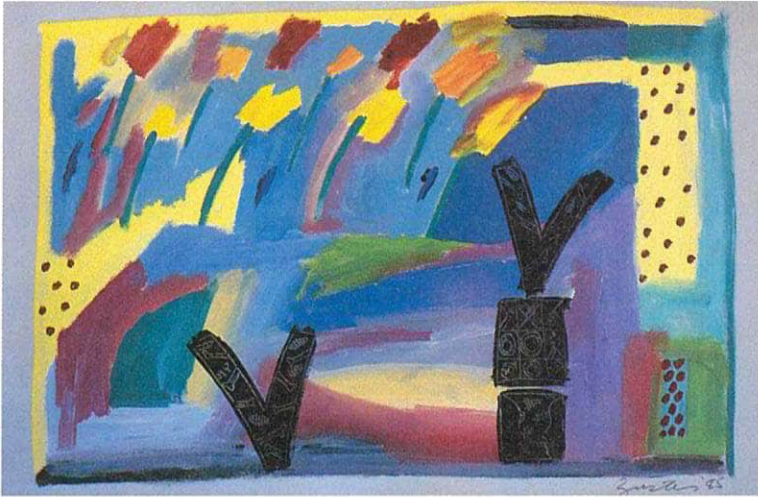


Plate 29 **Jane Zusters** _____

Sappho II 1985 _____

acrylic on paper _____

570 x 770 _____



Plate 30 **Jane Zusters** _____

Post-modern daydream 1986 _____

acrylic on canvas _____

6x8 feet _____

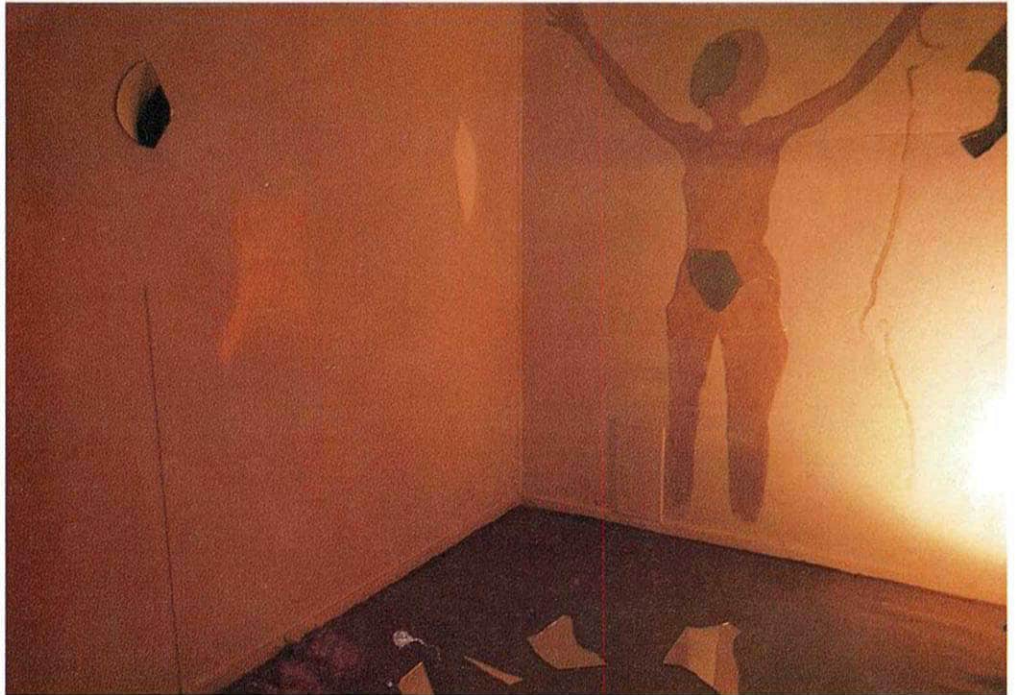
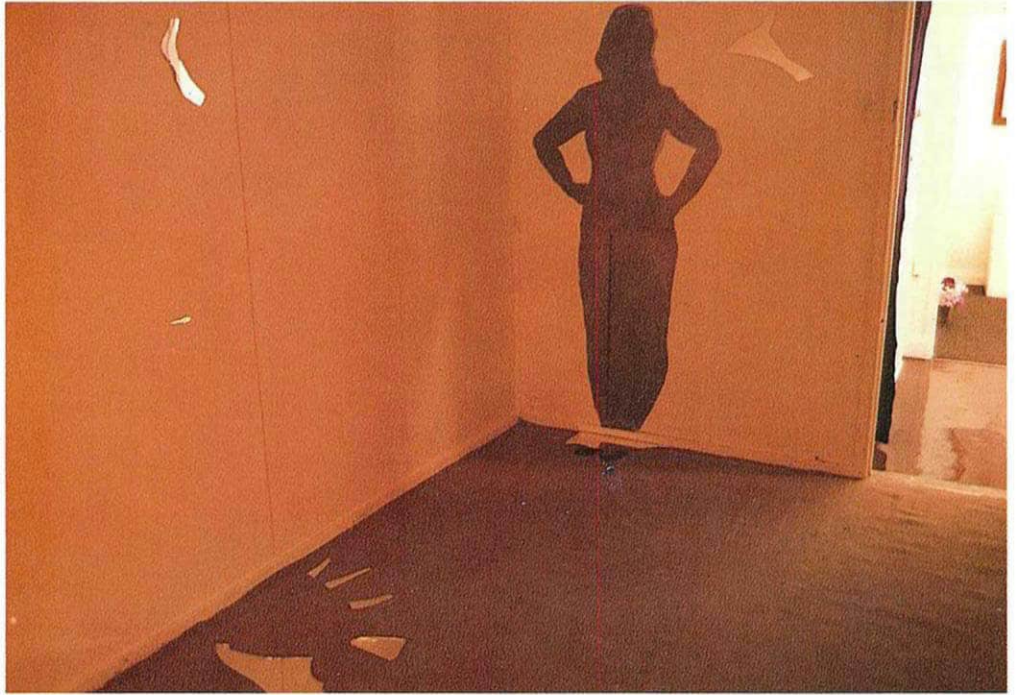


Plate 31.1-2 **Bridie Lonie**

Untitled 1981

installation *Sculpture project*. Women's Gallery

paint broken-mirror cloth

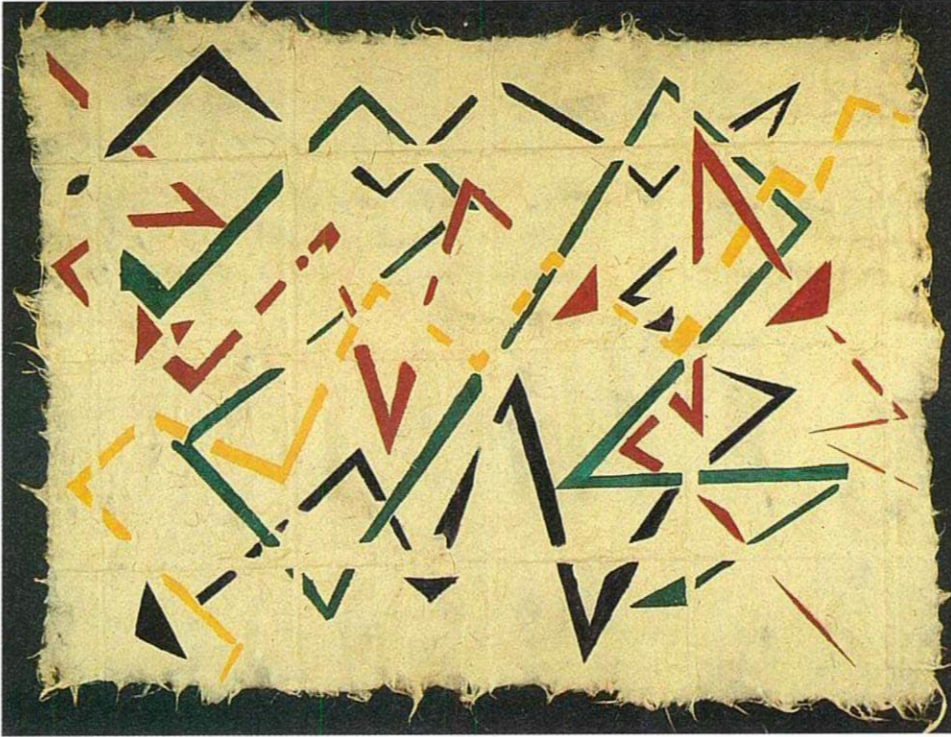


Plate 32 Lynnsay _____

Rongokea _____

Harmony _____

flax, acrylic, gel _____

21 x 34 _____

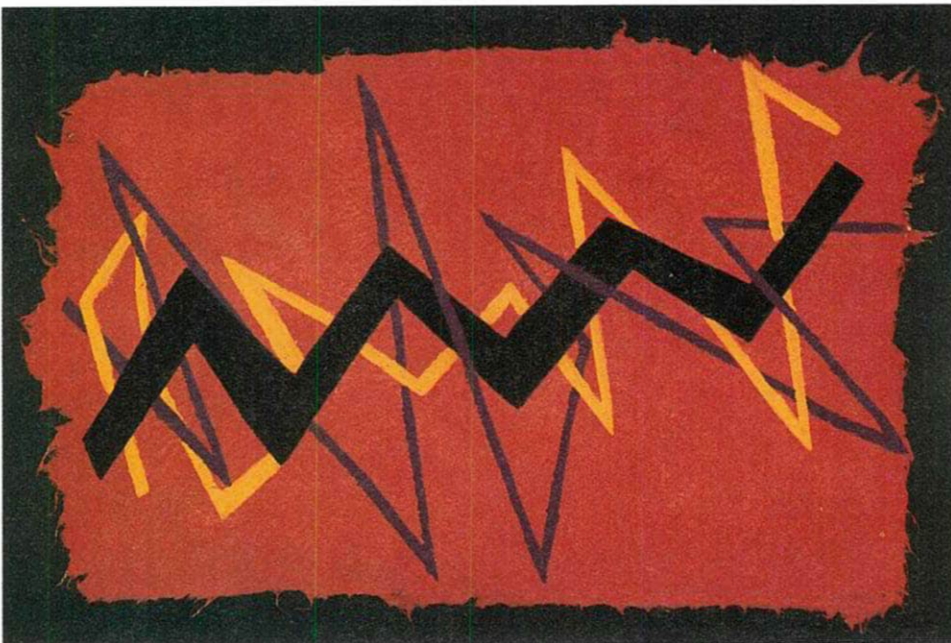


Plate 33 Lynnsay _____

Rongokea _____

Thought patterns _____

flax, acrylic, gel _____

21 x 34 _____



Plate 34 Lynnsay Rongokea

Culture ciash

flax, acrylic, gel

21 x 34

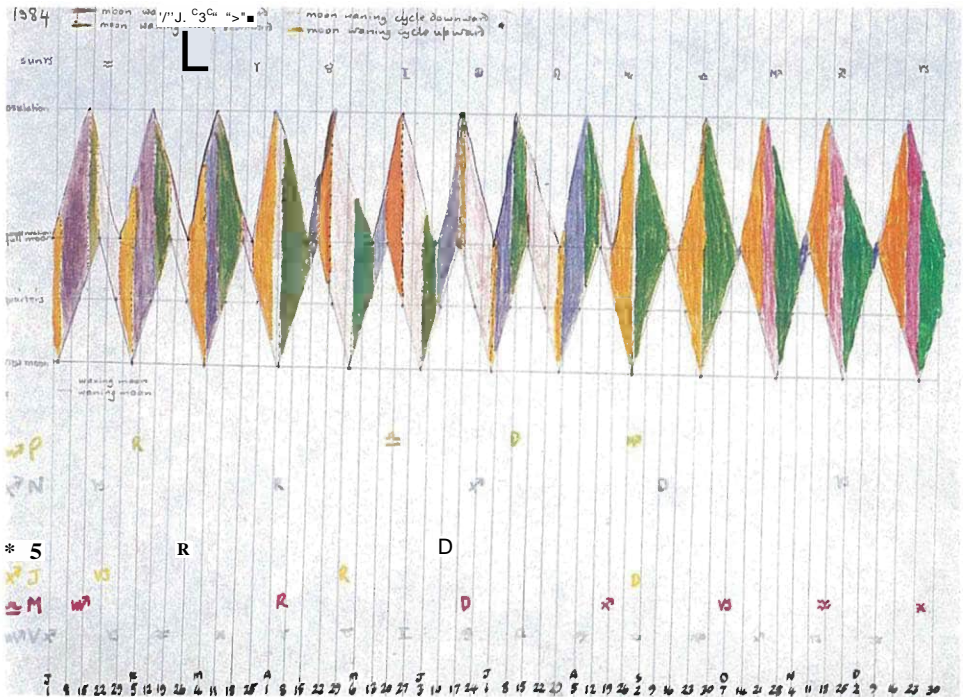


Plate 35 Pamela Gray

Menstrual chart 1984

ink and felt tip

21 x 30



Plate 36 **Fiona Clark**
Geraldine at home Auckland 1975
colour photograph

Plate 37 **Fiona Clark**
Boyer Coe—'Mr Universe'; contestant at 'Mr
Olympia 1980'—Sydney
colour photograph



Plate 38 Fiona Clark
Gan O'Carroll holding
piharau (lamprey eel)
Waitara River 1980
colour photograph

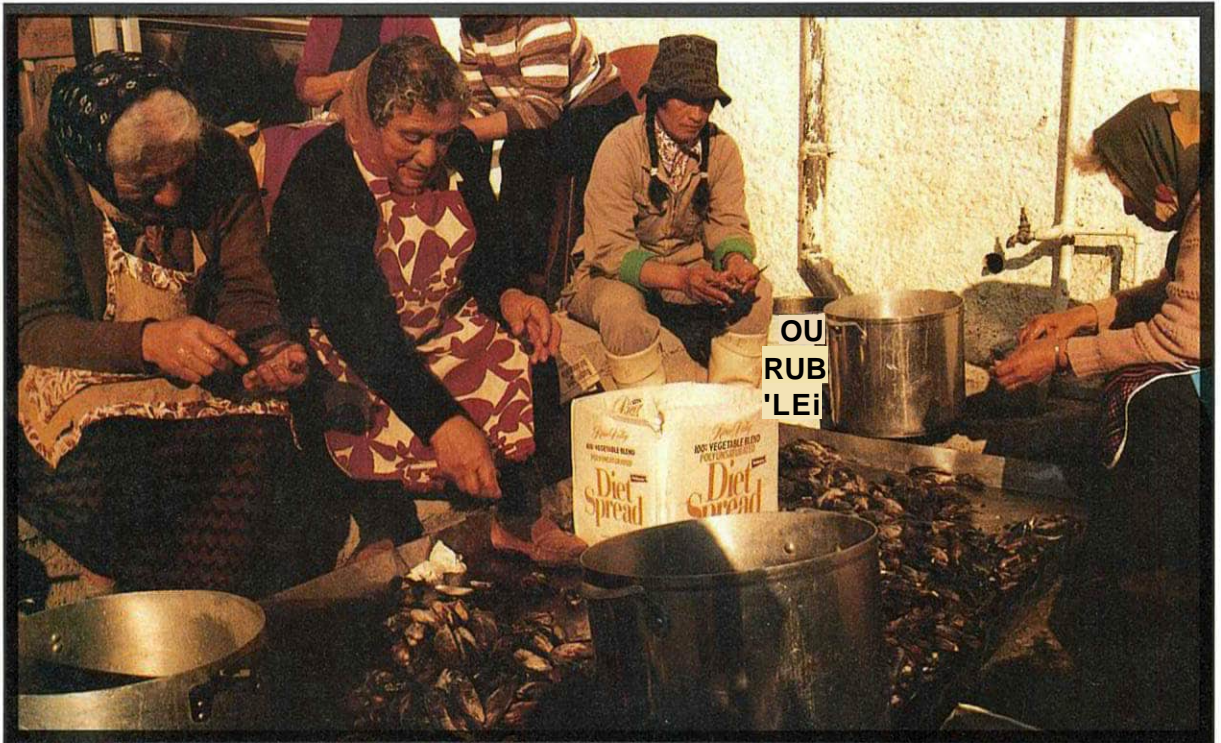


Plate 39 Fiona Clark
Shelling mussels, Owae Marae, Waitara, 26.6.80
preparation for Sir Maui Pomare Day
colour photograph

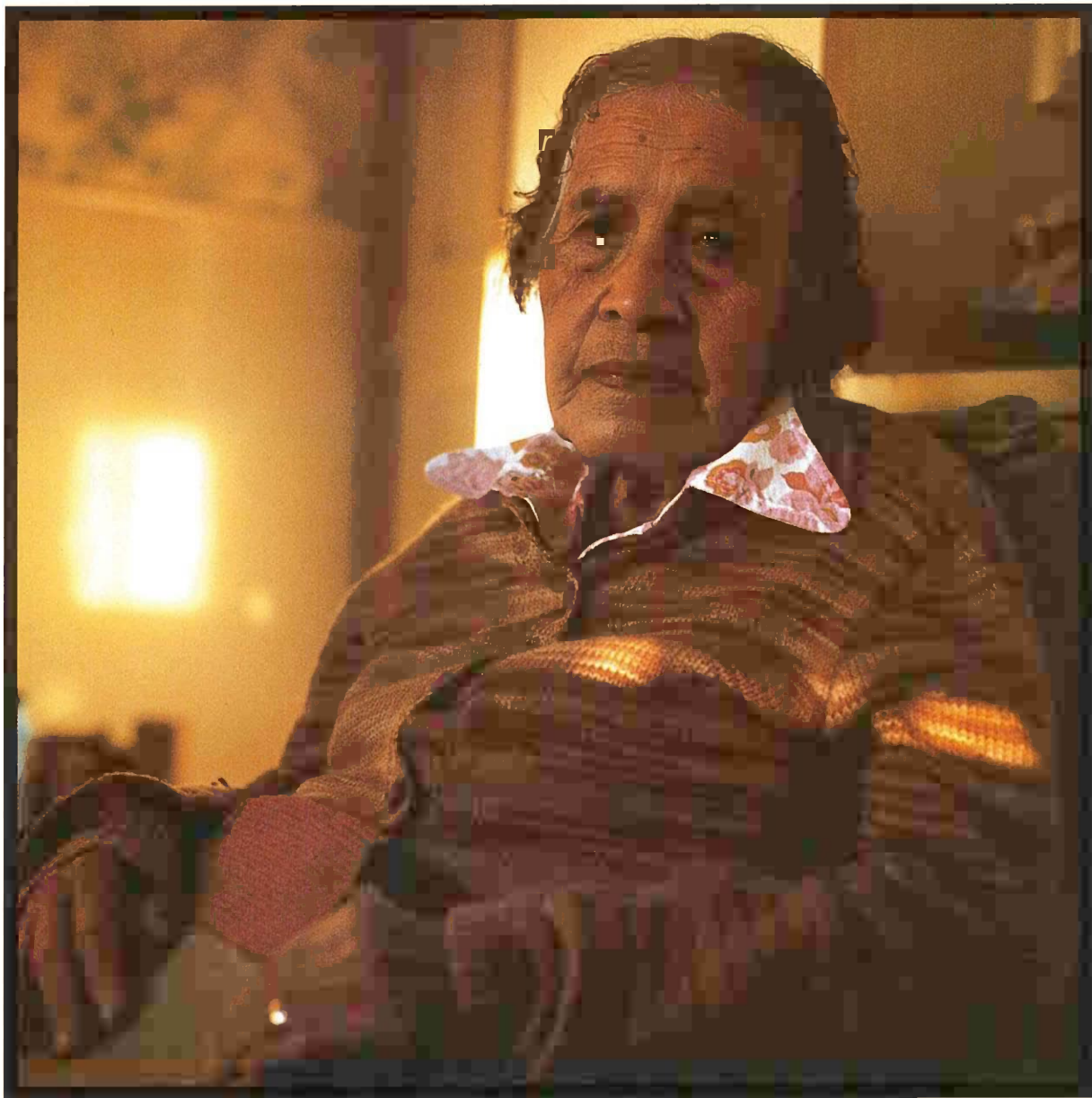


Plate 40 **Fiona Clark**
Ngawaina Te Teira (Lavtnia). Ngatirahiri Hapu,
Otaraoa Hapu, Ngati Mutunga Hapu, Te Atiawa
1982

colour photograph



Plate 41 **Janet de Wagt** _____

Karen New Brighton beach 1983 _____

watercolour _____

21 x 26 _____

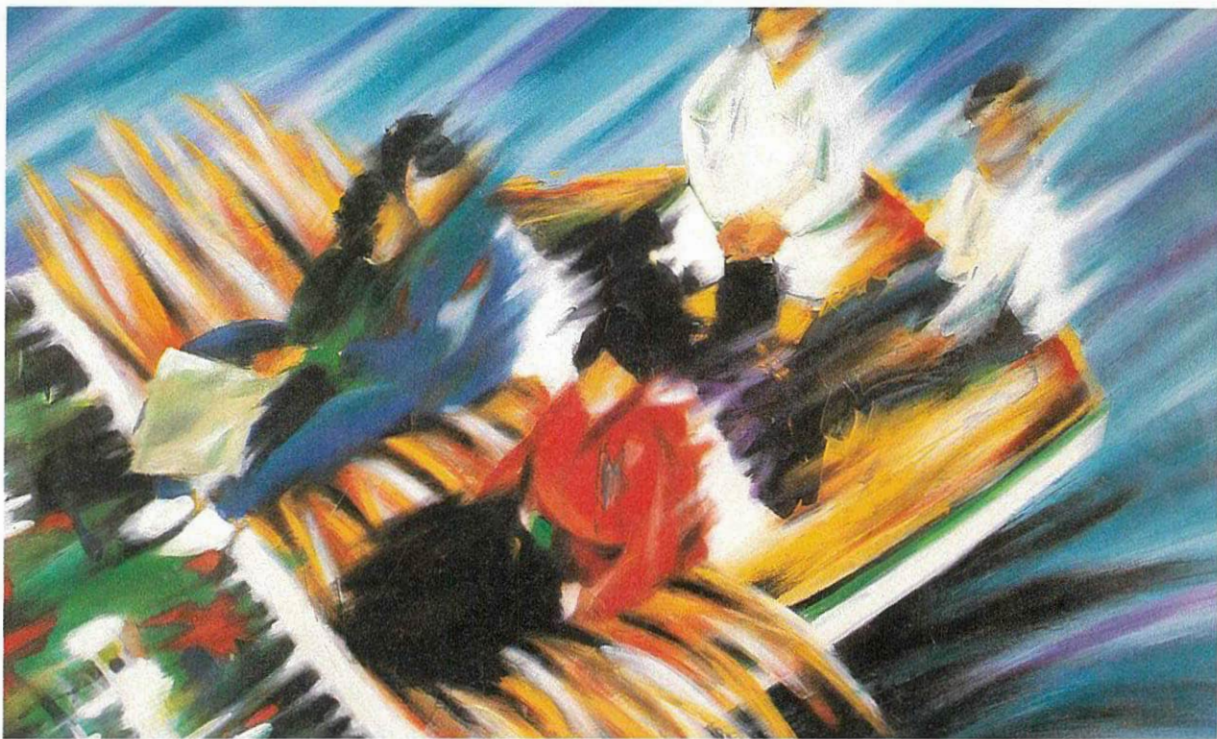


Plate 42 **Janet de Wagt**

Speed 1985

acrylic on paper

65 x 100



T " /
HORTUS

CONCLUSUS

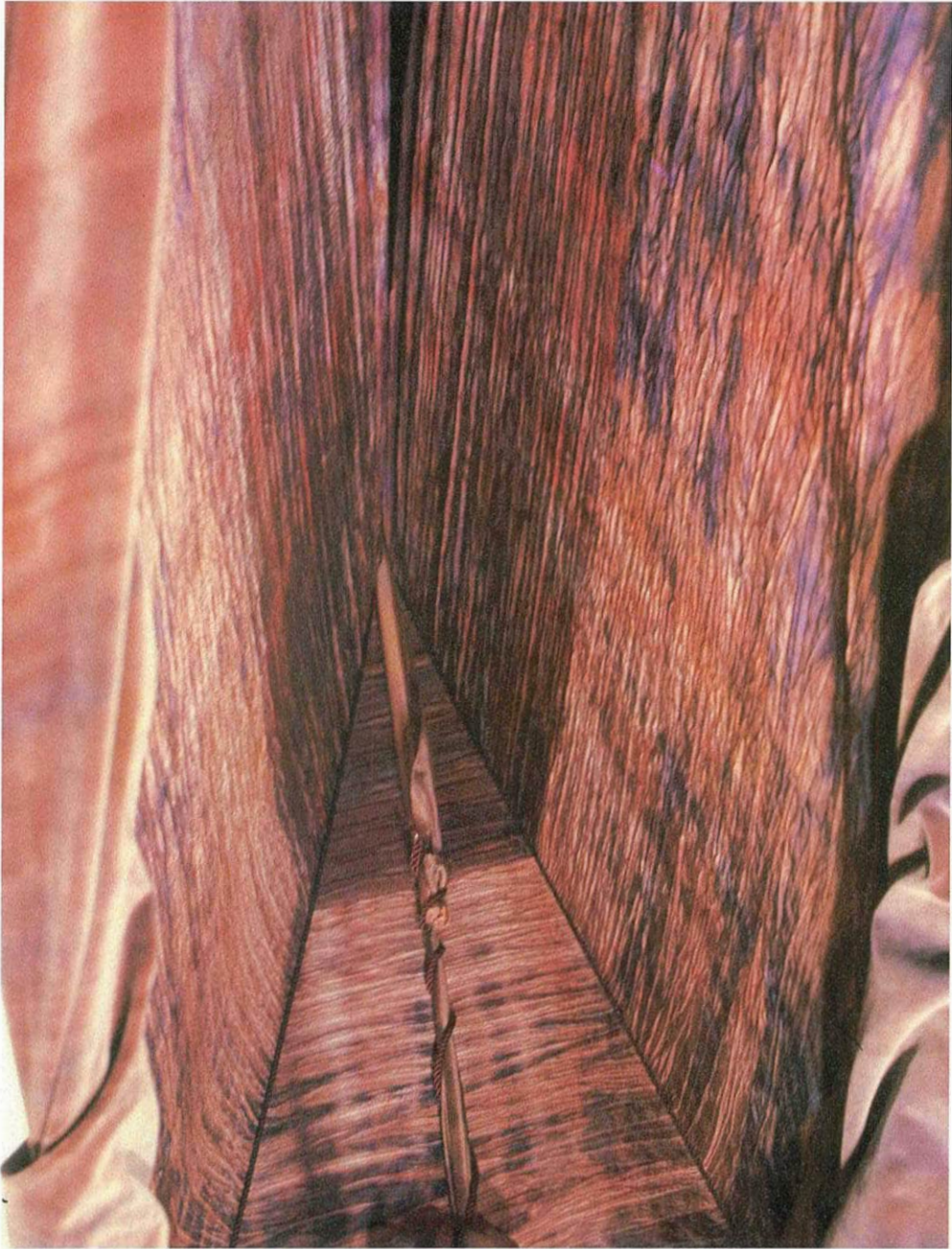


Plate 44 **Lani Morris**

The environment of a woman's body holds all humanity 1981

installation for *Women and the environment* exhibition, Women's Gallery

hand-dyed silks

3.5 * 2 metres

Plate 43 **Mary-Louise Browne**

HORTUS CONCLUSUS

Sand blasted marble

14 x 12 x 1 1/2 (depth) inches

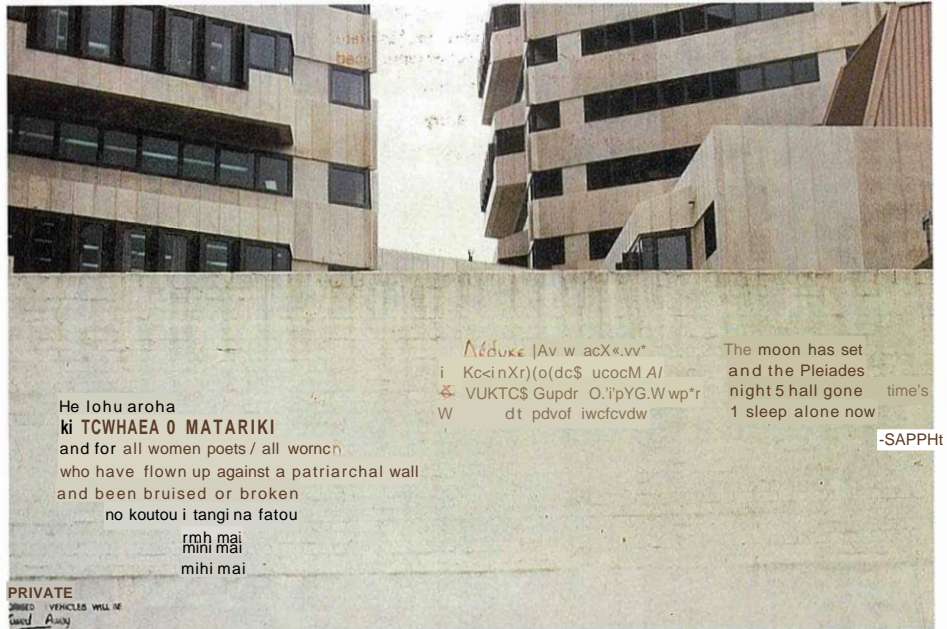


Plate 45.1 Marian Evans

Matariki mural I 1981

Painted on Women's Gallery outer wall Harris Street as part of the *Women and the environment* exhibition.

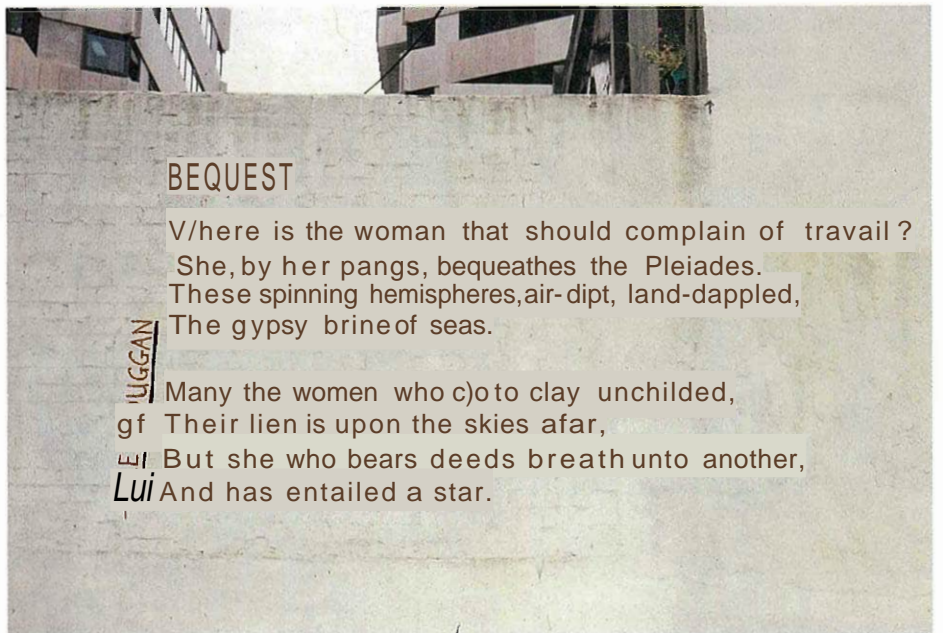


Plate 45.2 Marian Evans

Matariki mural II 1981

I first read this Eileen Duggan poem when I saw it included in a review of *Pleione* by Jennifer Shennan, Judith Exley and Pamela Gray (see Pamela's text in this book). Some of Eileen Duggan's experiences as a poet are documented in *A gentle poet: a portrait of Eileen Duggan, O.B.E.* by Grace Burgess, Carterton, 1981.



Plate 46 **Tilly Lloyd** _____

Cacti on sill 1984 _____

colour photograph _____

16 x 24 _____



Plate 47 Heather McPherson and goddess figure
Opening show. Women's Gallery 1980



Plate 48 Carole Stewart
At Port Waikato 1979
batik
80 x 120

RESOURCE LISTS

MARILYNN WEBB

Artist's own texts

- Aramoana fossils*. Set of six blind prints. 1981.
Clouds and water. Photographic essay. Set of seven. 1983.
Domestic interiors. Photographic essay. Set of four. 1982.
Flowers. Handcoloured book printed by the artist in her studio. Set of two. 1985.
Light night. Photographic essay. Set of five. 1983.
Mahinerangi winter. Photographic essay. Set of five. 1986.
Mahinerangi. Ten signed books of prints with poems by Cilla McQueen. 1982.
Portrait of Cilla McQueen in my landscape. Photographic essay. Set of four. 1984.
Taste before eating. Lower Hutt, Dowse Art Museum. Nineteen prints, boxed, with texts typeset by Alan Loney. 1982.

Represented in

- Cape, Peter. *Prints and printmakers in New Zealand*. Auckland and London, Collins, 1974.
GQ quarterly. Japan Graphics, 1974.
Landfall 152. Cover and four prints.
Notable New Zealanders; the pictorial who's who. Auckland, Hamlyn, 1979.

Selected reviews

- Art New Zealand*'. 9, 27, 38 (Bridie Lonie; illus.).
Art Week (San Francisco): September 7 1985.
Broadsheet'. April 1983 (Christine Dann; illus.).
Listener'. 19 March 1983 (illus.).
Print news: the international journal of contemporary prints September—October 1985.
Xeroxes of some undated reviews, Women's Gallery collection, Alexander Turnbull Library.

Video

- Artist in the landscape*. The South tonight, TVNZ, Dunedin, 1985.
Interview with Sandra Burt. Kaleidoscope, 1986.

