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Christchurch Art Gallery
Te Puna o Waiwhetū

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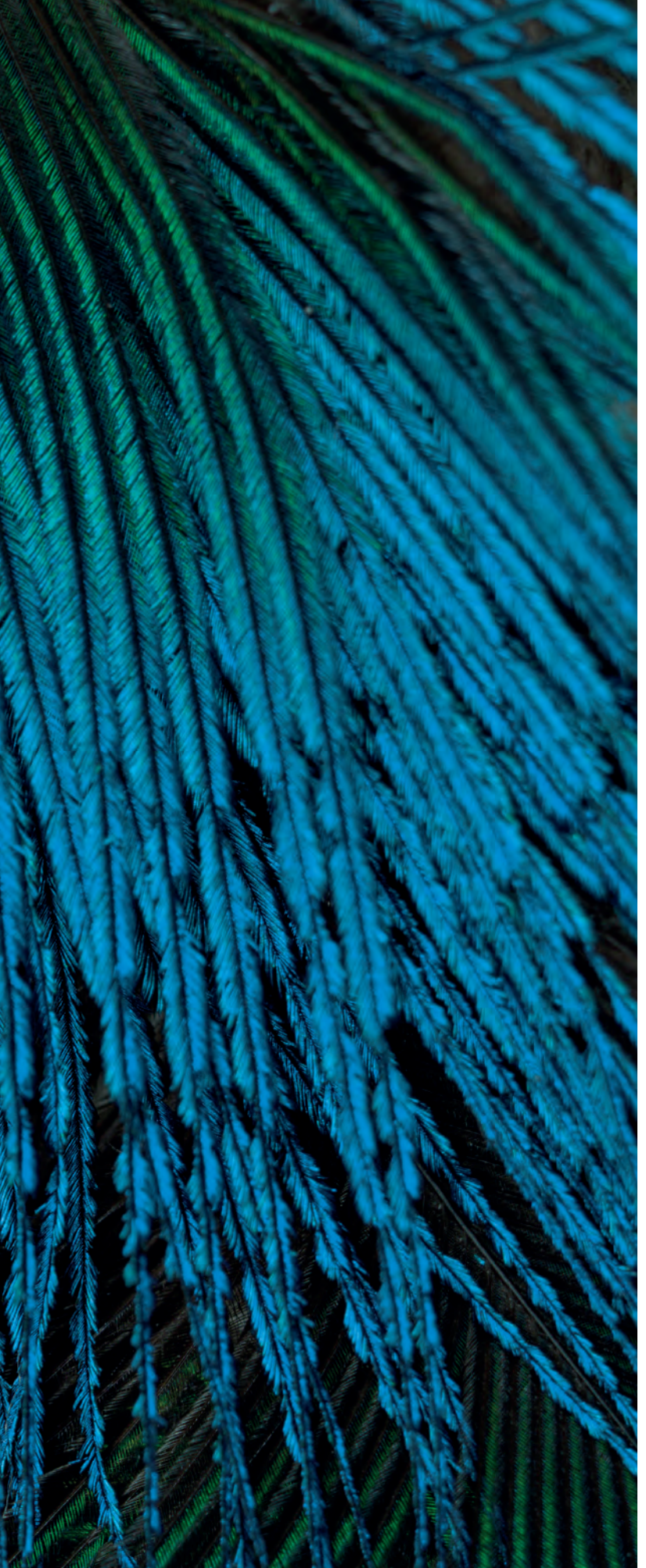

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Cover: Reihana Parata QSM (Waitaha, Ngāti Māmoe, Ngāi Tahu) *Whānau Parata Kākahu* (detail) 2020/21. Muka, peacock feathers. Collection of Parata whānau

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Left: Reihana Parata QSM (Waitaha, Ngāti Māmoe, Ngāi Tahu) *Whānau Parata Kakahu* (detail) 2020/21. Muka, peacock feathers. Collection of Parata whānau

Director's *Foreword*

BLAIR JACKSON
December 2021

Welcome to the summer issue of *Bulletin*. In it we celebrate the opening of our new exhibition *Te Puna Waiora: The Distinguished Weavers of Te Kāhui Whiritoi*. This major show is the most significant showcase of Māori weaving to be displayed in Ōtautahi Christchurch since we were privileged to host *Toi Māori: The Eternal Thread / Te Aho Mutunga Kore* in 2007. For *Bulletin*, Patricia Te Arapo Wallace, adjunct senior fellow for the Aotahi School of Māori and Indigenous Studies at the University of Canterbury, writes about the process of Māori weaving; its decline during nineteenth-century colonisation and its eventual recovery leading to the creation of the Kāhui Whiritoi in 2005. This group was formed to acknowledge the mana of Aotearoa's master weavers, and their works are further celebrated in the major new publication the Gallery has produced to accompany the exhibition.

Also in this magazine is an interview between leading New Zealand photographer Mark Adams, local pottery historian Barry Hancox and Gallery curator Ken Hall. Together they discuss Christchurch's industrial past, and in particular the work of local potter Luke Adams. Poet Bernadette Hall shares some of her memories of her friend and collaborator, artist Joanna Margaret Paul, who is the focus of another substantial exhibition on display. *Joanna Margaret Paul: Imagined in the context of a room* is toured by the Dunedin Public Art Gallery, and we're delighted to be able to host such a fine retrospective of Paul's work.

If you've been in the Gallery recently you will almost certainly have seen Reuben Paterson's *The Golden Bearing*—a life-sized hand-sculpted tree in glittering gold. Trees have long been the subject of art, and in this magazine Jasmine Gallagher examines

some of the trees from our collection, looking for meaning and context. Our My Favourite comes from multidisciplinary artist, producer, educator and researcher Juanita Hepi, who selects a work by Lisa Reihana. And our Pagework is supplied by muralist, painter, illustrator and publisher Xoë Hall. Hall is also a founding member of the Dream Girls Collective, and you will soon be able to see a new work from her on our Bunker.

In this issue, we pay tribute to Judith MacFarlane (née Gifford), a much loved and respected mainstay of the Ōtautahi Christchurch arts scene who co-founded the Brooke Gifford Gallery with Barbara Brooke in 1975. She helped launch the careers of a number of artists who are now household names, and this gallery's collection has benefitted greatly from the addition of works purchased from the Brooke Gifford over the years. We hear from some of the artists she represented, and curators Felicity Milburn and Peter Vangioni select some key works from our collection that owe their place on our walls to Judith.

Behind the scenes at *Bulletin*, there have been a number of significant changes in how we produce the magazine. Our long-standing print partner Ovato NZ has unfortunately closed its Christchurch printworks, making it impractical for us to continue that relationship, so we have regretfully parted ways. I'd like to thank the team at Ovato for all their care and support for this institution over the eight years we have been working with them. We're pleased, however, that a long-established Christchurch print institution has stepped willingly into the breach and we are excited to be moving forward with the team at Caxton. Caxton have a rich history of producing exciting work in the arts, and this feels like a natural step to take.

This issue also marks the beginning of our new relationship with Leon White Design and the design school at Ara Institute of Canterbury. Our thanks to Leon and his team for their excellent work so far and we look forward to seeing *Bulletin* develop as the student interns come on board over the coming year.

These are challenging times for all of us, and it's hard to know what the future might hold, or how to plan ahead in any meaningful way. However, we are working hard to continue to bring you a rich and exciting programme of exhibitions and events. I thank you all for your cooperation as you adhere to the public health guidelines in our building. Our public programmes team are working within the Government frameworks to provide art experiences for you, so please check our website and social media for details as the restrictions around numbers mean these fill up fast. I hope you all enjoy the summer and your Christmas and New Year period—perhaps you will get the chance to relax and read one of the books recommended in this magazine!

Te Puna Waiora
Aligning the Threads of Kāhui Whiritoi

Patricia Te Arapo Wallace

Te Aue Davis (Ngāti Maniapoto, Ngāti Uekaha) *Kākahu* (detail) c. 1980.
Whito (muka), feathers from kiwi and pūkeko. Collection of Tā Tipene O'Regan

In the Māori worldview, context is vital. Knowledge is not disembodied information but part of a living matrix of encounters and relationships, past and present, natural and spiritual.[1]

Te Puna Waiora is the most significant showcase of Māori weaving to be displayed in Christchurch since the Gallery hosted the homecoming of a major international touring exhibition early in 2007. That exhibition, *Toi Māori: The Eternal Thread / Te Aho Mutunga Kore*, was the first of its kind and had returned from touring in the United States to great acclaim, reaching audiences of over 50,000 people as well as capturing the interest of the US media. It celebrated the changing art of Māori weaving, featuring traditional and contemporary work by more than forty leading Māori weavers, some of whom are still weaving today.

To truly appreciate the new exhibition, *Te Puna Waiora*, it is essential to have some understanding of the process of Māori weaving; of its devastating decline during nineteenth-century colonisation, and its eventual recovery. Further to this is the need to understand that, for Māori, knowledge is inseparable from its context.

For generations, all the basic daily requirements of the Māori people—food, clothing and shelter—were met through their close working relationship with the land and its resources. Working with harakeke (*Phormium tenax*), now commonly known as 'flax', was a key factor in this. The weaving practices of whiri (twisting fibres), whatu (twining) and raranga (weaving/interweaving) were acknowledged taonga (treasures) received from the ancestors. Expert kairaranga (weavers) were valued members of their communities. Every settlement had a nearby pā harakeke, for its uses were many and varied. What use is a fishhook without a line? Who can build a house or a waka without an adze? How do you make an adze without cordage to lash the blade to the haft? What do you use for raincapes? How do you carry foodstuffs? Māori not only grew a variety of different cultivars for the diverse properties of their leaves, such as strength, softness, colour and fibre content, but they also identified multiple uses for virtually all parts of the plant—flowers, stalks, gum, rhizomes and more.

Small wonder then that flax became the most important fibre plant to Māori in New Zealand. When William Colenso (1811–1899) told Māori chiefs that harakeke did not grow in England, their responses were telling: "How is it possible to live there without it?" and "I would not dwell in such a land as that."[2] However, with the coming of missionaries, settlers and colonial governance, a cash economy and significant

It was an emotionally charged moment of the *Eternal Thread* closing ceremony on 27 May 2007, when Puamiria Parata-Goodall uplifted the late Cath Brown's *Kaikaranga* figure, as Cath had been a key planner of the exhibition from its initial concept.

Some of the Aotearoa weavers who responded to a call from Norfolk Island weavers in 1994. At left: Te Aue Davis, from centre to right: Cath Brown, Emily Schuster, with Lydia Smith beside kaumātua Canon Rua Anderson, with four other supporters. The group travelled to Norfolk where they held workshops, demonstrations, talks and an exhibition. Image: Aotearoa Moana Nui a Kiwa Weavers. July 1994, No.20, ISSN 1171-3593

loss of their lands, the nineteenth century brought massive changes to the Māori way of life; before the century had ended, Europeans were fully anticipating the demise of the Māori race. Time-consuming arts such as traditional weaving fell by the wayside.

Despite this, and after two world wars and escalating Māori urban migration, by the mid-twentieth century things were beginning to change again. Māori and Pākehā began to learn more about each other as a new generation of urban Māori, educated and articulate young individuals, began to raise public awareness of Māori issues for the first time in a century. The 1970s saw the beginning of a Māori renaissance that included the revival of te reo Māori, the land-focused Māori protest movement, increased interaction with other indigenous peoples, and the critical *Te Māori* art exhibition (1984–87). This watershed exhibition of Māori taonga was the first occasion on which Māori art was shown internationally as art; it incorporated practices and values guided by traditional tikanga. Opening in New York, it toured St Louis, Chicago and San Francisco before returning to tour New Zealand. It was a huge success and an enormous source of Māori pride, and it awakened New Zealand's own media to the nation's unique Māori point of difference.[3] In retrospect, it is seen as a milestone of the Māori cultural renaissance.

Although no woven taonga were included in the *Te Māori* exhibition (textile artefacts being notoriously fragile), it was against the background of exhibition preparation that moves to ensure the renaissance of woven arts were proceeding. In 1983 the Māori and Pacific Island Arts Council (MASPAC),[4] invited ten women to meet in Rotorua to consider the needs of weavers in Aotearoa. They formed a steering committee, with New Zealand Māori Arts and Crafts Institute (NZMACI) weaving tutor Emily Schuster (1927–1997) as convener. It was unanimously agreed that a hui would enable weavers to develop their ideas; another well-known renaissance leader Ngoi Pēwhairangi (1921–1985) offered to host such an event at Pākirikiri Marae, Tokomaru Bay. MASPAC funding enabled weavers from around the country to attend; 160 were anticipated, but more than 400 came. This was the beginning of Aotearoa Moana-Nui-a-Kiwa Weavers. Over the next ten years, the sharing of techniques and ideas at regular hui saw the group become a major force in the development of Māori art. But in 1989, the Craft Panel of the Queen Elizabeth II Arts Council gave financial assistance for two particularly significant hui. The first, at Rapahoe, north of Greymouth,

Weavers gather for the powhiri of the biennial National Hui at Maraenui in 2007. Photo: Patricia Te Arapo Wallace

Previous spread: Te Aue Davis (Ngāti Maniapoto, Ngāti Uekaha) *Te Aroha o Te Aue Davis* 2010. Whito (muka), feathers from kiwi and weka. Collection of Tā Mark Solomon

Right: Weavers continue to learn from members of Kāhui Whiritoi who work among them at the National Hui in 2005. Photo: Patricia Te Arapo Wallace

was for invited members, experts in their field who were often so occupied with teaching others that they had little chance to sit and work with their peers. The second, held at Waiariki Polytechnic in Rotorua, focused on contemporary weaving, giving weavers opportunities to experiment in ways they may not have attempted previously.

In 1994, arts council restructuring saw changes of funding occur. Consequently, Māori and Pacific weaving groups parted, and a new Māori weavers' collective evolved—Te Roopu Raranga Whatu o Aotearoa (TRRWOA). The Roopu's national hui held biennially over Labour Weekend at different marae around the country became an important part of the group's growth and achievement, but that success brought its own problems. The enthusiasm of less experienced weavers again precluded opportunities for master weavers to work together, as they had done at Rapahoe.[5]

It was not until 2005 that Edna Pahewa was able to fulfill the longstanding wish of her mother, Emily Schuster, to acknowledge the mana of our master weavers appropriately. In her joint capacities as chair of TRRWOA at the time, and tumu raranga (head of weaving) at NZMACI, she oversaw the inauguration of a new group, the Kāhui Whiritoi. Members are required to have contributed to Māori weaving locally and or nationally for forty years or more; appointments continue to be made by the NZMACI tumu raranga, and the chairperson of TRRWOA.

The initial Kāhui Whiritoi members were Saana Murray (1925–2011), Diggeress Te Kanawa (1920–2009), Riria Smith (1935–2012), Whero Bailey (1936–2016), Te Aue Davis (1925–2010), Waana Davis (d.2019) and Eddie Maxwell (1939–2009). Founding members who passed away before the group was formed, Emily Schuster and Cath Brown (1933–2004) are also acknowledged. Current members are Matekino Lawless, Toi Te Rito Maihi, Ranui Ngarimu, Reihana Parata, Connie Pewhairangi-Potae, Mere Walker, Sonia Snowden, Pareaute Nathan and Christina Wirihana.

So now the threads are aligned, and we have come full circle, because although there are currently many weavers and weaving groups around the country, and the skills are no longer at risk, these special kairaranga link us inextricably to the weavers of the past. Most of them learned 'the old way' (or learned from weavers who had)—starting their day with karakia, setting off to harvest harakeke for whānau

Learning continues at the National Hui in 2007. Photo: Patricia Te Arapo Wallace

Current members of Kāhui Whiritoi (from left): Sonia Snowden, Connie Pewhairangi, Reihana Parata, Matekino Lawless, Ranui Ngarimu, Toi Te Rito Maihi, Christina Hurihia Wirihana, (absent: Pare Nathan). Te Puia, Rotorua, 2020. Photo: Toi Māori Aotearoa

needs, watching and learning from whānau members, and working together. All are utterly grounded in te ao Māori, in tikanga Māori, and in the broader needs of whānau, hapu and iwi. More than just weavers, they are environmentalists, historians, artists, teachers. They inspire and share their knowledge with others. And invariably, all are incredibly humble.

Te Punga kua tau, e mau ai te Aho. The anchor is settled, holding fast the thread.

The anchor represents our ancestral weavers, whose spiritual presence moves among us although they have gone, and who return to rest in peace, knowing that the threads (i.e., the next generation) are well secured.[6]

***Patricia Te Arapo Wallace** is currently hosted as adjunct senior fellow at Aotahi School of Māori and Indigenous Studies, University of Canterbury, where her research continues to focus on traditional Māori dress. She was involved with Ngā Puna Waihanga for many years and began assisting Cath Brown with the Māori Weavers' national newsletter in 1999, continuing as editor until 2013.*

1 Kennedy Warne, 'Saana Murray—and an awakening for a Pākehā', *E-Tangata*, 26 March 2016. https://e-tangata.co.nz/reflections/saana-murray-and-an-awakening-for-a-pakeha/

2 William Colenso, 'Vestiges: reminiscences: memorabilia of works, deeds, and sayings of the ancient Māoris', *Transactions and Proceedings of the New Zealand Institute* XXIV (1891). https://paperspast.natlib.govt.nz/periodicals/TPRSNZ1891-24.2.4.1.47

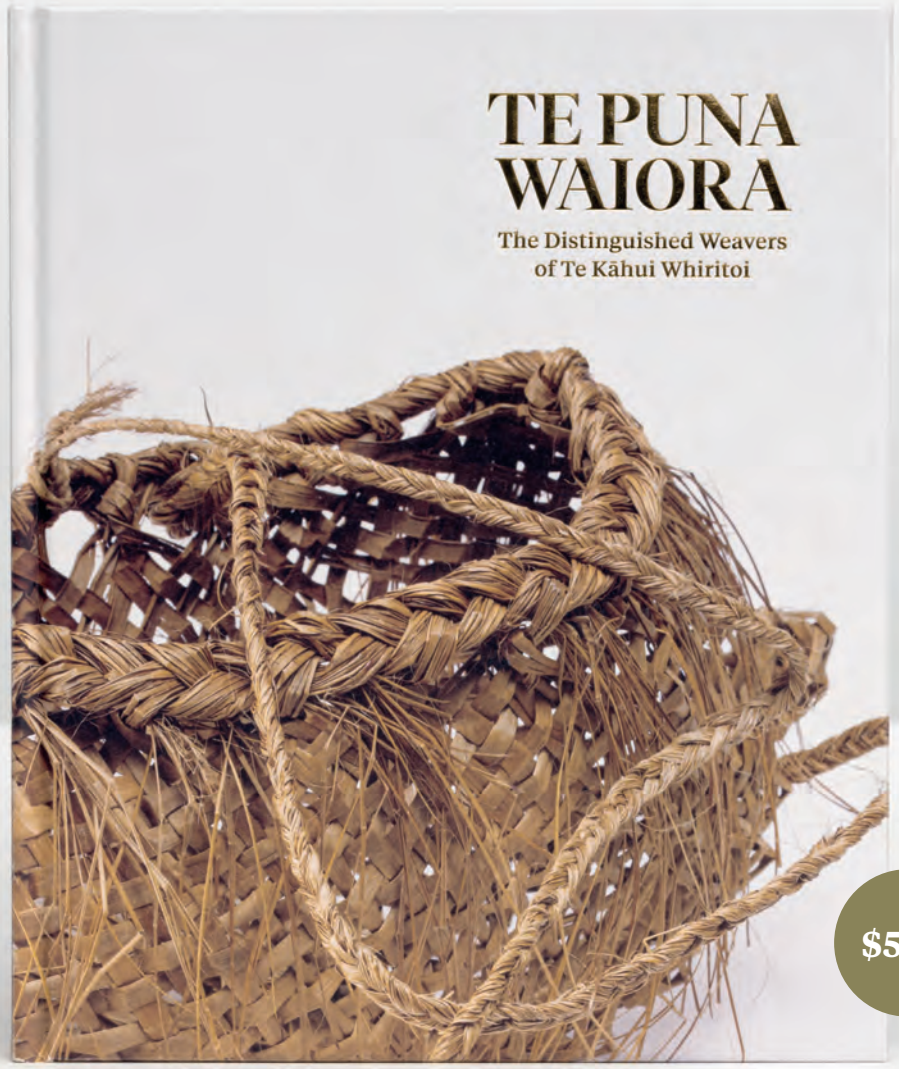
3 'Te Māori exhibition opens in New York', *New Zealand History Online*, https://nzhistory.govt.nz/te-maori-exhibition-opens-in-new-york

4 MASPAC was part of the Queen Elizabeth II Arts Council (established in 1978).

5 Personal communication with TRRWOA Chairperson Cath Brown during National Hui at Takahanga Marae, 1997.

6 Personal communication 5 May 2009—Ngāti Awa kaumatua Tipene Mamaku.

Te Punga kua tau,
e mau ai te Aho.
The anchor is settled,
holding fast the thread.



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A stunning new book on the work of Aotearoa New Zealand's senior Māori weavers.

Cath Brown, Emily Schuster, Whero Bailey, Te Aue Davis, Diggeress Te Kanawa, Matekino Lawless, Eddie Maxwell, Saana Waitai Murray, Riria Smith, Toi Te Rito Maihi, Ranui Ngarimu, Reihana Parata, Connie Pewhairangi-Potae, Madeleine Tangohau, Mere Walker, Pareaute Nathan, Sonia Snowden, Christina Wirihana.

The story of Māori weaving is one of great skill, determination and survival. When colonisation threatened Māori society, the women continued to weave. When their taonga plant species were threatened, they advocated for their land and resources. Against overwhelming odds, they upheld the mana and traditions of raranga, passing down their skills and knowledge to ensure that this vital practice thrives in our contemporary world.

In this new book, the works and stories of the senior weavers of Te Kāhui Whiritoi show the complexity and beauty of raranga, placing te whare pora, the house of weaving, at the centre of Māori life, where it connects the weaver to their whakapapa and whenua, their whānau, iwi and tūpuna.

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The Golden Bearing and Postcritical Enchantment

Jasmine Gallagher

"The tree which moves some to tears of
joy is in the eyes of others only a green
thing which stands in the way."
William Blake

Reuben Paterson *The Golden Bearing* 2014. Mixed media.
Courtesy of the artist. Photo: Bryan James, courtesy of the Govett-Brewster Art Gallery

Reuben Paterson's *The Golden Bearing* is a life-sized tree in sparkling gold. This three-dimensional form extends the artist's frequent use of glitter and diamond dust into the realm of sculpture. In doing so, his magical tree and its shimmering leaves speak to the complex and evolving relationship between nature and culture, via a grounding in hope, joy and wonder.

Paterson regularly explores notions of nature and light by incorporating glittering floral motifs that reference his Māori and Scottish ancestry. By here applying glitter to a deliberately archetypal tree form, Paterson invites an analysis of our diverse links to the environment in Aotearoa New Zealand. However, the shining golden colour of the tree also evokes a sacred and enchanted feeling that conjures up stories and myths about trees from a wide range of cultures.

One of the primary stories symbolised by the glimmering form of *The Golden Bearing* is the Māori creation myth regarding the separation of land and sky in order to let in the light, Te Ao Mārama. Paterson has used glitter to represent Māori concepts of light since his time at art school. However, this referencing of ancient legend can be extended in many directions and might also bring to mind European myths such as Romantic Arcadian mythology. Trees are a common subject in art, and in a range of works in the Gallery's collection they function both emotively and critically, embodying different views of nature and culture over time—some with a hopeful tone, and others more sceptical in mood.

Nicholas Chevalier *Pigeon Bay Creek, Banks Peninsula, N.Z.* 1867. Watercolour.
Collection of Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetū, purchased 2006

In two of the earlier works in the collection, Nicholas Chevalier's *Pigeon Bay Creek, Banks Peninsula, N.Z.* (1867) and William Watkins's *View In Akaroa With Cattle* (1879) Aotearoa's trees are featured in the traditional European landscape form used by painters of the colonial era. Russian-born Chevalier travelled widely and his depiction of the New Zealand bush highlights its relative impenetrability when compared to European forests, with ferns, bracken and vines interlaced amongst the trees and alongside the stream. This idea of primeval forest is associated with the colonial view of lands like New Zealand as part of the 'New World', and in particular the now derided notion of the South Island as terra nullius. The Romantic idea of the enchanted wilderness sits neatly alongside the notion of the pastoral idyll that can be seen in Watkins's painting of cattle calmly drinking from a stream and standing in the water to cool down on a warm day. The uprooted trees and surrounding foliage create a sort of stylised natural enclosure that shelters these gentle, introduced beasts from the elements.