Slide collections

- Department of Education, Auckland; Graphic Department, Ilam School of Fine Arts; World Print Council, San Francisco, United States.

Overseas catalogues

- Arteder 82*. Muestra Internacional de Obra Grafica Bilbao. Feria Internacional de Muestras de Bilbao, 1982.
IV Biennale Internationale de la gravure. Cracow Ministry for Art and Culture, 1972.
International exhibition of graphic art 71. Modema galerija, Ijubljana, Yugoslavia, 1971.
International exhibition of graphic art 1976. Freehen/Bundesrepublik, Deutschland, 1976.
International print exhibit 1983. Republic of China, Council for Cultural Planning and Development Executive Yuan, 1983.
Internationale grafik biennale exposition internationale de gravure 74. Freehen/Bundesrepublik, Deutschland, 1974.

Norwegian international print biennale. Fredrikstad Library, 1972, 1978, 1980, 1982, 1984, 1986.

Second international biennial print exhibit 1985. Republic of China, Council for Cultural Planning and Development Executive Yuan—Taipei Fine Arts Museum, 1985.

Seventh exhibition of contemporary prints and eleven New Zealand printmakers. London, Bankside Gallery, no date available.

Seventh international biennial of prints in Tokyo, 1970. Tokyo, Kokusai Bunka Shinkokai—National Museum of Modern Art, 1970.

World Print 4—an international survey 1983. San Francisco, World Print Council, 1983. (Toured within the United States.)

Public collections

Auckland City Art Gallery; Department of Foreign Affairs; Dowse Art Gallery; Dunedin Public Art Gallery; Hocken Library; National Art Gallery; Robert McDougall Gallery; Waikato Art Museum; and City of Hamilton Gallery (Aus.); Library of Congress, Washington D.C. (United States); Queensland Art Gallery (Aus.).

TIFFANY THORNLEY

Represented in

Batten, Juliet. 'What is a feminist artist?' *Broadsheet*, June 1983.

Mothers. Wellington, Women's Gallery, 1981. Catalogue.

New Zealand herstory 1980. Christchurch, Christchurch Herstory Collective, 1979.

Opening show. Wellington, Women's Gallery, 1980. Catalogue.

Personal/political. Christchurch, Peepers Gallery, 1981. Catalogue.

Spiral 5, Wellington 1982, (illus. only).

States of mind, Christchurch, James/Paul Gallery, 1985. Catalogue.

Women's work. Christchurch, Blue Ladder, 1984. Catalogue.

Selected reviews

Art network (Aus.): 3/4.

Broadsheet. January 1979, April 1980. (Both Christchurch Women's Art Festival.)

Christchurch Press. 22 September 1983, 24 November 1984, 16 October 1985, 16 April 1986, 12 July, 1986.

Christchurch Star: 14 September 1983, 28 April 1986.

Evening Post: 2 February 1980.

Listener: 29 November 1986.

Spiral 4 (Jane Zusters).

Tapes

Interview with Lira Barrie, in taped interviews with women artists for the Women's Art Archive, 1984. Held at National Art Gallery and Auckland City Art Gallery.

Interview with Tilly Lloyd, 1986. Women's Gallery Collection, Alexander Turnbull Library.

Video

Community Women's Video. *Opening show*, Women's Gallery 1980, in Women's Gallery Collection.

Slides

Queen Elizabeth II Arts Council; Women's Gallery Collection; Women's Studies Department, Victoria University; Robert McDougall Gallery.

Public collection

Robert McDougall Gallery.

BARBARA STRATHDEE

Artist's own texts

Bagnall, Jill. *Crayfishing with grandmother*. Translated into Maori by Hapi Potae and illustrated by Barbara Strathdee. Auckland and London, Collins, 1973.

'Claudia Pond Eyley and Carole Shepheard'. *Broadsheet*, May 1986.

The conventional canvas. Trieste, 1984; and a translation, *La tela tradizionale*, by Giancarlo Stampalia, 1985.

'Debra Bustin'. *Art New Zealand* 27.

Feminist art seminar at FI in FI. Sculpture project FI Publications, 1983.

Freeman, Sue. *The fudge that jumped out of the bath and ran away to see the world*.

Illustrated by Barbara Strathdee. Colville, Coromandel Press, in association with Kidsarus 2, 1984.

'Women artists at the FI Sculpture project'. *Art New Zealand*, 26.

Posters

Marebagroup (Italy); *Barbara Strathdee*, exhibition at Galleria Acquario, Mestres Venice; *Children and childhood* (Women's Gallery).

Represented in

Batten, Juliet. 'What is a feminist artist?' *Broadsheet*, June 1983.

Bett, Elva. *New Zealand art; a modern perspective*. Auckland, Reed Methuen, 1986.

FI Sculpture project. Wellington, FI Publications, 1983. Catalogue.

Germaine, Max. *Artists and galleries of Australia and New Zealand*. Sydney, Paul Hamlyn, 1979.

Kirker, Anne. *New Zealand women artists*. Auckland, Reed Methuen, 1986.

Mothers. Wellington, Women's Gallery, 1981.

New Zealand prints 1977. Auckland, Auckland City Art Gallery, 1977. Catalogue.

Opening. Wellington, Wellington City Art Gallery, 1980. Catalogue.

Selected reviews

An Network (Aus.): Winter 1983.

Art New Zealand: 16.

Bay of Plenty Times: December 1984.

Broadsheet: April 1985 (Sandra Coney).

Dominion: 31 October 1970, 8 September 1983, 13 February 1975, 14 February 1985 (Jenny Hames; Ulus.).

Evening Post: 24 April 1980, 12 December 1984, 11 February 1985.

Island (Aus.): Spring 1983.

Listener: 2 October 1976, 30 April 1983.

New Zealand Art News: December 1984/January 1985.

New Zealand Herald: 13 February 1975.

Tablet: 12 December 1973.

Thursday: 29 November 1973.

Wairarapa Times Age: 11 February 1975.

A list of Italian reviews is held in the Women's Gallery Collection, Alexander Turnbull Library.

Italian catalogues etc.

Artisti delle Friuli Venezia Giulia. Rome, Palazzo Braschi, 1976.

Barbara Strathdee. London, Commonwealth Institute, 1975.

Barbara Strathdee. Trieste, Gallerie Tømmaseo & Cartesius, 1975.

Barbara Strathdee. Rome, Galleria Spazio Alternative, 1978.

X Quadriennale; Artisti stranieri operanti in Italia. Rome, 1977.

Feministe. Trieste, Galleria La Capella, 1975.

Loda, Romana. *Magma*. Ferrara, Palazzo dei Diamante, 1986.

Marebagroup. Verona, Villa Lorenzoni, 1975.

Martelli, Claudio. *Artisti di Trieste, dell'Istria e della Dalmazia*. Trieste, APC, 1985.

Tre artisti stranieri a Trieste. Trieste, Galleria Barbacan, 1985.

Weller, Simone. *Il complesso di Michelangelo*. Rome, La Nuova Foglio Editrice, 1977.

Tapes

Interview with Lita Barrie, in taped interviews with women artists for the Women's Art Archive, 1984—5. Held at National Art Gallery and Auckland City Art Gallery; and an Access Radio interview, 1983.

Interview with Irihapeti Ramsden and Marian Evans, 1985. Women's Gallery Collection, Alexander Turnbull Library.

Video

Kaleidoscope series on women's art. TVNZ, 1984. Directed by Kathy Findlay.

Slides

Queen Elizabeth II Arts Council; Women's Gallery Collection.

Public collections

International Centre for Theoretical Physics, Trieste; Museo Ranco, Lago Maggiore, Italy; Museum of Idrija, Slovenia, Yugoslavia; Galeria Zagorje ob Savi, Slovenia, Yugoslavia.

PAULINE THOMPSON

Artist's own texts

Natural & other histories. 1985. Artists book.

Artist's tapes

Interview with Lita Barrie in taped interviews with women artists for the Women's Art Archive 1985. Held at the National Art Gallery and the Auckland City Art Gallery.

Interview with with Bridie Lonie and Marian Evans. Women's Gallery Collection, Alexander Turnbull Library.

Represented in

Bett, Elva. *New Zealand art; a modern perspective*. Auckland, Reed Methuen, 1986.

Brown, Gordon H. and Keith, Hamish. *An introduction to New Zealand painting 1839—1980*. Auckland, Collins, 1982.

Eastmond, Elizabeth and Penfold, Merimeri. *New Zealand women in the arts, 1936—1986*. Auckland, Penguin, 1986.

Herstory '87 collective. *Herstory 1987*. Auckland, New Women's Press, 1986.

Kirker, Anne. *New Zealand women artists*. Auckland, Reed Methuen, 1986.

New women artists. New Plymouth, Govett-Brewster Gallery, 1984. (Jenny Nelligan). Catalogue.

Novel works: Deborah Russell, Pauline Thompson, Caroline Williams. Sydney, Mori Gallery, 1986. Catalogue.

Selected reviews

Art New Zealand: 17 (illus.), 29 (illus.), 32 (Priscilla Pitts; illus.).

Dominion: 23 June 1984 (Elva Bett).

Evening Post: 26 July 1984, 13 August 1986, 20 August 1986.

Listener: 30 August 1986 (illus.).

Metro: September 1983 (Vanya Lowry; illus.).

HEATHER McPHERSON

Artist's own texts

- 'Allie Eagle, Anna Keir, Jane Zusters'; and 'A season's diaries'. *Broadsheet*, July 1978. Review.
- 'The apple belonged to Eve: rape, incest and re-telling myths.' *Women's Studies Journal* Vol. 3 No. 1, 1987. Paper given at IX German Conference on Commonwealth Literature, Laufen, 1986.
- A figurehead: a face*. Wellington, Spiral, 1982. Poems.
- 'Herstory 1987'. *Broadsheet*, December 1986. Review.
- 'Interview with Louise Lewis', by Alison Mitchell and Heather McPherson. *Spiral 2*, 1977.
- 'Is there a feminist aesthetic?' *Spiral 4* 1979. Note on *Heresies*, United States women's art journal.
- 'Mothers'. *Spiral 5*, 1982. Review.
- 'No announcement'. *Broadsheet*, April 1978. Story.
- 'Private Gardens'. *Broadsheet*, September 1977.
- Review followed by letter from Riemke Ensing, *Broadsheet*, October 1979.
- 'Questions of identity'. *Broadsheet*, November 1986.
- Rosemary Johnson interview. *Spiral 4*, 1979.
- The third myth*. Tauranga, Tauranga Moana Press, 1986. Poems.
- 'Women's environment at the '77 Women's Convention. The reality 1; the reality 3'. *Spiral 3*, 1978.

Poems in

- Arts Festival Yearbook*. 1969 (N.Z.U. Arts Festival Committee).
- Islands*: 5.
- Landfall*: 91, 96, 105, 111, 133, 156.
- Pearl W.S.y.* 1979.
- Poet*: March, 1972, Pacific Issue.
- Spiral 4*, 5.

Editorials

- Spiral 1*, 2, 3.

Reviews

- Christchurch Press*, *Circle*, *Listener*, *Spiral*.

Tapes

- Interview with Tilly Lloyd, Women's Gallery Collection, Alexander Turnbull Library.
- Interview with Leona Brosnahan, Radio New Zealand, National Programme, 15 September 1986.
- Women's Community Video Inc. *Opening show*, Women's Gallery, 1980. Women's Gallery Collection. Filmed by Carole Stewart and Nancy Peterson.

Slides

- Queen Elizabeth II Arts Council; Women's Gallery Collection; Women's Studies Department, Victoria University.

Archives

- Spiral* and Women's Gallery Collections, Alexander Turnbull Library.

Represented in

- Christchurch Herstory Collective. *New Zealand herstory 1980*. Christchurch, 1979.
- Opening show*. Wellington, Women's Gallery, 1980. Catalogue.

Penguinbook of New Zealand verse, edited by Ian Wedde and Harvey McQueen. Auckland, Penguin, 1985.

Private gardens, edited by Riemke Ensing. Dunedin, Caveman, 1977.

Wahine kaituhi: women writers of Aotearoa. Wellington, Spiral, 1985. Catalogue.

Selected reviews

Landfall-. 146.

Listener. 10 July 1982 (Lauris Edmond).

Southland Times-. 29 September 1986 (Lois Davey).

Women's Studies Journal-. August 1986 (Aorewa McLeod).

JULIET BATTEN

Artist's own texts

'After the convention is over'. *Broadsheet*, June 1979, (as Juliet Seule).

'Emerging from the underground: the women's art movement in New Zealand' *m Research papers 1981*. Women's Studies Association, 1982. Reprinted in *Spiral 5*, 1982.

'The environment as a feminist cause' in *Bitches, witches and dykes*, December 1980. (Seule).

'Feminist art and the politics of criticism'. *AGMANZ Journal*, Autumn 1986.

Healing: ritual for Mari. 1984. Artists book. (Available from the artist, 98 Marsden Road, Mt Eden, Auckland.)

Mother. 1985. Artists book. Single copy.

'Mother and child in western art: the unrealised theme' in *Mothers*. Wellington, Women's Gallery, 1981. Catalogue essay.

'A survey exhibition'. (Allie Eagle review.) *Broadsheet*, April 1986.

'What is a feminist artist?' *Broadsheet*, June 1983.

'Women artists: is there a female aesthetic?' in *Research papers 1980*. Women's Studies Association, 1981.

'Women in relationship: scanning the past' in *Woman to woman*. Auckland, Association of Women Artists, 1983. Catalogue essay.

'Women, water and sand; a personal account' in *Spiral 5*.

'The women's art movement.' *Broadsheet*, January 1986.

The women's art movement on the Coast of the United States of America. Unpublished report to the Queen Elizabeth II Arts Council, 1982.

Cards

Feminist Art Networkers series (2).

Poems

Landfall 126, 129; *Mothers*; *Spiral 5*.

Cartoons

Broadsheet, June 1983, (Seule).

Bitches witches and dykes, June 1982, (Seule).

Video

Community Women's Video. *Opening show*, Women's Gallery 1980 in the Women's Gallery Collection, Alexander Turnbull Library. Filmed by Nancy Peterson and Carole Stewart.

Eastmond, Liz. *The menstrual maze; Priscilla Pitts talks to Juliet Batten*. 1983. Available Department of Art History, University of Auckland.

- Kaleidoscope. Women's art series, TVNZ, 1984. Directed by Kathy Findlay.
- Knitting the tide*. 1986. Video of Te Henga beach performance, 1986. (Available for purchase from the artist.)
- 100 women project*. 1985. Available Department of Art History, University of Auckland and Whangarei Community Arts Council, Box 1369, Whangarei; available for purchase from the artist.

Tapes

- Interview with Lita Barrie, in taped interviews with women artists for the Women's Art Archive, 1984. Held at National Art Gallery and Auckland City Art Gallery.
- Interview with Marian Evans and Bridie Lonie, 1985. Women's Gallery Collection, Alexander Turnbull Library.

Slides

- Women's Gallery Collection; National Art Gallery; Women's Studies Department, Victoria University; Department of Art History, University of Auckland; Queen Elizabeth II Arts Council.

Represented in

- Hamilton Women's Collective. *New Zealand herstory 1983*. Auckland, New Women's Press, 1982.
- Herstory '87 Collective. *Herstory 1987*. Auckland, New Women's Press, 1986.
- Kirker, Ann. *New Zealand women artists*. Auckland, Reed Methuen, 1986.
- Mothers*. Wellington, Women's Gallery, 1981. Catalogue.
- Opening show*. Wellington, Women's Gallery, 1980.
- A survey of contemporary New Zealand sculpture* compiled by Ken Adams. Auckland, Lynfield College, 1985.

Selected reviews

- Art New Zealand'*. 18 (Bridie Lonie), 33 (Cheryll Sotheran), 36 (Priscilla Pitts).
- Art network'*. Spring 1980.
- Auckland Star*. 18 July 1983 (Cheryll Sotheran).
- Broadsheet'*. October 1980 (Bronwen Nicholson), September 1982 (Sandi Hall), September 1983 (Bronwen Nicholson; reprinted in *Womanspirit* (U.S.) spring 1984), September 1983 (Liz Eastmond), November 1984 (Pat Rosier), April 1985 (Jenny Rankine), July—August 1985 (Pat Rosier).
- Crafts New Zealand: March—April 1984*.
- Listener*: October 1 1983. August 24 1985, December 13 1986 (Sandra Coney).
- New Zealand Art News*: August-September 1985.
- New Zealand Herald*: 18 July 1983.

SYLVIA BOWENS VERY OWN RESOURCE LIST

What works and where

The Leaves Machine is a concept of grassroots art working for a more creative community. It is planned to get a van over the next while which can be used to promote art and health in institutions, &c. A catalogue of Leaves material is available from Box 106 Kaikoura. Affordable paintings & 3 portraits, the S.M.B. what-a-card collection.

Notes on self help exhibition performance publication at cost on request.

A painter in healing: photocopy of this diary prepared for Auckland City Gallery's ANZART '85: reviews newsclippings exhibition notes poems paintings photos (including,

with Ans Westra 'The Masks to Freedom') to show how a dedication can overcome fears towards wholeness.

Booklet with Phil Kranz 'S.M.B. at the Dowse'.

Slide tape by Phil with Robin Nathan—music conversations paintings photos (both include 85—86 Heaven & Hell series.) Video—director Sandra Burt—15 m. performance/profile to show working through process. Courtesy Kaleidoscope.

Selected slides with linking story to show progress in style/material from 1950—1986. This work shown around Wellington/Wairarapa/Manawatu/Wanganui first. Also available as part of a performance that includes novel reading, poems, singing, acting out: new work, dressup &c. Audience discussion & participation. Workshops can be arranged in writing, visual diary presentation, painting, mural work &c.

Video: To Draw a Smile: Director S.M.B. Murals shown in Wellington City Gallery '84, with painters, poets in conversation/readings. Courtesy Porirua Hospital A.V. Department.

Video Ron Brownson Vivienne Smith 'April Fool' impressions of the tower booklaunch '86. Courtesy Sarjeant Gallery.

Community Murals: Photos available of community art (1) Porirua Hospital Recreation Dept '82. (2) Paekakariki Toilets '83 (cistern chapel.) (3) Pukeora Home ('84). (4) Waipukurau Arts Council Fence '84. (5) Opononi Area School '85. (6) Kaikoura Information Centre ('86).

Books. Photocopy booklets by Alistair Stephens: John W. Lee: Noeleen Anderson: James Cheevers: Pania Wiki: Sally Holmes.

Orange China Aeroplane: S.M.B. An 'innocent' view of a journey through the mind. My name is S.M.B. & i've come to save the world (a painter's notebook in a schizophrenic society). A Jizzery goes to Dunmork: kidsbook for Anyone, (all commercially printed.)

Projected: WAITANGI 85—SKETCHBOOK: The Unusual Meanderings of Flavia River: handwritten illustrated novel illustrated poems by *Allan Daun* more J. Cheevers poetry, illustrated by S.M.B. New verse SMB.

Leaves Community Access Magazine: Photocopies only, I, II, III, IV.

Tapes: 'Eye Am Hear' 1982—84 'Northland Hear' '85.: A selection.

Reviews &c, photocopies on request

Elva Belt: The Dominion '82. Paintings, Galerie Legard. New Zealand art; a modern perspective. Auckland, Reed Methuen, 1986.

Mitzi Naim: Vashti's voice, No 21. (Box 105 Auckland, a Christian Feminist magazine.) Review of M.N.I.

Vashti's voice also contains poems, essay, sketches from a notebook covering a 5 day women & spirituality conference: by S.M.B. (& lots of other people's work!).

Julia Stuart: AID magazine, October '84: Hospital Arts.

Annabelle Woodhouse: N.Z. Woman's Weekly July '85—profile, poems, paintings, community art.

Louise Guerin: N.Z. Listener: Porirua Hospital Arts. Feb '85.

Ian Wedde: Evening Post: City Gallery Projections Show Nov. '84.—S.M.B. Dowse Show '86 (August 20th)

Landfall 141: Prose, paintings, poems. *Caver*. 'My Father Discovers my Tree of Life'.

Accent (Ecumenical magazine): (Spiritual journeys of New Zealand writers and painters) by Alison O'Grady, February 1987.

Women's Studies Journal (August 1986)

CAROLE SHEPHEARD

Artist's own texts

- American journal* 1983. Artists book (xerox copy available at the Queen Elizabeth II Arts Council).
- The artists book in *ANZART '85 Artists book show*. Auckland, Auckland City Art Gallery, 1985. Catalogue essay.
- Body covers*. 1983. Artists book.
- Carole Shephard: a survey of work 1980—85*. Wellington, Wellington City Art Gallery, 1986. Catalogue.
- Clear options: art making in Auckland* in: *Artlink*, August/September 1985.
- The first ten years . . . for Holly*. 1985. Artists book.
- 'Full circle: news of a collaborative project' in *Spiral* 5, 1982.
- The grid*. 1984. Artists book.
- Herstory '87 Collective. *Herstory 1987* Auckland, New Women's Press, 1987.
- Jeanette, December 1981*. Artists book.
- Moving on*. Interview by Priscilla Pitts in *Artlink*. August/September 1985.

Postcards

Feminist Art Networkers series (two sets).

Slides

Queen Elizabeth II Arts Council; Women's Gallery Collection, Alexander Turnbull Library; National Art Gallery; Auckland City Art Gallery.

Video

- Kaleidoscope: series on women's art, 1984. Directed by Kathy Findlay on New Zealand printmakers, TVNZ 1982.
- Kaleidoscope: on Carole's residency at Crippled Children's Society as a printmaker, TVNZ 1985.
- 11 a.m. show* on *Body covers*, TVNZ 1983.

Film

Surfacing. Documentary. 1979—81. Directed by Melanie Read. Unfinished.

Tapes

Interview with Bridie Lonie and Marian Evans, 1985. Women's Gallery Collection, Alexander Turnbull Library.

Public collections

National Art Gallery; Auckland City Art Gallery; Waikato Art Museum; Gisborne Art Gallery; Ministry of Foreign Affairs; Ministry of Women's Affairs.

Represented in

- Batten, Juliet. 'What is a feminist artist?' *Broadsheet*, June 1983.
- Bett, Elva. *New Zealand art; a modern perspective*. Auckland, Reed Methuen, 1986.
- Eastmond, Elizabeth and Penfold, Merimeri. *New Zealand women and the arts*. Auckland, Penguin, 1986.
- Hamilton Women's Collective. *N.Z. Herstory 1983*. Auckland, New Women's Press, 1982.
- Herstory '87 collective. *Herstory 1987*. Auckland, New Women's Press, 1987.
- Kirker, Anne. *New Zealand women artists*. Auckland, Reed Methuen, 1986.

Selected reviews and articles

- Art New Zealand*: 17 (Priscilla Pitts), 20 (Liz Eastmond; illus.), 22, 26 (Liz Eastmond; illus.), 27 (Cheryll Sotheran; illus.), 31 (Cheryll Sotheran), 33 (illus.), 36.
- Broadsheet*: May 1986 (Barbara Strathdee).

Craft New Zealand'. 19 (Helen Schamroth; illus.).
Dominion', 12 February 1986.
Evening Post. 18 February 1986., 3 March 1986 (Marian Evans, letter).
Landfall', 153.
Listener. 13 December 1986 (Sandra Coney).
More: July 1985 (Fiona Copeland; illus.).

JOANNA PAUL

Artist's own texts

'Cilla McQueen: an imaginary music' in *Art New Zealand* 27.
Gestures of prayer. Dunedin, Bothwell, 1981. With Mary Paul.
Imogen. Days Bay, Hawk Press, 1978.
The lone goose. Dunedin, McIndoe, 1979.
 'Our hidden heritage' in *Spiral 1*, 1976 (as Joanna Harris).
Unwrapping the body. Dunedin, Bothwell, 1978.
 'Web of living' in *Critic* 27 September 1983. Interview with Jocelyn Brown.
 'The women's environment at the '77 Women's Convention; the reality 3'. *Spiral 3*, 1978.

Poems in

Islands 26, *Landfall* 148, *Morepork* 1 & 3, *Mothers*, *Parallax* 2.

Covers

Untold 2; *Islands* 37.

Films

1972—3 Five small films, 2/z minutes each based on Port Chalmers and Dunedin.
 No sound track, filmed at human walking pace.
 Mid seventies: *Three seasons*; *Body/House* and *Woman's things* based at Barrys Bay, no copies available.

Video

Community Women's Video. *Opening show*, Women's Gallery, 1980, in Women's Gallery Collection, Alexander Turnbull Library. Filmed by Nancy Peterson and Carole Stewart.
 Kaleidoscope. TVNZ, 1983 (as Frances Hodgkins Fellow, University of Otago).

Slides

Queen Elizabeth II Arts Council; Women's Gallery Collection; Women's Studies Department, Victoria University.

Tape

Interview with Lita Barrie, in taped interviews with women artists for the Women's Art Archive, 1984. Held at National Art Gallery and Auckland City Art Gallery.

Public collections

Hocken Library, Dunedin; Sarjeant Gallery; probably others.

Represented in

Aramoana. Dunedin, 1980. Catalogue.
 Kirker, Anne. *New Zealand women artists*. Auckland, Reed Methuen, 1986.
Mothers. Wellington, Women's Gallery, 1981. Catalogue.

New Zealand drawing 1976. Auckland, Auckland City Art Gallery, 1986. Catalogue.
New Zealand drawing 1982. Dunedin, Dunedin Public Art Gallery, 1982. Catalogue.
Opening show. Wellington, Women's Gallery, 1980. Catalogue.
Woman's art. Christchurch, Robert McDougall Gallery, 1975. Catalogue.

Selected reviews

Art New Zealand: 26, 37 (Susan Foster).
Broadsheet: January 1978 (Anna Keir), July 1978 (Heather McPherson), May 1980 (Cathie Dunsford).
Evening Post: 3 June 1983, 21 August 1985, 19 April 1986.
Landfall: 125 (Bridie Lonie), 129.
Listener: 10 March 1984.
Morepork: 3.
Photoforum: Supplement, spring 1980.
Spleen: 3 (Ngairé Gardiner).
Spiral: 1, 3.
Women's Studies Journal: August 1986 (Aorewa McLeod).

ALLIE EAGLE

Artist's own texts

'Interview with Louise Lewis', by Alison Mitchell and Heather McPherson in *Spiral* 2, 1977.
Olivia Spencer Bower. Christchurch, Robert McDougall Art Gallery, 1976.
Rue of the homosexual law reform debate 1985. Artists book. Two copies.
 'Some observations on the history of women artists' for *A survey of New Zealand women artists 1974*. Christchurch, Robert McDougall Gallery, 1974. Catalogue essay.
 'Some thoughts on woman's art' in *Woman's art*. Christchurch, Robert McDougall Gallery, 1975. Catalogue essay, reprinted in *Spiral* 1, 1976.
 'The women's environment at the '77 Women's Convention; the reality 2,' in *Spiral* 3, 1978.
 Cover: *Spiral* 3, with Lynne Ciochetto.

Slide collection

Among the Robert McDougall Gallery's slide collection are slides taken by Allie while she was working there, in a conscious effort to document a diversity of contemporary women artists then working in Christchurch.

Slides

Govett-Brewster Gallery, Women's Art Archive (National Art Gallery) Queen Elizabeth II Arts Council, Women's Gallery (Alexander Turnbull Library), Women's Studies Department, Victoria University, Art History Department, Auckland University.

Video

Kaleidoscope series on women's art. TVNZ, 1984. Directed by Kathy Findlay.
 Community Women's Video. *Opening show*, Women's Gallery, 1980, in Women's Gallery Collection. Filmed by Nancy Peterson and Carole Stewart.

Tapes

Interview with Lita Barrie, in taped interviews with women artists for the Women's Art Archive, 1984. Held at National Art Gallery and Auckland City Art Gallery.

Archives

Women's Gallery Collection; STOPGYNOCOMMONTHANASIA, Hamilton.

Public collection

Robert McDougall Gallery, Christchurch.

Selected reviews

Art New Zealand. 17 (Priscilla Pitts), 18 (Bridie Lonie).

Broadsheet: July 1978 (Heather McPherson), September 1979 (Priscilla Pitts), March 1980 (Anne Else), April 1986 (Juliet Batten).

Christchurch Star: towards end April 1978.

Evening post: 26 February 1986.

Represented in

Herstory '77 Collective. *Herstory 1987*. Auckland, New Women's Press, 1986.

Kirker, Anne. *New Zealand women artists*. Auckland, Reed Methuen, 1986.

Mothers. Wellington, Women's Gallery, 1981. Catalogue.

Opening show. Wellington, Women's Gallery, 1980. Catalogue.

Spiral 1 (illus.), 3 (illus.), 5 (*Sand pieces, Rape trial piece* etc.).

CLAUDIA POND EYLEY**Artist's own texts**

Birth book. 1984. Artists book.

'Reaching a woman's age'. *Broadsheet*, April 1984.

Claudia Pond Eyley; a survey of work 1980—85. Wellington, Wellington City Art Gallery, 1986. Catalogue.

'Colin McCahon as a teacher' in *Art New Zealand* 8.

'Gender/agenda: feminist art seminar' in *Artlink* August/September 1985.

Menarche book. 1984. Artists book.

'"Mothers" in Sydney' in *Women's Studies Association Newsletter*, March 1984.

'Robin White in Kiribati' in *Art New Zealand* 31.

'Survival kit: her own herstory' in *Broadsheet* May 1981.

Covers

Many *Broadsheet* covers (and illustrations); *Spiral* 5.

Murals

Stokes Road, Mt Eden, Auckland, 1980; Eden-Epsom Day Care Centre, Bellwood Road, Mt Eden, 1981; *Broadsheet* offices, 43 Anzac Avenue, Auckland, 1982; Arts Commerce Building, Auckland University 1984.

Postcards

Visual Artists Against Nuclear Arms (2); Feminist Art Networkers (2); *Mothers* (1); Optic greeting card (1).

Posters

Defiant women, *Broadsheet* 1980; Women and agriculture 1981; 'Women for peace' 1983 and 1984; Guntrid Witt, guest speaker for A.W.A. 1984; 'Just art' anti-racism posters, 1985.

Tapes

Interview with Lita Barrie, in taped interviews with women artists for the Women's Art Archive, 1984. Held at National Art Gallery and Auckland City Art Gallery.

Interviews with Bridie Lonie and with Marian Evans, 1985 and 1986. Women's Gallery Collection, Alexander Turnbull Library.

Video

Kaleidoscope series on women's art. TVNZ 1984. Directed by Kathy Findlay.
Community Women's Video. *Opening show*, Women's Gallery, 1980, in Women's Gallery Collection. Filmed by Carole Stewart and Nancy Peterson.

Slides

Art History Department, Auckland University, Queen Elizabeth II Arts Council, Women's Art Archive (National Art Gallery), Women's Gallery Collection, Women's Studies Department, Victoria University, National Art Gallery.

Public collections

Auckland City Art Gallery, National Art Gallery, Rotorua City Art Gallery, Hastings Cultural Centre, Waikato Art Museum.

Represented in

Batten, Juliet. 'What is a feminist artist?' in *Broadsheet*, June 1983.
Bett, Elva. *New Zealand art; a modern perspective*. Auckland, Reed Methuen, 1986.
Eastmond, Elizabeth and Penfold, Merimeri. *New Zealand women and the arts, 1936—1986*. Auckland, Penguin, 1986.
Hamilton Women's Collective. *Herstory 1983*. Auckland, New Women's Press, 1982.
Herstory '87 Collective. *Herstory 1987*. Auckland, New Women's Press, 1986.
Kirker, Anne. *New Zealand women artists*. Auckland, Reed Methuen, 1986.
Mothers. Wellington, Women's Gallery, 1981. Catalogue.
National Art Gallery. *Diary*. 1984.
New Zealand drawing 1976. Auckland, Auckland City Art Gallery, 1976. Catalogue.
Opening show. Wellington, Women's Gallery, 1980. Catalogue.
Pearson, Coral. *A look at three contemporary New Zealand women artists . . .* Hamilton, Women's Studies Department, Waikato University. MA essay.
Pound, Francis. *40 modern New Zealand paintings*. Auckland, Penguin, 1985.
Twelve artists. Optic art, 1984. Calendar.

Selected reviews

Art New Zealand'. 17 (illus.), 23 (illus.), 26 (Cheryl! Sotheran), 33 (illus.), 34 (Cheryl! Sotheran; illus.), 36 (Tina Barton; illus.), 39.
Auckland Star: 18 July 1983 (Cheryl! Sotheran).
Broadsheet: May 1986 (Barbara Strathdee), November 1986 (Pat Rosier; illus.).
Evening Post: 11 February 1985, 18 February 1986, 3 March 1986 (Marian Evans: letter).
Listener: April 6 1985, 13 December 1986 (Sandra Coney).
Nelson Evening Mail: 5 February 1986.
New Zealand Art News: November 1984 (Claudine Bjorklund).
New Zealand Herald: 18 July 1983.

DIFFRENCH

Represented in

Aramoana. Dunedin, 1980. Catalogue.
Batten, Juliet. 'What is a feminist artist?' *Broadsheet*, June 1983.
Batten, Juliet. 'The women's art movement.' *Broadsheet*, January/February 1986.
Eastmond, Elizabeth and Penfold, Merimeri. *New Zealand women and the arts, 1936—1986*. Auckland, Penguin, 1986.

Kirker, Anne. *New Zealand women artists*. Auckland, Reed Methuen, 1986.
Mothers. Wellington, Women's Gallery, 1981. Catalogue.
New Zealand sculpture 80: earth air fire water. Hansells sculpture exhibition catalogue.
The self. Nelson, Bishop Suter Gallery, 1986. Catalogue.
A survey of contemporary New Zealand sculpture, compiled by Ken Adams. Auckland, Lynfield College, 1985.

Tapes

Interview with Lita Barrie, in taped interviews with women artists for the Women's Art Archive, 1984. Held at National Art Gallery and Auckland City Art Gallery.