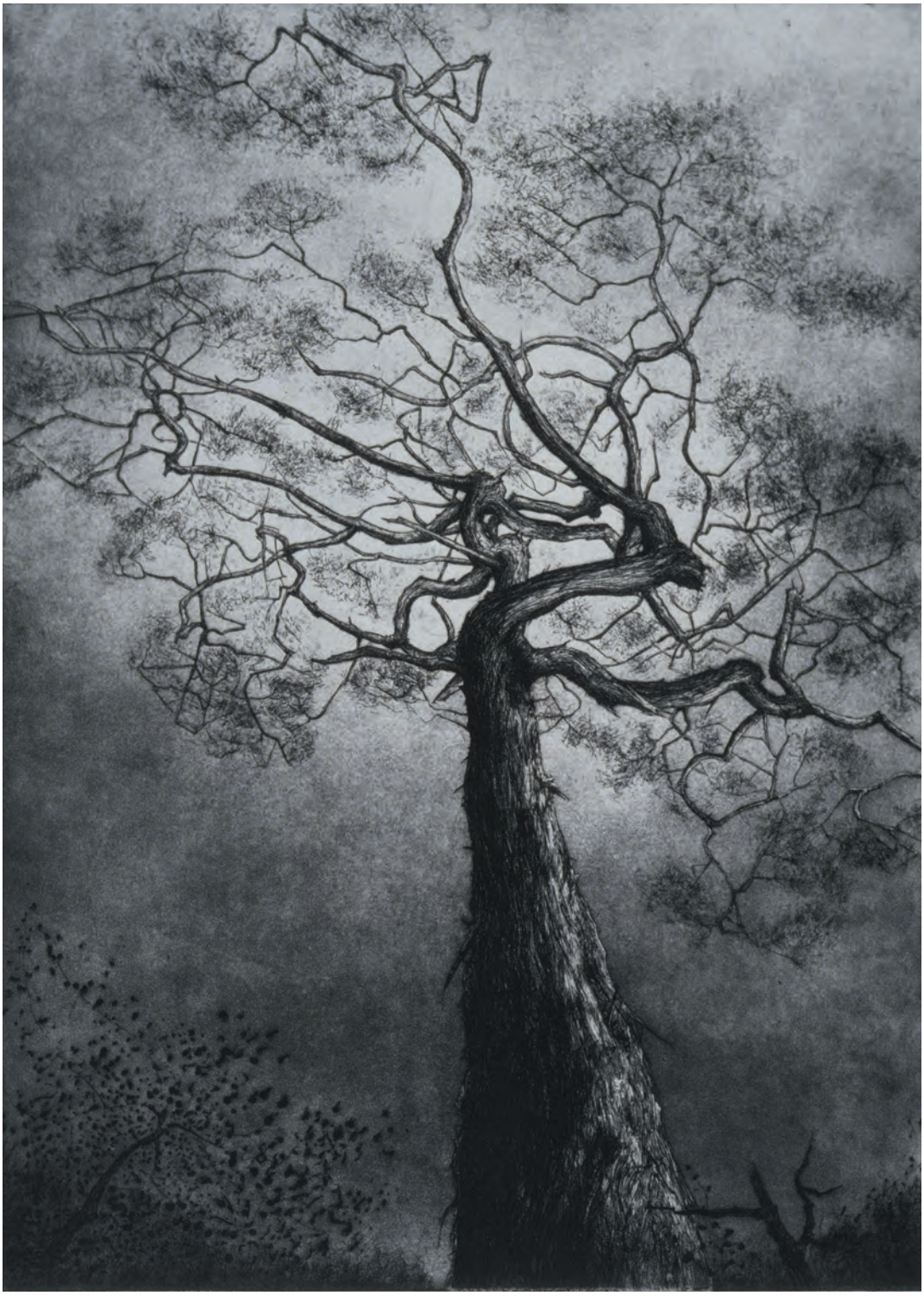
Petrus van der Velden *Nor'western Sky* 1890. Charcoal on paper. Collection of Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetū, gift of Jenny Wandl, Tricia Wood and Tim Lindley in honour of their grandfather, Harold Gladstone Bradley of Bradley Bros, Christchurch 2014

A more ominous tenor is evident in Petrus van der Velden's *Nor'western Sky* (1890). Here the trees on the skyline seem to be struggling against the wind, bashed about in the last light of the day. These trees can be seen as symbolic of the struggle of the colonial pioneer against nature—represented by the bent form of the woman occupied by her chore at the water's edge. As opposed to a land of milk and honey, the realities of colonial life in Aotearoa often meant both a brutal battle against nature, and war with the indigenous Māori population.

European men held almost all of the power in the process of artistic canonisation during the early colonial era, but works by women can increasingly be seen to form part of the collection as time progresses. Margaret Stoddart's impressionistic flower painting of a pretty blossom tree next to the Avon River, *Blossom, Worcester St Bridge* (1928), and Eileen Mayo's playful linocut of two cats in their leafy suburban jungle, *Cats in the Trees* (1931), both revel in the joys of the natural world.

Eileen Mayo *Cats in the Trees* 1931. Linocut. Collection of Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetū, presented by Rex Nan Kivell, 1953

Louise Henderson *Bush series No.7*. Oil on canvas. Collection of Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetū, Dame Louise Henderson collection, presented by the McKegg Family, 1999



Denise Copland *Indigenous V* 1991. Etching, aquatint. Collection of Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetū, purchased 1993

And whilst Rita Angus's post-war vision of hope *A Goddess Of Mercy* (1945–47) features tree branches that form a sort of halo for the serene goddess, hope can also be felt in her friend Juliet Peter's painting *Bolton Street, 1969* (1969); despite being set in the cemetery that the two women visited together to draw and paint, this artwork is far from bleak. Bright green foliage dominates this scene, offering a sense of regeneration and growth that smothers any gloom associated with the graveyard ruins. Further north, on the slopes of Mount Eden, Louise Henderson emphasised the way that lush native ferns and bush surrounding her home filtered the sunlight. This effect can be seen in a series of paintings from the 1960s and 70s that includes the Gallery's *Bush series No.7* where her rendering of the verdant subtropical foliage makes me feel as though I am right there with her, enjoying the soothing dappled light.

The bare branches and trunks of the trees in William James Reed's *Derelicts St Bathans* (1947) and E. Mervyn Taylor's *The Hollow Tree* (1951) take on a very different feeling. Here the trees seem tortured and twisted, in unsettling, warped and nightmarish views of Aotearoa's landscape that signal a decaying past through the use of abandoned buildings alongside the dead and barren trees. Similarly, the clearance of New Zealand's native forests was a central concern for Denise Copland, who used her practice to highlight our destructive impact on the natural environment. In *Indigenous V* (1991) Copland's monochrome palette and gloomy tone seemingly highlight the hopeless plight of native trees in the face of capitalist 'development'. Likewise, Mark Adams's *The 'Food Basket of Rakaihautu' from Horomaka, 31 March 1991* (1991) illustrates the loss of traditional food sources for Māori as native habitats are destroyed, with the desolate tree trunk and surrounding stumps offering a stark reminder of the tōtara forests that were burnt and cleared for pasture with the arrival of modern agriculture on Banks Peninsula.

As well as representing the damaging effects of capitalist resource extraction, trees also seem to bear witness to scenes where Aotearoa's colonial history is reassessed from the perspective of contemporary indigenous women. Accordingly, an ecofeminist lens might effectively be used to view the trees featured in Ana Iti's *Treasures Left by Our Ancestors* (2016) and Lisa Reihana's *Sex Trade, Gift for Banks, Dancing Lovers, Sexant Lesson (18550) (19205)* (2017). In particular, Iti's video work critiques how Māori history is presented to the public via institutions such as the Canterbury Museum, where her work was filmed. Reihana's similarly critical view of history was made in response to a scenic wallpaper from the early 1800s titled *Les Sauvages de la Mer Pacifique*. Reihana filmed her tableau of Captain Cook and his men interacting with Oceanic Peoples in order to highlight how women were fetishised and used as objects for trade like the land and its natural resources, such as the trees and botanical specimens that Cook's botanist Joseph Banks recorded on the *Endeavour* voyage. These critical views of our history are crucial in readdressing both the balance of representation in the arts and an understanding of the root causes of environmental destruction. However, another important movement has recently developed, towards forms of critique that inspire hope in the face of environmental crises such as climate change.

Hope is important in the arts today because the capitalist ideology can be described as one of cynicism.[1] So while it is important to acknowledge traditional critical emotions such as scepticism, fear and grief as relevant responses to the current environmental crises, artists and critics are also looking for ways to foster hope, through an emphasis on the joy and enchantment inherent to the natural world. Paterson's *The Golden Bearing* can be seen as representative of this postcritical movement, because it embodies a view of trees as hopeful and full of wonder.

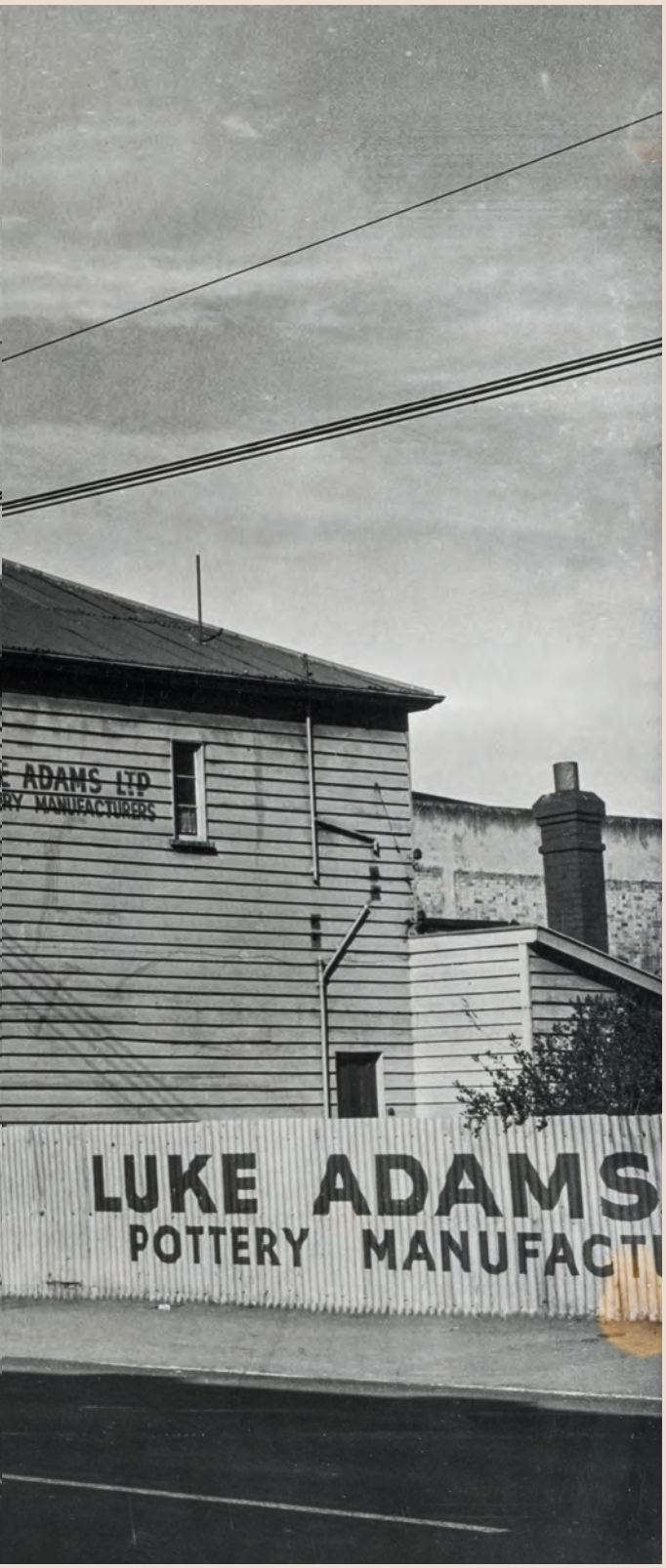
Enchantment is often deemed uncritical and non-rational,[2] and so has been somewhat lost in modern life. Yet if we trace some of the trends in the depiction of trees over time in New Zealand art, *The Golden Bearing* can be seem to represent a postcritical moment in the development of art that engages with nature themes. It fosters wonder and joy in an era when cynicism and fear regarding environmental crises like climate change abound. The leaves of Paterson's majestic arboreal vision are designed to flutter gently in the breeze, causing golden light to flicker around them. What better symbol of an enchanted form of nature could we imagine?

Jasmine Gallagher *is a poet, critic and doctoral candidate at the University of Otago, where she is researching ecocriticism in contemporary New Zealand art and poetry.* Reuben Paterson: The Golden Bearing *is on display until 30 January 2022.*

1 Slavoj Žižek, *The Sublime Object of Ideology,* London: Verso, 1989.

2 Jane Bennett, *The Enchantment of Modern Life: Attachments, Crossings and Ethics,* Princeton University Press, 2001.

Ross MacKay *Luke Adams Ltd., Pottery Manufacturers, Colombo Street, Christchurch* c. 1965. Photograph.
Collection of Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetū, Robert and Barbara Stewart Library and Archives



Raising the Clay

One of the themes explored in the Gallery's new exhibition *Leaving for Work* is local industry, particularly in relation to pottery. The show includes an 1896 painting by Charles Kidson of well-known early Sydenham potter Luke Adams; three late nineteenth-century pots by Adams; and projections of a number of exceptional photographs by Steffano Webb. Keen to learn more, exhibition curator Ken Hall met up with local pottery historian Barry Hancox—perhaps best-known as former Smith's Bookshop proprietor—and leading New Zealand photographer, Oxford-based Mark Adams. Mark's links to this story include a distant family connection to Luke Adams; photographing many celebrated New Zealand potters of the 1970s and 1980s; and an abiding interest in land and memory.

Ken Hall: Barry, I'm quite taken with your collecting, the scholarship behind it, and the impact of it all together. The material is fascinating and beautiful. What are your plans for the research you've been doing?
Barry Hancox: Well, I've been collecting for a long time now—it's over thirty years of accumulating Christchurch, Canterbury and North Canterbury industrial pottery, mostly from the nineteenth century. My ultimate objectives, especially now that I'm retired, are to document the collection properly and publish the full story. To that end, I'm bringing together documentary material of all kinds, and of course *Papers Past* is a great boon these days, to tell the whole story properly.

Gail Henry's books were pioneering,[1] but skated over the top of this region to some extent, and it needs a more thorough treatment; particularly because what little evidence we had of this industry prior to the earthquakes has been so ruthlessly erased. I lost quite a bit of my collection, and I wouldn't have been the only one, so it's even more special in a way now because there's less of it. I think it's significant and the story needs to be told.
KH: Mark, I know your connection to potters and pottery isn't the same as Barry's but I see we're going to find some links. For a start, you've got that family connection to Luke Adams. Can you tell us what you know about that?
Mark Adams: Nothing. [Laughs.] I was told by Dad that we were related, but I suspect it's not in a direct line—he's probably a second cousin. I'm also pretty sure that our lot, as opposed to Luke's lot, came from ceramic producing districts in England. So my great-grandfather Adams was a carrier. He owned carts and a stables in Wainoni Road, and that would be the generation. But I'd actually like to find out what the connection is.
BH: Do you know which part of the UK he came from?
MA: No.
BH: Okay, because I've researched that and the original Luke Adams came from the South of England, near Southampton in Hampshire. He worked for a pottery business at a place called Havant, so when he arrived here he already had all the background and skills needed and he went to work for Austin & Kirk on Port Hills Road.

That's a bit different to what one might expect—that most who came with the necessary skills were from the well-known potteries district of Stoke in the Midlands, which was very industrial. But there was another tradition in Britain of much smaller regional potteries in country towns all over the place, producing ceramic goods in relatively small quantities for the local market. That's Luke Adams's background, which I think helps explain why he was never really comfortable working for somebody else, and I suspect that his ambition was always to have his own firm and to recreate here what he knew so well from his origin.
MA: And he had good clay nearby.
BH: Oh, yeah, the clay was available. But he also would have had a familiarity with a small craft semi-industrial set-up, different to the Wedgwood approach which was heavily industrial.
KH: So do you know that your branch of the family, Mark, came from the more obvious pottery districts?
MA: No, but it was talked about. I remember Dad saying that they were from a pottery district but they didn't say where. I've got a feeling that some of the family, on both Mum's and Dad's sides came from Hampshire, around Southampton.
BH: Yeah, that's exactly right. On one of my visits to the UK I found myself in Havant, just inland from Southampton, looking at chimney pots... I noticed a distinctive regional style in which different coloured clays are combined to give a sort of streaked effect, and thought that was interesting because I'd seen it here. Not often, but I did come across chimney pots that had exactly the same treatment here in Canterbury; that can only have come here via someone like Luke Adams bringing his local tradition from the UK.
MA: There was a potter in Auckland called Jeff Scholes back in the seventies who did stuff using that mixed

Charles Kidson *The Potter [Luke Adams]* 1896. Oil on canvas on board. Collection of Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetū, gift of H. R. Adams, 1965

slate-coloured clay. I'm pretty sure it was Jeff…
BH: Quite a few people did it and they called it 'Agateware' because it looked superficially like cut agate. Adams didn't do a lot of it, but there is this remote slight connection. So that's it, there's a craft pottery tradition that came here and a more industrial tradition that also came here.
MA: And you were saying before that there's a kind of a split between those guys and then the more self-conscious approach of the studio pottery movement which also came out of St Ives and Japan, Hamada. And that whole thing suddenly reared up here again in our generation, all my hippy mates…
BH: It reared up everywhere in the Western world. I think it was a kind of second-phase, in a way, of the Arts and Crafts idea and the revolt against industrialisation and the separation of people from a sort of basic connection with making…
KH: I learned recently that the potter Yvonne Rust's mother was Annie Buckhurst, who studied here at the School of Art and taught for several years from 1917. There seems a link here. Mark, you also mentioned living for several years from the mid-seventies near Whangārei, around some well-known potters. Some of your photographs are in Moyra Elliott and Damian Skinner's *Cone Ten Down: Studio Pottery in New Zealand*. You took large-plate photographs of places, people, kilns being built, etc. (You and they were using technologies that would have been recognisable to nineteenth-century predecessors.)
MA: Yeah I did. I'm a plate camera photographer. But I didn't—I went through the Art School here at Ilam in 1967 to 1970—I didn't meet Yvonne then but was aware of her through one of my mates who used to spend a lot of time at her place, and on the West Coast when she went there. I didn't meet Yvonne until moving to Whangārei from Sydney in 1974, and then I took myself out there and met her. And from then on up until 1982 when I came down to Auckland, I did a series of photographs, on and off, because I was just really drawn to pottery, ceramics and the whole business of making it. I took quite a careful bunch of mostly 4 × 5 black and white sheets of film of all of the people around Yvonne that ended up further away in Auckland. There was a whole list of people, really.
BH: There were so many of them, it really did go from a few to many very quickly in the seventies and into the eighties, and then sort of fell away and now you don't see it.
MA: Well everybody was very poor. No one was really making money; I mean, nobody had money but they were surviving. Up in Auckland, the Northland potters would cart carloads of pots down to Alicat—Pete Sinclair's shop in Jervois Road, Ponsonby. They'd sell through there, and there were other places that I'm not really aware of.
BH: Yeah, but the interesting thing is that that's a completely different rationale, in a way, to this. They were doing it for different reasons and in different ways, but still relying on the same technology. But they had to learn it. The tradition, which is what I refer to this as, had ended by then. And so the studio pottery movement of the post-war period was a new thing and different entirely to what was happening in the first hundred years.
KH: I came across a 1977 article in the *New Zealand Potter* about Luke Adams Pottery. It was interesting to see 1970s makers looking at this history. Mark, do you get a sense that the potters you knew were aware of the settler pottery tradition in any way?
MA: Yvonne certainly would have been. She would have known all about Luke. For the Northland people, possibly not, although Auckland had its own industries. The historian Dick Scott made a book called *Fire on the Clay,* about West Auckland. I did a bunch of photos for him and for that book in 1979, so became aware of that. I can't speak authoritatively about New Zealand pottery, I'm a photographer, but it's just that I happened to have had these interesting connections.
BH: Well, in a way, the discovery of the sort of settler pottery, as you called it, came along in the seventies and eighties too and that's when people started to

collect it. They had become aware of it in a way that they hadn't previously and soon started to value it for its own sake.

KH: The writer of the 1977 article described going into Adams's shop in Sydenham as a child with a school group. They were all making stuff and getting it fired there.

BH: I think that's a connection, in a way. Luke Adams Pottery survived longer than most others and did sort of mark a transition, from what I call industrial pottery to craft pottery—facilitating the idea that kids could go and move around a lump of clay and glaze it and then have it fired in the kiln. Because, by the end, the market for what they were able to produce had disappeared, so they were looking around for ways to make money at a time when the trade was essentially over. There was a period when, I think partly because of his own background, Adams had this openness to the idea of pottery as a craft for everybody. They also made round terracotta plaques to sell to people who would then paint them, so they were selling for home craft activity long before they closed.

KH: I'd like to read out this *Lyttelton Times* account from the 1895 *Christchurch Industrial Exhibition*, which found Adams in "The Worker's Department" at "his potter's wheel skilfully [illustrating] one of the most ancient and widespread industries of the world."[2] Charles Kidson, who painted *The Potter,* was in the same exhibition in his role as assistant master at Canterbury College School of Art, showing unglazed pottery alongside Eleanor Gee and sculptor Charles Brassington. Their focus was the effective use of New Zealand fauna and flora in clay modelling design; the display included tiles, vases, an umbrella stand and "A tobacco jar, decorated by Mr Kidson with Native carving and two lifelike Māori heads... Mr Luke Adams of Sydenham has kindly assisted the school by throwing the vase forms to which the decoration has been applied."[3] I like seeing more of a connection between Kidson and Adams than what we see in the painting. Which, the more I look at, the more I see as a set-up. I mean, throwing flowerpots is not Luke Adams's typical working day, is it? It's more like a photo opportunity. He surely had other people doing this most of the time.

BH: I should have brought this out first but here's this little oil sketch, of the Luke Adams Pottery, by somebody called Arthur Bender. And you can see, I think, nostalgia for something that was disappearing is already evident in this painting. This is another manifestation of that.

KH: I think you're right. There's quite a respect going on there, isn't there? And it does relate to the Arts and Crafts thing that Kidson was all over.

MA: These kiln shapes [in the painting]: I went to Corbridge—an old Roman fortress town right up on the border out of Newcastle upon Tyne—where Mum's father and grandfather came from and there were these big [structures like this] just outside of town, two or three of them.

BH: They're bottle kilns, which I've also seen along the canals that used to service the potteries in the Stoke-on-Trent area. You would move the clay and manufactured ware on the water because it was heavy and it was easier. Because nobody was looking at that, the kilns that were demolished elsewhere survived there, so those bottle kilns are now, of course, listed buildings and protected. I don't know of a single example that survived here in New Zealand. There were also earlier ones in Christchurch—nothing to do with Luke Adams—out at Ford and Ogden's Pottery and at Homebush as well, but none have survived.

KH: Homebush was at Glentunnel, and was big?

BH: It was an industrial site, so yes, it was substantial. There were also Hoffman kilns which don't look like these at all. They were downdraft kilns with a big central chimney, and there were several of those around here on the Port Hills Road. Luke Adams didn't have one because it was too big, but they had them out in mid-Canterbury and down in Ashburton and so on.

Another was Thomas Hills' brickworks in Rangiora; again, not a single survivor. There's a kiln left at

Arthur Bender *Luke Adams Pottery, Sydenham* c. 1930s. Oil on board. Barry Hancox Collection

Benhar [North Otago] that only survived because when somebody turned up to dismantle it the locals intervened and prevented it happening. But the careless disregard for the architectural evidence of industrial history in New Zealand means that nothing survives, nothing. Drive around Christchurch now there's no evidence at all that there was ever any local pottery industry.

KH: Do you know where they all were?

BH: Yeah, the earliest sort of pottery was when they were making bricks for chimneys in the 1850s, and they just used clamps. But the first pottery was established on the corner of Barbados Street and Ferry Road where the Catholic Cathedral site is. There was a Hoffman kiln and bottle kiln and the rest of it, drying shed and everything, in the 1860s. Nothing survives there now at all and as far as I'm aware no drawings or photographs were ever made of it.

KH: They were making bricks and presumably chimneys and drainpipes?

BH: Bricks, pipes—pipes were the big thing.

KH: Especially in a swamp, right?

BH: Yes, and terracotta tiles were in great demand because kitchens and dairies were all floored with terracotta tiles laid straight on the earth, so there was a big demand. And they survived. I've got a few—including one from this original pottery that we're talking about.

KH: So did pottery also arrive as ballast? And was there a demand unable to be met by local supply?