Slides

Auckland City Art Gallery, National Art Gallery, Women's Art Archive, Queen Elizabeth II Arts Council, Auckland University (Art History Department and Elam), Women's Gallery Collection.
 Di French also produces her own texts to complement her performances.

Public collection

Auckland City Art Gallery, National Art Gallery.

Selected reviews

Artlink. (Aus.) July/August 1983 (Stephanie Britten).
Art New Zealand. 16 (illus.), 18 (Bridie Lonie; illus.), 28 (illus.), 33 (Cheryll Sotheran; illus.).
Auckland Star 22 October 1984.
Landfall. 153.
Listener. 24 May 1980, 20 December 1986 (Lita Barrie, see also letter from Di, 28 February issue).
Christchurch Press. 16 October 1985.

CHRISTINE HELLYAR

Artist's own texts

Christine Hellyar: drawings and books. Palmerston North, Manawatu Art Gallery, 1986. Catalogue.
Christine Hellyar: people and the land. Lower Hutt, Dowse Art Museum, 1986. Catalogue.
 'New Zealand artists' books' in ANZART '85 *Artists' book show*. Auckland City Art Gallery, 1985. Catalogue essay.

Tapes

Interview with Lita Barrie, in taped interviews with women artists for the Women's Art Archive, 1984. Held at National Art Gallery and Auckland City Art Gallery.

Slide collections

Queen Elizabeth II Arts Council, National Art Gallery, Women's Gallery Collection, Alexander Turnbull Library, Art History Department, Auckland University.

Public collections

Auckland City Art Gallery, Dowse Art Museum, Dunedin Public Art Gallery, Govett-Brewster Gallery, National Art Gallery, Sarjeant Art Gallery.

Represented in

Aspects of recent New Zealand art, sculpture 2. Auckland, Auckland City Gallery, 1986. Catalogue, includes essay by Priscilla Pitts.

- Bieringa, Luit. *Content/context; a survey of recent New Zealand art*. Wellington, National Art Gallery of New Zealand, 1986. Catalogue.
- Herstory '87 Collective. *Herstory 1987*. Auckland, New Women's Press, 1986.
- Kirker, Anne. *New Zealand women artists*. Auckland, Reed Methuen, 1986.
- New Zealand drawing 1982*. Dunedin, Dunedin Public Art Gallery, 1982. Catalogue.
- New Zealand drawing 1976*. Auckland, Auckland City Art Gallery, 1976. Catalogue.
- A survey of contemporary New Zealand sculpture*, compiled by Ken Adams. Auckland, Lynfield College, 1985.

Selected reviews

- Art Network* (Aus.); Winter 1982.
- Art New Zealand*' 7 (illus.), 14, 16 (illus.), 21 (illus.), 28 (illus. only), 34 (Cheryll Sotheran), 41 (Priscilla Pitts; illus.).
- Broadsheet*' November 1979 (Priscilla Pitts).
- Evening Post*' 26 February 1985, 10 September 1986 (illus.).
- Listener*. 15 November 1986 (Lita Barrie), 13 December 1986 (Sandra Coney).
- Priscilla Pitts's MA thesis: *Christine Hellyar, 1969—1983* has a comprehensive list of reviews and commentary.

CILLA McQUEEN

Artist's own texts

- Anti-gravity*. Dunedin, McIndoe, 1984.
- Homing in*. Dunedin, McIndoe, 1982.
- Spinal fusion diary*. 1986. Single copy.
- Wild sweets*. Dunedin, McIndoe, 1986.

Poems/drawings etc. in local magazines

- Climate, Islands, Landfall, Listener, Otago University Review, P.P.T.A. Journal, Rambling Jack, Untold*', and overseas: *Compass* (Aus.), *Poetry Canada Review, Ariel* (Canada), *Poetry Now* (England).

Choreography

- Just in time*, 1984.
- Fancy numbers*, 1986.

Radio drama

- Spacy Calcutta's travelling truth show*.

Tapes

- Many interviews and recordings for BCNZ and for ABC literary programmes.

Video

- The poet's choice. TVNZ, 1983.
- Kaleidoscope. TVNZ, 1984, 1986.
- (See also Marilyn Webb's resource list.)

Represented in

- Anthology of New Zealand graphic scores*, edited by Jack Body. Wellington, Wai-te-ata Press, 1984.
- Aramoana*. Dunedin, 1980. Catalogue.
- Oxford book of contemporary New Zealand poetry*, edited by Fleur Adcock. Auckland, O.U.P., 1982.

Penguin book of New Zealand verse, edited by Ian Wedde and Harvey McQueen. Auckland, Penguin, 1985.

Poetry New Zealand, volume 5, edited by Frank MacKay. Dunedin, McIndoe, 1982.

Poetry New Zealand, volume 6, edited by Elizabeth Caffin. Dunedin, McIndoe, 1984.

Selected reviews

Act: Auckland 1985 (Helen White).

Art New Zealand. 27 (Joanna Paul).

Landfall: 147 (Elizabeth Crayford) 152.

New Zealand Times: 23 December 1984 (Tilly Lloyd).

Untold: 3.

ANNA KEIR

Artist's own texts

Lesson in wholeness: lesson in transience. 1982. Artists book. Single copy.

'A season's diaries'. *Broadsheet*, January 1978.

Untitled diary of a summer, 1984. Artists book. Single copy.

'The women's environment at the '77 Women's Convention: the reality 4' *Spiral 3*, 1978.

'Women's Gallery planned', by Anna Keir and Marian MacKay. *Broadsheet*, January/February, 1980.

Covers

McPherson, Heather. *A figurehead: a face*. Wellington, Spiral, 1981. *The third myth*. Tauranga, Tauranga Moana Press, 1986 (with Lynne Ciochetto).

Postcard

Mother child and aunt 1980 (in *Mothers* set).

Posters

Fabrics (with Helen Wilson), *Printshow*, *Self Image*, *Spirituality* (with Marian Evans), *The first Women's Gallery* (with Marian Evans)—all for Women's Gallery exhibitions.

Slides

Queen Elizabeth II Arts Council, Women's Art Archive (National Art Gallery), Women's Gallery Collection, Alexander Turnbull Library, Robert McDougall Gallery.

Video

Kaleidoscope series on women's art. TVNZ, 1984. Directed by Kathy Findlay.

Community Women's Video. *Opening show*, Women's Gallery, 1980, in Women's Gallery Collection. Filmed by Carole Stewart and Nancy Peterson.

Tapes

Interview with Lita Barrie, in taped interviews with women artists for the Women's Art Archive, 1984. Held at National Art Gallery and Auckland City Art Gallery.

Archives

Women's Gallery, *Spiral* and *Kidsarus 2* collections, Alexander Turnbull Library.

Represented in

Christchurch Herstory Collective. *New Zealand herstory 1980*. Christchurch 1979.

Herstory '87 Collective. *Herstory 1987*. Auckland, New Women's Press, 1986.

Mothers. Wellington, Women's Gallery, 1981. Catalogue.

Spiral 1 (illus.), 3 (illus.).

A survey of contemporary New Zealand sculpture, compiled by Ken Adams. Auckland, Lynfield College, 1985.

Reviews

An Network (Aus.): 3/4 1981.

Auckland Star: 27 October 1981.

Broadsheet: July 1978 (Heather McPherson), January/February 1982 (Liz Eastmond),
March 1983 (Claudia Pond Eyley).

Christchurch Star: Towards the end of April 1978.

Landfall: 125.

JANE ZUSTERS

Artist's own texts

'Drawings' in *Spiral J*, 1976.

Untitled note on Tiffany Thornley, in *Spiral 4*.

Zusters photos for 1981, photographed and produced by Jane Zusters and Stephanie
Beth. Auckland, 1980.

Murals

Outreach, Auckland; Carrington Hospital, Auckland; Logan Campbell Centre, Auckland.

Slides

National Art Gallery, Women's Studies Department, Victoria University, Queen
Elizabeth II Arts Council, Women's Gallery Collection, Alexander Turnbull Library.

Tapes

Interview with Bridie Lonie and Marian Evans. 1985. Women's Gallery Collection.

Public collections

National Art Gallery, Robert McDougall Gallery, Sarjeant Art Gallery, Centre Gallery,
Hamilton.

Represented in

Bett, Elva. *New Zealand art; a modern perspective*. Auckland, Reed Methuen, 1986.

Batten, Juliet. 'What is a feminist artist?' *Broadsheet*, June 1983.

Batten, Juliet. 'The women's art movement'. *Broadsheet*, January/February 1986.

Bieringa, Luit. *Content/context*. Wellington, National Art Gallery of New Zealand, 1986.
Catalogue.

Fragments of a world; a collection of photographs by New Zealand women photographers.
Dunedin, McIndoe, 1976 (as Jane Arbuckle).

Mothers. Wellington, Women's Gallery, 1981. Catalogue.

New Zealand herstory 1980. Christchurch Herstory Collective 1979.

A survey of contemporary New Zealand sculpture, compiled by Ken Adams, Auckland,
Lynfield College, 1985.

Woman's art; an exhibition of six women artists. Christchurch, Robert McDougall Gallery,
1975. Catalogue (as Jane Arbuckle).

Selected reviews

Artlink (Aus.): August/September 1985 (Carole Shephard; illus.).

Art New Zealand: 5 (illus.), 17 (Rhondda Bosworth; illus.), 38 (Priscilla Pitts; illus.).

Broadsheet: July 1978 (Heather McPherson), March 1979 (Fino), June 1980 (Sandi Hall).

Evening Post: 16 April 1986.

Photoforum: August/September 1976, October/November 1976, February/March 1977,
June/July 1977, supplement winter 1980 (Diane Quin), June 1981 (Diane Quin).

BRIDIE LONIE

Artist's own texts

- 'Adrienne Martyn: photographer'. *Art New Zealand* 29.
 'Diaries exhibition'. *Art New Zealand* 18. Review.
 Mam? (poem); and statement. *Spiral* 5.
 'Marilynn Webb'. *Art New Zealand* 38.
 'Mothers'. *Art network* (Aus.) 3 & 4.
 'Mothers in New Zealand painting' in *Mothers*. Wellington, Women's Gallery 1980.
 Catalogue essay.
 'Peter Nicholls'. *Art New Zealand* 32.
 'Rosemary Johnson'. *Spiral* 5.
 'A season's diaries'. *Landfall* 125.
 'He taura tangata'. New Plymouth, Govett-Brewster Gallery, 1986. Essay in untitled catalogue for Fiona Clark's solo touring show.
 'The Women's Gallery'. *Artlink* (Aus.) Spring 1985.
 and art reviews in the *Otago Daily Times* 1983—4; and in *New Zealand Art News* 1984.

Tapes

- Interview with Lita Barrie, in interviews with women artists for the Women's Art Archive, 1984. Held at the National Art Gallery and Auckland City Art Gallery.
 Interview with Marian Evans, 1986. Women's Gallery Collection, Alexander Turnbull Library.

Video

- Kaleidoscope series on women's art. TVNZ 1984. Directed by Kathy Findlay.
 Women's Community Video Inc. Opening show, Women's Gallery 1980, in Women's Gallery Collection. Filmed by Carole Stewart and Nancy Peterson.

Slides

- Women's Gallery Collection.

PAMELA GRAY

Artist's own texts

- In mourning*. 1979. A woman's voice/theatre piece.
Men effects and *Lilith*. 1980. Both composed for members of Baggy Hag-women's voice.
Pleione. 1981. Composed co-operatively with two other women—dance/music piece.
Cry Cy and Py/Py. 1981. Cello/voice/theatre piece.
High. 1981. Spoof voice/theatre piece for three women.
 1981—85 composed twelve songs with guitar.
Pleione II. 1982. Composed co-operatively dance/music piece.
The Moon and Venus. 1983. Sung poems with musical accompaniment composed for Avant Garage rock/classical group.
From 7 to 9. 1983. Theatre piece using improvisation and pebbles and paua from Makara Beach.
Swansong. 1983. Voice/cello/theatre piece about the nuclear bomb composed with and for the Pramazons' *Pacific paradise* a dance/music/theatre piece about bomb testing in the Pacific.
Tune a day on an oestrogen-waxing-moon high. 1984. Voice/cello/theatre piece.
Seven Maori dreams. 1984. For voice.
 Music for the film *Return journey*. 1985.
 and a review of *Off the deep end*, CANZONA: 15.

Recordings

Baroque Players, Tartar 1980 (TRL—006); *Schola Polyphonica*, Tartar 1982 (TRL—024); *Avant Garage; Unsung*, 1983; *Tall dwarfs; the long and the short of it*, 1985.

Tapes

Interview with Tilly Lloyd. 1986. Women's Gallery Collection, Alexander Turnbull Library.

Off the deep end. 1983, 1984.

Videos

from *Off the deep end*, a festival of new and experimental music, April 1—8 1984, Thistle Hall Wellington. In an unedited collection of tapes held by Cottage Video, Box 9636, Courtenay Place, Wellington.

Fifteen minute documentary, by Virginia Wright, Diploma of Broadcasting student, Auckland University, 1985. Copy held by artist.

Pleione II, a performance installation by Judith Exley, Pamela Gray and Jennifer Sherman, 1982. Held at Queen Elizabeth II Arts Council.

Represented in

Bums, J. and Maidabom, V. *Premenstrual experience*. Auckland, Reed Methuen, 1984.

Selected reviews

Art New Zealand'. 19.

Broadsheet'. January/February 1984.

CANZONA: 19, 21.

Evening Post: 6 December 1984.

Listener: May 26, 1984.

FIONA CLARK

Artist's own texts

Clark, F. *Body building: an exhibition of colour photographs*. Tikorangi, 1981. Catalogue.

Clark, F. and Gray, B. 'The cost of sponsorship' in *Photoforum* 50, January 1982.

Kaimoana, 1982. Tikorangi, 1981. Calendar.

'The place of the photographer in fighting local community issues' in *Photoforum*, October 1981.

He taura tangata. New Plymouth, Govett-Brewster Gallery, 1986. Catalogue of solo touring show with essay by Bridie Lonie.

Nga whaea o te moana, Taranaki 1983. Tikorangi, 1982. Calendar.

Tape

Interview with Bridie Lonie. 1985. Women's Gallery Collection, Alexander Turnbull Library.

Public collections

Auckland City Gallery, Govett-Brewster Gallery, Taranaki Museum, Sarjeant Gallery, National Art Gallery, Dowse Art Museum, British Museum, South Australian Art Gallery, Adelaide.

Represented in

The active eye; contemporary New Zealand photography. Palmerston North, Manawatu Art Gallery, 1975. Catalogue.

- Frauen fotografieren Frauen; 161 Fotografien aus 21 Landem.* Munchner Volkshochschule, e.v., 1986. Catalogue.
- Hamilton Women's Collective. *N.Z. herstory 1983.* Auckland, New Women's Press, 1982.
- Herstory '87 Collective. *Herstory 1987.* Auckland, New Women's Press, 1986.
- Opening show.* Wellington, Women's Gallery, 1980. Catalogue.
- Some of my best friends are women.* 1975. Film. Still photographs.
- Three New Zealand photographers.* Auckland, Auckland City Art Gallery, 1979. Catalogue.
- The way we like it; a Photoforum diary of contemporary New Zealand photographers.* Auckland, Photoforum, 1983.
- Views/Exposives; 10 contemporary New Zealand Photographers. Wellington National Art Gallery, 1982 Catalogue.

Selected reviews

- Art Network* (Aus.): Autumn 1983.
- Art New Zealand:* 5, 14, 38.
- Broadsheet:* March 1980 (Anne Else; illus.), May 1984 (Jenny Rankine; illus.).
- Listener:* 27 November 1982, 13 December 1986.
- New Zealand Woman's Weekly:* 21 March 1983.
- Photoforum:* February/March 1975, February/March 1976, June/July 1976, August/September 1976, Spring supplement 1979, December 1984.
- TuTangata:* 32.

JANET DE WAGT

Artist's own texts

- de Wagt, Janet and Page, Steve. *Wyther Park Community Centre mural.* Leeds, Wyther Park Community Centre, 1986.

Represented in

- Batten, Juliet. 'What is a feminist artist?' *Broadsheet*, June 1983.

Postcards

- Leeds postcards.* (Set of six.) 1981. (Available from P.O. Box 84, Leeds LS14H4 England.)
- Leeds postcards. Keep the Pacific nuclear free and independent.* Set of two. 1986.

Murals

- In Christchurch; Templeton Hospital and Training School, Templeton, Christchurch; Kimberley Hospital and Training School, Levin; Grosvenor Developmentally Disabled Centre, Sydney; Wyther Community Centre, Leeds.

Reviews

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MARY-LOUISE BROWNE

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AFTERWORDS

1 Marian Evans and Bridie Lonie

2 Tilly Lloyd

AFTERWORD 1

Marian Evans and Bridie Lonie

It is disturbing to recognise that what we today have in common with women of the past is our experience of being silenced and interrupted; our experience of becoming a member of society in which we have no visible past, no heritage; our experience of existing in a *void* . . . Women's past is at least as rich as men's; that we do not know about it, that we encounter only interruptions and silence when we seek it, is part of our oppression. Unless and until we reconstruct our past, draw on it, and *transmit it to the next generation*, our oppression persists . . . among the most subversive and powerful activities women can engage in are the activities of constructing women's visible and forceful traditions, of making *real* our *positive* existence, of celebrating our lives and resisting disappearance in the process.

Dale Spender. *Women of ideas and -what men have done to them: from Aphra Benn to Adrienne Rich*.

Women's art, feminist writing . . . must be useful to women, must work in our interest. Must not work to divide us further, must not lie about us to each other, must not give false information which would fall apart when people try to make use of it . . . Our language, like our lives must belong to us . . . The reclamation of ideas, political directions, culture—in which we are involved with the independent women's presses and other institutions supported by woman make it possible for women to speak honestly and in a whole voice; to say what we actually see and think in a tone of voice and language which is appropriate to the writer's life and to the lives of millions of other women. The more we do this, the more concrete information we will all have to realistically appraise our situation, our relationship to each other and to the world. And the more realistically we will act to gain control over our lives, without fantasy and false assumption.

Judy Grahn. *True to life adventure stories, volume 1*.

Literature is no one's private ground; literature is common ground. Let us trespass freely and fearlessly for ourselves . . . literature will survive if commoners and outsiders like ourselves make that country our own country, if we teach ourselves how to read and how to write, how to preserve and how to create.

Virginia Woolf.¹

. . . in pretending to stand for 'the human' masculine subjectivity tries to force us to name our truths in an alien language, to dilute them; we are constantly told that the 'real' problems . . . are those men have defined, that the problems we need to examine are trivial, unscholarly, non-existent . . . Any woman who has moved from the playing fields of male discourse into the realm where women are developing their own descriptions of the world knows the extraordinary sense of shedding, as it were, the encumbrance of someone else's baggage, of ceasing to translate. It's not that thinking becomes easy, but the difficulties are intrinsic to the work itself, rather than to the environment.

Adrienne Rich. *On lies, secrets and silence; selected prose 1966—1978*.

“Do you know Queen Elizabeth’s magnificent phrase: ‘Had I been crested and not cloven, my lords, you had not treated me thus.’ ”

Vita Sackville-West to Violet Trefusis. *Violet Trefusis: a biography, including correspondence with Vita Sackville-West.*

When I speak of the erotic, then I speak of it as an assertion of the life force of women; of that creative energy empowered, the knowledge and use of which we are now reclaiming in our language, our history, our dancing, our loving, our work, our lives.

Audre Lorde. *Sister outsider; essays and speeches.*

Sexual intelligence like any other kind of intelligence, would be active and dynamic; it would need the real world, the direct experience of it; it would pose not buttocks but questions, answers, theories, ideas—in the form of desire or act or art or articulation.

Andrea Dworkin. *Right-wing women; the politics of domesticated females.*

The more I developed *my* self the less mine it became. If all of us were as willing to expose this self, we’d feel neither alone nor unique. I was so tired of the platitudes hurled at me. The two most misinterpreted words in this world: narcissism and ego. The simple truth was that some of us recognized the need to develop, grow, expand—occupations which are the opposite of those two words. To desire to grow means that you are not satisfied with the self as it is, and the ego is exacting, not indulgent.

Anais Nin. *The journals of Anais Nin 1966—1974.*

Disillusionment in living is the finding out that nobody agrees with you . . . The amount they agree is important to you until the amount they do not agree with you is completely realised by you. Then you say you will write for yourself and strangers, you will be for yourself and strangers and this then makes an old man or an old woman out of you.

Gertrude Stein. *The making of Americans.*

Marian

Bridie and I didn’t want to write an introduction. We thought these stories and pictures could stand together, without anything from us. Then one contributor said ‘You’ll *have* to write an introduction or people won’t know what to think.’ We laughed and she, realising what she’d said, joined in. Later we agreed that although we didn’t want to tell people what to think, there were some things we had to explain. After all, as another contributor said ‘You’re really writing your own histories, aren’t you?’ and ‘Why work on a feminist project, something so unfashionable and unpopular?’ This afterword is a compromise, some information about how the book happened and how it connects to the rest of our lives; it’s followed by Tilly’s afterword about lesbian art and an appendix about the Women’s Gallery.

How this book began

Late in 1983, Daphne Brasell asked me if I’d like to submit a proposal for a book to the Government Printing Office. I was touched; no one had asked me this before. At the time I was employed at the Women’s Gallery, Wellington, to complete another woman’s project on non-Anglo-Saxon women artists. Three other women were also working there, co-ordinating exhibitions and associated programmes. We shared the Gallery’s building with women who rented studios, the New Mothers Support Group and painter Betty Clegg who lived upstairs. As part of a Spiral collective I was trying to find money to publish Jacquie Sturm’s *The house of the talking cat* and Keri Hulme’s *the bone people*. I was pregnant. Not a good moment to start something new and potentially demanding.

But the offer of publishing resources (especially for colour work) was attractive, when I knew the Women's Gallery was likely to close. Once it was gone, there would be little evidence of the exhibitions and other activities there and the activities of the seventies they linked back to. Locations where women's art could be viewed and discussed alongside other women's art were (and are) few; and until very recently women's art rarely featured in art publications.

However, a book solely of colour reproductions didn't seem to be enough. For me the most powerful communications at the Women's Gallery, after it was opened in 1980, were about the relationships of the art shown there to women's daily lives: physical, spiritual, emotional, political; (and the relationships of the visual art exhibited to work in other media). And I'd enjoyed helping make a safe space where it was possible for women to take risks with their work, to present material they couldn't present elsewhere. I wondered if it was possible to gather together conversations, risk-taking and visual art in one book.

I knew it wouldn't be something I could do alone; there needed to be women involved with backgrounds to complement mine, an alertness I didn't have to some issues and an ability to elicit response from women I had less in common with than they. In particular I was aware of the limitations of my approach to some artists because of my lack of a formal art education and that many Maori women would speak more easily with another Maori woman. And just as I was confident of a fuller contribution from artists with whom I was in some way personally familiar, so it was important to work on the project with women with whom there was already a relationship of mutual trust and understanding.

Eventually, Irihapeti Ramsden, Bridie Lonie and I agreed to work together and we made a proposal to the Government Printing Office which was accepted: a proposal for a book of interviews by us and where appropriate by other women.

I'd met Irihapeti—a writer and artist among other things—standing in front of Barbara Strathdee's *Woman with a cup of tea* (Fig. 21) when she visited *Mothers* at the Women's Gallery in 1981. We talked about the painting and she taught me a lot. When we started this project, we were already working together, on the Spiral books, with Miriam Evans.

Bridie—also an artist and an art critic—and I had known each other for a long time and worked together intermittently at the Women's Gallery. Later, Tilly Lloyd, who'd been a regular visitor there—and whose writing and radio interviews Bridie and I enjoyed—joined the group to enable a more explicit response from lesbian(feminist) artists. Allie and Jill were writing about the relationship of their lesbianism to their art, but some artists didn't want to discuss their lesbianism when we interviewed them.

Choosing potential contributors to this book had all the challenges of putting together an exhibition: finding the common ground among the three of us making a framework and ensuring a diversity of women was included within it.

We focussed initially on women born between 1937 and 1957, who'd exhibited at the Women's Gallery: the artists in this book are part of our own, transitional, generation; they've spent most of their working lives during a time of changes in conditions for women artists, through feminist pressure. Some of these women have helped make the changes.

Affinity and connection felt by us were paramount in our consideration: personal affection towards many of the contributors was an element in the choices, with respect for the seriousness of their engagement in their work: often their work had something in common with ours.

Some contributors we knew personally only slightly or not at all. However we'd identified with their imagery when we'd seen it, been alerted and moved by it. And eventually three women who hadn't been involved in the Women's Gallery were approached because we wished they had exhibited there: Jacqueline Fraser, Marilyn Webb and Pauline Thompson.

Because this selection was made as subjectively as Bridie's and my selection of artists to contribute to exhibitions had been, we made no evaluation of artists' standing according to art theory criteria available to us: we had no desire to establish a 'standard' beyond beyond a woman's ongoing commitment to practising as a serious artist. I've often felt that art and literary theory, even when it is 'feminist' has tended to foreclose on women's potential, though I'm glad of what I've learned from it during my own journeys, from John Berger—when I was a young woman trying to understanding the mixture of eros and agape evoked in me and the painter when I was his subject—to Nicole Brossard; from editing children's picture books to working at the Women's Gallery, from being a librarian to being a publisher, from bearing and caring for my children to working at a women's refuge, from making installations, books and performances to writing about art for *Agenda*-, from forgetting to remembering, from silence to speech.

Nor was any judgment made about a woman's feminism: just as art theoretical stances alter, so do the philosophical—and women's relationships to the patriarchy; we knew this from our own lives. This year I live on a Domestic Purposes Benefit and work on a feminist project, next year I'll be back at law school; someone who this year is a fundamentalist Christian may next year be a radical lesbian; someone who this year exhibits in dealer and public galleries may next year exhibit only at home or among women, for political reasons. At the Women's Gallery our own networks and perceptions (and the size of the gallery) limited us enough; the only criterion workers ever agreed on for inclusion/exclusion was that work shown must not be 'oppressive to women': no work was ever excluded for this reason, as individual responses to each work differed widely within collectives. We've sought fluidity and diffusion throughout our work on this book, possible perhaps only because we limited our range in a particular way at the outset; and are ourselves identifiably feminist and working from a feminist base.

At the same time we wanted to achieve a balance of contribution from the large group of women we care about and whose work has taught and invigorated us. This involved looking closely at our lists to ensure that Maori women and lesbians(feminist) were appropriately represented in their diversity.

As tangata whenua, Maori women are our elder sisters here: we were enormously privileged at the Women's Gallery by the Maori artists, writers and musicians who shared their perceptions of the world with us, the (usually Pakeha) women who worked there. Our own halt heritage—the disappearances and silences of European women artists—and the comparative invisibility even now of some Maori women's arts within Pakeha contexts, where Maori women overall generally are denied resources and suffer greatly—contrast sharply with the powerful mana of women's arts in a traditional Maori community, arts based on ancient connections to Aotearoa and her presences and maintained through tribal commitments to remembering and transmitting the necessary information and practices.

For example, there are few parallels in significant Pakeha public buildings to affirm a women's art tradition as do the tukutuku and whariki intrinsic to and honoured in most whareniui; our participation as non-Maori women in community affairs has no parallels to the words and movement of the karanga, waiata ringa, poi or women's haka, with their relationships to patterns of welcome and farewell, celebration, anger, nurture and grief. Nor are women represented as creators and subjects in our published literature as richly as they are in the ongoing and multifaceted Maori oral literature: narrative, poetry and songs.

For this project, where Irihapeti, Bridie and I had most to share was in relation to women working with traditional (fine arts) European materials—paper, canvas, paints, film, and so on; we decided not to include Maori weavers or Cook Island tivaevae artists. To balance this we decided also to exclude non-Maori women who work primarily in a traditional equivalent—textiles, although we greatly valued being able to exhibit work from artists in all these groups at the Women's Gallery, alongside work in many media, without any incongruity.

The inclusion of non-Maori lesbians(feminist) was important because these women with the ‘courage and determination to invent’ themselves (as Jill Livestre puts it) underwrote much of the risk-taking at the Women’s Gallery. Lesbian(feminist) writers Adrienne Rich, Andrea Dworkin, Audre Lorde, Barbara Smith, Gertrude Stein, Heather McPherson, Monique Wittig, provided intellectual models, lesbian(feminist) health workers and artists helped us understand what colonisation had done to our own bodies, spirits, emotions and art, empowered the necessary self-discovery and self-determination to accompany both what the writers gave us intellectually and what we learnt within some Maori contexts (and on our forays into the arts establishment). Lesbians(feminist) with visions more sharply focussed than ours at the time showed us positive approaches to fear and anger, affirmed our work and challenged us.

While we wanted to represent strongly women from these two groups, we also wanted to achieve balances in other respects, by including women from a wide geographic area, knowing that where we live affects what opportunities and stimulus are available and what we do with them; and to include artists with a range of commitment to visual communication, so that those best known as writers or musicians, but whose work includes two-dimensional visual imagery and/or the use of their bodies in performance could be seen among other visual artists. Because none of us had specialised experience and knowledge of film and video, women who work only in film or video have been excluded: we know this—as with the exclusion of textile artists—perpetuates divisions we’d prefer to be without.

Most of those we approached were willing to negotiate about their inclusion. However, two women felt it wasn’t the right time for them to appear as artists in a book; two didn’t like what we were doing and declined to take part; and although we wanted to include Rhondda Bosworth, we were unable to arrange a mutually agreeable time to interview her when we visited Auckland, or another way of involving her.

Bridie eventually decided to write about herself as an artist, Tilly and I to include only visual contributions and these Afterwords. Finally, we added reproductions of work by two textile artists we’d originally thought of: Carole Stewart and Lani Morris (Plates 44 and 48).

How we approached the book and put it together

I don’t wish to separate the significant and everyday actions but to bring them to close as possible together. It is natural for women to do this; their exercise and their training and their artistry is in daily living. Painting for me as a woman is an ordinary act—about the great meaning in ordinary things.

Joanna Harris (Paul).²

The debate about what is ‘natural’ or innate to women and what is merely conditioned response goes on; it will continue, where critical texts are written. And it’s not what this book is about.

Nor is it directly about the questions Bridie and I have addressed explicitly in installations, books and performances, as we’ve tried to understand and order our experience as women uprooted from Europe, living in and committed to Te Moana Nui Kiwa and Aotearoa: beyond our immediate families, where do we fit? where is our community among women here, in this time and place and elsewhere, in other times and in other places? where are our connections to and separations from Maori and other ancient Pacific cultures? how do we recognise and come to terms with and rectify the ongoing, simultaneous ill effects of women’s (our own) colonisation by men and the Western colonisation of the Pacific? move from reaction to action?

What we’ve wanted to do here is to bring what is generally given ‘significance’—artworks—together with the ‘everyday’—conversations—and to present some of their variety among women with whose significant and/or everyday actions we felt in some way familiar; remembering that intimacy often highlights difference. We also wanted to affirm the importance of *remembering*. I believe this was also what Irihapeti wanted.

We didn't want a standard format, but decided to allow about three thousand words for each woman, five or six black and white reproductions within her text and one or two colour reproductions grouped with other colour reproductions at the back (necessary for economic reasons). The basis was to be taped interviews but we were prepared to experiment.

Bridie and Marian

Irihapeti and Marian worked first with Barbara Strathdee in preliminary discussions about her interview and learned a lot from that experience which was passed on to Bridie. After that we—including Tilly when she joined us—worked in consultation but autonomously, although Bridie and Marian did some interviews together.

At our first approach we made it clear that it was for each woman to decide how she wanted to be presented and what she wanted to present. We also told her who (we hoped) the other contributors would be, as we knew the context they were appearing in would be important to many women.

Quite quickly it was apparent that a taped interview mightn't be the most appropriate format and we offered a series of options to each artist: that we interview her on tape, transcribe the interview and work with her to reach a final version that satisfied her; that another woman of her choice interview her; that she and another contributor record a discussion or write to each another; that we conduct a written interview; or that she write her own contribution after some discussion with us about the book; as an extension of this last option she was welcome to present us with camera-ready copy.

We intended our editorial role to be one of collaboration with the artist rather than dictatorial or inquisitorial; we hoped each woman's chapter would reflect her own preoccupations and community ties. Our experiences at the Women's Gallery gave us a certain confidence that women would in the end make something that suited them and reflected them: some women saw what we intended immediately and grasped the opportunity, some were more guarded. (Few preferred their work to speak for itself and had difficulty discussing it; there was generally an understanding of the inter-relationship between various ways of communicating.)

We were sorry more women did not take advantage of the possibility of interviewing or writing to one another, or, where they chose an interview format, of choosing another interviewer, because we wanted also to include the links and support between women. These things do however become evident as one reads the various texts and recognises people and shared concerns.

Some who chose taped interviews wanted us to organise their questions carefully, some preferred to have a conversation, to speak about what interested those present at the time. There was no list of questions we wanted to ask, though sometimes there were issues we especially wanted to raise with someone; and contributors occasionally had specific things they wanted to make clear or 'put right' publicly.

Bridie quite late in the process drew up a list of questions as a reference but it wasn't used. Usually we felt our questions were less important than developing and maintaining a relationship that enabled an artist to speak thoughtfully and easily about what mattered to her, knowing that ultimately we'd learn most in an open-ended process. The question used most frequently at the end of a discussion, was 'Is there anything else you'd like to talk about?' Questions by letter were more carefully thought out, to explore the parameters of our curiosity about the artist concerned, but intended as stimuli rather than to elicit a particular response.