BH: Not really. The industry arose to supply domestic wares of cheap low-grade character. What was coming

on the ships was porcelain and bone china. That's what everybody wanted. Nobody wanted to eat off what was being made in Christchurch; they wanted bone china from Staffordshire. But for kitchen stuff and storage stuff and stuff that you'd use on the farm and stuff to move liquid around and so on, no, that wasn't being imported—it was made here.

KH: People needed a lot of pottery.

BH: For sure. Glass was expensive at the time. I mean, a glass vessel in 1870 cost more than an equivalent in clay. So pottery was the cheap material of commerce and needed in half-, one- and two-gallon demijohns. That's how you moved liquids around and sold them. It all had to be made here because it wasn't economically practical to import. And then all of the early potteries vied with each other to get provincial government contracts to supply pipes, and imported pipe-making machinery from the UK and set it up, making pipes by the mile, literally; glazed pipes for domestic sewerage installations in the city and unglazed ones for agricultural drainage projects.

MA: Sewerage and storm-water pipes.

BH: Yeah, so the lion's share of the trade was bricks, pipes, tiles, and then the domestic stuff was a kind of sidebar from that. And apart from Adams, who didn't make bricks and pipes, all of the rest of them made those as their primary production, and the domestic wares were of secondary importance.

KH: Back to the painting briefly—*The Potter*—it's not exactly a portrait. It was first shown at the Canterbury Society of Arts in 1896, and described by a reviewer as: "A large canvas which, though not a portrait picture, bears an admirable likeness to a well-known Christchurch tradesman at work at his wheel." Barry, how had he made himself so well-known?

BH: Tradesman, I think that's a good description. He produced the kind of things that people wanted, and he was quite active socially so very accessible. Where his pottery was in Sydenham was reachable, and was the sort of place that people could observe. It wasn't too big. And what he made was available in the shop next door so the buyer went to the source. All of that contributed to this sense of familiarity that people had with Adams, which they didn't with the other active potteries.

KH: It's also always fascinating watching a potter at work. He put in these industrial exhibitions and no doubt mesmerised visitors. You might be able to comment on this, Mark—I mean, you've seen a lot of this.

MA: Oh, it's great to watch; and, of course, the firing end of it is all very convivial, sitting outside as the dusk comes down, drinking red wine.

BH: The craft potters were using gas-fired kilns though, weren't they, or even wood-fired kilns?

MA: Well, most of the guys up North were using diesel. It was Barry Brickell who helped Yvonne build her kiln. But I don't know who started it or who made the first diesel-fired kiln. Was it Brickell?

BH: I suspect that that was something that they learnt from somewhere else... But, of course, Adams was very much in the nineteenth-century carboniferous capitalist style—I mean, everything he did was coal fired and the same with Austin & Kirk around here and in mid-Canterbury.

So when the kilns were being fired there was thick heavy smoke hanging over everything; it took a couple of days to reach firing temperature and a couple more days to cool down again before the kiln could be unpacked. Meanwhile, around here on the Port Hills Road, one kiln would be being packed whilst one was being burned, so it was more or less a continuous process. Thick smoke on a frosty winter morning, and copious quantities of coal.

KH: It was pretty disgusting, wasn't it?

BH: It was definitely a very dirty industry. And then, of course, there was all the waste, the broken shards, the waste from the pugging process. You see it in the Arthur Bender painting—piles of slag and ash and stuff. It was a very dirty business. I've often thought about what it must have been like for, say, a seventeen-year-old school leaver who got a job at the pottery.

He's starting work at 7am on the Port Hills in the winter; he's in the workshop there and he's got his hands in this cold, wet clay and is making pots, one every two minutes. And he's yearning for a smoko but can't stop till 10 o'clock, and even then it's only five minutes. These people worked hard. It was physically demanding too. Imagine doing 100 pots in a couple of hours, the strength you'd need in your fingers and your upper arms. I mean, you had to be physically fit. One of the things I love about the kind of pottery that I collect, this industrial pottery, is the evidence of that firing process; there are blemishes, there are patches in the kiln where whoever was responsible for it that day wasn't paying enough attention and it didn't get quite hot enough so it affected the way the glaze behaved, and then there were impurities in the coal that affected the glazes, all of that. It wasn't a precise and exact science at all, and it was more important to burn the bricks and get them done because the demand was there all the time. Whereas the craft potters had the luxury of doing everything on a smaller scale and being able to use a more modern approach, which meant that those impurities and imperfections never occurred. If something came out of the kiln at the end that wasn't quite right then they would dispose of it and start again because that was how they were; whereas the industrial potters would have just marked it down in price and sold it anyway.

Ken Hall *spoke to Barry Hancox and Mark Adams in September 2021.* Leaving for Work *is on display until 1 May 2022.*

1 Gail Henry, *New Zealand Pottery, Commercial and Collectable*, 1999; Gail Lambert, *Pottery in New Zealand, Commercial & Collectable*, 1985.

2 *Lyttelton Times*, 9 September 1985, p.2.

3 'Decoration of Pottery', *Lyttelton Times*, 5 October 1895, p.3.

Steffano Webb *Reece Brothers' firm, Christchurch.* Collection of negatives. Ref: 1/1-005102-G. Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, New Zealand

Gifts on the Table: a tribute to Joanna

Bernadette Hall

Summer green as lint / wound about the bone / bandaged in green I lay / quiet all summer long / summer sings a song / of its own.

This is an unpublished poem written by Joanna when she was living at Barrys Bay on Banks Peninsula. She moved there with her husband Jeffrey Harris and their daughter, Magdalena, in 1975. The family had previously been staying at Okains Bay. There's a languid, sensuous feel to the lines. The summer is beautiful, it's green and musical and encompassing, and yet a feeling of unsettlement arises. The choice of 'lint' and 'bandaged' suggest damage and there's a need to rest up, a need for healing. I wonder if Joanna was pregnant at this time; that would make it 1976 and she would be awaiting the birth of her second daughter, Imogen. The baby was born in the Akaroa hospital in late February, but sadly died after surgery for a heart condition in December of the same year. An exquisite white marble headstone, a hemisphere carved by Jeffrey, marks the grave in the Akaroa cemetery. Joanna herself was buried there in 2003.

Joanna Margaret Paul *Barrys Bay: Interior With Bed And Doll* 1974.
Oil and watercolour on paper and hardboard. Collection of
Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetū, purchased 1974

My friendship with Joanna began in 1971 when we were both working at St Dominic's College in Dunedin. I was teaching Latin and English, she was teaching art. We were almost twins, having been born within days of each other in December 1945. I had never moved in art circles and had no experience of the artists and poets who were making waves on campus and in the city at that time, except for the poet Iain Lonie who was my tutor in the classics department. "Don't worry about the grammar," he told me when it came to my limping Greek. "Concentrate on the poetry." And, of course, I could locate that in English translations. Joanna knew everyone, Ralph Hotere, Hone Tūwhare, Bill Manhire, Ian Wedde, and was even then primarily focused on her life as a painter while still writing some poetry. The clarity and power of her self-belief, held almost self-effacingly yet stubbornly from the beginning and throughout the years to come, remain for me the greatest revelation. In truth, an inspiration. 1971 was the year in which Joanna painted, on commission from the parish priest, Father Keane, the fourteen *Stations of the Cross* which are still in the little Catholic church of St Mary, Star of the Sea in Port Chalmers. In the same year and in the very same church, she married Jeffrey Harris. Somehow along the way, caught up as I was in my own life, I missed out on the blessing of the *Stations* and their initial treasuring and subsequent concealment under loosely hanging Renaissance prints, where they have been safe but for so long, out of sight has been out of mind. Things are beginning to change. This wonderful current exhibition and in particular the six pages of the interior of the church in the beautiful big exhibition book, will give you a sense of what a remarkable piece of work Joanna's Via Crucis is. Stand close up in front of the six paintings made as proofs that are part of this exhibition. Look into the faces of the women, full of tenderness and grief. The story is timeless. I find myself thinking of the women in Kabul.

In 1981, John and I with our three children and my mother left Dunedin and settled in together in Bryndwr Road, Christchurch. This was quite a tough move for me. There was once again, the public, theatrical, cajoling life of a classroom teacher. And against that, the dream of a stilled life, of a breeze that might blow where it would across the landscape of poetry. "You are so busy", Joanna wrote in one of her many letters. I denied it but of course it was true. In 1982 I gave her my own commission. To make me a painting based on the words of a psalm. BE STILL AND KNOW THAT I AM GOD. I imagined an oasis of tranquillity, a garden-scape bursting with flowers and foliage, a window perhaps and wind-stirred draperies. Instead, she gave me three big sheets of white paper, each of them pretty much empty, the words of the psalm divvied up between them and printed in faint pencil. One sheet has a small square of blue and a red swish like a ribbon. One has slender columns of dark green painted loosely down each side. One has a brown smear like a haystack in one corner and a little bit of pencilled-in trellis. She had had them framed, one with red, one with black and

Joanna Margaret Paul *Stations of the Cross* c. 1971. Tempera. Installation view,
St. Mary, Star of the Sea, Port Chalmers. Courtesy of Joanna Margaret Paul Estate

Joanna Margaret Paul *Be still and know that I am god* 1982. Watercolour and pencil on paper. Collection of Bernadette and John Hall, courtesy of Joanna Margaret Paul Estate

one with gold. You could spend a lifetime pondering on this symbolism. At first, I was bewildered, disappointed, I guess. But year after year, the power of the triptych increased. It was like an energy source at the centre of our home. And I did slow down and I did finally embrace a writer's life but not until 2005.

Joanna often stayed with us in Christchurch as she travelled—always close to the earth, never flying—from north to south and back again. And she always left something behind. Once it was a lush red lipstick in a gleaming container placed just so to complement a design in the patchwork quilt on her bed. Another time it was a small square of paper with 'PAEONY paeonia' written in her distinctive hand. This instinctive constructing of little altars was evident as Charles Bisley and I moved from room to room in her house in Maxwell Street, Whanganui, after her death in 2003. We were her literary executors and gathered together the masses of folios and folders, the handmade books, the sheets of illustrated poetry that filled the cupboards and floor to ceiling presses and bookshelves. Charles had them all copied and I spent 2005 out here at Amberley Beach in North Canterbury, reading and making choices for a collection to be published in 2006 by Victoria University Press. Joanna had had a healthy number of poems published in her lifetime. Her first book, *Imogen*, published by Hawk Press, had won the PEN First Book Award in 1978. She had

Joanna Margaret Paul *Frugal Pleasures [still life with statuette and Latin text]* 1999. Gouache and pencil on paper. Collection of David and Keren Skegg, Dunedin, on deposit at Hocken Collections, Uare Taoka o Hākena, University of Otago, L2011/43. Courtesy of Joanna Margaret Paul Estate

already chosen a title, *Like Love Poems,* and chapter headings such as 'Barrys Bay' for a second book, one she had dreamed of and talked about for many years. What a delight to finally see it out in the world.

My own very first book, *Heartwood,* was published in 1989 by Caxton Press in Christchurch. When I look at the author photo now, I think how very young I look. Kind of relaxed but also shy, avoiding the eye of the camera. And there I am saying of my poems "they come from the sharp edge of the crater where I struggle to keep my balance." The metaphor comes from Akaroa, from the crater rim encircling the harbour. Joanna chose the bright yellow cover and provided six exquisite drawings which float on the page. I knew I could entrust myself and my words to them.

In 1990, Simon Garrett published my second slim volume of poetry, *of Elephants etc.,* in his privately owned, Christchurch-based, untold press. Once again, Joanna came to my rescue. I'd taken her over The Hill to stay in a friend's bach in Akaroa. Maybe her boys, Felix and Pascal, were with us too. I remember her singing in the house as she bathed one evening. How I sat outside on the verandah, watching a bellbird feeding upside down on a camellia flower. How she sketched a simple line, the dark rim of the crater as it stood out against the pallor of the evening sky and this line divided the two shades of acidic green she chose for the front cover. The first and last leaves of the book are lavender.

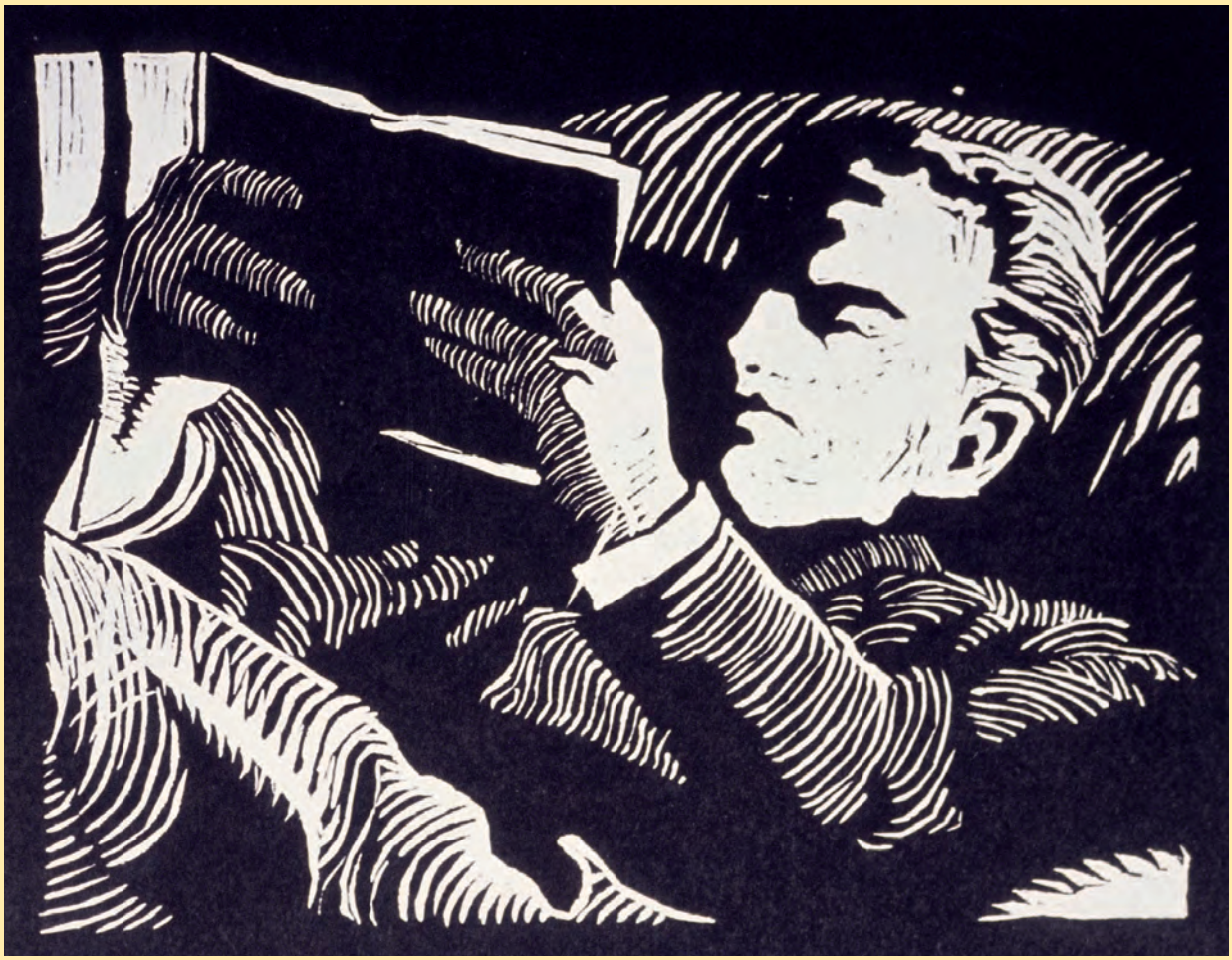
My final memory of Joanna is of her dancing in our living room. At times she would creep around, moving awkwardly among us as if she feared she might be in the way. This time she had her husband-to-be, Peter Harrison, with her. She twirled and swung back towards him, her face glowing. She was totally alive, free and flowing with happiness. And this only a matter of months before her untimely death.

In 2000, when I was still an editor for the Christchurch-based literary journal *Takahē,* I had invited Joanna to be our guest artist for issue 39. We published the eight paintings of the exquisite series *Frugal Pleasures,* which is on display in this exhibition. It incorporates Latin text from *Satire 1, VI* by the Roman poet, Horace. She wrote an accompanying essay, 'The Vanished Simple Good' which included the following lines: "It's often a coincidence of thoughts, feelings, and things on the table, that give rise to a painting … nature and culture on a table, sacred and profane where the table hints at ceremony … This series celebratory & valedictory."

How marvellous it was to walk through room after room of her artistry, paintings, drawings, films, in Dunedin recently. Then to learn that everything will be here in Christchurch in December. That's celebratory, for sure!

***Bernadette Hall** is an award-winning writer with eleven collections of poetry to her name. In 2015 she received the Prime Minister's Award for Literary Achievement in poetry. She lives at Amberley Beach in the Hurunui, North Canterbury.*

Joanna Margaret Paul: Imagined in the context of a room *is on display from 4 December 2021 until 13 March 2022. Exhibition developed, toured and led by Dunedin Public Art Gallery, project partner Sarjeant Gallery Te Whare o Rehua Whanganui.*



Evelyn Page *Portrait of Winston Rhodes*
c. 1934. Linocut. Collection of Christchurch
Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetū

Recommended Reading

Summer is the perfect time to sit back with a book. That's the theory anyway, assuming life allows you the luxury. But what to read, and where to start? Stand by for some great recommendations...

Saskia Leek, artist, Ōtautahi Christchurch

Olivia Laing
The Lonely City: Adventures in the Art of Being Alone

2016

Olivia Laing's *The Lonely City* looks at loneliness through the lives of selected artists as well as personal biography. Warhol, Solanis, Wojnarowicz, Darger, Nomi, Hugar are subjects in an examination of the particular type of loneliness found in heavily populated urban environments; the loneliness that comes from an unanswered need to be seen in a deeper sense. Written in 2016, it now seems extraordinarily prescient in these Covid times, especially in its discussion of the devastating divisions of the AIDS crisis and the escalating social complications of our online lives. This book was loaned to me by a friend and is a reminder that the gift of a favourite book is an antidote for loneliness and a way to be seen without words.

Louise Menzies, artist, Tāmaki Makaurau Auckland

Harry Dodge
My Meteorite: Or, Without The Random There Can Be No New Thing

2020

L.A. artist Harry Dodge had me at the second sentence where he describes time as a banana. Dodge was already someone I sort of knew. He's Maggie Nelson's partner and a key character in her 2015 autotheory hit *The Argonauts.* Dodge's own life-writing is like a non-sequel, a flip of the mirror, a generous friend; it is also brilliant. Intimacy, death, digital life, space rocks and the art world all feature as part of this "unaugmented recollection".

Oli Perkins, artist, Ōtautahi Christchurch

Agustín Fernández Mallo
Nocilla Experience

2016

Hailed as one of the most daring experiments in recent Spanish literature, *Nocilla Experience* is the middle book of the *Nocilla Trilogy*. I have it on good authority that Nocilla is the Spanish translation for 'Nutella', the hazelnut spread. Nowhere in the book is the spread mentioned, but almost everything else is.

Fernández Mallo writes in small divergent vignettes, ranging from interview exerts, information on art, science and music to extremely articulated fictional portraits, such as Harold in Miami obsessively eating cornflakes that have the expiry date of his ex-wife's birthday. These characters reappear several times in the book; each time doesn't register more depth to the character just a different angle, a new window to observe their private oddity.

All the swift changes in subject, character and form are reminiscent of internet-search wormholes—in a ten-page section you learn of scientific discoveries in the field of vision at the University of Los Angeles, the details around the discovery of Henry Darger's body and Russian soldiers' discoveries upon entering Auschwitz.

No passage is longer than two pages and some are as short as three words, like the excerpt from a Bobby Gillespie interview. Q: Do you still think you are a punk? A: Yes, I do.

Jane Wallace, bookseller, Ōtautahi Christchurch

Chantal Akerman
My Mother Laughs
2013, 2019

The first line reads "I wrote it all down and now I don't like what I've written"—Akerman sweeping her own story off the table before it has begun. *My Mother Laughs* is an incisive and warming and broken portrait of a maternal relationship strained by illness, complex love, filmmaking, anger. The things that are hardest to say out loud are often the most important, and Akerman's honesty in her writing and films is always brutal and necessary. My copy of this book has been so passed around that it is held together by sellotape now.

Alicia Frankovich, artist, Melbourne

Diedrich Diederichsen and Anselm Franke (eds.)
The Whole Earth: California and the Disappearance of the Outside
2013

I'd like to recommend the book that catalogues the exhibition and conference at Haus der Kulturen der Welt, Berlin, for *The Whole Earth Exhibition* in 2013. This was part of the broader "Anthropocene Project" at the HKW. The book tracks the influence of entrepreneur and scientist Stewart Brand's *The Whole Earth Catalogue* and the relationships behind the movement that saw this project come about. The catalogue is said to have been a platform that preceded the search engine Google and how we use the World Wide Web—importantly its front cover both boasted and circulated the image of the Whole Earth, which is one of the most celebrated achievements demonstrating our so-called mastery over the environment. Diederichsen and Franke's edited book charts how this image sits in relation to the history of the Anthropocene project and further, calls for a political critique on decolonial, gender and power theory. Its premise was born out of the techno-hippie counterculture that came out of a very Western framework of thinking in Los Angeles at the time. I am interested here in the critique of 'wholeness' and 'universalism' and the need for new images.

Dorothy Fisher *Reading*. Oil on canvas. Collection of Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetū, bequeathed by an anonymous donor, 1968

Kushana Bush, artist, Ōtepoti Dunedin

Megan Dunn
Things I Learned at Art School
2021

I'm currently reading Megan Dunn's brand-new memoir *Things I Learned at Art School*. Her childhood, teenage and art school years feel squeamishly familiar but what really has me hooked is her idiosyncratic blend of humour and disarming candidness. This is the book for you if you loved reading Adrian Mole but always wished he was a young woman attending Elam in the nineties.

George Peter Alexander Healy *The Healy Garden, Paris (with portraits of his wife Louisa and daughter Edith)* 1877. Oil on canvas. Collection of Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetū, purchased 1975

Marie Shannon *The Pursuit of Cosiness* 1986. Photograph. Collection of Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetū, presented by the artist. Reproduced with permission

Bridget Reweti, artist and curator, Tāmaki Makaurau Auckland

Nic Low *Uprising: Walking the Southern Alps of New Zealand*

2021

Nic Low's *Uprising* utilises the multitude of Ngāi Tahu names, narratives and waiata to portray what it means to walk, know and belong to Kā Tiriti o te Moana. The book entwines a love for tramping in the hills and an understanding the major loss of land which Ngāi Tahu suffered and fought for over seven generations. There is the sobering knowledge that a minor public servant was tasked with drawing up reserves which should have, but did not, enshrine mahinga kai from coast to coast. A beautiful moment was when Nic imagined what these tended-to food gathering places would look like today; if our walking culture was not one of back-country meals but harvesting kai, and rafting home on freshly made mōkihi. What it would mean if our Māori histories of lands and waters were known, because "here we'd find it in those names, and in the ground beneath our feet."

Olivia Spencer Bower *Early still life* c. 1918. Watercolour. Collection of Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetū, purchased with assistance from the Friends of Robert McDougall Art Gallery, 1999

Zina Swanson, artist, Ōtautahi Christchurch

Annie Besant and C. W. Leadbetter
Thought-Forms

2020

It seems timely to be recommending a book that must have significantly influenced the work of Hilma af Klint, whose exhibition *The Secret Paintings* opens at City Gallery Wellington in December.

Thought-Forms is a 2020 reproduction of the 1905 edition, written by Annie Besant and Charles W. Leadbetter who in the 1896 theosophical journal *Lucifer*, described themselves as "Clairvoyant Theosophists".

"According to the Theosophical Society, thoughts and emotions create distinctive patterns of colour and form in the human aura, visible only to those who are gifted with a sufficient degree of clairvoyance"

The book opens with a selection of short essays that introduce Theosophy and discuss the supposed influence these ideas had on several abstract artists of the early nineteenth century including; Pelton, af Klint, Mondrian and Kandinsky. It is interesting to note that all were members of the Theosophical Society when Besant and Leadbetter were collaborating on *Thought-Forms*.

The main body of the book is a facsimile reproduction of the 1905 edition. Beautiful colour plates illustrating various 'thought-forms' are accompanied by text describing each image's corresponding emotion or thought.

It's beautiful, interesting and a little bit wacky.

Judy Millar, artist, Tāmaki Makaurau Auckland

César Aira
The Divorce

2021

If you're a reader who likes a coherent storyline, this isn't the book for you. But if you're ready to enter a world of cascading images that takes you on a breathless rollicking ride away from reality then I think you'll be referring to this small book for quite a while.