When we'd transcribed an interview, we sent it back to the artist, indicating what we'd like to use. Transcripts returned with zigzags and black squiggles over them, often with passages of enormous interest (to us) erased; occasionally with new texts inserted. We would make of these a further text, asking for bits back, putting relevant passages

together where they'd been separated by other material, relating texts to illustrations and also bearing in mind where gaps could be filled—so if someone spoke of something no other woman had chosen to we would ask to retain that passage in favour of material which was repeated, or, we felt, better stated elsewhere. We were jointly creating something often at some remove from the original interview but as texts went to and from the artist we hoped she was continuing to influence it as she chose.

We did not alter syntax and grammar very much; in some ways we'd have liked not to alter it at all but given that we were making a printed product and wanted it to be accessible to as wide an audience as possible the lengthy, linguistically fascinating but possibly off-putting nature of what was often hesitant speech seemed inappropriate. Many artists corrected their own syntax or altered things they felt had been too carelessly said.

We were concerned to represent each woman's strengths: sometimes we and the artist didn't at once—or ever—agree on what those were, but each of these pieces has been vetted by the artist who has signed a copyright form allowing us to use it. (We've dated each contribution because at other times artists' preoccupations (and our own) may be different than they seem to be in this book.)

Far less was changed or omitted where interviews were by letter. And we had little to do with Irihapeti's interviews of Lynnsay Rongokea and Robyn Kahukiwa, with Tilly's interviews, or the final form of the contributions from Carole, Cilla, Jill, Joanna and Allie, Keri (whose piece we saw only after she had withdrawn), Mary-Louise, Shona (who chose to share her space with Hana Maxwell and women from their Tai Tokerau community) and Sylvia.

The choice of work for reproduction was also made jointly. We told contributors that we hoped texts and reproductions would complement each other and that it would be useful, in particular, to have reproductions of works discussed in the texts. Most artists then supplied us with appropriate photographs and slides without further consultation, offering related works where specific ones were lost or unavailable and undocumented. They also supplied the self-portrait of their choice. We were happy with this, knowing from experience at the Women's Gallery, where we usually asked just 'for a work relating to the theme' that artists' choices are usually carefully made and excellent.

Occasionally, we selected from a larger number of reproductions offered, or asked someone to include something we had a special attachment to: Allie Eagle's *Distant fingers* and a page from Anna Keir's *Lesson in transience: lesson in wholeness*, for example—and sometimes our request was refused. Now and then we dissuaded a contributor from including a work she was fond of—often because it was very recent—because it detracted from her text in some way and didn't add to the book as a whole. Jill Livestre declined to include any visual material and she and Sharon Alston didn't want to be represented in the resource lists.

Initially we hoped to finish the book in six months. This was completely unrealistic given the amount of collaboration involved and our other commitments. The process for each piece, with its illustrative material, notes and resources list stretched over eighteen months to two years or more of intermittent contact. All work was complete at the end of 1986, except for addenda from Heather and Sylvia; and the Afterwords.

Marian

Insights conundrums and mysteries

We expected some common issues and interests to appear, but were sometimes surprised by those that revealed themselves as we worked our way through the process; some commonalities and surprises revealed themselves only when the finished manuscript was put together.

Christine Hellyar chose to be interviewed by letter, and during the course of our correspondence Claudia Pond Eyley and Carole Shepheard had a retrospective exhibition here in Wellington. Was there any connection we wondered between the use of aprons or shields, between Christine's aprons and the shields of Claudia and of Carole? Bridie sent this poem to Christine:

are the objects you put into the pockets of your apron tools
 or mementoos—things picked up to keep?
 what is the difference between an apron and a shield?
 an apron protects the body from dust heat water
 a shield protects the body from other people
 you can't put anything into a shield you have to carry it
 it is at once a burden and a protection
 an apron wraps you round and you can forget it, take it for
 granted
 you have both hands free in an apron
 you have one hand free in a shield
 you have restricted visibility in a shield
 you can see anything you like in an apron and you are free to
 look
 you can paint frightening images on a shield
 you can put pockets on an apron
 you can't yourself see what's painted on the shield
 you can pull out whatever's in the pockets of an apron whenever
 you choose
 sometimes an apron means you are stuck in the kitchen
 mostly a shield means you are stuck on the battlefield
 sometimes an apron means you can put wire and hammers and
 nails
 into it
 maybe you can make a shelter out of a shield and a spear
 you tend to take a shield more seriously than an apron but an
 apron's more often of use
 an apron often means solitude
 a shield always means other people are around

And later, at the Dowse Art Museum there was a wonderful and funny drawing of an 'African shield' in the catalogue of Christine's exhibition. Later still, I noticed again the apron Robin White has painted on a portrait of her mother, Florence.

We found that a number of women in this book use family and other photographs constantly as a resource. We wonder whether this is because of a paucity in other media of local visual records; there's such a short history of Pakeha imagery to reclaim here and transformations can be hard with inadequate bridging imagery from one time and place to another.

We discovered how many images of hands are included only as we put all the reproductions together. Did we have an unconscious bias towards hands as symbols or is their recurrence in this book coincidence, or something else?

Among the women we interviewed, menstrual cycles were often a topic of interest, sometimes raised by us, sometimes by the artist herself. For many women in this book their cycles (and the moon's) have an effect on imagery as well as energy (which won't surprise anyone who's been involved in a women's health group or read Penelope Shuttle and Peter Redgrove's *The wise wound*). This was a topic common to Pakeha and Maori women, feminists and those who don't describe themselves as feminists. Jacqueline Fraser,

for example, gave a very detailed account of how each phase of her cycle affects her work. She also considers the phases of the moon when making her installations. (Another woman described how she dances naked in full moon light, but excluded the description from the final text.)

We were told many fascinating family stories which contributors wanted left out of their chapters. Mothers who aren't artists we could have discussed more: it seems empowering for an artist to have to have an artist mother, but what have mothers who aren't artists given their artist daughters? What about fathers? (I can't remember anyone mentioning an older non-familial, local, woman artist role model, though I know Allie Eagle used to hang Rita Angus and Frances Hodgkins works in her Robert McDougall office; and have seen the Hodgkins influence in her work.)

The effects of having children weren't much discussed either, perhaps because many of the benefits and disadvantages of having children are well known and common to all women pursuing other serious activities as well as rearing children. However it's possibly less well known that the cycle of pregnancy and giving birth stimulates new artistic directions for some women; I wish we'd talked about this.

Are marriages between artists as doomed as they seem to be; and when they end why do so many women from these marriages live alone (except for children) and apparently in celibacy, with no desire to change? I suppose this interests me because of the parallels with my own life, but it's also interesting within the wider traditions of women artists.

Does it mean anything that so many contributors to this book were born in Taranaki? That the only two stories about images of horses—and the negative responses to them, within an art school and a psychiatric hospital respectively—were firmly excised by the women who told them, though Bridie and I found them very interesting?

Local transformations of European art and its connections to and from the Pacific, especially Maori art was a topic many women were interested in and found difficult to discuss. For those dislocated from their roots—as I have been—it's sometimes hard and accept the limits of participation in Maori (or Pacific Island) things, the demands of *aroha* that co-exist with its generosity; and to come to terms with envy of Maori women's potential or actual access to a dynamic indigenous tradition and with fear of its power in artistic terms.

Some women were defensive in discussing appropriation, some simply confused. Some artists feel it's fine for them to use anything that seems right at the time, some who've been surrounded by Maori and Pacific art all their lives have been strongly influenced by it and use it with care and integrity. (One woman who uses imagery from tribal sources outside Aotearoa has never been drawn to use Maori material.) Sometimes, there's consultation, acknowledgement and exchange in an effort to work bi-culturally. Fiona Clark's photographs of Taranaki people and events are done with and for the community she portrays. Barbara Strathdee's most recent paintings (Plates 7, 8) explore her own colonial history and are influenced by Mihiata Retimana's *Kete* series.

Maori artists incorporated European materials (wool and paint for example) into their work and used metal tools to carve, from the earliest time of European contact; they—many of whom also acknowledge their Pakeha heritage—continue to use what they please from both cultures. Pakeha artists use indigenous materials (sometimes for weaving and carving) and this is generally unchallenged. But what about the use of material—from carvings, weaving patterns, stories, songs, *karanga*, *whakapapa*—which belongs to a specific tribe or family group, who in effect jointly own a copyright, though it may at times be legally unenforceable? Bridie and I had misgivings about a work chosen for inclusion here by one artist. We wanted to annotate her caption for it, because the work originated with something belonging to a Maori group with whom the artist had no connection. After discussions and further consideration, she decided to delete the work.

I like the idea of every artist using whatever images, symbols and materials are important to her and am fascinated by the potential of interchange across cultures. But when resources are inadequate for Maori and Pacific Island development of their own art, I feel especially cautious about annexing, using and perhaps distorting the meaning of things with a power that isn't mine to claim.³ I sense there'll be difficulties for some time as Pakeha artists negotiate the borders between artistic freedom and inappropriate use of material with significant spiritual value to the indigenous peoples of the South Pacific: this troubled, pain-filled issue generates divergent viewpoints within Maori, Pacific Island and Pakeha communities.

Withdrawal of some contributors

As a tool of social control, women have been encouraged to recognise only one area of human difference as legitimate, those differences which exist between women and men. And we have learned to deal across those differences with the urgency of all oppressed subordinates. All of us have had to learn to live or work or co-exist with men, from our fathers on. We have recognised and negotiated these differences, even when this recognition only continued the old dominant/subordinate mode of human relationship, where the oppressed must recognise the masters' difference in order to survive.

But our future survival is predicated on our ability to relate within equality. As women, we must root out internalised patterns of oppression within ourselves if we are to move beyond the most superficial aspects of social change. Now we must recognise differences among women who are our equals, neither inferior or superior, and devise ways to use each others' differences to enrich our visions and joint struggles.

The future of our earth may depend on the ability of all women to identify and develop new definitions of power and new patterns of relating across difference. The old definitions have not served us, nor the earth that supports us. The old patterns, no matter how cleverly rearranged to imitate progress still condemn us to cosmetically altered repetitions of the same old exchanges, the same old guilt, hatred, recrimination, lamentation and suspicion.

Audre Lorde.⁴

The single English 'we' fails to communicate 'our' subtleties, 'our' often transitory and sometimes illusory nature. Maori seems to do better with three classes of the pronoun 'we': *maua* for *we two*, *matou* for *we* in relation to others; *koutou*, *you'*, or *ratou*, *they* for example; and *tatou* for *all of us here: we and you, or we and them*, with the 'here' dependent on context. I'm always moved during a mihi when a speaker from the host group to the visiting group moves from using *matou* and *koutou* to *tatou*, to include *us all*, because we're all part of one another, those who agree and those who don't, those who've been 'here' for a long time, those who've been here for a lesser time and want to stay and those who are visiting briefly; it's good to be reminded of this as well as of the very many groupings that we may be part of or excluded from. I thought often of the meaning of 'we' once the major work of this book appeared to be over: when the fragility and vulnerability of the 'we' who were involved became obvious.

The way we lost both our association with Irihapeti and the contributions of Hana Maxwell and Shona Davies, with other women of Tai Tokerau, of Jacqueline Fraser, of Keri Hulme and of Robyn Kahukiwa illustrates how far we are from Audre Lorde's vision of women finding new patterns of relating across difference.

As the last pieces of text and photographs were being prepared for publication, Irihapeti read, by chance, one of the chapters she hadn't been involved with and realised that its inclusion in the form she saw, even separated by many pages from the Maori material (then planned to be grouped with Irihapeti's introduction, at the beginning of the book) might involve Maori contributors in the transgression of tapu relating to menstruation and to parts of the body.

The non-Maori compilers, with the autonomy Irihapeti also had, had to decide whether to ask the woman whose work prompted this difficulty to amend or withdraw her

chapter. Because each contributor was told that her space was hers, to use as she wanted, we felt we could not do this.⁵ The woman was told of the difficulty, considered whether she could make any changes and decided that the material concerned was integral to her contribution, in the form presented to us.

Discussion among themselves by the Maori contributors and consultation by some of them with kaumatua in their tribal communities resulted in the withdrawals. Marilyn Webb and Lynnsay Rongokea (who consulted within her Cook Island community) chose to remain.

The main reasons given us for the withdrawals were fear of contamination by association—possibly leading to danger or madness—and peer pressure, though there were additional reasons. Jacqueline Fraser already had misgivings about being in the book; she'd had no association with the Women's Gallery and had wanted none (though in her interview she spontaneously acknowledged how feminist activities in the art world had improved her own working conditions). Jacqueline also had difficulty with our (lengthy) feminist process, which she saw as lack of professionalism. Keri Hulme, although she exhibited her art work in five or six Women's Gallery exhibitions and takes her visual art seriously, had already been uncertain about being in a book among other visual artists.

The process of discussion and consultation went on for some time and was painful I think for everyone involved. We were scattered from Whangarei to Dunedin, all under pressure from other sources, and hampered by confusion over language and concepts. Ultimately I saw only the many obstacles to trust and understanding across cultures: between Maori and non-Maori, between heterosexual and lesbian. At the time it was hard for me to come to terms with the limited face-to-face discussion of the issues, not because I wanted to persuade the Maori women to change their minds but because I felt bewildered when faced with such swift closure—like a sea-anemone as Irihapeti later described it—once we'd circulated the chapter concerned (with some additional material) and the women decided to withdraw. Later, Keri wrote a long letter detailing her reasons for withdrawing from the project, Irihapeti and I and Shona and I spent time together and the woman whose contribution prompted the withdrawals visited Shona and the Tai Tokerau women. The women who withdrew were offered space here to discuss how they feel about the issues involved in relation to their way of life and/or their feelings about the way the issues were confronted and resolved; and have chosen not to use it.

For me and for Bridie, the relationships with most of the women who withdrew go back years and are not superficial. Their contributions to this book were powerful. We miss them deeply.

E tuakana ma, nga mihi ki a koutou. Ka nui te aroha ki a koutou katoa.

A while ago I was sick and confronting the possibility of my death, trying to accept another loss, that there was a silence that might last until I died, as well as the certainty of a loving absence/presence. And I wrote a song about it. Although I hope this more recent experience won't bring a long-term silence between you who've left this book and the rest of 'us', that there'll be ways to go on 'relating across our differences' enabling one another to be seen and heard as we are, it's this song I want to sing for you now.

In the end

*the breath of your silence will whisper at my neck
my eyes will darken, adrenalin itch under and round my tongue
it will be you I look for
See me pause glance round
my careful getting there offbalanced
almost*

she 'liked the poem and the gifting context in which it had been written' she felt that 'republishing it would senselessly fly in the face of the rest of the book.' I couldn't see how this single poem so greatly affected any emphasis. Tilly was obdurate. I was obdurate. Bridie after her initial response was silent. Once again the artist herself was approached about this difficulty. She didn't mind either way about the poem's inclusion; it was withdrawn. The only later changes were to this Afterword, which has taken fifteen months to finish, to ensure that Bridie, Irihapeti and Tilly were (as far as possible) approving of its content.⁷ These are some of our stories. You can find the words to tell yours, too.

We have said that at the heart of the female subject lies a positive image of woman and this image engenders desire. We have also said that the female subject, confronted with a discourse that negates her, becomes implausible, incoherent . . . impoverishes her hope. Inadmissible subject, the female subject seems to be real only in the fiction which generates her. It is in fact in this space (fiction), where ordinary meaning is continually undermined, thwarted, twisted, undone and mistaken by the manner of speaking that the testing of meaning can truly take place . . .

The real is a fabulous subject which haunts our tridimensional lives. It is getting late to be able to write in history because history is like a hidden perversity, always behind us. A terminal illusion.

It is getting late for repetition. Nevertheless, each woman must repeat her story at least once in her life, with passion and with hope, as a kind of inscription.

It is getting late. This is often what we say at dawn, and then all of ourselves becomes like the embodiment of a woman preparing herself for the magic of living as in reality. There are words to say it.

Nicole Brossard.⁹

Notes

¹ Tillie Olsen quotes this in *Silences* (London, Virago, 1980, p.264) without citing the source; I've been unable to find it myself.

² From a statement in *Woman's art* (catalogue). Christchurch, Robert McDougall Gallery, 1975, pp.12—13.

³ Earlier this year (1987) for example, I discovered that the National Art Gallery's extensive photographic collection includes many images of Maori people, places and objects, but not a single photograph by a Maori. Can Tilly's discussion (in her Afterword) of the significance of woman-as-image *and* woman as bearer of the look be connected with Pakeha discussion of the significance of Maori-as-image *and* Maori as bearer of the look?

⁴ Audre Lorde. *Sister outsider; essays and speeches*. New York, Crossing Press, 1984, pp.122—3.

⁵ I've often wondered since whether I would have felt and acted differently if publishers' attitudes towards Maori material hadn't changed as much as they have during the last few years, if I wasn't aware that lesbian (feminist) material was more likely to be suppressed through publishing policies. As it is, if Maori women artists choose to put together their own books (and I hope they do) resources are available to make this possible.

⁶ It took me a while to understand why some Maori feminists who believe that 'women can do anything' choose to include men at times within projects undertaken by and for women, for reasons that seem to relate to several things: the mana and kawa of a place and/or occasion; the concern to include everybody present; and not to impinge on areas where men's mana stands: affirmation of traditional Maori practices and beliefs is often more important for survival as *Maori* women and for survival of a Maori world as a whole than any imported feminist innovations.

⁷ This is the fourth version of Bridie's and my account of how we put *A women's*

picture book together; and of our inter-relationships with the contributors. While we were writing the first, some of the Maori women withdrew. We stopped writing for a while. Then Bridie became a Teachers College student in Dunedin. We were unable to work together; and she decided to include something she'd written about herself as an artist, to place herself explicitly among the artist contributors. I wrote on about the book's process as things happened. One of these things was a challenge from an ex-contributor, who thought that one aspect of the book was 'Pakeha women taking their wild from the box where they keep it'; I wanted to respond to this in the book itself.

Perhaps because they expected a critical academic piece from slightly distanced editors, some of those from patriarchal institutions who read the book in manuscript felt the Afterwords (an Introduction through versions two and three) should be edited. We were offered several supplementary editors to do the job (though no-one suggested the editing we'd done on the rest of the text and its supervision by Daphne Brasell were in any way inadequate). The last offer came from the Literary Fund's Advisory Committee (Terry Sturm, Keri Hulme, Bill Broughton, Louis Johnson, Dale Williams and Elizabeth Caffin): the Committee 'uniformly' thought the Afterwords needed editing and wanted Dale Williams and Elizabeth Caffin to help us.⁸

We didn't respond directly to the offers. But in spite of encouragement and good advice from friends who thought I should resist editing pressure from 'outside' sources, (and understood the reasons for choosing to include repetitions and loose ends,) I deleted everything about the 'wild' (except the quotations from Audre Lorde and Andrea Dworkin preceding this Afterword); and some personal material: the Anais Nin and Gertrude Stein quotations refer partly to my feelings about doing this. As I proofread in April 1988 I'm ashamed I made the changes; and grateful to the Government Printing Office and to Daphne, for the freedom they've given us throughout our work.

⁸ Letter to Government Printing Office, 23 December 1987.

⁹ Nicole Brossard. 'Access to writing: ritual of the written word,' in *Trivia* 8, Winter 1986.

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- I want to acknowledge how much I've been encouraged and enriched by the writings of these women in particular: their work helped me order my experiences during the last decade.

AFTERWORD 2 Some Thoughts on the Publishing of Lesbian Art

Tilly Lloyd

... a lesbian is one who, by virtue of her focus, her attention, her attachment, is disloyal to the phallocratic reality. She is not committed to its maintenance and the maintenance of those who maintain it, and worse, her mode of disloyalty threatens its utter dissolution in the mere flick of an eye.

Marilyn Frye. *To see and to be seen.*

Lesbianphobia

A reaction syndrome whereby lesbianism may evoke various intensities of panic, pity, voyeurism, intolerance, revulsion, defensiveness and pseudo-acceptance; found in females and males of all races, cultures, classes, ages; an outpost of the institutionalised misapprehension that heterosexuality is freely chosen by women.

Towards the end of the old Cuba Street version of The Women's Place bookshop, Marian dashed in talking not of *the bone people* for which her work was nearly done, but of this, the women's art book she was working on. The lesbian profile was not going as planned, indeed at the time it was almost completely missing. Just as Irihapeti Ramsden was coming forward with some of the Maori women artists, might I do the same with some (preselected) lesbians? So, while I also happily interviewed Tiffany Thornley and Pamela Gray, my work 'proper' was to ensure a lesbian presence here, with Heather McPherson, Sharon Alston, Jill Livestre, Barbara McDonald, and Janet de Wagt.

To see and be seen

I am struck even now by how rare this overture is. That it was made and responded to acknowledges both the positive—the integrity and resilience of lesbian art/ists, and the negative—the necessity for a lesbian invisibility monologue to be wheeled out again. Addressing our presence means addressing our usual absence—the context of this visibility.

To begin with there are more lesbians in this book than those of us who declare our hand. We, those of us 'in', and those of us 'out', know lesbian invisibility like we know the back of it. We know that not all of us are prepared to handle the repercussions of saying *Oi, I Am Too!*, we know the *fata morgana* feeling. There have been explicit lesbians at the matrix¹ of the women's art movement since its genesis, and, as with all other spheres of what sometimes still gets called women's liberation, these lesbians get referred to, and still refer to themselves, simply as women. Which we are but queerly. In our current diversity we represent the combined gain of some two decades of second wave lesbianism—reaching into all directions of time, being 'out', being seen, being wantonly and wilfully real. Yet just like the 'women's problem', except squared, lesbian visibility in the visual arts has been tenuous.

How—if we are not overt—will we recognise each other now and in the future? As Jill Livestre says in her piece: 'If I am an artist it's how I see what I feel, and how I feel when I'm putting it all together with pencil and paintbrush. I want to *be* a lesbian and *do* art and I have few traditions to call on for either.'² Janet de Wagt's glinting eye method for mutual recognition³ is still happily employed in many sapphic circumstances, but it's a bit on the random side in the visual arts.

I think it is this randomness that this deliberate inclusion here will most affect. In essence it is a statement of value, and stands more or less alone from other feminist art and resource publications.

In *Our right to love* Harmony Hammond opens her piece titled 'Lesbian Artists' with 'What can I tell you except the truth? We do not have a history.' Ten years later, here in Aotearoa, this is still the case. We are not in the index of Anne Kirker's *New Zealand women artists* and where there is mention it is partly regarding an individual

who has since disowned her lesbianism in the press. There is no overt reference to more holus bolus lesbian feminist influences on women's art—an omission which closely mimics male-style overviews which minimalise the influences of the women's art movement on the general world of male controlled art. Elizabeth Eastmond and Merimeri Penfold, in their book *Women and the arts in New Zealand: forty works 1936—86* do not mention lesbian artists either. Worse, Elva Bett's *New Zealand art: a modern perspective* classifies the women's art movement under the obscurity of 'Advocates for Humanity'. The pictorial *Hersiory* diaries, whilst depicting lesbians and lesbian work throughout ten years of production, have been rarely as explicit as their 1987 edition when they published Jane Zusters's *Sappho* 7.⁴

Gisela Ecker's *Feminist aesthetics*, Lucy Lippard's *From the centre: feminist essays on women's art*, Thomas Hess and Elizabeth Baker's *Art and sexual politics: why there are no great women artists*, Karen Petersen and J. J. Wilson's *Women artists: recognition and reappraisal from the early middle ages to the twentieth century*, and Germaine Greer's *The obstacle race* produced scant reference as well. In fact beyond brief biography and equally brief mention of emotional support found with other women, none of them get much further than Rosa Bonheur's extraordinary wish to wear trousers or Romaine Brook's wild excesses.

Lesbians have criticised the art industry for its elitist non-sense, we have endlessly fused our art and our politics in campaigns, we have 'done' art and 'been' artists and workers in the art industry, yet even those who so many of us would regard as our closest neighbours—feminists—have not in the recent past acknowledged this overtly enough.

Once upon a time, a long time ago, I made some beads of Egyptian blue. I gave one of these beads to someone special. Later when asked 'Where did you get such a beautiful bead?' she said 'Oh I don't know, I just found it in some of my stuff.' I was sitting right there the whole time, something given, taken, and not acknowledged. The bead was very blue, oh yes, the bead was very blue. The bead was very blue, I know, the bead was very blue.

Harmony Hammond, *Wrappings*, pp.42—43.

'The ballad of the crying bead' seemed bitter enough articulation of the tragedy of unacknowledged giftings. But it is not enough to leave it at that, and Hammond doesn't. Her *Wrappings*, a lesbian art/ists book, is in itself an antidote to the negativity, a public enthusiasm for lesbian art regardless of the lesbian-phobic preconditions. This formula has been evident in other publications by lesbians too, most boldly by Persimmon Blackridge and Sheila Gilhooly in their book of the sculpture series *Still sane* which celebrates lesbian survival (of the psychiatric industry in particular). Cultural/political art publications such as *Heresies* devoted Issue 3 to lesbian art/ists ten years ago and have subsequently kept up a fairly regular profile, including critical essays. *Chrysalis* published artwork and essays too, including a controversial dialogue 'Through the peephole: toward a lesbian sensibility in art', wherein which the possibility of locating a lesbian sensibility in a heterosexual feminist artist is stated.

Further American resources are listed in Margaret Cruikshank's *Lesbian studies: present & future*. These include *Lesbian images in photography: 1850—1980* by JEB (Joan E. Biren); *Lesbian sexual imagery in the fine arts* by Tee Corrine; *The public and the private: lesbian art and artists* by Andrea Weiss; *The blatant image* (magazine); and *The great American lesbian art show* which synchronised lesbian art events coast to coast.

Locally, the irregular lesbian magazine *Circle* has always published original works of all styles, including various political and romantic portraitures and cartoons, for instance, *The adventures of superdyke* (Gaye Ann Lovett) cartoon strip by Viv Jones in *Circle* 1. *Spiral* has consistently printed poetry between lesbians, for example Jools Topp's work in *Spiral* 4, but articles like Mary Gentile's 'Adrienne Rich and separatism: the

language of multiple realities' are still relatively unusual. *Spiral's* visual format has always featured work by lesbians who, with barely an exception, are called women. Perhaps it is fair to sadly wonder, (though thoroughly queering Laurie Anderson's pitch)⁵ if our language is NOT a virus, and if our acceptance of this degree of invisibility is like being inoculated against ourselves? But publishing-wise, there are plenty of factors mitigating against lesbian art releases. It is still widely regarded as risky and outrageous to do so, and all the more so (for both lesbians and publishers) if done by an established old boy company. Lesbian publishers can't easily bankroll large colour formats, and lesbian consumers, with the usual amount of personal fiscal drag, can't necessarily afford to do much more than order it from the library. Then too there are plenty who see art as being at the luxury end of the agitation scale, as a nice-white-middle-class-soft-focussing on life in the multiply deprived lane.

The issue of lesbian separatisms (which here I'll loosely describe as the ways of separating off our energy into affirmative pursuits as close to solely involving lesbians as is possible) is crucial of course, since artwork exists which is by lesbians, about lesbianism, and for lesbian use exclusively. Feminist art has snapped and yapped at the art ethic which promotes the tediously dualistic formula of woman-as-image and man-as-bearer-of-the-look. And in its pro-woman renderings, feminist art has sought to lift the blind on both. Lesbian separatist art goes a long way further. At its most affirming we lesbians are the image, and *we* are the bearer of the look.

To see, and to be seen seeing

Lesbian realities such as being positively separatist or, at the most intimidated point of the spectrum, of staying in the closet, reduce the availability of affirmative lesbian artwork considerably. The contentious issue is the degree of disregard for what *is* actually available. For a larger comprehension I think we have to look behind lesbian separatism and secrecy, for these, in the context of a heterosexist world, are simply part of a lesbian crux bearing. The five 'out' lesbians here have agreed to participate in a women's art book designed for general readership, yet for mostly political reasons these same five are not on the exhibitions circuit and, in the art-for-arts-sake hierarchy, are not names to lightly drop. The images each selected, and the texts too, have posed variable amounts of (re)questioning about presenting lesbian affirmative material whilst not feeding phallographic lechery. In the spirit of familiar risk taking what is offered here is not separatist art. If lesbians being here means that some barriers have fallen, and I think it does, it is important for us to consider which and whose barriers fell, and for how long, and for what gains.

The critical juxtaposition of our art values with those of the mainstream did not, to my relief, lead any of the lesbian contributors to dirge on about art in that academic art theory way—where are we on the genre spectrum, where are we in the post-modernism hiatus? Even if we are interested in new developments in lesbian critical theory, even if it is amusing for us to know how cubism 'finished' and something like minimalism 'started', the important thing in our involvement here was not where lesbian(feminist) art fitted into the hetero-male landscape, but where it fits right now into the always changing lesbian and female landscapes. The content, the process by which the content came to exist, and the choice of who to share these with are more central concerns, and in comparison with our writing for instance, our visual arts have moved at a decidedly cautious pace.

Word of mouth is another thing. Amongst all else we *are* an oral culture. Crucial understandings about the visual arts and our involvement came about simply because while working towards this book I was lucky enough to be living in a lesbian art factory⁶ which was a venue of constant traffic (erring at the time more towards band practice than towards watercolours). I learnt a great deal and I was reminded that our prolesbianism was more often in word than picture form.

The catching up which this book is part of, may not be that slow. Beyond paintings et al we can and do see our record covers, graffiti and posters as art, having the spirit, having emotional acumen. Perhaps too this is how we see our music and broadcasting and landscaping, for to varying degrees these communications also offer explanation of our lesbian inexplicables; the visual art as interpreter is always there whether words fail or not. We have found meaning and seen greatness in things lesbian which male art hierarchies (Pakeha and Maori) would prefer we left unmentioned. As Heather McPherson puts it in this book: 'I wanted to redefine greatness in terms of content and perception of content, and its relative place in our lives. The main thing was that we saw art as artist's process, it has to arise from a specific focus, and the unmentionables, whether child-care or menstruation, being part of our lives, should be part of our art.'⁷

We need our art to be explicit as well as metaphorical and abstract; we need the confirmation of our realities, our sexuality, our class, our race. We need the concerns of art to be within the realms of our redefinition. Otherwise, as so many of us often already feel, art does suck.

I remember controversies at the Women's Gallery, in particular that we felt the Gallery was very heterosexual, and that the heterosexual women found it very lesbian (and I wonder of course whether this book will be the same). I remember too having talks about where lesbian art might actually intersect with women's art—is it possible to name a place beyond the endless circle, something physical perhaps like our gynaecology, and say this is what the female artists and the lesbian artists share together no matter what.

This, as the process of putting the book together confirmed, is not the case, for regardless of whether a lesbian art sensibility can merge with that of heterosexual women's, there most certainly is a Maori sensibility to which some Maori women artists do adhere, and which does not merge with the Pakeha's come gender or high water.

As Marian describes, the process of lesbians coming forward here meant that six Maori women artists withdrew. At Irihapeti's request a piece of this book was made available to the Maori women for preview. They found, as Irihapeti had predicted, that their sense of sacredness (tapu),⁸ was transgressed. Though the withdrawals were based eventually on wide ranging reasons, the tapu sensitivity presented the (Pakeha) lesbian artists with a testing ethical dilemma, for we had, from the beginning, shared a keen interest in being part of a Maori/Pakeha co-production. The oppressions experienced by the Maori and the homosexual populations share ingredients in common, particularly the distortion of our realities—the ways we see and the ways we are seen.

Lesbian experiences of global rejection have led us to a variety of reactions. One is to exist and love anyhow. Another is the critical rejection of the lesbianphobia in all cultures. The tandem insights of seeing links between oppressed populations, and in the context of these islands, of seeing the Maori people as Tangata Whenua, have led many Pakeha lesbians to swerve somewhat in ideology. This anti-racism curvature will no doubt wax and wane depending on how much Pakeha lesbian sensitivity comes from the heart, and how we interpret any lesbianphobia from the Tangata Whenua.

(February 1987)

Notes

¹ Concept from Caterina de Nave and Melanie Read, name of their film company 1979—

² Jill Livestre, see page 120.

³ Janet de Wagt, see page 192.

⁴ Jane Zusters, *Sappho I* in Herstory, 1987 p.93. See also *Sappho II* (Plate 29).

⁵ Song title from *Home of the brave*, LP/film/performance by Laurie Anderson, U.S.A., Warner Bro/WEA/Talk Normal Productions, 1986.

⁶ Top Drawer Studio, Grey Lynn, Auckland, 1983—

⁷ Heather McPherson, see page 40.

- ⁸ Tapu: Under religious or superstitious restriction; Beyond one's power, inaccessible; Sacred; Ceremonial restriction, quality or condition of being subject to such restriction. Abbreviated from Williams, H. W. *A dictionary of the Maori language*, Wellington, Government Printer, 1985, p.385.

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- Lesbian sexual imagery in the fine arts*, by Tee Corinne. Rootworks, (2000 King Mountain Trail, Sunny Valley, OR 97497), n.d. Works from Asia Minor, Greece, India, China, Japan, Renaissance Europe, and contemporary America. Includes *A sapphocratic love story*, a warm and gentle animation of lesbian love-making featuring two rag dolls.
- Our right to love: a lesbian resource book*, edited by Ginny Vida. New Jersey, Prentice Hall, 1978. The chapter on lesbian artists has (on p.262 in the resource list): 'Some women artists in history who definitely were lesbian, or who we have good reason to believe were lesbians: Rosa Bonheur, Romaine Brooks, Emily Carr, Mary Cassatt, Harriet Hosmer, Suzanne Valadon, Marie Laurencin.'
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work of lesbian artists from the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, including Anna Klumpke, Rosa Bonheur, Romaine Brooks, and a group of U.S. lesbian and feminist sculptors in Rome constituting the 'White Marmorean Flock'.
Spiral 4. See Notes/Index.

APPENDIX

THE WOMEN'S GALLERY, DECEMBER 1979— FEBRUARY 1984

In December 1979, Anna Keir came back from Amsterdam and she and I started to prepare the ground floor of 26 Harris Street, Wellington (just behind the Wellington Public Library) as a women's gallery. The Gallery's *Opening show* took place in January 1980, in a space open to any member of the public who wanted to see the visual art on display and to women only for events involving other media and for workshops.

Our activities shocked and frightened some people at the time, but were for us simply another aspect of what we'd been doing for several years: working in women-centred contexts to encourage and support self-determination by women artists (and writers).

There were many arts activities undertaken by New Zealand women influenced by the insights of the women's movement of the nineteen seventies, and sometimes given the generic term 'the women's art movement' or defined as being 'underground'. However, the activities were connected only loosely by the inclusion of some women as participants in several of them. Women with a diversity of feminist and artistic agendas took part; and there was never the clandestine element associated with 'underground'.

Many women involved were working autonomously to affirm one another and to determine the conditions of their working lives, less with the intention to enter the ranks of those accepted and supported by the fine arts or literature power structures than to create communities where women could talk freely together about imagery by and of women, show their work and share ideas and skills. Some women gathered the confidence to go off and work independently of these communities or found their needs were better met in other contexts, some already had their professional needs met but contributed to and gained from women's art activities; some women's primary community of support for their work is still within the networks established by and developed from the women's art groups.

As happened elsewhere, local women discovered, or reminded one another, that women artists were disadvantaged by their ignorance of women artists of our past, within and outside New Zealand, by the lack of role models, particularly at art schools; by inadequate understanding of women's work by critics, dealers and public galleries, unless the work fitted male-defined expectations; and often, by employment discrimination in institutions. It was an important priority for many of those in the groups to reach a clear understanding of how we have been muffled and silenced, how much self-censoring goes on, how essential are connections with women artists from the past and in the present; and how best to support one another in working to minimise the effects in ourselves of our society's conditioning of women.

Many related activities took place. By the mid-seventies Allie Eagle and Morrigan were researching the local, Pakeha, visual artists of our past. Allie was also documenting the working of as many contemporary women artists as she could; the results of her documentation are in the Robert McDougall Gallery, Christchurch, where she was Exhibitions Officer. The Christchurch women artists group organised the huge women's art environment at the Canterbury Society of Arts Gallery during the United Women's Convention of 1977. Heather McPherson (who started the Christchurch group) also founded *Spiral* magazine. Nga Tuahine Marama had a studio in Aro Street and a gallery in Lambton Quay. An Auckland group met in 1978—9 and looked for a working and exhibition space. And so on.

Sometimes, women who didn't define themselves as artists were involved in these activities. I was one of these, but only once: as a participant in *A season's diaries*, an exhibition organised by Joanna Paul in 1977.

However, during 1978 and 1979 I'd been working with Kidsarus 2 to produce picture books for children which reflected the multiple realities of Aotearoa. Some of the issues we discussed connected with concerns of some of the women in the women artists groups: how to recognise and transcend stereotype, how to be most effectively 'here' rather than 'there'—where most of the imagery in books offered to children was then placed. The interchange with women artists during this time taught me a lot about ways of looking and ways of seeing, as did the process of trialling the stories we used, in primary schools. And I began to learn about working collectively with women, with few resources and under constant pressure, the rewards and the difficulties.

Among our difficulties was having no office space outside our homes and in late 1979 Juliet Raven and I looked for somewhere to work away from home. One convenient place was 26 Harris Street, under Photoforum Gallery. It was cheap and large. What if we had an office space and gallery combined?

I asked Bridie what she thought. 'Wonderful idea,' she said, 'but don't expect me to help.' However, as she wrote later: 'It was the one clear issue of the next two years, the mingling of politics and the self and a platform for discovery. It was a public institution and we were public and accountable. For both of us, our private lives hopelessly confused by our entanglements with men and our need to assert ourselves against them, the Gallery was a commitment that would set us free. We had to work together, with one another and with other women. The lynchpin was Anna who was a much more committed feminist than we were.'

Anna Keir had been a member of the Christchurch and Auckland artists groups. Bridie and I had met her as another participant in *A season's diaries*, and got to know her further when she illustrated a (never published) book called *Woman of the wind* by Maxine Schur, for Kidsarus 2. She was prepared to come back from Europe to work in the proposed gallery and thanks to Department of Labour schemes she and I with three others (who like me were students) prepared the space. Bridie was working full-time as a book representative.

For the *Opening show* we brought together women from around the country who'd been working seriously as artists for some time and who had some sort of feminist analysis relating to their own work and the established arts system. Then, as later with the *Mothers* exhibition and tour, we were fortunate that the Visual Arts Advisory Officer at the Queen Elizabeth II Arts Council was James Mack. He likes plurality and was aware of what was going on with women's art outside Aotearoa; he worked hard to make sure we had funding for the artists to travel to Wellington.

Some of those invited were or had been lesbian separatists and found it quite difficult to work in a public space; most women were feminists moving towards or away from individual solutions. The variety of viewpoints was important as was the variety of media: sculpture, video, film, watercolours, oils, prints, poetry. Women from Wellington, some of whom did not identify as feminists, were included in an associated programme of poetry and short story readings, a concert, a panel discussion of film-makers.

We'd asked the women to contribute something on the theme of the body; as the *Opening show* this was the first of many theme exhibitions on issues of particular importance to women. And as with later shows, we had a wonderful range of response. Claudia Pond Eyley hung a series of life drawings and put up a wall-length collage of colourful silhouettes (each woman negotiated her own space and put up her own work—with help from whomever was around); Tiffany Thornley filled a little room with her prints; Helen Rockel sent charcoal drawings of women she'd seen in the Middle East; Carole Stewart showed her batik portraits (see Plate 48 for an example); Juliet Batten showed watercolours of roses (see Fig. 32 for example) and a series called *Coming to terms*

pink that included a large vulval sculpture; Bridie made a nest/rope/alizarin crimson cloth and stocks piece about cycles of fertility; Joanna Paul put up delicately coloured pieces of card in the very back room, about diurnal rhythms *outside* the body; Allie Eagle showed many paintings and made a floor installation about women in psychiatric hospitals, her own body there; Keri Hulme brought a piece called *Paua shell gods* and sat at our typewriter to write a poem called *He hoha* about menstruation; Heather McPherson made a goddess with an accompanying book. We stayed together for some of the time, in Jean Lome's house and at my place; the whole process was photographed by Fiona Clark and videoed by Nancy Peterson and Carole Stewart.

The continuous programme of exhibitions over the next two years confirmed the value of group exhibitions, in raising questions, examining issues of importance to women and in stimulating response and experimentation both from contributors (whether self-defined artists or not) and from visitors to the Gallery. Themes included: *Women and violence; Self image; Sexuality, Mothers; Spirituality; Women and the environment; Diaries; Maori women's art* (both traditional and contemporary and from women of the past as well as the present); *Political posters; Fabrics; Prints*. An independent group organised a lesbian exhibition, for which the Gallery was closed to men.

When the Gallery moved to Upper Willis Street at the end of 1981, there were more small group exhibitions and occasionally solo shows. The space was more intimate and the priorities of some collective members different from most of the Harris Street workers. Concerts and performance art, a feature at Harris Street became rare. But some women had studios in the building, more women's groups found the Gallery a comfortable place to meet; book launchings also happened and Fay Weldon attended a fund-raising lunch. *Mothers* showed in Willis Street when it completed its national tour; *Take the toys from the boys* was an anti-nuclear exhibition with an extensive associated programme; other theme shows included *Images of women: 11 photographers; Children and childhood*; and a young women's exhibition. Finally, *Workbooks/Diaries*.

For most theme exhibitions at either venue, a co-ordinator would find out (from Wellington sources and national networks developed from those of the seventies groups) who was likely to have work available relating to the theme and invite them to contribute. On rare occasions a particular work would be requested; usually it was left to the individual to decide what she'd like to send. Some women would be approached to see if they'd be interested in making a work especially for the exhibition. Sometimes, women who had written or visited to ask if they could have an exhibition with us would be told we didn't usually have solo exhibitions but we had theme shows planned: were there any they'd like to contribute to? Women who didn't spend a lot of time making visual works (or tended not to show what they'd made) and women who'd never made anything for an exhibition before but who were interested in a theme, were also invited to take part.

Only one woman ever refused to exhibit at the Women's Gallery on principle; and as far as I know only one work was rejected, partly because some members of the collective at the time felt it was oppressive to women, partly because of its technical quality. The work was for the *Mothers* exhibition, an exception among theme shows after *Opening show*, because it included only work by 'serious' artists. As *Mothers* was a touring show, to present an exhibition from a women's context in public galleries, we used it to give exposure to work from women who had a long-term commitment to their art work, particularly those women whose work was otherwise unlikely to be included in a public gallery exhibition.

On one other occasion, there was a heated controversy about whether a series of images of men was acceptable. Some collective members thought it was, especially if other artists were invited to contribute images of men to expand the theme; partly because of the long delay in making a decision, the work was shown elsewhere. (I wasn't there at the time: if I had been I would probably have argued for showing

the work, and finding additional images to accompany it. But a year or so later, when I was working at a women's refuge and bringing women from there to the Women's Gallery I most certainly did not want to bring them to see images of men as I saw the Gallery as somewhere the refuge women—and I—could be affirmed by seeing images of women and by women, in a context supportive of women generally.)

We hoped the exhibitions would encourage women to take risks in a supportive environment, to identify, depict and tell (poems were often included in exhibitions) what had been repressed, to make experiments which would be unacceptable elsewhere; and to move beyond stereotypes of women if they chose to portray them. Some artists did these things. Some simply sent work that was appropriate to the theme and could have been shown in a dealer or public gallery. The work of women who didn't define themselves as artists was sometimes quite startling in the quality of its examination of an aspect of women's experience and its illumination of the way language is used.

The visual material was usually complemented by associated programmes relating to the theme, over a period of weeks, during evenings, lunch hours and week-ends; many women who weren't part of the Gallery's collectives facilitated programmes on topics where they had special information and skills.

These associated programmes drew in many hundreds of women who were interested in a theme but who rarely or never went to art galleries. Visitors were also attracted by films and videos, readings of fiction and poetry (which visitors were welcome to take part in), performances, music and parties. Activities varied, depending on the planning, energy and focus of whoever was co-ordinating the central exhibition, and on the conceptual difficulty of the theme.

The Gallery was always run collectively, by paid workers and those who had jobs elsewhere but wanted to be involved on a regular basis. Many of those employed under Department of Labour schemes (the only source of money for employment) were artists, who had to learn the necessary administrative skills on the job and were prepared to come from Christchurch (Heather McPherson), Auckland (Sharon Alston) and elsewhere (Anna Keir, Barb McDonald) because they believed in what was happening. We all wanted to see if by changing the conditions under which women worked and exhibited, the content of the visual art made would change. And we worked hard to transform and extend an art gallery's function in the community, to remove barriers between artist and non-artist, between 'art' and women's day-to-day lives.

Certainly the provision of a safe space and wide-ranging programme, including both serious artists and those who weren't, feminists and women who weren't feminists but . . . ; the spiritual, the theoretical, and the pragmatic, did bring about transformations, of the gallery concept and of individuals (including collective members). But the extent to which the context altered artistic directions is hard to establish. Exhibitions were unlike any I've seen anywhere else, but in the end I think those of us who saw most shows over four years benefitted more than individual contributors, many of whom never saw what they'd sent hung among the work of other women; the juxtapositions and connections extended the meaning of each work. Very few exhibitions were reviewed or written about, so there was little feedback except in conversations and letters, often not directed to individual contributors. On the other hand, those who made work specifically for a theme show often experimented with a new medium and/or new themes.

Some of us wanted to change conditions for women artists outside the Gallery as well. We wanted more women's art to be collected by and exhibited in public galleries, where most members of the public go to see visual art and where works are well looked after for posterity; we wanted women to have better access to the financial resources of government agencies like the Arts Council; and to support for documenting work and finding exhibition space. Over time we sold a number of works to public galleries, supported women applying for grants, offered space for small support groups to meet, ran a workshop on professionalism, organised life-drawing classes.

We learnt how to publicise what we were doing. And we toured two exhibitions: *Political posters* to some tertiary institutions and *Mothers* to public galleries throughout the country (some of which offered associated programmes modelled on ours) and to the *Women and the arts* festival in Sydney, 1982. One exhibition, due to travel to a women's conference in Copenhagen and organised by us, appeared in the Beehive at Parliament when there was some hitch and the trip away was cancelled.

However, the energy couldn't be sustained. At the A.G.M. in January 1984 it was decided unanimously to close the Gallery. Financial difficulties, especially with the funding of workers, breakings in and thefts by neighbours, and a lack of support from local (Wellington) artists were all reasons for stopping. The Minister for Internal Affairs—who'd been asked to help with salaries—wrote that 'the active involvement of the Gallery within the community at large is as yet at a very early stage ... I see little likelihood of being able to provide any significant financial relief for the Women's Gallery in the immediate future'; this in spite of the evidence he'd been sent of all we'd done.

And as the last of the original workers to have any involvement at all (after a couple of years elsewhere) I was aware that the present collective was mostly of women between ten and twenty years younger than those involved over the first three years. Perhaps a transitional need had been met and times had changed. The needs of younger women were different; they had more resources and options than women had had in 1975 or 1980.

In spite of the excitement there, the joy at being surrounded by so much women's energy and being constantly exposed to imagery by women, for many of us who worked at the Women's Gallery a predominant memory is of over-stimulation, exhaustion and difficulty. We were often challenged by women who didn't see any value in a separatist institution or in self-determination by women, by women who believed the Gallery should never be open to men (men were welcome at exhibitions and excluded from other activities); and by men who felt threatened by an establishment where their emphasis on 'objective' artistic standards appeared to them to have been entirely ignored; and who were unable to view the work on its own terms and within an unfamiliar cultural space. Most of us who worked as collective members had doubts about our aims and directions from time to time; there were many confrontations about who we were answerable to, how much we could reasonably expect from one another, especially when we were so poorly paid, if paid at all.

As a public face of a woman's community we spent many hours chatting and drinking tea with visitors, some of whom needed information about the Department of Social Welfare, Rape Crisis, refuges, the Hecate Women's Health Collective, the Women's Resource Centre, the Women's Place Bookshop. These visitors were valuable participants; I found their contributions often enriching, stimulating and entertaining, as were those of women who came for the associated programmes.

And it's these chance contributions I miss most, now that discussion of women's art and literature takes place mostly in a 'professional' public context. The women's movement has brought opportunity and power to women working in the visual arts as in every other profession. But the pressures—of exhibition deadlines; of battling within institutions; of teaching and publication; seem to have resulted in the loss of some feminist practices which most encourage change and growth: the sharing of time, experience, space and power.

The women's movement taught many of us to 'hear one another into speech'—as Adrienne Rich wrote—and to recognise the importance of every aspect of our thinking and feelings but somehow difficulties in working collaboratively, the divisiveness of competition for resources and status, and bitter disagreements about 'feminist' art practice and criticism have generated mistrust, diminished the quality of our support for one another and denied the importance of that support. It's been a while now since I've sensed a woman giving a paper on women's art or literature has been speaking primarily

to the women in the audience, truly desires to hear what they may have to say, acknowledges the potential of women in an audience to participate with the speaker. It's been even longer since I've seen a woman share her opportunity for a public presentation with a woman whose views are very different from her own, whose voice would otherwise not be heard.

And when did I last hear a child's voice at an art event? Or singing? See toys in an art gallery? Since the Women's Gallery closed, the only exhibition openings where I've heard music, or where opportunity to speak has been given to visitors have been at the *Karanga karanga* opening at the Wellington City Gallery and at Fiona Clark's *He taura tangata* at the Govett-Brewster Art Gallery; also the only openings where guests were subsequently offered food and drink, away from the art work.

Women artists are now taken seriously: their work's exhibited widely, more often collected by public galleries. More women are being offered survey shows by public galleries, too, and their work is written about with greater understanding by more women and a few men critics, even if (sometimes because) the subject matter appears to be overtly feminist. A woman is now just as likely to receive an Arts Council grant as a man is, if she applies (though perhaps not so much money).

However, increased material gain and attention at an intellectual level may not have been matched by the emotional and spiritual support necessary for effective stimulus and challenge within a community of women artists.

Some of us who worked at the Women's Gallery are fortunate that we're still part of quite small and geographically scattered networks offering ongoing support—women artists' groups by mail and phone and occasional visit: and to paraphrase what Sylvia Bowen's written for her chapter 'We won't stop working till we die', though it'll be rarely our connections are as publicly explicit as they are in this book.

The Women's Gallery umbrella is still there (as are those of Kidsarus 2 and Spiral) for women to use for activities which demand an audience or more participants. Bridie and I and Irihapeti took part in ANZART-in-Auckland, a long and painful experience/performance/installation (one image from it appears on p. 170) which included a series of banners by women we invited to share our space: Barbara Strathdee, Hariata Ropata, Heather McPherson, Janet Potiki, Jo Cornwall, Lynne Ciochetto and Vicki McDonald. I inherited the Gallery's files when there was nowhere else for them to go and sold them to the Alexander Turnbull Library to help pay the costs of this book, a Women's Gallery/Spiral project.

Marian Evans.
(1986)

We want to acknowledge two groups of women associated with the Women's Gallery some of whom are invisible in this book: those who contributed visual art to the exhibitions and those who administered many activities, including exhibitions.

These lists are not complete because our records are in the Alexander Turnbull Library which is closed at the time of writing; and this narrowness of focus excludes all those others who gave time and money and presence: who visited, talked, sang, read, bought paintings, ran workshops, demonstrated for and against our existence, showed their films videos and slides, helped hang work or clean, stuck cards in catalogues, performed, documented our work, danced and partied, who helped transform the concept and function of a public gallery space.

Administrators (more or less in chronological order)

Anna Keir Alison McLean Sharon Alston Lou Genet Heather McPherson
Mary Bailey Marg Leniston Elspeth Collier Linda Pearl

Barbara McDonald Sue Turner Linda Hardy Errolyn Haines-Jones
 Anaria Tangohau Toni Nealie Celia Elizabeth Sarah Parkinson
 Shirley Cameron Melinda Hatherly

. . . Freedom. It isn't once, to walk out
 under the Milky Way, feeling the rivers
 of light, the fields of dark-
 freedom is daily, prose-bound, routine
 remembering. Putting together, inch by inch
 the starry worlds. From all the lost collections.

from *for Memory*
 Adrienne Rich

The fact of a doorframe. New York, Norton, 1984.

Exhibitors

Adrienne Martyn	Fiona Clark	Kathryn Mulcahy
Allie Eagle	Fiona Lovatt	Keri Huhne
Angela Gunn	Frantze Meikle	K u Bailey
Ann Culy	Gail Wright	Lani Morris
Anna Keir	Gaylene Preston	Lara Seresin
Anna Wilson	Gil Hanly	Leigh Henderson
Anne Morris	Gillian Chaplin	Linda Grey
Anonymous(several)	Grace Warren	Linda Hubbard
Ans Westra	Heather McPherson	Linda James
Aroha Greenland	Helen Barlow	Loma Mitchell
Barb McDonald	Helen Rockel	Lynnsay Rongokea
Barbara Hercus	Helen Seresin	Margaret Jones
Barbara Strathdee	Helen Wilson	Marian Evans
Betty Clegg	Hilary King	Mary Bailey
Betty Eaton	Hilary Robson	Melanie Walker
Bridie Lonie	Jacqueline Fahey	Mereana Morton
Broadsheet Collective	Janet Bayly	Mereana Pitman
Bub Bridger	Janet de Wagt	Miro Bilbrough
Carole Shepheard	Janet McCallum	Pat Hunter
Carole Stewart	Janet Paul	Patricia Fry
Caroline Campbell	Janet Potiki	Petina-Jane Alley
Chris Poland	Jean Lonie	Pippa Sanderson
Christine Hellyar	Jennifer Compton	Rangi Emery
Clare Fergusson	Jill Livestre	Rea Ropiha
Claire Jennings	Jo Cornwall	Rhonda Edwards
Claudia Pond Eyley	Joan Clouston	Rhonda Bosworth
Debra Bustin	Joanna Paul	Robin McKinlay
Diana Lee-Gobbitt	Jolie Gunson	Robin White
Diana Parkes	Josephine Dadson	Rona Morton
Di ffrench	Joumingher	Robyn Kahukiwa
Dilys	Julie Cooper	Rongo Westrupp
Dwyllis C. Powell	Juliet Batten	Rose Wedde
Edith Collier	Juliet Walker(Raven)	Rosie Little
Eileen Duggan	Katelino Pselio	Rosemary Johnson
Elizabeth Terry	Kathleen Johnson	Sappho
Felicity Day	Kathryn Saville	Sara Parsons
Fino	Katy Easthope	Sarah Parkinson

Sharon Alston
Sharon Kennedy
Shirley Cameron
Shona Davies
Sky Isaacs
Stella Daniells

Susie Rori
Susie Stace
Sylvia Bowen
Tiffany Thornley
Toi Te Rito Maihi
Valeska Campion

Victoria Ginn
Vivian Lynn
Womenspirit
participants
in Women-in-touch
postcards project.

GLOSSARY

- abstract expressionism** style which flourished in the eastern United States and Europe in the late nineteen-forties and fifties. Paintings and sculpture dealt with the affective qualities of colour, paint handling and size: paintings were large and emotionally dominating.
- art adviser** a resource person attached to a regional education board, who travels from school to school.
- artists book(s)** collection of images and or text in 'book' form issued in a limited edition of one or more for exhibition and/or circulation: may be handmade, xeroxed, printed, multimedia; some artists see them in the category of sculpture or drawings more easily than in the category of what are generally understood as 'books'.
- blind print** a print taken off an uninked plate; an impression of shapes cut into the plate, without colour.
- burin** engraving tool.
- collective unconscious** (in the theory of C. G. Jung) is that part of the unconscious mind which derives from the ancestral experiences of a group, or is shared by all human beings and is additional to the personal unconscious.
- cunt art** a term used by some women to describe their 'new' female imagery, 'in celebration of the discovery that not all sexual symbols are phallic' (Gloria Steinem in *A feminist dictionary*. Cunt vs cock art describes a *beginning*, from which many women move from 'against men' (reactive) to 'among women' (active).
'In ancient writings, the word 'cunt' was synonymous with 'woman' though not in the insulating modern sense. From the same root came country, kin and kind . . . Other cognates are Cunina, a Roman goddess who protected children in the cradle; 'cunctipotent', all powerful (i.e. having cunt magic); 'cunicle', a hole or passage; 'cundy', a covered culvert; also cunning, kenning and ken: knowledge, learning, insight, remembrance, wisdom. Given in Eric Partridge as c*nt, the word dates back at least to Middle English and is from the same root as cuneiform, from 'cuneus', wedge. Partridge writes that 'owing to its powerful sexuality, the term has, since the 15th century, been avoided in written and polite spoken English' and has been held to be obscene since about 1700, making it a legal offence to print it in full.' (This didn't for example stop Germaine Greer using it in *The female eunuch*—M.)
Barbara Walker in *A feminist dictionary*, by Cheri Kramarae and Paula Treichler with assistance from Ann

- expressionism** Russo. Boston, London and Henley, Pandora Books, 1985. specifically refers to the work of two early twentieth century groups, Die Brücke (the Bridge) and Der Blaue Reiter (the Blue Rider). The bridge referred to a bridge between the artist and spiritual forces and German expressionism was concerned with spiritual meaning and emotionally charged expression.
- fembot** source debatable: jargon hybridising feminine and robot; variation on femmy as in feminine; variation on femme as in butch and femme; variation on Bottom, as in Top and Bottom (jargon in Sado-Masochistic role cues); abbreviation for botanical, as in pistil-bearing, producing pistillate flowers. (See Mary Daly's *Pure lust* p.93.)
- figurative** representational: art which has visually recognisable content.
- formalist** artwork ordered according to qualities of line, colour, form rather than figurative content.
- harakeke** Phormium tenax, flax plant used for weaving.
- intaglio process** i.e. etching and engraving, where a metal plate is cut into or marked with acids in the case of etchings and a sharp tool in the case of engraving. Ink is then rubbed into the cracks, lines, or marks and rubbed off the surface of the plate: paper is placed on this, the whole lot put under pressure through a press and the print peeled off: it emerges marked by both ink and pressure, a mirror image of the plate. Where the plate is put through the press without having been inked only the pressure marks remain: this is an embossing.
- kete** basket made of strips of local plants, harakeke, muka (prepared harakeke) etc.
- lesbian(feminist)** one who has chosen to be part of a herstorical plexus of lesbianism and feminism. Also lesbian feminist, lesbian-feminist.
- mannerism** originally a term for a style of painting prevalent in sixteenth century Italy; here applied to works which bear some relation to that style, in their emphasis on a combination of asymmetry, elongation and distortion for, usually, expressive ends.
- Matariki** Pleiades, which in Aotearoa rise in June.
- minimalism** a style of painting and sculpture in which most 'extraneous' detail has been removed — typical works involved the juxtapositions of three or more non-reflecting metal cubes of varying sizes. It flourished in the late sixties.
- modernism** an approach to both art and architecture in which the formal elements of the work—painting size, shape, brushstrokes, colour, internal ordering—are regarded as containing the central meaning of the work, rather than any imagery which the work may contain. The theory was promulgated by many writers, among them Clement Greenberg; it was influential in the United States in the

- period between the late fifties and early seventies; in terms of fashionable theory it was replaced by post-modernism.
- monochromatic** one-colour.
- monoprints/monotypes** like etchings and linoleum engravings are produced by pressing paper onto a marked and inked surface (the plate) so that the marks are transferred to the paper (in mirror image). Where the plate has only been drawn or painted on, only one print can be taken off it: this is a mono-print and it is impossible to produce an exactly similar series by this process: each image is unique.
- n.d.** no date.
- neo-expressionism** In reaction to the constrictions of modernism, minimalism and the intellectual complexities of post-modernism — and as an expression of the implicit terror in which we all live — many artists of the eighties have worked with the affective qualities of colour, texture and an emotionally charged content.
- pakeha/Pakeha** non-Maori.
- post impressionism** general term for the work of a group of painters who were indebted to impressionism but wanted to emphasise either the structural (Cezanne) or the spiritual (Van Gogh, Gauguin) content which they felt impressionism has discarded.
- post-modernism** an approach to art first developed in the early nineteen-seventies: it replaced modernism as a buzz-word; in part a development in art from linguistic and social theory (see structuralism) it involves a return to the subject, a cross-disciplinary approach (artworks often being formally indistinguishable from poetry, or from mathematical theorems for example) and a diminished concern with the traditional disciplines of art. Like structuralism the term applies to an approach to the ordering of material rather than to a single visually recognisable style. Meaning is often to be found within the terms of the work itself rather than by recourse to references from without and in this sense post-modernism is distant from much art made within a feminist context and closer to modernism. However it contains within its parameters endless licence for self-definition and this makes any definition suspect.
- sgraffito** technique of scratching lines onto a painted surface.
- structuralism** a form of sociological and anthropological analysis in which the cultural data of a society are examined in terms of their inter-relationships rather than historically or comparatively.
- taaniko** finger-weaving technique.
- tangata whenua/
Tangata Whenua** the landspeople of Aotearoa or a particular part thereof.
- tapa** known as aute in Aotearoa, fabric made from the bark of the *broussonetia papyrifera*, paper mulberry, or other plants and decorated with geometric patterns.

- tivaevae** quilt(s) made by Cook Island women, usually cooperatively.
- tukutuku** wall panels, traditionally made of wood and kakaho (the stalks of toetoe flowers) lashed together with kiekie or pingao. Kakaho form the vertical stakes, wooden slats are used as horizontal rods; and kiekie, pingao or harakeke make patterns on the panels.
- visual diary** diary with or of visual images.
- whariki** woven flax mats.
- women's art movement** Although at various times groups of women artists have existed and spoken together about the conditions they have worked under, it was not until the beginning of this century that Western women have gathered together to lobby for better conditions and to research, uncover, discover and recover unrecognised women artists. The Women's Art Movement of the late sixties and early seventies referred to in this book was linked with contemporary feminist analysis of the position of women and tactics for change: in most countries women artists formed groups for mutual support and consciousness-raising which were loosely and informally connected (mutual awareness, cross-currents of ideas etc.); these groups were also often at odds. This factionalism is part of the differing interpretations of feminism both empirical and academic among women of different colour, culture and class, and although there is still a current concern with improving the situation of women artists there is now less of a sense of any single women's art movement, although women artists continue to support one another spiritually, emotionally and practically.

PHOTOGRAPHIC CREDITS

Marilynn Webb portrait, Peter Bannan, Robert McDougall Gallery; figs 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Peter Hannken; figs 6, 7, 8, Gerry Brook; Cover, Marilynn Webb.

Tiffany Thornley portrait, figs 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, plates 5, 6, Julie Riley.

Barbara Strathdee figs 17, 19, 22, 23, Peter Black; fig 18 Vidmar, (Trieste); fig 20, Pozzar, (Trieste); fig 21, Giomalfoto, (Trieste); plate 8, Barbara Strathdee; plate 9, Dac Productions.

Pauline Thompson portrait, Gil Hanly; figs 24, 25, 26, 27, and plate 9, Peter Hannken.

Heather McPherson fig 29, *Dominion*; plate 47, Fiona Clark.

Juliet Batten portrait, Fiona Pardington; figs 31, 32, 33, Peter Hannken; fig 34, Gil Hanly; plate 10, Juliet Batten.

Sylvia Bowen portrait and plate 12, Ans Westra.

Carole Shepherd portrait, Claudia Pond Eyley; fig 36, the *Auckland Star*; fig 40 and plates 13 and 14, Carole Shepherd.

Joanna Paul portrait, Maggie Harris; figs 48, 49, 50, 51, 54, and plate 15, John Casey.

Allie Eagle portrait, Maggie Harris; fig. 43, 46, Peter Hannken; fig. 48 and plates 17 and 18.i—iv, Allie Eagle; plate 16, John Casey.

Claudia Pond Eyley portrait, Gil Hanly; figs 55, 57, 59, Claudia Pond Eyley; fig. 56, John Fields; figs. 58, 60, and plate 19, Peter Hannken.

Di ffrench figs 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, and plate 21, Di ffrench; plates 20.i-iv Rosemary Johnson.

Jill Livestre portrait, Belle Shalom.

Christine Hellyar portrait, Donald Ensor; figs 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, and plates 22, 23, Christine Hellyar.

Sharon Alston figs 73, 74, 75, 76, and plate 24, Gil Hanly.

Barb McDonald fig. 91, Marian Evans.

Cilla McQueen portrait, Adrienne Martyn; fig. 93, Peter Hannken; plate 26, Brad Smith, plate 25, John Casey.

Anna Keir portrait, figs 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, and plates 27 and 28, John Casey.

Jane Zusters figs 101, 103, Peter Hannken; figs 102, and plates, 29 and 30, Jane Zusters.

Bridie Lonie fig. 104, Mary Bailey; fig. 105, Adrienne Martyn; plate 31.i-ii, Rosemary Johnson.

Lynnsay Rongokea portrait, and fig. 106, Edmund Higbee; figs 107, 108, 109, Gerry Brook; plates 32, 33, 34, Ross Coombes.

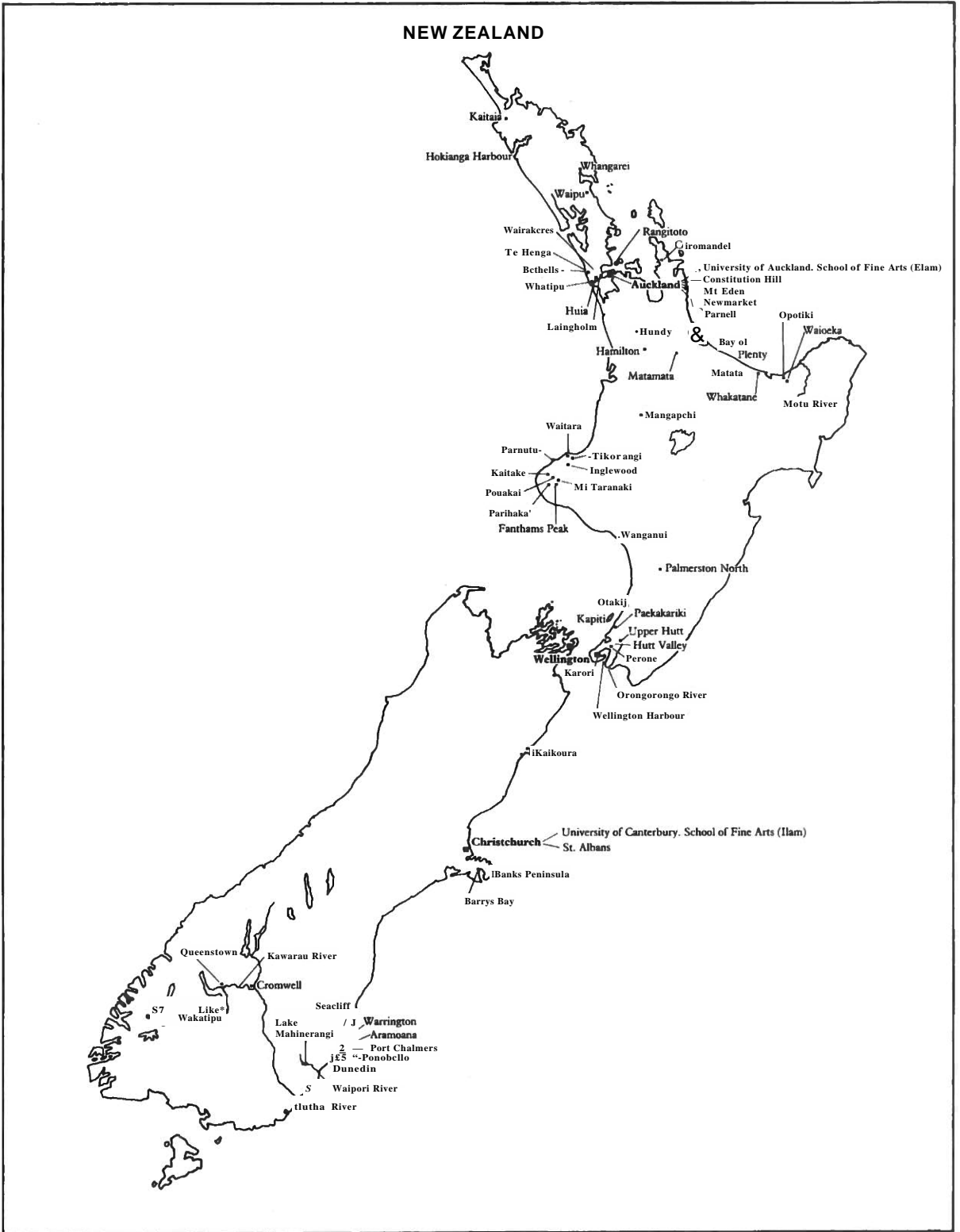
Pamela Gray fig. 110, Peter Black; fig. 111, Janet McCallum; fig. 113, and plate 35, John Casey; fig. 114, Gisborne Herald.