Aira is quoted as saying that he might have become a painter if it weren't so difficult ("the paint, the brushes, having to clean it all"), and even though not a painter he is a maker of images. His writing shatters a present moment and then takes every splinter that shattering produces and follows its possibilities, leading to a crystalline story filled with bright reflections.

Reginald Edgar James Bush *A Girl Reading Under a Tree* c. 1905. Etching. Collection of Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetū

Brenda Nightingale, artist, Ōtautahi Christchurch

Jacqueline Susann
Valley of the Dolls

1966

I have recently been re-reading books and authors that I had read in my early 20s. Every time I re-read a long-ago read book, decades slip, and I can only remember the impression the book made on me at the time. Re-reading, I become acutely aware of how supremely confident about life and the world I was back then. Reading transported me on a literary road trip. Henry James's romantic vision of relationships and all this might entail. I actually don't think I understood at all what Gabriel García Márquez was talking about in *Love in the Time of Cholera* nor did I understand Didion's ability to be an insider and outsider at the same time.

Valley of the Dolls is a book that I read when young, and I saw it through the lens of a young woman who had a plan. I worried about Ann, Neely, Jennifer, et al.—why didn't they listen to the wise advice from (nice man/old star lady). *Valley of the Dolls* at that time to me was a cautionary tale. On re-reading some forty-two years later I was able to get behind the girls and each reminded me of times in my own life where I got advice and didn't follow it.

George Woods *Two Girls Posing*. Pencil on paper. Collection of Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetū, purchased 1991

Ana Iti, artist, Ōtepoti Dunedin

June Mitchell
Amokura

1978

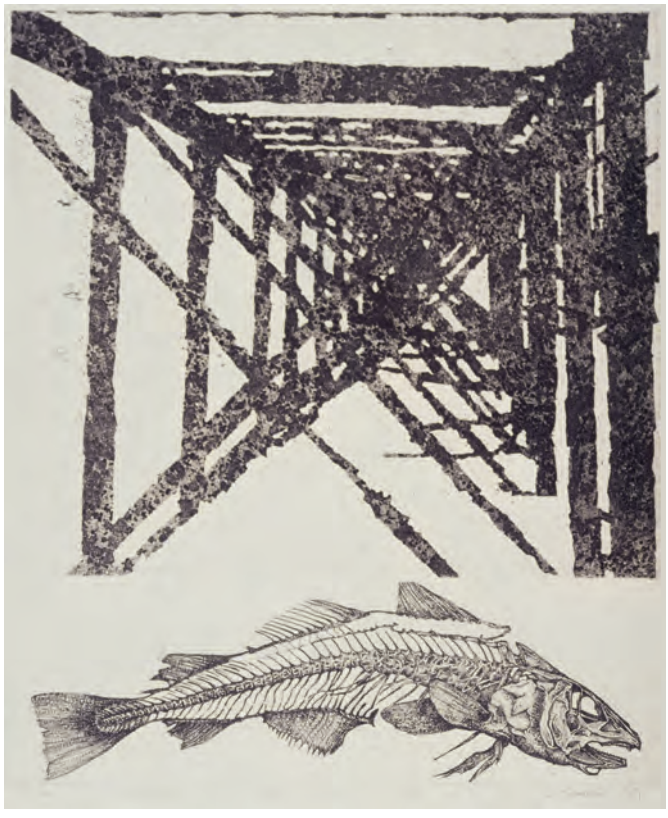
If I could suggest one book for you, it would be *Amokura* by June Mitchell. It's out of print so it can be a bit hard to find but it's worth the search. *Amokura* came out of rigorous and loving research by Mitchell into her tupuna wahine Te Akau Meretini Horohau. Written in the first person, it recounts the events of Te Akau's life until her death in 1897, a fascinating record of this period of time and the different ways her world changes. I love Mitchell's writing—it is poetic, precise and timeless.

Judith Gifford

Judith Gifford in June 2005. Photo: John Kirk Anderson. Courtesy Stuff Limited

In 2017, Petrena Fishburn wrote in this magazine about the innovative art dealer and arts advocate Barbara Brooke. In this issue, we pay tribute to Judith MacFarlane (née Gifford), who co-founded Christchurch's Brooke Gifford Gallery with Barbara Brooke in 1975 and—following Brooke's death in 1980—went on to turn it into one of New Zealand's longest-running commercial galleries and a respected mainstay of the Ōtautahi Christchurch arts scene. Over that time, she offered early opportunities that helped launch the careers of many of Aotearoa's now most recognised artists. Judith was a woman with a great eye, wonderful style and a tenacious belief in the importance of contemporary art.

Barry Cleavin *Moeraki—A Place To Rest By Day* 1991. Etching. Collection of Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetū, purchased 1991



Judith balanced her programme carefully, using sure-selling shows by artists like "the two Bills" (Sutton and Hammond) to offset riskier propositions; newcomers like Peter Robinson, Séraphine Pick, Tony de Lautour and Jason Greig, and also more experimental projects—Billy Apple undertook one of his 'censure' interventions in the smallest of her rooms in 1979. She also showed artists whose works were otherwise unseen in Christchurch, including Richard Killeen, Gavin Chilcott and Gretchen Albrecht.

Lead curator Felicity Milburn remembers first visiting the Brooke Gifford Gallery in the 1990s, with Judith as "a glamorous, but tactful presence in the back office … She let you take your time, leaving you to really look at things, but was always delighted to discuss the art and artists. It was a place where you could see new work by the 'big guns', which was always exhilarating, but also come across up-and-coming artists who were less known about. The openings were inter-generational affairs, with the more established artists leaning benevolently against the walls, sipping cut-rate wine, interested to see what the new ones were doing. Judith cultivated an appealing air of slightly distracted serenity, but when it came to advocating for her artists, helping with loans or selling a work, she was all business." Milburn recalls walking into a Tony de Lautour exhibition there in 2002, spotting the monumental black and white *Landscape* with its zeitgeisty '@' symbol, and putting a hold on it straight away: "it was a 'goosebumps-on-the-arms' situation—I knew immediately we had to have it."

Over the more than three decades of its operations—ceased shortly after the Canterbury earthquakes—the Gallery made many purchases for the collection through the Brooke Gifford, including some now very well-known works. Bill Hammond's *The Fall of Icarus (after Brueghel)* is one of the best-loved paintings in the Gallery's collection and was acquired in 1996, ten years after the purchase of *The look of love plus the sound of music*. Hammond, in an interview for the Gallery's recently released book on his work, remembered Judith as an art lover, greatly admired by other dealers, including Peter McLeavey: "They knew she had the eye." Another visitor favourite, Ralph Hotere's *Dawn/Water Poem* was bought from a Brooke Gifford show in 1986, with the support of the Queen Elizabeth II Arts Council (now Creative New Zealand). The Gallery also acquired significant holdings from Don Peebles, Richard Killeen, Olivia Spencer Bower, Pat Hanly, Margaret Dawson and Barry Cleavin, including the 10-work suite of etchings *Moeraki—A Place To Rest By Day*.

The highlight for curator Peter Vangioni is a selection of three Letraset drawings by Carl Sydow. "These were part of Carl's extraordinary showing, just after the Brooke Gifford had opened in October 1975, of twenty-five examples of what he called drawings in which geometric shapes of Letrafilm and Letratone were arranged on paper. Poignantly, they point towards what would have become some extraordinary sculptures by

Olivia Spencer Bower *Art Class in the Conservatory.* Watercolour. Collection of Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetū

the artist, but these were never to be realised as Carl was dead within two months of his Brooke Gifford show." Sydow was an artist Judith admired greatly and in 2009, along with Quentin MacFarlane, she donated a superb sculpture, *Small Standing Construction II,* to the Gallery's collection.

Philippa Blair, whose *Canberra Spirit Woman* and *South Island Mountain Cloak* were purchased from the Brooke Gifford in 1985, says of Judith: "I was very fortunate to have, in my home town of Christchurch, a long friendship as well as a terrific art dealer in Judith Gifford. Between 1982 and 2004 I had nine solo shows and was included in approximately five group exhibitions at the Brooke Gifford Gallery. I felt privileged to exhibit in that lovely space in Manchester Street and be in the company of very inspiring, gifted artists. Judith was always a great pleasure to work with and I respected her judgement, intelligence, perception and her earthy sense of humour! Professionally business-like and trustworthy, she brought a serious tone and grace to the local Christchurch art scene. Although naturally reserved, she was always an elegant, gracious person with great style, impeccable taste, wit, poise and inner strength. We had a lot of fun together; she enjoyed a bit of gossip, she could be very funny, and I am grateful for her patience and support of my (on occasions) unpredictable and more experimental work."

Carl Sydow *Drawing 5: XIX* 1975. Letrafilm and ink on paper. Collection of Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetū, purchased 1976

Two early works by Joanna Braithwaite, *Animal Fate* and *Horse III,* were bought in the 1980s. She remembers Judith well: "She was not only a much-loved dealer with terrific instincts; she was a style icon… She had a passion for Clarice Cliff ceramics and Art Deco furniture, a fascinating art collection and an absolutely superb wardrobe. She was loyal and supportive to the artists she represented. You knew when she walked into the room at a Brooke Gifford opening—she just commanded respect, and behind her glamorous exterior was a wonderful sense of humour."

For Tony de Lautour, Judith and the Brooke Gifford gallery were a big part of his career: "I will always appreciate her for the faith she showed in my work as a young artist by giving me the opportunity to participate in a group exhibition in the early 1990s.

It led on to almost twenty years of exhibiting with Judith, until the closure of the gallery after the earthquakes. Exhibiting at the gallery and dealing with Judith was always a pleasant experience. I admired the way she followed her own instincts and gathered up an incredible group of artists and the effortless way she sold art by giving the buyer the space and time to make their own decisions. She was a smart businesswoman who always paid the artists straight away and above all was friendly and encouraging to young artists as well as young collectors, letting them pay off works over a long period. As a student, I paid off a $125 Hotere lithograph over the course of a year—a sale that Judy treated with as much importance as someone spending thousands of dollars on a painting."

Many of the Gallery's works by Denise Copland came from the Brooke Gifford, including prints from her *Indigenous* and *Survival* series. "I will always be grateful to Judith for giving me the opportunity to exhibit in her superb Brooke Gifford Gallery," she says. "She was encouraging and clearly had a deep and enduring appreciation for art. She had the Midas touch when it came to selling my work and that of many other New Zealand artists. RIP, Judith."

Tony de Lautour *Landscape* 2002. Acrylic on loose canvas. Collection of Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetū, purchased 2002

My *Favourite*

Juanita Hepi *(Kāi Tahu, Ngāti Wai, Ngāpuhi) is the programme manager of Te Mātāpuna Mātātahi | Children's University. She is an educator, Indigenous storyteller and māmā to three.*

Dear *Sex Trade, Gift for Banks, Dancing Lovers, Sextant Lesson (18550) (19205),*

I'm surprised to see you here, and I'm conflicted. At once I love you then I hate you. Do you remember the first time I saw you in your entirety? It was bitterly cold, an unexpected Toronto snowstorm and I hid from the sleet in the warm Galleria Italia at the newly renovated Frank Gehry architecturally designed and renamed Art Gallery of Ontario. (10-year-old Juanita did not foresee this future for herself, she was hungry for food... Now she's hungry for art and meaning, how wanky! Te Kore, Te Pō, Te Ao, born, live, die.)

First your scale impressed me—at seventeen metres you were massive. Then colours, blues greens and browns like the tukutuku panels at my marae Rāpaki, which sits on (and you'll like this) the Banks Peninsula—is that the gift you're talking about? A whole peninsula? Te Pātaka o Rākaihautū? I remember sitting in the darkness on the floor with a bunch of strangers and you told us a 64-minute story

you'd been fluctuating on for ten years. My God! I thought, ten years is a long time to hold a story. Mind you, some people hold their stories forever and it makes them sick. But I listened deeper and passed through the surface, your homogenisation annoyed me, your satire excited me. And you told me your full name *In Pursuit of Venus [Infected],* and that you had to compartmentalise down because time and space (and probably money) couldn't handle your epic scale.

Two months later we were separated—by ocean and by pandemic.

So now I'm seeing you in your compact state and I'm quietly protective. I want the whole world to see all seventeen metres of your storied history, and yet I want you for myself because what if they don't get the joke? What if they only see old stuff, dead stuff, extinct stuff? My mum would say "Well, who is *they*?" And I guess the answer is you dear reader, silent witness.

Beyond your borders however is the mana of wāhine Māori in creative space/time, you emerge from Lisa Reihana like Hineahuone from the clay, you are sent outwards like the poetry of Hine-Haaka and embraced in the knowing of Hineraukatauri.