Fiona Clark portrait, Fiona Clark.

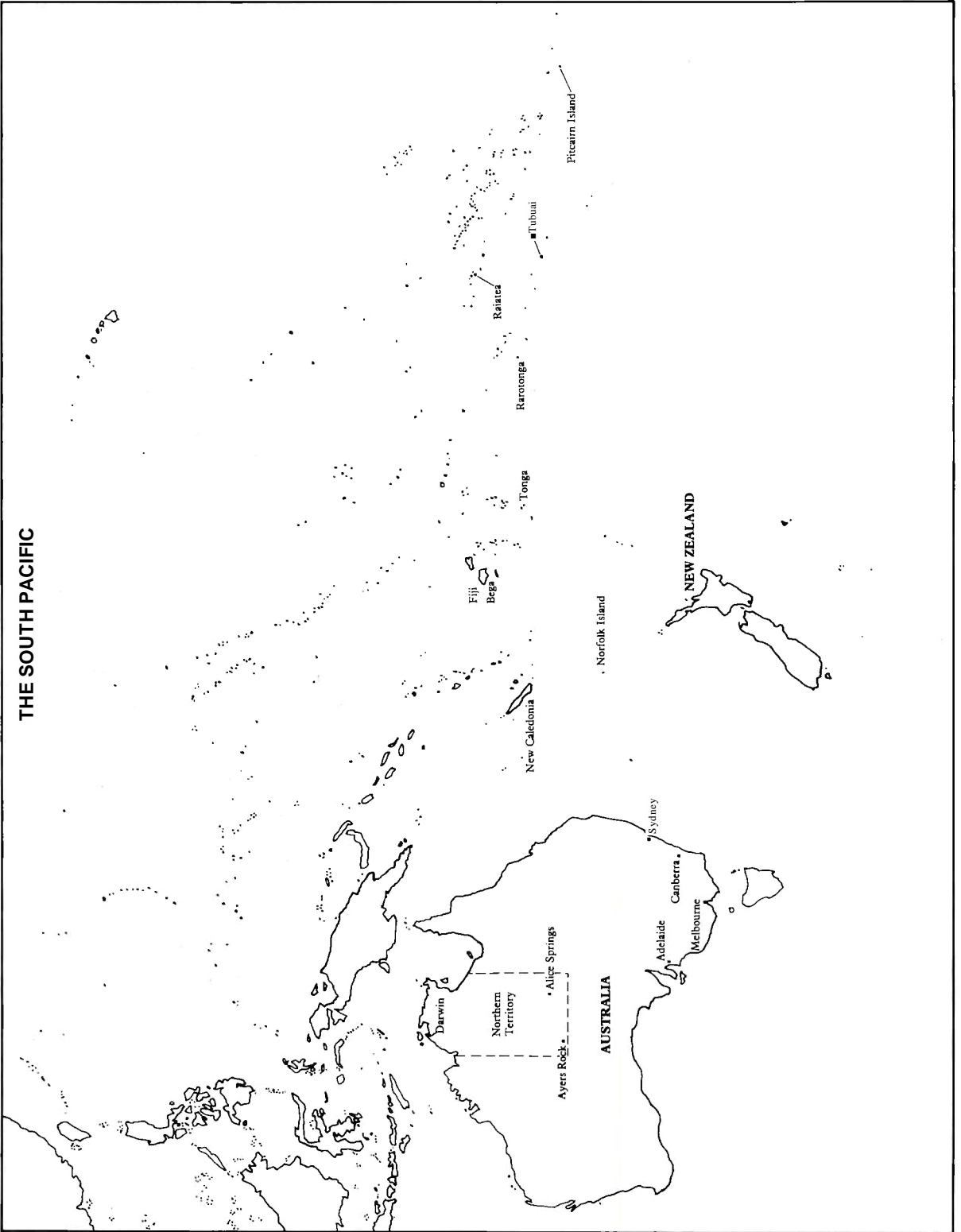
Janet de Wagt fig. 116, Gil Hanly; fig. 118, *Christchurch Star*; fig. 119, and plates 41, and 42, Janet de Wagt.

Mary Louise Browne plate 43, Marie Shannon.

Tilly Lloyd, Bridie Lonie, Marian Evans portrait, Pagan Lewis.



THE SOUTH PACIFIC



NOTES/INDEX

This Notes/Index information is intended to give additional, basic information about many of the individuals and some places, events and publications mentioned in the contributors' texts, as well as being an index.

Where possible, particularly where there is otherwise no readily available information, notes were compiled with contributors and with the individuals we annotated, some of whom preferred not to supply any details. All individuals are listed alphabetically under their first names and material quoted directly from them is in single quotation marks as is information supplied and initialled by contributors and others. We have emphasised information about women; and given no information for many writers for whom there are some bibliographical details added to contributors' texts.

Unless another country is mentioned, those annotated live in New Zealand, where sometimes a city of residence is included. In entries for overseas women artists, a reference or several references are given, for example, to Petersen and Wilson. Full bibliographical details for these references are given at the end of the Notes/Index. The dates of publication given in various entries sometimes refer to the editions we have seen and may not be the dates of first publication. Emphasised names within notes refer to other notes. Few exhibitions are indexed.

Access Radio

Wellington community radio station.
61

Accidental phantasies

Play by Stephanie Johnson, performed at Little Maidment Theatre, University of Auckland, April-May 1986.
133

Adelaide

139, 142, 143

Adrienne Dudley (*Matariki mural*)

refers to

Adrienne Dudley Karaka Rutene Tepania Roberts 1954—

Nga Puhī, Te Rarawa, Te Aupōri.
'Whaea o Aramoana Kotiro; Maori lesbian activist musician.'

Adrienne Rich 1929—

Lesbian poet and writer, United States; author of eleven volumes of poetry and the prose works: *Of woman born; motherhood as an experience and institution* (1976); *On lies, secrets, and silence: selected prose 1966—1978* (1979).
125, 129, 227, 231, 242, 251, 253

Agenda

Wellington magazine.
230

Aila Taylor 1933—

Te Atiawa spokesperson on environmental issues.
189

A.I.R. Gallery

71

Air New Zealand/P.E.N. travel award

148

Alberto Giacometti 1901—1966

Swiss sculptor, painter and poet.
22

Albrecht

see

Gretchen Albrecht

Alexander Turnbull Library

252

Alexis Hunter 1948—

Born in New Zealand, trained at *Elam*, now lives in London. A useful reference for some of her work is: *Alexis Hunter: photographic narrative sequences*, with essays by Lucy Lippard and Margaret Richards. London, Edward Totah Gallery [1981].
71

Alfred Price

'Academic qualifications unknown. Origin: possibly Kensington, England. A self effacing little man, bachelor, gifted artist and carver in wood; self-employed, teaching in private homes. Taught physical education as a sideline. Mr Price taught my mother oil painting and oil painting on satin, taught her brother Clarence relief carving and physical exercises, 1924. My mother, Muriel Proctor, had previously enjoyed study in modelling and plaster cast making at the Dimedin School of Art, 1915. Mr Hawcridge was her teacher. She has not continued to pursue these areas of the arts but at 88 years still enthusiastically makes an art of her gardening.' Loma Mitchell.
82

Alice Springs

2, 146

Allan 61

refers to

Allan James Daun 1943—

Allen Maddox 1948—

Painter.

71

Allie 50, 56

refers to

Allie Eagle (Alison Mitchell) 1949—

other reference 16, 36, 38, 42, 52, 79-98, 102, 157, 168, 215-216, 233, 235, 247, 249; Plates 16-18

Amazons

76, 120, 148

Anais Nin

228, 240

Andrea Dworkin

228, 231, 240

Anaria Tangohau

Kati Mamoe. Mother of two sons, has three mokopuna. Presently involved with Awhina Wahine, Te Kakano Te Whanau, Te Hau Ora Tinana Roopu, Member of Wellington Council for World Peace.

145, 253

AND

Four issue journal 1983-1985, ISSN 0112-3068.

94

Angela Whetu 61

refers to

Angela Whetu Daun 1985—**Angus**

see

Rita Angus

Angus 169

refers to

Angus Lonie 1956—**Anna 42, 82, 169**

refers to

Anna Keir 1951—

other reference 38, 39, 40, 151-160, 168, 170, 220-221, 233, 247-254 (Plates 27 and 28)

Anne Wilson Schaefer

Author of *Women's reality: an emerging female system in a white male society* (1985) and *Co-dependence: misunderstood — mistreated* (1986).

45

Annie Whittle

Actor.

136

Ans 59, 60, 63

refers to

Ans Westra

'Dutchborn Wellington photographer and supporter of the arts.' S.M.B.

other reference 58

Antarctica

150, 190

Antic

Art journal, published with assistance from the *Queen Elizabeth II Arts Council*, by the editors Susan Davis, Elizabeth Eastmond and Priscilla Pitts.

Available from 37 Cowan Street, Auckland 2. ISSN 0113-1141.

134

ANZARTor Anzart

A series of Australia—New Zealand art encounters held in Christchurch 1981, Hobart 1983 and Auckland 1985. The Artists Book exhibition curated by *Carole Shepherd* and *Christine Hellyar* was in Auckland.

76, 114, 117, 160, 170, 252

Aramoana

A salt marsh at the entrance to the Otago Harbour which was (and still is occasionally) threatened by the proposed development of an aluminium smelter there.

4

Aphra Benn

227

Arriba

'The song *Arriba* is mine: the word I believe comes from the Carribean and means *Life!* I play two chords continuously and every time I play the lyrics change. I have played it for ten years and it is me. No other bastard done took it nor done nothing with it.' B.McD.

146

Artemis (Diana)

75

Artemesia Gentileschi 1593—1652

Renaissance painter (Greer; Petersen and Wilson).

84, 166

Arts Council

see

Queen Elizabeth II Arts Council

A season's diaries

Visual diaries done during spring 1977, on a suggestion of *Joanna Paul*, who arranged for them to be displayed at Victoria University Library. They were later exhibited at the Women's Studies Department, Waikato University and at the Canterbury Society of Arts Gallery, Christchurch, during the **Allie Eagle/Anna Keir/Jane Zusters** exhibition, 1978. Participants in *A season's diaries* were *Allie Eagle*, *Anna Keir*, *Bridie Lonie*, *Gladys Gurney*, *Heather McPherson*, *Joanna Paul* and *Marian Evans*.

80, 81, 168, 194-95, 248

Association of Women Artists 86

refers to

Auckland Association of Women Artists 'founded in 1980 after the *Women in the arts* exhibition at *Outreach Gallery* in Auckland. Its role is both supportive and educational. It aims to help women artists to make contact with each other and to develop an awareness of structures and images that have denigrated and oppressed women in the past. It shares information about the work of contemporary women artists by monthly slide talks, films, discussions and performance evenings with guests from both New Zealand and overseas.'

(Information from *Herstory 1987* by Herstory '87 Collective, Auckland, New Women's Press, 1986.)

At home (exhibition) (Los Angeles)

72

Auckland

2, 21, 30, 49, 68, 80, 84, 90, 100, 110, 120, 123, 162, 170, 180, 188, 248, 250

Auckland City Art Gallery

21, 94

Auckland Teachers Training College

80, 84, 101

Audre Lorde 1934—

Black American lesbian-feminist writer of prose and verse (who visited Aotearoa in 1985): *The first cities* (1968); *Cables to rage* (1973); *From a land where other people live* (1973); *New York head shop and museum* (1974); *Coal* (1976); *The black unicorn: poems* (1978); *Uses of the erotic: the erotic as power* (1978); *Chosen poems, old and new* (1982); *The cancer journals* (1980); *Zami, a new spelling of my name* (1982); *Sister outsider: essays and speeches* (1984); *Our dead behind us: poems* (1986).

68, 228, 231, 236, 239, 240

August Cernigoj 1898 Trieste—1985 Sezana

Attended Bauhaus, Weimar in 1924. Awarded Preseren Prize for his life's work, Slovenia 1976. His aims as outlined in a manifesto (*Tank I'A* (Ljubljana 1927) were for:— a collective art — art + object = activity — art as tactile unit in time + space; against:— elitism — religion + mysticism in art — expressionism — galleries + museums

Cernigoj Museum: Lipiza, Yugoslavia.
20, 22

Aunt Daisy 4

refers to

Daisy (Maud Ruby) Basham nee Taylor 1881(?)—1963

Legendary broadcaster. See *The Aunt Daisy story* by A. S. Fry (1957).

Australia

2, 103, 139, 146, 148, 149, 160, 192, 195

Avalon

T.V.N.Z. studios, Lower Hutt.

61

Ayers Rock

143

Ayr Street Group 1974—

Started by *Gretchen Albrecht* as a private art class, in a permanent large studio rented by her for the group. Women involved included Elizabeth Steiner, *Emily Karaka*, *Linda Gill* as well as others. Eventually it developed into a regular Wednesday meeting for some of the women, all of whom now have their own studios and work independently towards exhibitions and other projects. This Wednesday has become 'more and more a day of exchanges: of books, magazines, information, opinions, experiences and criticism.' (Ayr Street Group Studio Weekend handout, 1984.)
50, 52

Bach

see

Johann Sebastian Bach

Banks Peninsula

93

Barbara Strathdee 1941—

20-28, 207-208, 229, 232, 235, 252 (Plates 7-8)

Barbs 197

refers to

Barbara McDonald 1948—

other reference 138-146, 241, 250, 253

Barbara Smith 1946—

Co-edited *Conditions: Five, The Black women's issue* (1979) and *All the women are white, all the Blacks are men, but some of us are brave: Black women's studies* (1982), edited *Home girls: a Black feminist anthology* (1983) and was one of the authors of *Yours in struggle: three feminist perspectives on anti-semitism and racism* (1984). Her literary criticism, reviews and essays have appeared in a variety of Black and women's publications. She co-founded Kitchen Table: Women of Color Press and is now concentrating on writing short stories.
231

Barnett Newman 1905—1970

Painter in United States.

195

Barrys Bay (Banks Peninsula)

85

Bauhaus

A school 1919-33, founded by Walter Gropius in Weimar, Germany where artists taught that industrial production was the link between art and craft and where teachers and students were engaged in communal research, without hierarchical structure.
20

Bay of Plenty

35

Beatrice Grossman

'Is an artist's agent who now works freelance in Auckland. Her involvement with New Zealand art began with an introduction from *Dr Walter Auburn* to the *New Zealand Print Council*. She acted as secretary to the Print Council from 1968 until its transfer from Auckland to a more central location in Wellington. Later she was employed with *Tine Hos* at the New Vision Gallery in His Majesty's Arcade and then with Peter Webb in his Wellesley Street Art Gallery. Since becoming self-employed as an agent, Beatrice has organised and toured several National Print shows. Over this twenty year period Beatrice Grossman has become highly regarded as both agent and friend to many of New Zealand's best-known printmakers, painters and sculptors.' Debbie Grossman
24

Beckmann

see

Max Beckmann

Beethoven

see

Ludwig van Beethoven

Bega (Fiji)

162

Ben 18

refers to

Benedict James Romana Knuckey Webb 1976—**Bert Walker**

Minister of Social Welfare in seventies National Government who encouraged policing of solo parents' lives by the Department of Social Welfare, where these parents were receiving a Domestic Purposes Benefit (*D.P.B.f*)
54

Bertha

108

Claudia Pond Eyley's great-grandmother.

104

Betty Clegg 1926—

Had her early training with Bare (Helen Priscilla Crabb 1891—1972), a Wellington teacher, for two years; and went to Julian Ashton Art School in Sydney, married; and stopped painting until she worked with another Wellington teacher, Paul Olds, and others, 1962—1975; years of obsession with painting which then tailed off. Betty 'really enjoyed living at the Women's Gallery during 1983' and now lives at Eastbourne.
228

Besser

see

Jonathan Besser

- Bethells**
see
Te Henga
- Betye Saar 1926—**
Black American artist (Munro; Rubinstein)
72
- Biella (Italy)**
166
- Bill**
Maori carver, long-term *Carrington Hospital* patient.
165
- Bill Broughton**
240
- Blair**
see
Phillipa Blair
- Blue House**
'The Blue House was a women's house in Christchurch where *Saj* and other writers/artists/lesbians lived. There was a dancing party there most Friday or Saturday nights; because of its central location and spacious living room it was also a women's meeting place. No longer extant.' H. MCP.
40
- Bobby Sands 110**
refers to
Robert Gerard Sands, a member of the Irish Republican Army who died in 1981 aged 27, after a 66-day hunger strike in the H-block section of Northern Ireland's Maze Prison. The main aim of his strike was to force the British Government to grant special political prisoner status to himself and seven hundred other members of the IRA (Irish Republican Army) imprisoned in the Maze. (*Time & Newsweek*, May 1981.)
110
- Body building — forty colour photographs (exhibition)**
180
- Bonita 173, 174**
refers to
Bonita Francis 1980—
- Bonnard**
see
Pierre Bonnard
- Bounty**
H.M.S. Bounty sailed from England in 1787 to obtain a cargo of breadfruit in Tahiti and transport it to the West Indies. Three weeks after she left Tahiti, April 28 1789, some of the crew mutinied. Eventually eight mutineers, six Polynesian men, twelve Polynesian women and a small girl settled in Pitcairn, January 1790. In 1856 the Pitcairners, then 193 altogether, agreed to be transferred to Norfolk Island where some settled; others returned. (H.E. Maude, 'The history of Pitcairn Island' in *The Pitcaimese language* (1964)).
32
- Boyd Webb 1947—**
Photographer from New Zealand, living in London.
83
- Bresson**
see
Robert Bresson
- Bridie 42, 82, 248-254 (Plate 31)**
refers to
Bridie Lonie 1951—
other reference 16, 39, 132, 151, 167-170, 222, 227-240
- Brigid 101, 104**
refers to
Brigid Eyley 1970—
Born in Auckland.
- Brisbane**
139
- Brisbane's Women's Centre**
143
- Bristol Road (Inglewood)**
190
- Britain**
192
- Broadsheet 1972—**
Feminist magazine founded by Auckland Women's Liberation. Available from P.O. Box 56147 Dominion Road, Auckland. ISSN 0110-8603.
16, 136, 137, 152
- Brown**
see
Nigel Brown
- Bruria**
Part of the feminist art movement in California in the seventies.
72
- Burns Fellow**
see
Robert Burns Fellowship
- B.W. Goddard**
187
- Calgary**
119
- Canada**
100, 119
- Canberra**
139
- Carl Gustav Jung 1875—1961**
Founded a school of analytical psychology. He worked with Freud until differences of opinion caused a formal break in 1913. Jung conceived of libido as primal, non-sexual energy and postulated two systems in the unconscious: the personal (repressed events of personal life) and the collective unconscious.
2, 82
- Carole Caroonpas**
Part of the feminist art movement in California in the seventies.
72
- Carole Shepherd 1945—**
67-78, 213-214, 233, 234 (Plates 13 and 14)
- Carole Stewart 1948—**
Has used batik, photography, film and video as a means of creative

expression and exploration. She is a teacher of yoga and relaxation and works in the field of holistic health.
231, 248, 249 (Plate 48)

Caroline 76

refers to

Caroline Bensinger 1945—

Artist. Lives in Auckland.

Caroline Williams 1945—

Born in Wellington, lives in Melbourne. Artist, author of *Saints* (London, Bergstrom & Boyle, 1980).
84

Carrington Hospital

Psychiatric hospital located in Point Chevalier, Auckland.
165

Carron Smith

'Wellington sister to art dealer Tracey Smith.'—S.M.B.
77

Cate Anderson 1955—

Health worker, environmentalist.
145

Celia Elizabeth Thompson

Tn 1982 I worked as *Women's Gallery* co-ordinator with *Barbara McDonald*. I worked there for three months. Have managed to keep finding employment in art galleries or related fields. Now working at the *Sarjeant Gallery*, Wanganui.
144, 253

Catholicism

85, 87

Cernigoj

see

August Cernigoj

Cezanne

see

Paul Cezanne

Charles Christian 1791/2-1842

32

Charley 83

refers to

Charlotte Paul 1948—

Joanna Paul's sister. Lecturer at the School of Medicine, University of Otago.

Charlotte 173

refers to

Charlotte Francis 1978—

Chippenham Commune

'Started in 1971 and is the longest surviving urban commune in New Zealand. The first large house was bought in 1971 in St Albans Christchurch. Later a house on an adjoining section was bought, then a small farm in Oxford 60km from Christchurch. It is an incorporated society to provide not only cheap accommodation but an alternative to private ownership of land and single family living. Vital Foods Co-operative Bakery (making a wholemeal loaf) was owned for several years to provide work for commune members and others so that women as well as men could jobshare, raise children and work on issues such as women's refuge, Abortion Law Reform, HART (Halt AU Racist Tours), Corso, *Environment* magazine (published monthly from Chippenham in the mid 70s), the setting up of Four Avenues

Alternative Secondary School, Community Volunteers and Waitangi Action. Even the idea of the *Christchurch Artists Collective* came from ex-Chippenham members.' T.T.
12

Christ

see

Jesus Christ

Christchurch

12, 16, 35, 80, 84, 85, 102, 111, 117, 151, 162, 168, 238, 247, 248

Christchurch Artists Collective

12

Christchurch Square

84

Christchurch women artists group

'This first came together in 1975 co-ordinated by *Heather McPherson*, as a support group, and later, with the advent of *Allie Eagle* and other feminist artists such as Jackie Sullivan, Anita Narbey and *Rosemary Johnson*, became an innovative group influenced by women's spirituality and art movement ideas and activities, from the U.K. and U.S.' H.McP.
35, 36, 157

Christchurch Women's Art Environment

see

Women's art environment

Christchurch Women's Art Festivals

see

Women's Art Festivals (Christchurch)

Christian

see

Thursday October Christian

Christine 76, 234

refers to

Christine Hellyar 1947—

other reference 122-129, 218-219, 234 (Plates 22 and 23)

Cilla McQueen 1949—

96, 97, 147-150, 219-220, 233 (Plates 25 and 26)

Circle

Lesbian magazine.

242

Clare Woodham 1956—

Health worker.

183

Claude Levi-Strauss 1908—

French anthropologist

168

Claudia 42, 72, 82

refers to

Claudia Pond Eyley 1946—

other reference 71, 84, 99-108, 216-217, 234, 248 (Plate 19)

Clean Sea Action Group

An organisation formed in Taranaki to combat the increasing pollution of the Taranaki coast.
189

Clement Greenberg 1909—

Critic in United States who was instrumental in bringing the

works of abstract expressionist painters to public attention (including those of *Barnett Newman*).
96

Clutha (river)

'One of the rivers to be flooded by a hydro-electric project in Central Otago. One of the things which will be lost is the confluence of the Clutha and Kawarau rivers, where the distinctly different colouration of each river creates a beautiful and unusual effect.'
B.L.
4, 7

Colin McCahon 1919—1987

Painter and teacher who has influenced many New Zealand artists. His 'great *Gate* series of panels on nuclear weapons concerns the destiny of man.' (John Caselberg 1963, in Gordon H. Brown, *Colin McCahon: artist*. Auckland, Reed, 1984.)
21, 71, 85, 92, 95, 100, 102

Commonwealth Literature Conference, Laufen 1986

44

Conachair

148

Connie 71

refers to

Connie Fleres

Multi-media sculptor living and working in Washington. Works with metal neon and paper.

Cook 146

refers to

James Cook

English discoverer in Pacific.

Coromandel

93

Countrywomen's Institute 188

refers to

New Zealand Federation of Country Women's Institutes, open to all New Zealand women, greater membership towns and cities than rural; member Associated Country Women of the World; begun by Miss Joan Spencer 1921.

County Clare, West Ireland

110

Court of Appeal

189

Craccum

Weekly newspaper of the Auckland University Students Association.
92

Craig Murray Orr 1942—

Went to *Ilam*, now lives in England.
83

Crippled Children's Society 76

refers to

New Zealand Crippled Children's Society (Inc)—founded 1935, partly as a result of the problems experienced by people disabled by the poliomyelitis epidemics of 1916 and 1924/25. The Society tries to ensure that no physically disabled child or adult, because of their physical disability will be denied the opportunities in education, employment, sports, the arts and leisure that are available to other New Zealanders.

Cromwell

Central Otago town.

7

C.S.A. Show and

C.S.A. Women's Convention exhibition

see

Women's art environment

C.S.A. 78 86

refers to

an exhibition at the Canterbury Society of Arts Gallery in 1978, of work by *Allie Eagle*, *Anna Keir* and *Jane Zusters*, (with the *A season's diaries* exhibition).

Cyclone Tracy

139

Dale Spender

227

Dale Williams

240

Daly-ism

see

Mary Daly

Daphne Brasell 1948—

Wellington publisher.

228, 240

Darwin

138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 146

Darwin Community College (Darwin Institute of Technology)

139, 141, 143

Darwin Women's Festival 1980

143

David Hockney 1937—

British artist.

24

Debbie Groves

179

Debra Bustin 1957—

Multi-media artist, Paekakariki. Maker of sign outside Willis Street Women's Gallery (Fig.91).

133, 144

De Kooning

see

Willem de Kooning

Denis Cohn 1933—

Had an Auckland dealer gallery, December 1978—31 July 1986.

76

Department of Education

10

Department of Labour

250

Department of Social Welfare

54, 251

Derek March 1948—

Lives at Te Henga, Auckland. Jeweller.
84

Desert hearts

Film adapted from the novel *Desert of the heart* (1964) by Jane Rule, starring Helen Shriver and Patricia Charbonneau; directed by Donna Deitch, United States, Mainline, 1986.
134

Diego Rodriguez de Sylva y Velazquez 1599—1660

Spanish painter.
31

'Div C'

A small Teachers College division for the training of graduates to teach. Until quite recently some art school graduates went directly from art school to teaching in secondary schools. Others spent a year in 'Div C'. Some contributors to this book would have been supported through art school by the Education Department on the condition that they would attend 'Div C' and then spend some time teaching.
84

Di ffrench 1946—

109-117, 170, 217-218 (Plates 20-21)

Don Driver 1930—

Painter and sculptor, lives in Taranaki.
71

Donatello (Donato di Niccolo di Bardi) 1386—1466

Sculptor, Florence, Italy.
126

Dowse 60, 129

refers to

Dowse Art Museum, Lower Hutt, Lower Hutt's municipal art museum. 'Lower Hutt place where things happen.' S.M.B. other reference 234

D.P.B. (DPB)

Domestic Purposes Benefit. Introduced by the Labour Government in 1973, for all solo parents caring for children up to school leaving age regardless of the reason they are alone with the children—never with partner, separated, widowed, divorced, deserted etc.
38

Driver

see
Don Driver

Duchamp

see
Marcel Duchamp

Dunedin

2, 4, 81, 82, 93, 148, 149, 174, 237, 238, 240

Dunedin Teachers Training College

167

Durie Hill Memorial Tower, Wanganui

160

Eastbourne

28

East Point, Darwin

139

Eileen Duggan, 1894 Tua Marina—1972 Wellington

Poet.
184 (Plate 45)

Elam (School of Fine Arts at University of Auckland)

30, 68, 84, 94, 95, 100, 123, 167, 168, 170, 186, 188

Eleanor Antin 1935—

Artist in America (Munro, Rubinstein).
72

El Greco 1541—1614

Spanish painter
92

Elizabeth Caffin

240

Elizabeth 61, 63

refers to

Elizabeth Sylvia Southam Daun 1966—**Emily Carr 1871—1945**

'One of Canada's foremost painters. Emily Carr's earlier works were of North West Indian settlements on the British Columbian coast. Later, in Europe (1910—11) she was said to be acquainted with *Frances Hodgkins*. Carr made carpets and pottery in Indian designs and her most characteristic paintings (1920s—40s) were her personal and powerful expressions of nature using spiralling forms and intense colours.' T.L.

Tn 1898, at Ucluelet, an isolated Indian settlement on Vancouver Island, Emily Carr was given the name "Klee Wych" meaning "Singing One". She was a writer of autobiographical material, novels and numerous stories.' M.E.
245

Emily Jackson 1909—

Painter. Lives in Auckland.
51

Emily Karaka 65

refers to

Emare Karaka

Ngati Maniopoto, Ngati Hine, Ngati Whatua, is an activist/painter who works from Te Rua o te Ahi Kaa Kokiri Centre in Auckland, where the kaupapa is to pass over skills and learning in the arts/crafts/entertainment area.

England

21, 173, 174

Ernst Anton Plischke 1903 Vienna—

Architect who lived and practised in New Zealand 1939—1962; Massey House, Wellington is one of his buildings. His publications include *Design in living* (1947). His furniture was sold through Helen Hitching's gallery in Wellington. Linda Tyler has written a thesis on Ernst Plischke's work and he is currently (1987) writing his memoirs.
94

Europe

102, 128, 156, 191

Eva Hesse 1936—1970

Sculptor, born in Germany, died in New York.
73

- Evan** 62
refers to
Evan Thomas Grogan Daun 1965—
- Eve Leniston** (*Matariki mural*)
refers to
- Eve Leniston Howell 1976—**
Elder child of Marg Leniston.
'The writing is on the wall, lots of graffiti on the Women's Gallery wall, and I was part of it.'
- Eyley**
see
Claudia Pond Eyley
- Fahey**
see
Jacqueline Fahey
- Faith Wilding 1943—**
Lives in Pasadena, California. Performance artist, painter.
70, 72
- Fannie Bay**
139
- Fanthams Peak**
123
- Far North**
2
- Federated Farmers** 188
refers to
Federated Farmers of New Zealand Inc. began in New Zealand around 1908. Membership: farmers and open to rural communities; branches throughout New Zealand.
- Felicity (Fe) Day 1948—**
Tutor and Playback Theatre member.
145, 183
- Felix** 82
refers to
Felix Harris 1979—
Joanna Paul's third child.
- Feminist Artists Network**
12, 16
- Feminist Book Fair, 2d, Oslo, 1986**
42
- Fiberarts magazine**
ISSN 0164-324X
174
- Fiji**
22, 162
- Fiona Clark 1954—**
177-182, 222-223, 235, 249, 252 (Plates 36-40)
- Fiona Lovatt**
Writer and teacher. 'Born 1961 and still learning.'
139
- Flaherty**
see
Robert Joseph Flaherty
- Florence (Italy)**
170
- Frances Hodgkins, 1869 Dunedin—1947 England**
Studied painting in Dunedin, went to Europe, finally settling there in 1913; recognised in England long before her work received acceptance here.
92
- Frances Hodgkins Fellow(ship)**
Offered, usually annually, by the University of Otago (Dunedin) to a visual artist, this fellowship comprises a year's salary equivalent to the bottom step on the university lecturer's scale; and the use of a studio on campus.
2, 157, 235
- Francesco Jose Goya y Lucientes, 1746 Fuentetodos—1828 Bordeaux**
With *Velazquez* a dominant influence on nineteenth century French painters.
31
- French Revolution**
32
- Frida Kahlo 1910—1954**
Painter in Mexico. See *Frida: a biography of Frida Kahlo* by Hayden Herrera (1983).
104
- Frisco Bar**
186
- Fulbright Visiting Writers Fellowship**
148
- Gaudier-Brzeska**
see
Henri Gaudier-Brzeska
- Gay Liberation**
131
- Gaylene Preston 1947—**
Film maker living in Wellington. Films include: *All the way up there* (1978), *Learning fast* (1981), *Making Utu* (1982), *Holdup* (1981), *The only one you need* (1983), *Angel of the junk heap* (1983), *Mindout* (1984), *Mr Wrong* (1984); and others including a video, *How I threw Art out the window* (1981); made for *Sexuality* exhibition at the Women's Gallery.
84
- George Court's**
Department Store, Karangahape Road, Auckland.
188
- Georgia O'Keeffe 1887—1986**
Artist in America (Munro; Petersen and Wilson; Rubinstein). See especially *Georgia O'Keeffe* (Viking, 1976) which has many colour plates and a text written by the painter herself.
73, 74
- Germaine Greer**
Feminist born in Australia; author of *The female eunuch* (1972) and *The obstacle race; the fortunes of women painters and their work* (1979) as well as other books and articles.
87, 160
- Gertrude Stein 1874—1946**
'Prolific lesbian author of fiction, plays and verse, demonstrating

her exploration of language in terms of formal literary structure and grammar. Lived with Alice B. Toklas from 1907 (Paris) and connected to the expatriate Americans and their artistic salon scenes, of which *Nathalie Barney's* was the most famous. Her critical works which explain the basis of her own experimentation include *Composition as explanation* (1926), *Narration* (1935) and *Lectures in America* (1935). Most famous for *The autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* (1933) and *Everybody's autobiography* (1937). The book *Look at me now and here I am: writings and lectures 1911—45* edited by Patricia Meyerowitz (1971) lists all her works.' T.L.

'See also *The world split open; four centuries of women poets in England and America, 1552—1950* edited by Louise Bernikof (London, The Women's Press, 1974).' H.McP. 40, 41, 228, 231, 240

Giacometti

see
Alberto Giacometti

Ghiberti

see
Lorenzo Ghiberti

Gladys 42

refers to

Gladys Gurney, a participant in *A season's diaries* 1977, and author of *Amazon songs* (1987).

On the phone to *Heather McPherson*, July 1987, Gladys Gurney said she 'prefers to be called Saj, is now 52, mother thrice, grandmother twice.

Faults: smokes, and drinks DB. Loves: people, earth, animals, wishes more people would. Ambitions: nil really but one day may surprise her friends and manage to type with one finger a book that's already written in longhand (20 year project). Has lived in Lyttelton 10 years, seven years with her companion, lover, friend, protagonist, Deane. Struggles to achieve happiness.' other reference 168

God

41, 45, 81, 89, 120

Goddess

41, 45, 73, 120

Gopas

see
Rudi Gopas

Gordon Tovey 1901—1974

After teaching at various institutions in Dunedin, Gordon Tovey came to Wellington in 1946 to be Art Supervisor in the Education Department, a position that then involved supervising art teaching from primary through tertiary education. He was untrained as a teacher and, without the pre-conditioning that training might have given him, experimented widely to find the best way to train artists and art educators; he saw the development of individuals as being as important as what they produced. Gordon Tovey's daughter, Carol Henderson, is researching his life for a biography.

2

Government Printing Office

Printer, publisher, retailer, stationer in Wellington. 228, 240

Govett-Brewster 188

refers to

Govett-Brewster Art Gallery (New Plymouth)
other reference 252

Goya

see
Francesco Jose Goya y Lucientes

Grasshopper

'Clown, Wellington, Peter S.' S.M.B. 63

Greenberg

see
Clement Greenberg

Greenham Common

27 August 1981 the 'Women for Life on Earth' march left Cardiff for the United States Airforce base at Greenham Common, where it arrived 5 September. The Women's Peace Camp subsequently established at Greenham Common has politicised many women and drawn attention to the American Cruise missiles at the base ever since, with connections to women's peace camps and activities all over the world.

{*Greenham women everywhere; dreams, ideas and actions from the women's peace movement* by Alice Cook and Gwyn Kirk (1983); and *Greenham Common: women at the wire* by Barbara Harford and Sarah Hopkins (1984.)

12, 14

Greenpeace bombing

see
Rainbow Warrior

Gretchen Albrecht 1943—

Painter and teacher. 'I made the transition in one week from drawing to painting and on the road to being an artist because Gretchen sat everyone down the first day, produced these wonderful objects—she brought shells and stones and tapa cloths, that visually rich setting . . . put down these objects and said "right, now you're going to draw" and then set up another thing and said "right, now you're going to paint," so I just did it and for that week we drew in the morning, and we painted in the afternoons and I broke through that particular barrier.' J.B. of a 1975 summer school. 52, 71

Hala al-Din al-Rumi 1207-73

Mystical poet, raconteur and theologian; founder of Mevlevi Sufi brotherhood. 32, 34

Hamilton

102, 133

Hana Maxwell

233, 236

Hanly

see
Patrick Hanly

Hariata Ropata

252

Harmony Hammond

68, 70

Harriet Hosmer 1830—1908

'A neo-classical sculptor of statues and one time mountaineer (Mt Hosmer in Missouri is named for her) Harriet Hosmer was, like *Rosa Bonheur*, considered rather bizarre with her masculine attire,

her midnight rides through Rome and her taste for the monumental. She lived with other women artists in the Roman household of the actress Charlotte Cushman. During the 1860s Hosmer produced her major work including the monumental statues of Zenobia (the defeated queen of Palmyra), and Thomas Hart Benton, public fountains and numerous 'ideal statues' including one of Beatrice Cenci.'

T.L. (Information from Petersen and Wilson)
245

Harris Street (Wellington)

249

Hawkes Bay

139

Hawcridge

see

Robert H. Hawcridge

Hazel Irvine 1947—

Women's health activist; Hecate Women's Health Collective member; midwife.

180

He taura tangata (exhibition)

Govett-Brewster Art Gallery, 1986.

252

Heather 82, 233, 238

refers to

Heather McPherson 1942—

other reference 16, 35-48, 85, 89 (poem), 157, 169, 209-210, 231, 241, 243, 244, 247, 249, 250, 252 (Plate 47)

Heinrich Boll, 1917 Cologne—1985 Bornheim-Merten

German writer.

97

Helen Rockel 1949—•

Christchurch painter; founding member of *Women's Gallery* and contributor to exhibitions there.

38, 80, 248

Henri Gaudier-Brzeska 1891—1915

Sculptor; worked in London.

126

Henri Matisse 1869—1954

French painter.

92

Heresies

Feminist journal on art and politics, first published in New York in 1977.

ISSN 0146-3411.

44, 178, 242

Herstory 12, 16

refers to

the **Herstory diaries**. The first Herstory diary was published in Dunedin, by the Dunedin Collective for Women, in 1976, for the 1977 year, as a result of an International Women's Year project. Herstory diaries have appeared almost each year since then, put together by different collectives from around the country. Most follow a theme, with a woman or group illustrating the theme on each page, one page for each week of the year. See also Resource Lists.

Herstory 38

refers to

Herstory Press 1974—1980

Lesbian press; published the New Zealand editions of *Monster* by Robin Morgan (1974); and *S.C.U.M. (Society For Cutting Up Men) Manifesto* by Valerie Solaris (1976); printed *He said he loved me really* by Auckland Women's Refuge (1979); and issues of *Circle* magazine, the first issue of *Spiral*, leaflets and posters.

Hiroshima shadow project

see

Shadow project

His Lordships

Menswear shop.

130

Hockney

see

David Hockney

Hokianga

2

Holland

193

Home(s) of Compassion

There are now Homes of Compassion in Wellington, Carterton, Hastings, Timaru, Wanganui, and on the Wanganui River, in Auckland and Heretaunga, as well as in Tonga, Fiji and New South Wales.

34, 168

Housing Corporation 156

refers to

Housing Corporation of New Zealand

Government department responsible for housing; involved in loans and rental stock.

Hotere

see

Ralph Hotere

Huia

100

Huntly

172

Hutt Art Society

82

Hutt Valley High School

83

Iain McDonald

186

Iain Lonie

167

Ian Hamilton Findlay 1925—

Poet, sculptor, gardener, lives in Britain.

93

Ian Lindsay Tuxworth

'Member Legislative Assembly for Barkly (Northern Territory, Australia) since 1974; Chief Minister, Minister for Mines and

Energy since 1984, Minister for Primary Production since 1982, who was eventually fired as Chief Minister for misappropriation of funds. Elected by a bare margin on a toxic waste disposal platform, the land there being the most stable in the world. Not so in January 1988. The road is split open. Thank goodness a woman contested his stand and publicized the toxic danger and everyone is alive and well in Tennant Creek.' B.McD.
139

Idi Amin 114

refers to

Idi Amin Dada 1925—

Born Kakwa region West Nile. Ugandan army officer and former Head of State.

In exile, Jeddah, Saudi Arabia, 1980—

Ham (School of Fine Arts at University of Canterbury, Christchurch)

84, 152, 157, 160, 186

Imogen 85

refers to

Imogen Rose 28 February—9 December 1976

Joanna Paul's second child. *Imogen*, by Joanna Margaret Paul was published at Days Bay by Hawk Press in 1978.

Inglewood

49, 186

International League for Peace and Freedom

145

International shadow project

see

Shadow project

Inuit

123

Ireland

7

Irihapeti 230, 231, 232, 233, 236, 237, 238, 239, 244

refers to

Irihapeti Ramsden 1946—

Ngai Tahu, Rangitane. Mother of Peter and Piriimia. Writer, editor and nurse, artist and activist.

other reference 171, 229, 241

Isabel Robertson

'Paremata teacher, musician, developing artist. Helps run *Leaves* community art magazine.' S.M.B.

63

Italy

21

J. K. Baxter 148

refers to

James K. Baxter 1926-1972

Poet.

Jacqueline Fahey 1929—

Painter. Lives in Auckland.

71, 134

Jacqueline Fraser 1956—

Ngai Tahu. Sculptor. Lives in Auckland.

229, 234, 236, 237

Jacque (J.C.) Sturm

228

James Mack 1941—

Director Dowse Art Museum, Lower Hutt. Formerly Queen Elizabeth II Arts Council advisory officer for the visual arts. 'Far sighted director.' S.M.B.

4, 60, 248

James McLarty

96

James Thurber 1894—1961

'Writer of essays, sketches, fables, stories, often illustrated by himself, mostly published in the *New Yorker*, often involving small ineffectual men being overwhelmed by large often predatory women.' H.McP.

60

Jane 83, 85, 94

refers to

Jane Paul

other reference 80, 95, 96

Jane Cooper 1957—

Teacher/mother.

183

Jane Zusters 1951—

16, 18, 80, 161-166, 221, 241, 244 (Plates 29 and 30)

Janet 83

refers to

Janet Paul 1919—

Artist, writer and editor whose 'Women artists in New Zealand' in *Women in New Zealand society*, edited by Phillida Bunkie and Beryl Hughes (1980), written with the assistance of *Barbara Strathdee*, was the first overview of the local 'women's art movement' to be published and the earliest analysis by gender of the distribution of *Queen Elizabeth II Arts Council* visual arts funding to individuals. Janet Paul has written about her life in *Beyond expectations: fourteen New Zealand women talk about their lives*, edited by Margaret Clark (1986).

other reference 80, 94, 95

Janet de Wagt

191-197, 224, 241, 244 (Plates 41 and 42)

Janet Frame 1924—

Born Dunedin. Writer of fiction, poetry and autobiography.

184

Janet Potiki 1958—

'Ngati Rangitihī. Multi-media artist, writer, performer, 'arts' organiser and group theatre worker. Mother of Tarawera and Te Whaea.'

252

Janice Burns 1951—

Versatile campaigner in varied feminist issues; social researcher; primary author with Hecate Women's Health Collective Inc., of *Premenstrual experience* (1985).

178, 184

Janne Land 1939—

'Janne Legard Land is a dealer in modern, contemporary New Zealand art; born in Copenhagen Denmark; assistant Peter McLeavey Gallery (Wellington) 1972; director, Galerie Legard, Kelburn, Wellington 1977—1981; founded Janne Land Gallery 1981. Gallery address: 21—23 Allen Street Wellington (P.O. Box

6269, Wellington) phone (04) 842912.
76

Japan
3

Jean Lonie 167
refers to

Jean Stella Lonie, Wanganui 1930—
Teacher, mother of *Bridie, Angus, Jonathan, Sally*; and poet: *Towards the league of strong women* (1987).
other reference 249

Jeanie 64
refers to

Jeanie Elwin Bowen 1950—
Kaitaia teacher and farmer. Sister of *Sylvia Bowen*.

Jeffrey 83, 85
refers to

Jeffrey Harris 1949—
Painter.
80

Jennifer Shennan
Wellington dancer, choreographer, teacher and writer.
178, 180, 181, 184

Jenny Black 1957—
170

Jerry Rubin 1938—
Writer and activist in the United States.
87

Jesus 49
refers to
Jesus Christ
other reference 85, 87

Jill Hannah 1953—
Ex-printer, working class lesbian recovering health on Kapiti coast.
38

Jill Johnston 1929—
Author of *Lesbian nation: the feminist solution* (1973), former dance columnist for New York's *Village voice*. *Paper daughter* (1985) the second volume of her autobiography, is her most recently published work.
87

Jill Livestre 1947—
118-121, 231, 233, 241, 244

Jo Cornwall
Fabric artist, Te Puke.
252

Joan Clouston (Matariki mural)
'As an embroiderer I am fascinated with the magic art which is rooted in women's ancient mysteries and its modern situation at the crux of Art/craft, masculine/feminine dichotomies.'

Joan Metge
238, 240

Joan Miro, Barcelona 1893-1983
Painter.
92

Joanna Paul 1945—
36, 40, 79-98, 168, 214-215, 231, 233, 248, 249 (Plate 15)

Joanne Hardy 1952—
Painter.
80

Jody Pinto 1942—
Sculptor in United States who constructs site-specific outdoor sculptures and earthworks; and indoor installations.
87

Johann Sebastian Bach, 1685 Eisenach—1750 Leipzig
Composer and musician.
178

John 173
refers to

John Francis 1939—
painter; formerly married to *Lynnsay Rongokea*.

John 24
refers to
John Strathdee 1936—
Research physicist.

John 70
refers to

John Thomson 1947—
Carole Shepherd's husband. Born Auckland. Pharmacist/
musician.

John 62
refers to

John Williams 1931—
Clinical psychologist, Wellington Hospital Board.
60

John Berger 1926—
English writer now living in and documenting a small community in Haute-Savoie, France who describes himself as 'a story teller and witness'. His books include *A Painter of our time* (1958); *Permanent red* (1960); *A fortunate man* (1960); *Ways of seeing* (1972); *Selected essays and articles: the look of things {1912}*; and *The seventh man* (1975).
230

Jonathan Besser 1949—
Experimental musician and composer; recorded in Wellington with Free Radicals (*Polarities; I-*) and with Chris Prosser (*Dark Wind Spring Rain; Forms Gestures;*) and on many unrecorded occasions composed and performed with Pamela Gray.
178

Jools Topp 1958—
Singer, musician, comedian; of Topp Twins. Poems, *Spiral 4*, pp. 27—29.
246

Joseph Beuys 1921—1986
German artist.
126

Joumingher
169

Judith Exley 1939—
Wellington composer and administrator.
180, 181, 184

Judith Leyster 1609/10—1660
Born Haarlem, Netherlands. Painter of portraits, still lifes etc., whose work has sometimes been attributed to others. (Greer; Petteys).
52

Judith Lonie

167

Judy Baca 71

refers to

Judith F. Baca 1949—

Hispanic American leader organiser and socially conscious mural painter. (Rubinstein).

Judy Chicago 1939—

Artist in the United States, author of *Through the flower: my life as a woman artist* (1971). (Munro; Petersen and Wilson; Rubinstein).

72, 87, 134

Judy Grahn

227

Juliet 82

refers to

Juliet Batten 1942—

other reference 49-56, 85, 87, 210-211, 248 (Plates 10 and 11)

Juliet Raven 1946—

Freelance editor who has worked with *Kidsarus 2* and *Spiral* collectives and whose links to the women's movement and to Maoridom are particularly important to her.

248

Jung, Jungian

see

Carl Gustav Jung

K' Road 186, 188

refers to

Karangahape Road, Auckland City.**Kaikoura**

28

Kaikoura High (School)

58

Kaitaia College

64

Kaitake

123

Kaleidoscope

TVNZ arts programme

60

Kandinsky

see

Wassily Kandinsky

Kapiti (Island)

82

Kapiti College

61

Karanga karanga

Exhibition organised by Haeata Collective, Wellington City Art Gallery, 1986.

252

Karen 192, Plate 41

refers to

Karen Stanney

'A traveller, 50s collector, magician, darling—having a good day at the beach. I tried to show the above in the painting.'

J. de W.

Karitane

238

Karl 81

refers to

Karl Severs 1969—

Lives in Ternuka with his mother, *Morrigan*.

Karori (Wellington)

85

Kath Algie 1951—

Artist. Lives in Auckland.

80

Kathe Kollwitz 1867—1945

Born in Germany. Artist. (Petersen and Wilson).

70, 84, 104

Kawarau (river)

4, 7

Kees Hos 1916—

see

New Vision Gallery

Kelliher competition

Started in 1956, now defunct. 'In setting up the Kelliher competition . . . my objective was to encourage New Zealand artists to portray the natural beauties of our country in a recognisable and competent manner for all to see.' Henry Kelliher in *The Kelliher, 67 award winning paintings* (1969).

21

Ken Adams 1944—

Secondary school art inspector.

84

Keri 42

refers to

Keri Hulme 1947—

Kai Tahu. Whitebaiter, artist and writer, whose novel *the bone people* (1984) was published by Spiral. Regular *Women's Gallery* exhibitor.

164, 228, 233, 236, 237, 240, 249

Kidsarus 2

A group of Wellington women started Kidsarus in 1975, during International Women's Year. They published *The red overalls* by Jane Buxton, illustrated by *Kath Algie* and a local edition of Lollipop Power's *Grownups cry too*, as part of their commitment to non-sexist and non-racist children's picture books.

Later, Kidsarus 2 developed from a writing group convened by Julie Grenfell, a Clyde Quay (Wellington primary school) teacher, whose students, from a range of cultural backgrounds, had few books available that reflected their own life experiences. Some Kidsarus 2 members took advantage of the International Year of the Child (1979) to edit and publish, in association with established publishers, picture books of high quality which were counter-sexist and counter-racist.

Four books were produced: *The kuia and the spider/Te kuia me te pungawerewere* by Patricia Grace, illustrated by *Robyn Kahukiwa*, with the Maori edition by Syd Melbourne with Keri Kaa (1981) and winner of the Children's Picture Book of the Year Award 1982; *Kimi and the watermelon/Ko Kimi me tana*

mereni, by Miriam Smith, illustrated by David Armitage with the Maori edition by S. Huia Wilson (1982); *The terrible taniwha of Timber Ditch* by Joy Cowley, illustrated by Rodney McRae (1982); and *The fudge that jumped out of the bath and ran away to see the world*, by Sue Freeman, illustrated by Barbara Strathdee (1984).
248

Killeen

see
Richard Killeen

Kiwi Hotel

Symonds Street, Auckland.
100

Kohine Ponika 1920—

Tuhoe, Ngati Porou. Composer and teacher.
Pate 45

Kokoschka

see
Oskar Kokoschka

L.A. (Los Angeles)

69, 71, 72

Laingholm

80

Lake Mahinerangi

Lake in Otago.
4, 7, 9, 10

Lake Wakitipu

21

Lani Morris

'I am a woman gradually learning that I am also an artist and that fabric and fibre are wonderful ways of expressing myself strongly within a traditional women's medium.'
231 (Plate 44)

Lavinia

see
Ngawaina Te Teira

Lea 75

refers to

Lea Holford 1949—

Iowa farm girl, emigrated to New Zealand in 1983, now working in Auckland in private practice as a psychologist; lecturer at University of Auckland in Women's Spirituality, Mythology, Psychology of Women and Gaia Consciousness.

Leaves Access Press

Publishing branch of Leaves Machine, including *Leaves Access* magazine.
63

Leaves Machine

'Everything i/we do. Hopes one day to be a travelling van.' S.M.B.
61

Leeds

191, 194

Lee Hatherley

'Wellington broadcaster and friend to many.' S.M.B.
60

Leon Narbey 1947—

Film-maker.
98

Linda Gill 1937—

Auckland artist and writer.
52

Linda Hardy

Collective member *Women's Gallery* 1982; English lecturer Victoria University.
144, 145, 253 (Fig. 91)

Linda James 1951—

'D.F.A. 1978—80; Hons, painting 1983.
Linda has been exhibiting since 1981. We shared a studio at *Chippenham* and have exhibited together six times. We show together 'for solidarity in friendship and feminist theme; to share expenses of gallery rental and publicity; and to affirm, within the art world mainstream, an alternative to "the one-man show" as typical setpiece and stepping stone'—Jonathan Smart, *Christchurch Star*, 9.7.87.

We have worked together and drawn together and joined forces in so many other projects that it is hard to imagine how I could do without her support.' T.T.
12, 18

Linda Landis 1942—

Lives in Kaitaia. Born in the United States.
87, 88

Linda Nochlin

40

Linda Pearl 1951—

Women's Gallery co-ordinator 1982.
'White lesbian feminist, working class of Irish descent. I work as a health educator/administrator and specifically with lesbians surviving incest/rape as an educator/healer. I write seriously and am nearing completion of a collection of short stories/prose and a novel is in progress entitled *Outside of the islands* about three generations of women surviving incest/rape, my grandmother / my mother/myself that begins in Ireland and migrates to Aotearoa. I'm a working class womyn who has always worked very hard at what she does. However I now have a reasonable income that allows me sensible holidays on the coast or in the bush and time to write.'
144, 145, 252

Linley Richardson 1848—1947

Painter.
82

Lions Club

Service club, begun 1950s in Auckland and with branches all over the country. Once male only; Lionesses may now join by invitation.
188

Lise 20, 22, 24

refers to

Lise Strathdee (Rachel Lise Cook Strathdee) 1964—

Fashion designer, assistant to Romeo Gigli, Milan.

Literary Fund Advisory Committee

The Department of Internal Affairs administers the Literary Fund, which gives grants to writers; and to publishers to enable them to publish books of literary merit at a reasonable market price acting on the recommendations of the Advisory Committee. The

Advisory Committee includes both government and P.E.N. appointees, usually academics, writers or editors.
240

London

14, 126, 177

Lorenzo Ghiberti 1378-1455

Italian renaissance sculptor; his great bronze doors for the Baptistry of the Cathedral in Florence were his major work.
170

Lorna Mitchell 1923—

'Retired and living in Otaki by the sea, I draw and paint for pleasure; people buy paintings occasionally. My real interest is befriending lonely people.'
80

Louis Johnson

240

Lucy Lippard

Writer and activist, author of thirteen books, contributing editor to *Art in America*, columnist for *Village voice* and co-founder of *Heresies* and P.A.D.D. (Political Art Documentation/Distribution). She also curates and organises exhibitions. Her influence on New Zealand women artists has been primarily through her books *From the center: feminist essays on women's art* (1976); and *Overlay: contemporary art and the art of pre-history* (1983); and, less directly, through *Heresies*.
71

Ludwig van Beethoven, 1770 Bonn—1827 Vienna

Composer.
178

Luise Brandt 1958—

Performer, writer of songs and theatre pieces for *Pramazons*, currently doing post-graduate midwifery training.
182

Lynn

see
Vivian Lynn

Lynne Ciochetto 1950—

Studied design at *Ilam* and in Switzerland. Now Chief Art Editor at Government Printing Office.
252

Lynnsay Rongokea 1952—

171-176, 233, 236, 238 (Plates 32-34)

McDougall

see
Robert McDougall Gallery

Maddox

see
Allen Maddox

Maggie 83, 92

refers to

Maggie Harris 1973—

Joanna Paul's oldest child.

Mahinerangi

see
Lake Mahinerangi

Maia 192

refers to

Maia Mistral 1956—

Art student, Dunedin.

Mangapehi

62, 64

Maori Land Wars

Once called Maori Wars and more recently Land Wars. Wars of the 1840s, 1850s and 1860s over the determination of settlers to acquire land belonging to the Maori, who under Article 2 of the Treaty of Waitangi (1840) were guaranteed 'the full, exclusive and undisturbed possession of their lands and estates, forests, fisheries and other properties.'
123

Marcel Duchamp 1887—1968

Artist who emigrated from France to the United States.
126

Marebagroup

Feminist art group 1974-1976

Emanuela Marassi (Italy), Renate Bertlmann (Austria) and *Barbara Strathdee*.
22

Marg Leniston 1953—

Formerly a *Women's Gallery* co-ordinator. National General Secretary, Workers Education Association, worker on Womanzone programme, *Access Radio*-, and a Women's Studies tutor at Victoria University. 'Born of Irish Catholic stock. The women — the virgin Mary, Mary Magdalene, the independent Irish celibate nuns 'married' to Christ, my mother with her twelve children, myself as the oldest daughter and one of six girls and six boys, peppered with girls' single sex schools and my nursing training. This life collage underwrites my commitment to women and maintains my existence. Yet there is always the necessity to resist the male defined structures/institutions which maintain these — it is a constant tension. In my work at the *Women's Gallery* my mind/ eyes were opened, my life strengthened and yet made more vulnerable.'
39, 252

Margaret

see
Morrigan

Margaret Atwood

Canadian novelist, poet, critic, and short story writer. She has published twenty-three books, including the novels *Surfacing*, (1972) now a feminist classic, and *The handmaid's tale* (1985). She has also been active in Amnesty International, the Writers' Union of Canada and the Canadian Civil Liberties Association.
96

Maria Olsen 1945—

Auckland painter.
31

Marian 42, 49, 63, 64, 82, 95, 96, 168, 169, 170

refers to

Marian Evans 1948—

other reference 39, 40, 85, 89, 151, 227-240, 247-254 (Plate 45)

Marie 173

refers to

Marie Francis 1972—

Marie Laurencin 1885—1956

'Strongly identified with contemporary movements in (French) art, Marie Laurencin is known for her delicate mythological paintings such as *Woman with dove* (1919) and *Girl with dove* (1928); and for earlier works such as *Group of artists* (1908) depicting Picasso, Fernande Olivier, Guillaume Apollinaire and herself, which Gertrude Stein purchased. Otherwise Marie Laurencin's paintings were nearly always of actresses and dancers.'

T.L.

(Information from Petersen and Wilson.)

245

Marilynn Webb 1937—

1-10, 205-206, 229, 237 (Plates 1-4)

Marte Szirmay 1946—

Sculptor, in Auckland.

84

Mary 189

refers to

Mary Clark 1918—

Lives at Onaero near Waitara.

Mary 61, 62

refers to

Mary Isabella Daun 1976—

Daughter of Sylvia Bowen.

Mary 83

refers to

Mary Paul 1952—

Joanna Paul's sister. Has worked in theatre as performer, administrator and director, when particularly interested in action theatre/group creation. Made a number of short Super 8 movies and is at present teaching New Zealand literature at Auckland University and working on a doctorate.

Mary Bailey

43

Mary Cassatt 1845—1926

Born in the United States, worked there and in Paris; a painter. (Greer, Munro, Petersen and Wilson, Rubinstein).

70, 104

Mary Daly 1928—

Raging Fury, Nag-Hag, Lesbian. Author in the United States of *The Church and the second sex* (1968); *Beyond God the father* (1973); *Gyn/Ecology: the metaethics of radical feminism* (1979); and *Pure lust: elemental feminist philosophy* (1984).

40, 87

Mary-Louise Browne 1957—

198-204, 224-225, 233 (Plate 43)

Matamata

100

Matariki mural

The Matariki tour of women poets and singers — *Kohine Ponika* (who named the group), *Keri Hulme*, *Mereana Pitman*, *Adrienne Dudley* and *Heather McPherson* — was planned for June 1981. (Shortly before that year's Springbok tour.) It was coordinated by *Janet Potiki* and me and cancelled when the Literary Fund's Advisory Committee refused to support it. (Without their support, Arts Council funding was unavailable.)

Putting poems onto the Women's Gallery exterior wall, by women whose work had been suppressed and or belittled was a way of

coming to terms with my own anger and sadness at the tour's cancellation. Those who helped me paint the poems, as part of the *Women and the environment* exhibition were *Anna Keir*, *Bridie Lonie*, *Eve Leniston*, *Fiona Lovatt*, *Joan Clouston*, *Marg Leniston* and *Susie Jungersen*.

One of the reasons given by the Literary Fund for refusing to support the tour was that *Kohine Ponika's* work (and that of Mereana and Adrienne) was unknown to them. Fortunately since *Into the world of light* (ed. Witi Ihimaera and Don Long) was published in 1982, increased pakeha awareness of the work of respected contemporary composers in Maori like Kohine Ponika means that even a monocultural advisory committee can no longer be ignorant of a sophisticated oral literature, which continues to develop alongside a written literature, in Maori and in English.'

M.E.

Plate 45

Matata

135

Matisse

see

Henri Matisse

Max Beckmann, 1884 Leipzig—1950 New York

Expressionist painter and printmaker.

24, 83

McCahon

see

Colin McCahon

Melbourne

110, 126, 139, 140, 148

Meiling

142

Mereana Pitman 1952—

'Ngati Porou, Ngati Kahungungu ki Wairoa, Ngati Whatua. Mother of Marama and Jonathan Te Rangi; composer, writer, lecturer/tutor in Violence/Abuse, activist in Maori and women's issues.'

Plate 45

Meret Oppenheim 1913—1967

Independent artist who associated with the Surrealists. Born Berlin, became a naturalised Swiss.

126

Merylyn Tweedie 1953—

Artist and teacher. Lives in Auckland.

72

Methanol Plant (Taranaki)

Owned by Petralgas (previously Petrocorp and Alberta Gas Corporation of Canada, which amalgamated); at Waitara.

181

Mexico

104

Michael Smither 1939—

Painter and composer.

21

Michelangelo 126

refers to

Michelangelo Buonarroti, 1475 Caprese—1564 Rome

Italian painter, sculptor and architect.

Michelle Scullion

Flutist, music teacher, musician.
178

Mihiata Retimana 1939—

Ngati Porou, Ngai Tahu. Early life in Tokomaru Bay. Art teacher and artist.
235

Milan Mrkusich 1925—

Painter.
71

Miranda Fig. 36

refers to

Miranda Playfair 1962—

Lives in Auckland.

Mirek Smisek

Potter. Lives and works with 'Pamella Ann South—potter painter inspirational lover of humanity. Te Horo Pottery.' S.M.B.
60

Miriam Schapiro, Toronto 1923—

Artist in the United States, associate for a time of *Judy Chicago*, part of the *Heresies* founding collective. (Munro, Rubinstein; *Feminism and art history—questioning the litany*, edited by Norma Broude and Mary D. Garrard (1982).)
72

Miriama Evans 1944—

Ngati Mutunga and Ngai Tahu.
229

Miro

see
Joan Miro

Mobil

189

Mobil Song Quest

190

Monique Wittig 1935—

Born in the Haut-Rhin region of France. Later moved to Paris, where she studied, worked for the Bibliotheque Nationale and as a proof-reader for a French publisher. Her latest book in English is *Across the Acheron* (1987).
38, 85, 231

Montreal 100**Moorcroft**

see
William Moorcroft

Morrigan 1942—

'One of the leading questioners/movers/stimulators of many women in the women's movement of the 70s and still involved through women's refuge work. Morrigan brought back much material from overseas which fed the local women artists and activists. She and Allie Eagle were noted for challenging entrenched ideas in all companies. I am particularly grateful for Morrigan's unswerving support for my work and for her love and help in difficult times.' H.McP.

'Morrigan was a tremendous catalyst for me in the 70s—her patience (and impatience!) to see me grow and develop my ideas artistically could never be measured and without her enthusiasm many women especially myself may not have been able to give

of themselves as readily as we did in those days. Morrigan also helped me with a lot of the initial research into the whereabouts and biographies of many living (and dead) New Zealand women artists.' A.E.
32, 80, 81, 85, 247

Mother Aubert 1835—1926

In 1892 Mother Aubert became the first Mother Superior of the new religious order of the Daughters of Our Lady of Compassion. In 1908 she opened the *Home of Compassion* in Island Bay, Wellington, later another in Auckland.
34

Mother Art

85

Mothers

An exhibition co-ordinated by *Marian Evans* and *Anna Keir*, in 1981 for the *Women's Gallery*, Mothers travelled to public galleries in many New Zealand cities and to the *Women and the arts* festival in Sydney (1982). Illustrated catalogue with essays by *Bridie Lonie*, *Juliet Batten* and *Robin McKinlay* available (\$4.50) from Box 9600, Wellington.
12, 112, 133, 146, 160, 229, 248, 249

Motonui Synthetic Fuels Plant

New Zealand Synthetic Fuels Corporation Gas to Gasoline Plant at Motonui, in which *Mobil* are 25 percent shareholders.
189

Motu River

4

Mrkusich

see
Milan Mrkusich

Mt Eden 100, 101, 104, 108

refers to

Mount Eden, an Auckland suburb on the slopes of Mount Eden, and the (extinct) volcano.

Mt Taranaki 123, 125, 126

refers to

(Mount) Taranaki/Mount Egmont**Mt Vic Cafe**

Wellington (vegetarian) restaurant and gallery in the suburb of Mount Victoria, now called Victoria Cafe.
62

Mount Victoria

238

Nancy Peterson 1942—

'I've been sick with m.e. (myalgic encephalomyelitis) for the last three years, which has turned out to be a positive thing because it's given me time to look inward and examine the connections between health and all the other aspects of the person besides the body. I've spent the time writing journals, doing dreamwork, therapies and psychodrama workshops, witchcraft, rituals; and writing fiction (helped enormously by the journals).'

Nancy and *Carole Stewart* videoed the *Women's Gallery* 'Opening show' as members of Women's Community Video Inc., based in Auckland.

249

Nathalie Clifford Barney, 1876 Ohio—1972 Paris

'Notorious lesbian seductress, famous for her literary salon at 20 Rue Jacob Paris; writer of memoirs *Adventures de l'esprit* and *Souvenirs indiscrets*, as well as lesser regarded verse, drama, essays and fiction. She spent fifty years with *Romaine Brooks* who illustrated Nathalie Barney's gothic novel *The one who is legion; or, ADD'S after-life* (1930) and who also painted a portrait of her in the early 1920s (held by the Musee du Petit Palais, Paris).'

T.L.
137

National Art Gallery

123, 179, 238, 239

National Book Award for Poetry (New Zealand)

148

National Government

165

New Caledonia

28

Newmarket

Inner Auckland suburb.

186

New Mothers Support Group 1979—

'NMSG aims to provide groups for women with young babies which focus on the mothers and provide time for women to come together and share their feelings about themselves, their needs and resources. The groups maintain the basic philosophy that mothers are their own experts. They exist throughout the country, are self-supporting, non-professional, non-advice-giving and always co-led by mothers.' The New Mothers Support Groups' network was run from the *Women's Gallery* May 1982—December 1983, by the first two paid field workers, Charlotte Kennedy and Rachel Christensen.