There is a wider social implication in your content where exists a tension, taut with complexity and uncomfortable, painful even. It is a legacy of colonisation in Te Moana-nui-a-Kiwa and you are a moment in colonised time, a representation of ideas, an employer of actors and technicians, a piss-take, but mostly you are quite obviously a reflection of myself. You look at me, I look at you, our ideas meet in the space between and voilà, you remain the same while I have changed a little.

Kia ora, ā, kā mihi,
Juanita

Lisa Reihana *Sex Trade, Gift for Banks, Dancing Lovers, Sextant Lesson (18550) (19205)* 2017. Pigment print on Hahnemühle paper, mounted on aluminium dibond behind acrylic. Collection of Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetū, purchased 2018

Celebrating 50 Years of the Friends

Sunday 27 February, 6.30pm
Bayleys Knight Frank Foyer / $30

Join us in a celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the inception of the Friends of Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetū. Memories and magical moments in our history will be shared as we come together to celebrate both the close of 2021 and the remarkable achievement of fifty years of continuous support through thick and thin. *Refreshments provided.*

Tickets available from **christchurchartgallery.org.nz/friends**

Julie King Memorial Lecture

Taonga Māori and Christian Missions

Saturday 19 February, 2pm
Philip Carter Family Auditorium / Free
Speaker: Deidre Brown

Deidre Brown reveals the incredible journeys of Māori taonga and its role in shaping European opinions about Māori art and society. Please ensure you book your space at **christchurchartgallery.org.nz/events**.

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Pagework *no.51*

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

Over page:
Xoë Hall *Te Whare Pora* 2021

Xoë Hall (Kāi Tahu) is a muralist, painter, illustrator, and publisher of books supporting the learning of te reo Māori. Based in Porirua, she is part of a generation of graffiti artists who have successfully created their own environment for producing, marketing and selling their art, locally, nationally and internationally. Xoë is also a founding member of the Dream Girls Collective with Miriama Grace-Smith and Gina Kiel—the trio come together for mural commissions, exhibitions and merchandise, and have established a considerable impact on mural painting in Te Whanganui-a-Tara, Wellington districts since late 2020.

With her ever-expanding investigations into Te Ao Māori, Xoë has produced several murals and artworks that acknowledge atua, deities of Māori mythology and importance. The focus here is upon Hine-te-iwaiwa, the deity of raranga, weaving and childbirth, who oversees Te Whare Pora, the house of weaving.

Hine-te-iwaiwa was born from the union between Tane-nui-a-Rangi (Tane of the heavens and god of the forests and birds) and Hinerauāmoa, the smallest star, the youngest and most fragile child of light. She is represented here as a goddess with woven hair and a thread (reminiscent of an umbilical cord) from which a heitiki, a symbol of fertility in some traditions, is bound. Her hands suggest the formation of a whare, Te Whare Pora, which encompasses the entire knowledge system required by a weaver. It is the essence of a weaver; a state of being and of consciousness, it is also a place of learning. Entwined around her wrist and arm is kawakawa, the most widely used raranga, healing plant. The plant is used for a variety of external and internal ailments. Kawakawa is included here to reference fifty years of Māori women's dedication towards the saving and reinstating of traditional raranga practices including the conservation of harakeke and keikei plants—the high-quality plants being near extinction during the 1970s. Te Whare Pora is once more, finally, in a state of wellbeing.

Nathan Pōhio
Curator


TE
WHARE PORA

Exhibitions

Opening this Quarter

Joanna Margaret Paul:
Imagined in the context of a room
4 December 2021 – 13 March 2022
A major retrospective celebrating the career and legacy of Joanna Margaret Paul.

Te Puna Waiora: The Distinguished Weavers of Te Kāhui Whiritoi
18 December 2021 – 3 April 2022
Celebrating the great mana of the senior Māori weavers of Aotearoa New Zealand.

Alicia Frankovich:
Atlas of Anti-Taxonomies
12 February – 22 May 2022
An installation de-categorising the world to reveal the wild disorder in nature.

Closing this Quarter

Reuben Paterson:
The Golden Bearing
Until 30 January 2022
Share a moment of magic and possibility under glittering golden leaves.

Jess Johnson and Simon Ward:
Genetekker Archaic
Until 13 February 2022
A collaboration based on an old-school platform video game.

Jen Bowmast: When the Veil is Thin
Until 20 February 2022
An evocative sculptural installation celebrating traditions of spirituality and seasonal lore.

Ongoing

Leaving for Work
Exploring the exceptional art of everyday working life.

The Moon and the Manor House
Aestheticism, Arts and Crafts, and the avid pursuit of beauty.

Te Wheke: Pathways Across Oceania
See, experience and rethink Aotearoa's art history from a Pacific perspective.

Lonnie Hutchinson: Hoa Kōhine (Girlfriend)
An intricately cut-out billboard celebrating supportive friendships between women.

Martin Creed: Everything is Going to be Alright
A completely unequivocal, but also pretty darn ambiguous, work for Christchurch.

Reuben Paterson: The End
A sparkling elevator installation providing an unexpected space for contemplation and connection.

Séraphine Pick: Untitled (Bathers)
Pick's lush watercolour offers a utopian vision in the carpark elevator.

Tomorrow Still Comes: Natalia Saegusa
A fragmented, poetic temporary wall painting by Natalia Saegusa.

Kelcy Taratoa: Te Tāhū o ngā Maunga Tūmatakahuki
A vast painting about how we are bound together.

Coming Soon

Francis Upritchard: Paper, Creature, Stone
2 April – 24 July 2022
A major new installation fired by collaboration and connection.

Turumeke Harrington: Tātou tātou, nau mai rā
15 April – 15 May 2022
The Gallery reimagined as an ever-changing maze. Find your own path through!

Xoë Hall: Kuīni of the Worlds
From March 2022
A wild new mural from Kāi Tahu artist Xoë Hall celebrating ātua wāhine.

Please note, these dates are correct at time of printing. But you know... Covid.... Please check the Gallery website for dates before visiting. See the website for our events listings.

Reihana Parata QSM (Waitaha, Ngāti Māmoe, Ngāi Tahu) *Whānau Parata Kākahu* (detail) 2020/21. Muka, peacock feathers. Collection of Parata whānau

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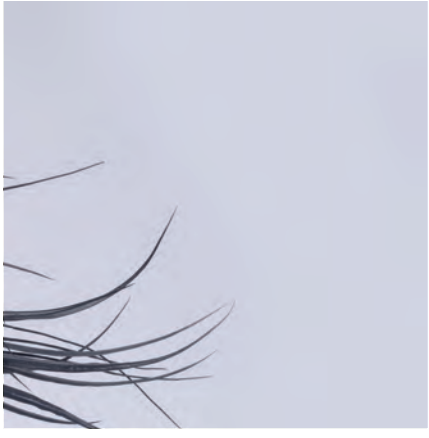

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Enjoy a drink and a chat with Gallery director Blair Jackson and Jacq Mehrtens from the Foundation, before being taken on a journey through the Gallery's collection stores.

Looking for the perfect Christmas gift?

Our very own art gin – Exhumer. A collaboration between the Gallery, artist Jess Johnson and local distillery, Curiosity Gin.

$85 per bottle from the Design Store.

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As of now, the Gallery's endowment fund has grown to $4.3 million. We are reaching out to philanthropic, like-minded souls to help us achieve our $5 million goal. Once we reach this target, the Gallery can start buying art from the interest that the endowment generates.

To join us contact Jacq Mehrtens
jacq@christchurchartgallery.org.nz

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Christchurch Art Gallery Foundation
The Christchurch Art Gallery Foundation is committed to building an endowment and a collection that reflects a truly significant period in the history of our city. We have the chance to shape the culture of Christchurch by developing a collection that honours the past, reveals the present and helps us imagine the future. We began the TOGETHER programme in 2014 and are continuing to offer opportunities for businesses and individuals to help us realise our mission.

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Thank you to the generous partners of our five great works:

Michael Parekowhai *Chapman's Homer* 2011
1,093 generous donations from Christchurch and beyond, along with proceeds from the first annual gala dinner.

Bill Culbert *Bebop* 2013
Purchased with assistance from Gabrielle Tasman and proceeds from the second annual gala dinner.

Martin Creed *Work No. 2314 [Everything is going to be alright]* 2015
Purchased with the generous support of Grumps, and installed with proceeds from the third annual gala dinner.

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Ron Mueck *chicken / man* 2019
Purchased with the generous help of: Catherine and David Boyer; Friends of Christchurch Art Gallery; Ben Gough Family Foundation; Charlotte and Marcel Gray; Christchurch Art Gallery's London Club; Jenny and Andrew Smith; Gabrielle Tasman and Ken Lawn; proceeds from the fifth annual gala dinner; and 514 big-hearted individuals and companies.

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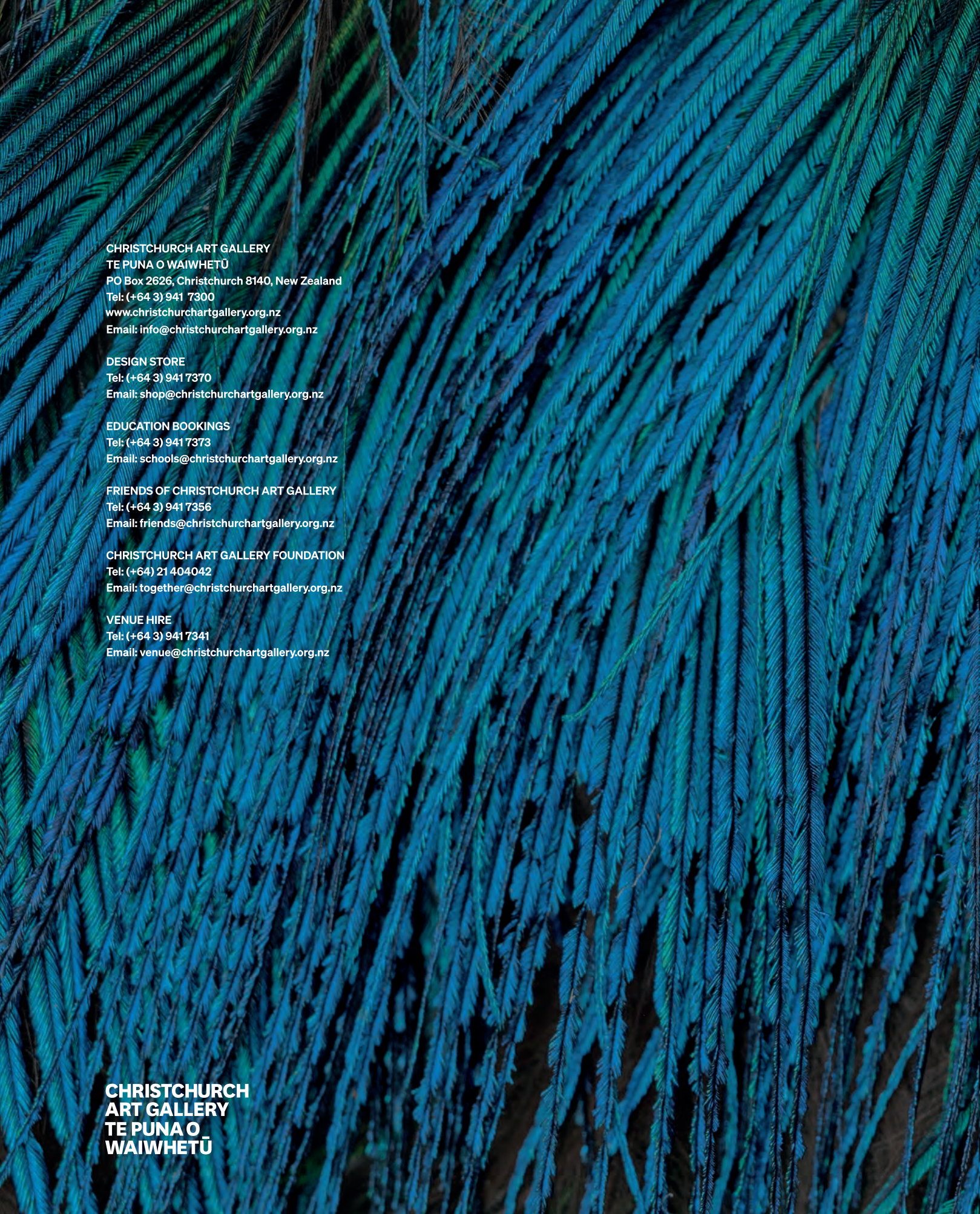

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