228

New Plymouth

126, 188, 189

New Vision Gallery

Kees and Tine Hos began their gallery in Hurstmere Road, Takapuna, Auckland, in 1958. In 1959 they moved to Queen Street, setting up as New Vision Art Centre in His Majesty's Arcade. In 1970, Kees moved to Australia, retaining directorship and Tine stayed in Auckland to run the Gallery, by then called New Vision Gallery. In 1976 Tine Hos died and Kees directed the Gallery from Australia. In 1981 James Peters took over the Gallery and in 1983 the business was split in two, with Joan Livingstone, Ann Elias and Simon Morley running New Vision Gallery; New Vision Ceramics was sold off and moved, first to Durham Lane, then to Great Northern Arcade, Queen Street. In 1986 there was a demolition order given to His Majesty's Arcade lease-holders and Joan Livingstone took the opportunity to close the Gallery. (Information from Valerie Richards, with early dates and information given her by Barbara Mare.)

2, 4, 52, 80

New York

100, 112

New York Feminist Art Institute

185

New Zealand Embassy (Washington, D.C.)

71

Nga Tuahine Marama

247

Ngawaina Te Teira (Aunt Lavinia) 1896—1987

Ngatirahiri Hapu, Otaraoa Hapu, Ngati Mutunga Hapu, Te Atiawa.

189, Plate 40

Nicole Brossard 1943—

A Quebec poet, novelist, playwright, film-maker, essayist and editor. She co-founded the literary journal *La barre du jour* in 1965 and in 1976 founded Quebec's first feminist newspaper *Les teles de piache*. Author of: *L'ec/zo bouge beau* (1968); *Suite logique* (1970); *French kiss, or A pang's progress* (1974); *Mecanique jongleuse; Masculin grammatical* (1974); *Un livre/A book* (1976); *Sold out/ Turn of a pang* (1976); *L'am'er, ou, Le chapitre effrite/These our mothers, or, The disintegrating chapter* (1977); *Le sens apparent* (1980); *Picture Theory* (1982); *Double impression: po'emes et textes 1967-1984* (1984); *Domaine d'écriture* (1985); *Mauve* (1985); *La tette aerielle* (1985); *Amantes/Lovhers* (1986); *Le desert mauve* (1987).

230, 239, 240

Nigel Brown 1949—

Painter.

71

No Mobil Song Quest

190

Noeline Bowen 1917—

Nee Phyllis Noeline Annie Searle. Northland painter and mother of *Sylvia Bowen*.

64

Nolene Bruning

Headmistress, New Plymouth Girls High School.

83

Norfolk Island

30, 32, 34

Norse occult school

See: Howard, Michael. *The runes*. Wellingborough, Northamptonshire, 1978.

9

North Auckland

2

North Pole

190

North Taranaki

189

Northern Territory (Australia)

139

Norway

4

Ntozake Shange 1948—

Writer of prose and poetry, in the United States: *For colored girls who have considered suicide, when the rainbow is enuf* (1975); *Sassafrass* (1976); *Nappy edges* (1978); *Three pieces* (1978); *Spell 7* (1981); *Sassafrass, Cypress & Indigo* (1982); *See no evil: prefaces, essays & accounts 1987-1983* (1984); *From okra to greens: poems* (1984); *Betsey Brown* (1985); *Ridin' the moon in Texas; Word paintings* (1987).

144

O'Keeffe

see
Georgia O'Keeffe

Opening show

Women's Gallery inaugural exhibition.
123, 247, 248, 249

Opotiki

7

Orongorongo (river)

21

Oskar Kokoschka, 1886 Austria—1980

Painter.
84

Otago

4

Otago University

see
University of Otago

Otaki

82

Outer Hebrides

149

Outreach Gallery

Auckland City Council gallery (complementary to the main Auckland City Art Gallery); located in Ponsonby and scene of many community based exhibitions.
72

Pacific

128, 150, 162, 177, 182, 188, 192, 195, 196, 231, 236

P.A.D.D. (Political Artists Documentation and Distribution)

71

Pablo Ruiz y Picasso, Malaga 1881—Antibes 1973

Lived and worked as an artist in many media, mostly in France.
41

Paekakariki

81, 85, 93

Palmerston North

82

Pamela

refers to
Pamela Robinson (formerly **Boyd**)
Worker at *New Vision Gallery*, now living in England. Also worked at Auckland Studio Potters Co-op.

Pamela Gray 1953—

223-224, 241 (Plate 35)

Pamela Tomlinson d. 1985

Former editor Victoria University Press. (Plate 15)

Pan

168

Papua New Guinea

129

Parihaka

189

Paris

9, 32, 49

Paritutu

123

Parnell

An inner Auckland suburb.
102

Parnell Rose Gardens

In *Parnell*
102, 103

Pascal (Fig. 52, 53)

refers to

Pascal Harris 1982—

Joanna Paul's, youngest child.

Pat Mainardi

United States artist.
74

Patrick Hanly 1932—

Auckland painter.
71

Paul Cezanne 1839—1906

French painter.
97

Paul Klee, 1879 Berne—1940 Muralto-Locarno

German artist and teacher.
162

Paula Modersohn-Becker 1876—1907

German expressionist painter (Greer; Petersen and Wilson).
70, 84

Paulette 42

refers to

Paulette Barr 1953—

Psychiatric nurse and poet,
other reference 40

Pauline Thompson 1942—

20-36, 208-209, 229 (Plate 9)

f' • projects

Project Employment Programme, a Department of Labour initiative, gave unemployed people work—'projects' within private industry, community groups and government departments. The employer was fully reimbursed for wages paid these workers and also paid for expenses related to the project concerned.
165

Penelope Shuttle

234, 240

Peter 101

refers to

Peter Eyley 1941—

Born Nottingham, England.

Peter Fuller 1947—

English writer and critic whose works include *Art and psychoanalysis* (1981).
126

Peter Redgrove

234, 240

Peter Smith

84

Petone

22

Phil 192

refers to

Phil McLean 1954—

Newspaper layout artist; graphics include cover *Spiral 1* and work in *Circle*, and *L.I.P.* (Lesbians in Print, Auckland).

Philip Guston 1913—

Painter in the United States.

95

Philip Kranz

Wellington writer/photographer, was Education Officer at Dowse Art Museum and co-ordinated show (paintings/poems/workings through) by *Sylvia Bowen* in 1986.

60

Phillip Truettum 1940—

Painter.

80

Phillipa Blair

see

Pip Blair.

Photoforum Gallery

At 26 Harris Street, 3rd July 1979—December 1981. One of a series of Wellington Photoforum Galleries, with Sharyn Black and Leslie Haines as co-directors at the outset, Janet Bayly from March-December 1981; and other volunteer workers.

248

Photo news

Photo news magazines were once published in many parts of the country, including *New Plymouth photo news* (1957—1966); *Taranaki photo news* (1966—1976); and *Photo News* (published in Inglewood, 1980—81).

188

Picasso

see

Pablo Ruiz y Picasso

Piero della Francesca 1410/20—1492

Painter in Italy.

24

Pierre Bonnard 1867—1947

French painter.

106

Pip Blair 84

refers to

Phillipa Blair 1945—

Painter.

other reference 71

Pitcairn (Island)

A small volcanic island in the South Pacific Ocean, very isolated and having no easy access. It was settled in 1789 by a group made up of mutineers from *M.S. Bounty* and people from Tahiti, Raiatea and the island of Tubuai. They and their descendants remained on the island, leaving in 1856 for *Norfolk Island*. Some later returned.

44, 46, 48

Pleione

178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 184

Plischke

see

Ernst Anton Plischke

Porirua Hospital

Psychiatric institution near Wellington.

60

Port Chalmers

93

Pouakai

123

Pramazons

A group of women who walked with their prams from Whakatane to Gisborne: *Clare Woodham, Fe Day, Luise Brandi, Pamela Gray, Robin Nathan* and *Tamsin Hanly* (1983).

182

Print Council of New Zealand 1967—1977

A professional body for local printmakers.

2, 4

Price

see

Alfred Price

Queen Elizabeth II Arts Council of New Zealand (QEII)

Statutory body responsible for the arts in New Zealand other than film which has its own statutory body (the Film Commission) and literature, which is administered by the *New Zealand Literary Fund* within the Department of Internal Affairs. Within its secretariat the Arts Council has advisory officers in each area of responsibility, for example, for the visual arts, theatre, etc. There are also regional arts councils and the Crafts Council, funded by the Arts Council.

56, 62, 184, 248, 250, 252

Queenstown

21

Quentin Smith

188

Rachel Rosenthal 1926—

Lives in Los Angeles. Performance artist.

72

Rainbow Warrior 1977—10 July 1985

The flagship of the Greenpeace fleet, bombed in a French Direction Generale de la Securite Exterieur (General Directorate for External Security: DGSE) terrorist initiative while berthed in Auckland.

9, 32, 162

Raintree Park, Darwin
143

Ralph Hotere 1931—
Painter.
71

Rangitoto 4
refers to
Rangitoto Island in the Hauraki Gulf.

Raoul Rigault 1846—1871
French journalist and activist who was killed during the French Commune.
32

Rape Crisis (Darwin)
139, 146

Rarotonga
172, 238

Rembrandt 85
refers to
Rembrandt Narmensz van Rijn 1606—1669 Amsterdam
Painter.

Rhondda Bosworth 1944—
Photographer in Auckland.
80, 162, 231

Rich
see
Adrienne Rich

Richard Killeen 1946—
Painter.
95

Rita Angus 1908—1970
Painter. See *Rita Angus* (Wellington, National Art Gallery, 1982) for details of her life and work, including many illustrations.
73, 74, 157, 235

Robert Briffault
238, 240

Robert Bresson 1907—
French film director.
97

Robert Burns Fellow(ship)
Fellowship offered, usually annually (though sometimes for shorter periods) by the University of Otago, Dunedin, comprising a year's salary, or pro rata equivalent for a shorter term; and the use of an office.
148

Robert Graves
9, 45

Robert H. Hawcrige, 1866 Yorkshire—1889 New Zealand
Master at Dunedin School of Art.
82

Robert Joseph Flaherty 1884—1951
Born in Iron Mountain, Michigan; is known as the founder of the documentary film movement.
97

Robert McDougall Gallery
Christchurch municipal gallery.
80, 157, 235, 239, 247

Robin 74
refers to

Robin White 1946—
Painter and printmaker now living in Kiribati. See *Robin White, New Zealand painter* (1981); and *28 days in Kiribati*, by Robin White and Claudia Pond Eyley (1987).
other reference 100, 234

Robin Hyde 1906—1939
Journalist; poet; novelist.
184

Robin Nathan 1962—
Percussionist, broadcaster, formerly with *Radio Access*, Radio New Zealand, Wellington, more recently with Current Affairs.
183

Robyn Kahukiwa 1940—
Ngati Porou Te Aataunga a Hauiti. Painter, illustrator, writer and educator.
233, 236

Robyn Sivewright 1955—
Graphic designer.
38

Romaine Brooks 1874—1970
'A painter and drawer, Romaine Brooks did not identify with any school of painting and was reluctant to exhibit. Muted erotic portraits of her artistic friends include Renata Borgatti (n.d.), Ida Rubinstein (1917), La Baronne Emile d'éranger (n.d.), Una, Lady Troubridge (who was lover and biographer of Radclyffe Hall) (1924) and *Nathalie Barney* (n.d.) with whom Romaine Brooks spent fifty polygamous years. Her continuous line drawings which she called 'indelible thoughts' are reproduced in her biography by Meryle Secrest *Between me and life: a biography of Romaine Brooks* (1974).' (Information from Petersen and Wilson.) T.L.
242, 245

Ron Brownson
Video expert; Auckland City Art Gallery librarian.
60

Rosa Bonheur 1822—1899
'A great painter and sculptor of animals, Bonheur gave up the latter in order not to compete with her brother Isidore. She had to request a special permit from the police to wear labourers' trousers, claiming the 'exigencies of her work in the stockyards as excuse for the practical garb, though she admitted too to being a great admirer of George Sand'. Her 'marriage' to Nathalie Micas (who amongst other things invented brakes for express-trains) spanned from their French girlhood until Nathalie's death in 1875. Bonheur then enjoyed the American portrait painter Anna Klumpke to live with her. Of Bonheur's animal paintings in landscape, *The horse fair* (1853—55) and *Buffalo Bill on horseback* (1889) are perhaps the best known.' (Information from Petersen and Wilson.) T.L.
242, 245

Rosemary Campbell
Painter and musician, lives in Timaru.
80

Rosemary Johnson 1942—1982

Sculptor. Founding member of the IF'owew's *Gallery* and important model for women she associated with there and in Christchurch, as a colleague and teacher. Tributes to her were included in *Spiral* 5.

38, 87, 152, 170

Ross 30, 34

refers to

Ross Ritchie 1941—

Painter.

Rotorua

12

Rudi Gopas

refers to

Rudolf Gopas 1913—1982, Born in Lithuania, lectured at *Ham* 1950—1977 (*Ari New Zealand* 27; *Rudolf Gopas: a retrospective exhibitor curated by the Govett Brewster Art Gallery*, by Jim and Mary Barr (1982)).

80, 83, 84

Rumi

see

Halal al-Din al-Rumi

Saj

see

Gladys Gurney

Sahara

52

San Francisco

4, 21, 70

Sand Hall 1956—

Photographer, astrologer, producer of *Karuna Photocards*, P.O. Box 1236, Auckland.

132

Sandy Burt 61

refers to

Sandra Burt

Film director and presenter, *Kaleidoscope*, T.V.N.Z.'s arts programme.

Sappho c600 BC

Poet born on Lesbos who loved women and wrote most of her poems in honour of them. Only about 650 lines of her work survives and one complete poem.

45, Plate 45

Sarah 173

refers to

Sarah Francis 1977—**Sargeant Art Gallery (S.M.B.) 60**

refers to

Sarjeant Gallery

Wanganui public art gallery.

School of Architecture (University of Auckland) 101**Scotland 119, 120****Sculpture Triennial**

Melbourne, 1981.

126

Seacliff

93, 238

Serena 173

refers to

Serena Francis 1971—**Shadow project**

'I initiated it because of a concern that nothing was done here to mark Hiroshima and Nagasaki Day—based on ideas from the "Shadow project" in Toronto and Portland, Oregon; I have established contact with Performing and Visual Artists for Nuclear Disarmament (P.A.N.D.).' F.C.

190

Sharon Alston 1948—

130-137, 233, 241, 250, 252 (Plate 24)

Sheila de Bretteville

Part of the feminist art movement in California in the seventies.

72

Shirley Gruar 1949—

Photographer, lives in Auckland.

84

Shona Davies 1951—

Ngati Wai. Visual artist in many media.

233, 236, 237

Sibyls

Women prophets in ancient Greece and Rome.

70

Simone de Beauvoir

160

Sophonisba Anguissola 1532/35—1625

Genoa painter of portraits, self-portraits and historical subjects (Greer; Petteys).

52

Social Welfare

see

Department of Social Welfare

South Alligator Billabong, Darwin

143

South Island

148

South Pacific

32, 162

Spiral

Spiral was founded by Heather McPherson in 1976, as a women's art and literary journal. Since then a series of collectives around the country have produced six issues of the journal (ISSN 0110-1145) and seven monographs using 'Spiral' as an imprint: *A figure-head: a face*, by Heather McPherson (1982); *The house of the talking cat*, by J. C. Sturm (1983); *the bone people*, by Keri Hulme (1984); *Drawing together*, by Marina Bachmann, Janet Charman and Sue Fitchett (1985); *Wahine kaituhi: women writers of Aotearoa* (1985); *The other side of dawn*, by Hilary Baxter (1987); and *Amazon songs*, by Saj (1987).

Each collective has had different editorial priorities. However, all have been motivated by recognition of the need for separatist publications where women's art and writing is seen within the context of women's place in society, where women's work is published not on a token basis, or according to male-defined

criteria, but because it speaks to women and about women and illuminates some aspect of our lives.' (*Spiral* 5).

In 1985, *Spiral* produced *Wahine kaituhi*—a catalogue of local writers, mostly of fiction and poetry—and an accompanying poster to provide a context for *Keri Hulme's* work when she toured the United States as part of her Pegasus Prize for Maori literature. In 1986, this catalogue also accompanied a *Spiral* group—Arapera Blank, *Heather McPherson* and *Marian Evans* to the Commonwealth Literature Conference in Laufen, Germany; and *Irihapeti Ramsden*, *Jacquie Sturm*, Patricia Grace and Stephanie Baxter, who joined them in Oslo for the 2nd International Feminist Book Fair.

12, 16, 35, 85, 152, 157, 160, 194, 228, 229, 242, 247

Springbok Tour 1981

A tour of New Zealand by the South African Springbok rugby team. Local opinion was divided on whether this tour should take place; its progress was marked by demonstrations and increasingly by violence on the part of police and demonstrators. The issues highlighted at the time included the question of racism within Aotearoa/New Zealand and this resulted in the radicalising of many individuals who earlier had believed race relations here were good. Books on the Tour include Juliet Morris' *With all our strength* (1982), an account of the anti-Tour movement in Christchurch; Tom Newnham's *By batons and barbed wire* (1981); and Ross Meurant's *The red squad story* (1982). *Patu* produced and directed by Merata Mita, and distributed by the New Zealand Film Archive is a 110 minute documentary by a Maori filmmaker of the protest against the Tour.

12, 114

St Albans

A Christchurch suburb.

80

St Kilda, Dunedin

148, 149

St Kilda, Melbourne

149

St Kilda, Outer Hebrides

148

St Paul's Presbyterian Church

60

Stan Brakhage 1933—

Experimental film-maker in the United States.

93

Stanford University

148

Stephanie Sheehan 1949—

Painter.

94

Stonehenge

104

Sue Sullivan 1949—

Poet, teaching in Germany. Met *Spiral* group, June 1986, in Laufen, at the Commonwealth Literature Conference.

35

Sue Turner 1954—

Now an employment related social worker living in Christchurch and involved in anti-racism work within and outside her job, 'living with Mahina in a street with lots of other women. I have a son,

Solly, who lives with me part-time—I share the custody of him with his father.'

145

SuH(sm)

A mystical movement of Islam which has influenced religious movements elsewhere. 'Sufis believe that there is always in existence a hierarchy of saints at work in the world, culminating in a principal spiritual power called the *Quth*, the pole or pivot of the universe. These saints are the continuing means for mediating the divine truth in the universe, the windows through which pours the divine light that invests all things with reality. Without the saints the universe literally could not exist, for it would be bereft of order and reality. The doctrine of the saints is thus a cosmology and a metaphysics as well as a pillar of personal mystical piety.' (from *An illustrated history of the world's religions*, edited by Geoffrey Parrinder (1983)).

30

Susan Griffin

42

Susie Jungersen 39

refers to

Suzanne Jungersen 1953—

Painter, secondary school teacher.

Suzanne Lacy 1945—

Performance artist. Lives in Los Angeles.

72

Suzanne Valadon 1865?—1938

'Painter and drawer, particularly of the female nude/portrait, Suzanne Valadon emerged as an artist after a decade's work modelling for (male) artists in working-class Montparnasse. She was concerned to represent the female nude/portrait stripped of historical and mythologising trappings and to portray real-shaped women caught in moments of action and engaged in (usually domestic) relationships with each other. Her work developed independently along the lines of the best of French post-impressionism and she retained her uncompromising boldness in both her art and her lifestyle. Her insights into the French middle-class family are depicted in *The family of Andre Utter* (1921), Utter being her husband. Her depictions of women include *The abandoned doll* (n.d.) and *The blue chamber* (1923). She considered herself to be France's greatest woman painter. (Greer; Petersen and Wilson; and 'How do women look? The female nude in the work of Suzanne Valadon', by Rosemary Betterton, *Feminist Review* 19, 1985).'^{T.L.}

245

Sydney

2, 139, 251

Sylvia

Film about teacher and writer Sylvia Ashton-Warner based on her books *Teacher*, and *I passed this way*.

132

Sylvia (Mary) Bowen 1942—

57-66, 211-212, 233, 238 (Plate 12)

Sylvia Plath 1932—1963

Transatlantic writer.

123

Sylvia Siddell 1941-

Based in Auckland.

44

Symonds Street (Auckland)

84

Tahiti

32

Tamsin Hanly 1962—

Activist, performer, now at Teachers Training College, Auckland.
182, 183

Tao

95

Taranaki

49, 68, 123, 186, 235

Tasman

82

Tate (Gallery, London)

92

Te Atiawa

181

Tee Corinne

Lesbian graphic artist, United States, author of *Cunt colouring book* (San Francisco, Pearchild Productions, 1975).

134

Te Henga

Also known as **Bethells Beach**, Auckland.

51, 52, 56, 82, 87, 89, 98

Terry Sturm

240

Three sculptors (exhibition)

170

Thurber

see

James Thurber

Thursday October Christian 1790-1831 Tahiti

First child of Bounty travellers; bom on Pitcairn Island.

32

Tiffany Thornley 1940—

11-19, 206-207, 241, 248 (Plates 5 and 6)

Tikorangi

186

Tilly

refers to

Tilly Lloyd 1954—

Occasional writer of articles and reviews; one-time nurse, bookseller, abortion counsellor, radio broadcaster, women's health worker, set designer; infrequent photographer specialising in 100ASA hand held night time.no flash blurred shots.

other reference 227-245 (Plate 46)

Tine Hos

refers to

Albertine Hos, 1918 Indonesia—1976 Auckland

'Attended Royal Academy of Fine Arts in the Hague, for a teachers training course in craft which was her passion. A gifted needlewoman, painter and graphic artist. Wanted to set up a craft shop in Holland but didn't have appropriate required business

diplomas: her vision in coming to New Zealand was to set up a craft shop of her own. She started the shop with things she'd made herself. And she was always uncompromising in her standards.' Eske Hos

Tom 151, 154

refers to

Thomas Keir 1983—

Anna Keir's son.

Tom (R. D.) Hutchins 1921—

Now involved in working with and for disabled people. May be found at Real Pictures (Auckland) from time to time.

97

Tonga

192

Trafalgar Street (Christchurch)

85

Training College

see

Auckland Teachers Training College

Dunedin Teachers Training College

Treaty of Waitangi Tribunal

see

Waitangi Tribunal

Trial run

Film made by Melanie Read, 1984.

136

Trieste

20

Trusttum

see

Phillip Trusttum

Tunisia

162

Tuxworth

see

Ian Lindsay Tuxworth

United States Information Service (Trieste)

22

United Women's Convention(s)

The first United Women's Convention was organised in Auckland, 15—16 September 1973, to commemorate the eightieth anniversary of women's suffrage; the second was held in Wellington during International Women's Year in 1975; the third, in Christchurch, was the occasion of the *Women's art environment* (C.S.A. women's convention exhibition) at the C.S.A. Gallery; the fourth, in Hamilton, was where *Juliet Batten* showed her *Broken truck* paintings and *Sharon Alston* showed *Afy bloody hand*. *Allie Eagle* exhibited many paintings and drawings there.

This, last, Convention according to Christine Dann, 'for feminists of all persuasions was a problematic and painful experience. No-one offered to organise another.' (Christine Dann, *Up from under: women and liberation in New Zealand 1970—85* (1985) p.23.)

See also *Broadsheet*, June 1979 and the Reports published after each Convention.
50, 102, 133, 247

University of Canterbury

111

University of Otago

4, 148

Upper Hutt College

85, 87

Upper Willis Street (Wellington)

138, 249

U.S.

139

Van Gogh

see

Vincent Van Gogh

Velazquez

see

Diego Rodriguez de Sylva y Velazquez

Venus of Willendorf ca 1500-1000 B.C.

Stone fertility figurine, 4³/₈".

104

Vicki McDonald

Hydatids Control Officer, Wellington.

252

Victoria University Library

195

Vincent 62

refers to

Vincent Van Gogh 1853—1890

Dutch painter.

Virginia Port

83

Virginia Woolf 1882-1941

English writer of fiction, criticism etc.; publisher and feminist.

35, 227

Violet Trefusis

228

Virago

Women's publishing press, London.

126, 239

Vita Sackville-West

228

Viv Jones 1942—

Chauffeur.

242

Vietnam

71

Viv Maidaborn

184

Vivian Lynn 1931—

Artist and feminist.

71

Vivienne Smith

Film-maker, lives in Auckland.

60

Waikato

100, 123

Waioeka River and Gorge

4, 7

Waipori (river)

7

Waipu

189

Waitakeres

100

Waitangi Tribunal

Established in 1975 to make recommendations on claims relating to the practical application of the Treaty of Waitangi 1840, the tribunal can recommend on claims reaching as far back as 1840. A brief analysis of the history, principles and implications of the Treaty of Waitangi is contained in *The Treaty of Waitangi and social policy*, published by the Royal Commission on Social Policy, 1987; and available from the Commission, P.O. Box 5192, Wellington. A longer commentary is Claudia Orange's *The Treaty of Waitangi* (1987).

181

Waitara

189

Waitara Borough Council

189

Wales

7

Walter Auburn 1906—1979

Came to New Zealand 1948. An Auckland physician and dedicated collector of early European prints. He took an interest in contemporary print-making and was one of the founders of the *Print Council of New Zealand*.

2, 4

Walter T. Foster

119

WAMov't

refers to

Women's art movement (see Glossary)

Wanganui

59, 80, 97, 132

Warrington

93

Washington Women's Art Centre

70

Wassily Kandinsky, 1886 Moscow—1944 France

Painter.

84

Wellington

12, 42, 59, 81, 100, 132, 138, 146, 148, 151, 168, 172, 191, 228, 234, 238, 248, 249, 250

Wellington City Art Gallery

163, 252

Wellington Harbour

21

Wellington Teachers College

12

West Ireland

110

Western Canada

119

Westra(s)

see

Ans Westra

Whakatane

182

Whangarei

237

Whatipu

100

Willetn de Kooning, 1904 Holland—

Painter in the United States.

92

William Moorcroft d. 1946

Cobridge, Staffordshire master potter; produced 'powdered' blue effects.

94

Women and violence (exhibition)

169, 249

Woman to woman (exhibition)

72

Woman's art

Exhibition Robert McDougall Gallery 1975.

68

Women and the environment

Women's Gallery exhibition and associated programme 1982, co-ordinated by *Bridie Lonie*, assisted by *Marg Leniston*.

123, 249

Women artists group

see

Christchurch women artists group

'Women take back the night' (U.S.)

71

Women's art environment 12

refers to

The environment at the Canterbury Society of Arts Gallery in Christchurch, during*the *United Women's Convention*, 1977. See *Spiral* 3; and Marian Evans 'Alternative contexts', in *C.S.A. newsletter*, May/June/July 1987. The women listed as organisers on an (unsuccessful) application to the Arts Council for funds

are: *Alison Mitchell* (Allie Eagle), *Anna Keir*, Anita Narbey, *Heather McPherson*, Louise Lewis, Pam Wolfe, Jackie Sullivan, *Rosemary Johnson*, *Jane Arbuckle* (*Zusters*), Helene Long, *Joanna Paul*.
other reference 81, 85, 86, 136, 160

Women's Art Festivals (Christchurch)

'The Women's Art Festivals meant a chance to create a women's space, a women's environment. A place to nurture women, where women could feel women's support and show their own work, ideas and creativity.

The First Festival (first weekend February 1979) worked—women brought their pots, paintings, poems, photos, their rooms. They made moving personal statements about their lives, their mothers, their grandmothers, families and children. We held workshops on music, dance, drama, anger, abortion. Loads of feminist films came from the Sydney Co-op.

With the Second Festival (February 1980) we tried harder, more workshops, more art, more professionalism. It lacked the spontaneity of the first, and the mutual sharing. We must have tried too hard. We had a great performance on Friday about *Sylvia Plath*.

Looking back, the First Festival was a phenomenon of the 70s and followed on from the *Women's art environment* at the C.S.A. during the 1977 *United Women's Convention*—also *Spiral* collective and *Herstory* Diary 1980 collective being in Christchurch.

Both Festivals were strong statements about women and their art. By the time the Second Festival was held much of the 70s women energy had dissipated, gone north or overseas; and was fed up with the strong anti-women reaction due to again, not allowing media coverage or viewing by men. Looking back it is amazing we did so well with the resources we had. I know both festivals are part of our feminist herstory and were extremely important.' T. T.

16

Women's art movement

see

Glossary

141, 152, 160, 195, 197

Women's Art Workshop

120

Women's Centre (Darwin)

139, 146

Womens Disarmament Exhibition

145

Women's Convention

see

United Women's Convention

Women's Gallery

26 Harris Street, Wellington, 1980—81; 323 Willis Street, Wellington, 1982—84; and then without fixed place.

12, 16, 35, 40, 42, 44, 49, 52, 54, 63, 68, 81, 82, 85, 86, 111, 112, 123, 132, 134, 138, 144, 145, 146, 151, 160, 162, 167, 168, 169, 191, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 237, 244, 247-254

Women's Movement

131

Women's Liberation Centre (Darwin)

'A split away (briefly lived) place where the rads went when half the collective at the Women's Centre agreed that they should

have a male accountant to audit the spending.' B.McD.
139

The Women's Place Bookshop

'Founded Winter Solstice, 1981, with strong political intent, at 289 Cuba Street, Wellington. Collective members included Pleasance Hansen, Porleen Simmonds, Sue Foster, Susan Hitchiner, Valda Edyvane, Jane Khull, Prue Hyman, Frances Richardson, Carole Tristram, Anaria Tangohau, *Tilly Lloyd*, Robyn Peace, Chris McLean, Helena Wong; sold in March 1986 and relocated across town in Courtenay Place.' T.L.
241,251

Wonder Woman

141

Wood Street

In Ponsonby, Central Auckland.
186

Workbooks/Diaries (exhibition)

68, 249

Yonkers

100

Yugoslavia

4

YWCA

113

zen

82

Zusters

see

Jane Zusters

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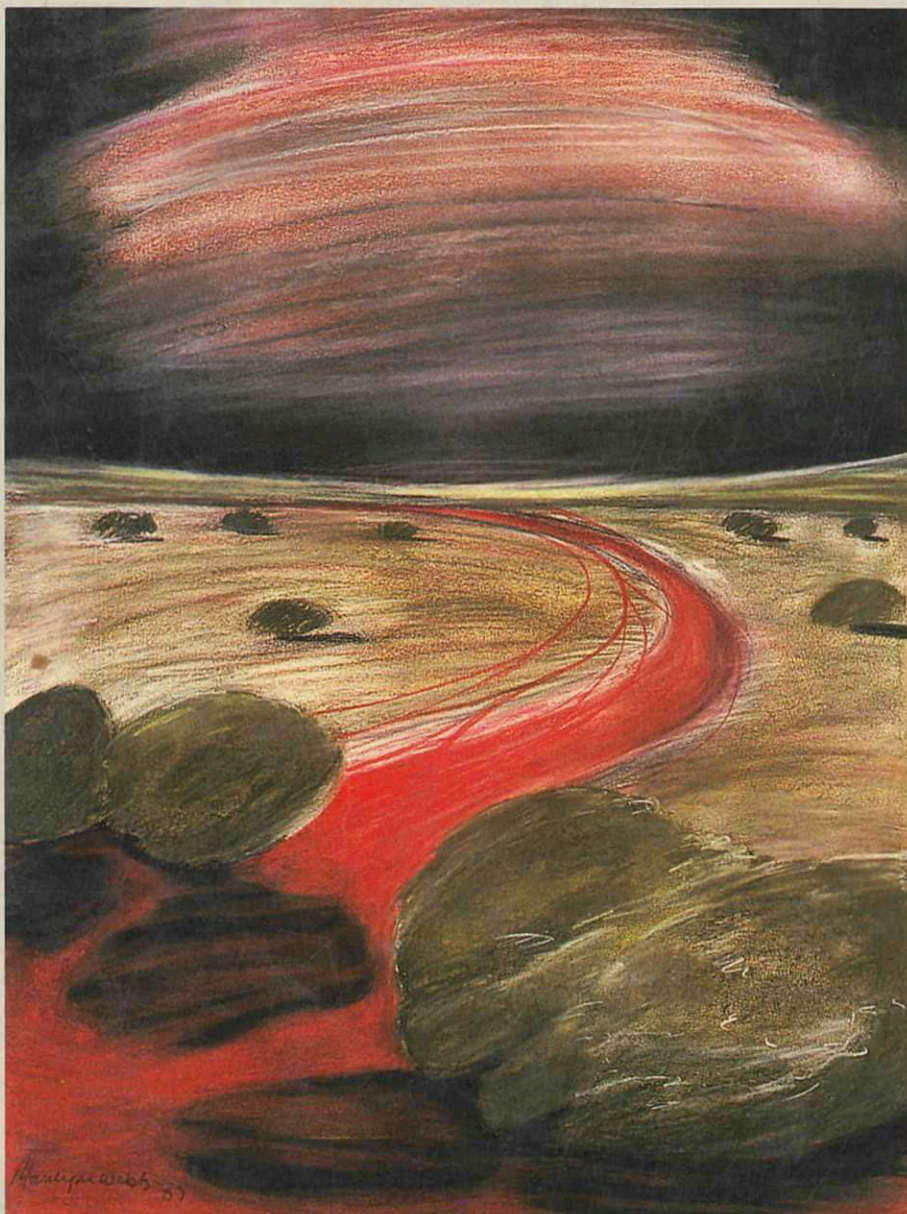
... compelling reading. Judy McGregor

... this is an exceedingly valuable work, which will make an Important contribution to the history of New Zealand art. In particular, giving a political context to the process of compiling the book seems to us vitally significant. Mary O'Regan, The Secretary, Ministry of Women's Affairs

... gutsy and tremendous ... revel in the unorthodox but vibrant compilation. Lull Bieringa, Director, National Art Gallery of New Zealand

I am enormously impressed ... Bert Hingley

... an important contribution not just to the history of creative feminists but to the history of New Zealand feminism. Rae Julian, Human Rights Commissioner



ISBN 0-H77-013⁴15-3



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