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**Spooky Stereos**

An exhibition organised by Dunedin Public Art Gallery, Govett-Brewster Art Gallery and Waikato Museum of Art and History

# **HANGOVER**

1995 - 1996

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to be an Air  
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was completely  
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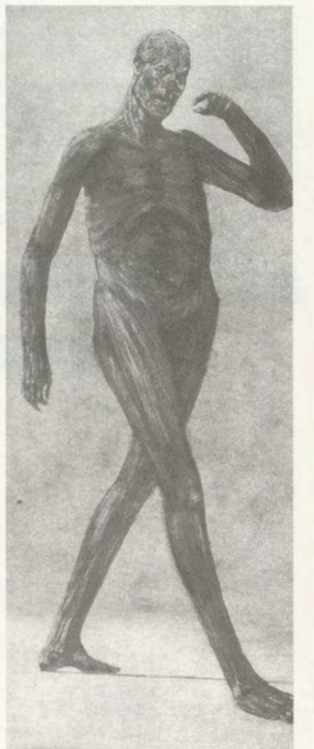
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Sneaky stories

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## HANGOVER

Published on the occasion of the exhibition *Hangover*,  
curated by Robert Leonard and Lara Strongman.

Organised by

Dunedin Public Art Gallery, Dunedin

Govett-Brewster Art Gallery, New Plymouth

Waikato Museum of Art and History Te Whare Taonga o Waikato, Hamilton

Publication edited by Robert Leonard, Priscilla Pitts and Lara Strongman,  
and published by the organising museums, with the support of Creative  
New Zealand Arts Council of New Zealand Toi Aotearoa.



ARTS COUNCIL OF NEW ZEALAND / TOI AOTEAROA

ISBN 0-908750-13-7

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Special thanks to Sue Barnaby; Jim Barr; Mary Barr; Ron Brownson; Kirsty Cameron; Stella  
Corkery; Shane Cotton; David Craig; Wystan Curnow; Julian Dashper; Violet Faigan; Gary  
Fremantle; Giovanni Intra; Darren Knight; Stuart McKenzie; Anton Parsons; Michael Parekowhai;  
Roadshow Film Distributors; Frank Stark; Teststrip; Isobel Thom; and the *Hangover* lenders,  
writers, and artists.

Publication designed by Jonty Valentine and Robin Neate  
Photography by Stephanie Leeves, except pp16-19 by Robin Neate

cover image: Jason Greig *Anatomy man* (detail) 1995

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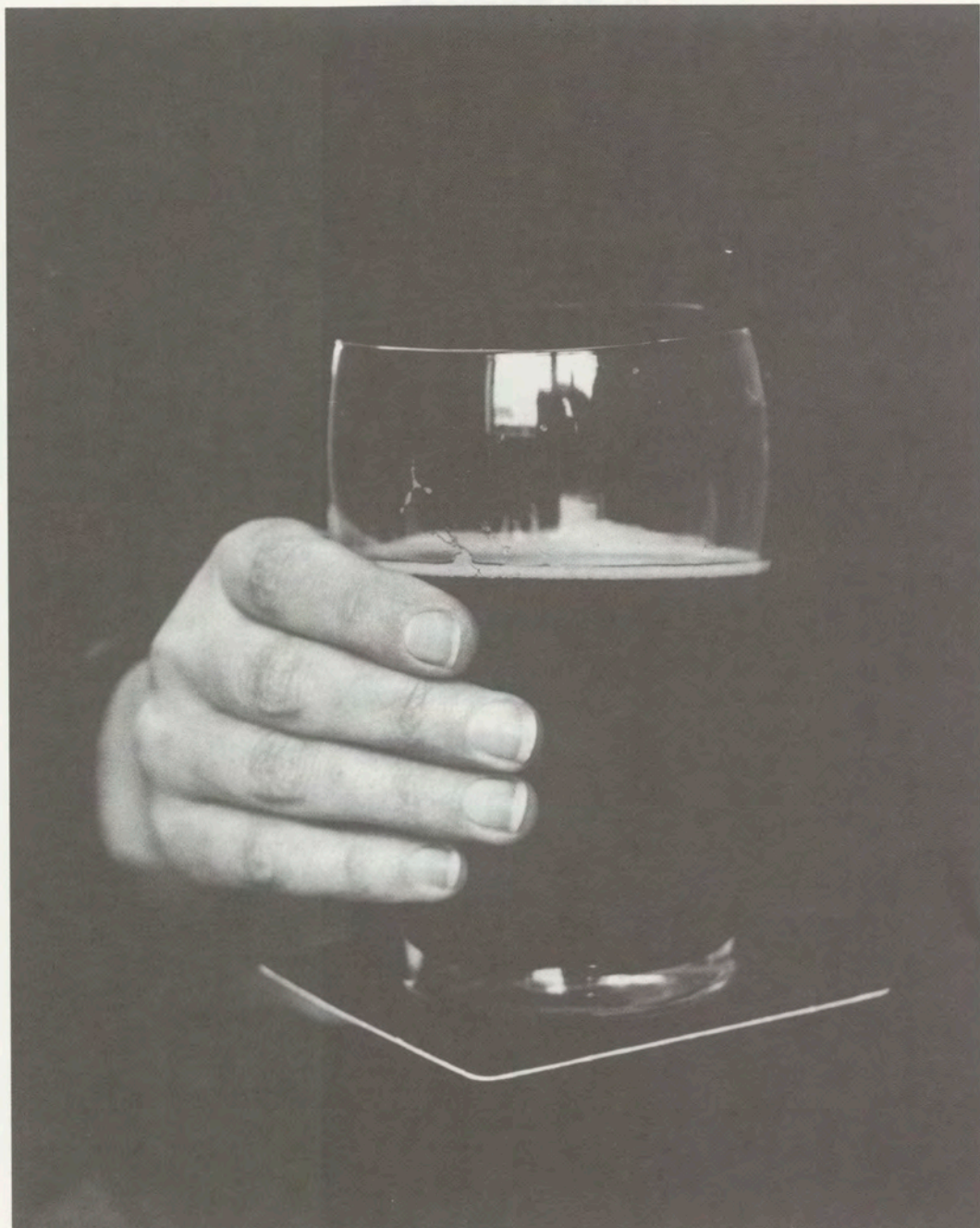
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*Hangover* takes its lead from the current work of a number of New Zealand artists who are concerned to put trash culture firmly on the agenda.

Initially the show was to be focused on semiology, the presence of trash culture imagery in work. A wide net was cast, but as research proceeded we became more concerned with the artists' relation to their imagery, their attitude. We decided to leave out work offering a distanced "ironic" take on trash culture, in favour of work aligned with or developing out of it. By opting for attitude over image, the show could take in artists like Jason Greig, whose high romanticism arrives via heavy metal and horror films, and Robin Neate, whose abstract painting is wrapped up in his passion for Martin Scorsese, Dean Martin and lounge bar acts.

Our art scene currently favours ironic-critical approaches to popular culture,

and, when it chooses to celebrate cultural values rather than critique them, it tends to look to the values of other cultures. *Hangover* then is, in part, a response to this. It showcases artists who operate largely outside "theory", whose work represents a different kind of negotiation with the world. But the work is about cultural identity, even if it lacks the holistic assumptions typically associated with "identity" art.

The title *Hangover* seemed a little frivolous at first. Later we realised its full relevance. All the artists were exploring things out of date: literally hung over. No one here draws on the sharpest new music, the freshest movies, the latest technologies. The work has a melancholic cast, a belated quality.

*Hangover* has been two years in the making. During this time the artists' work developed. We decided to keep

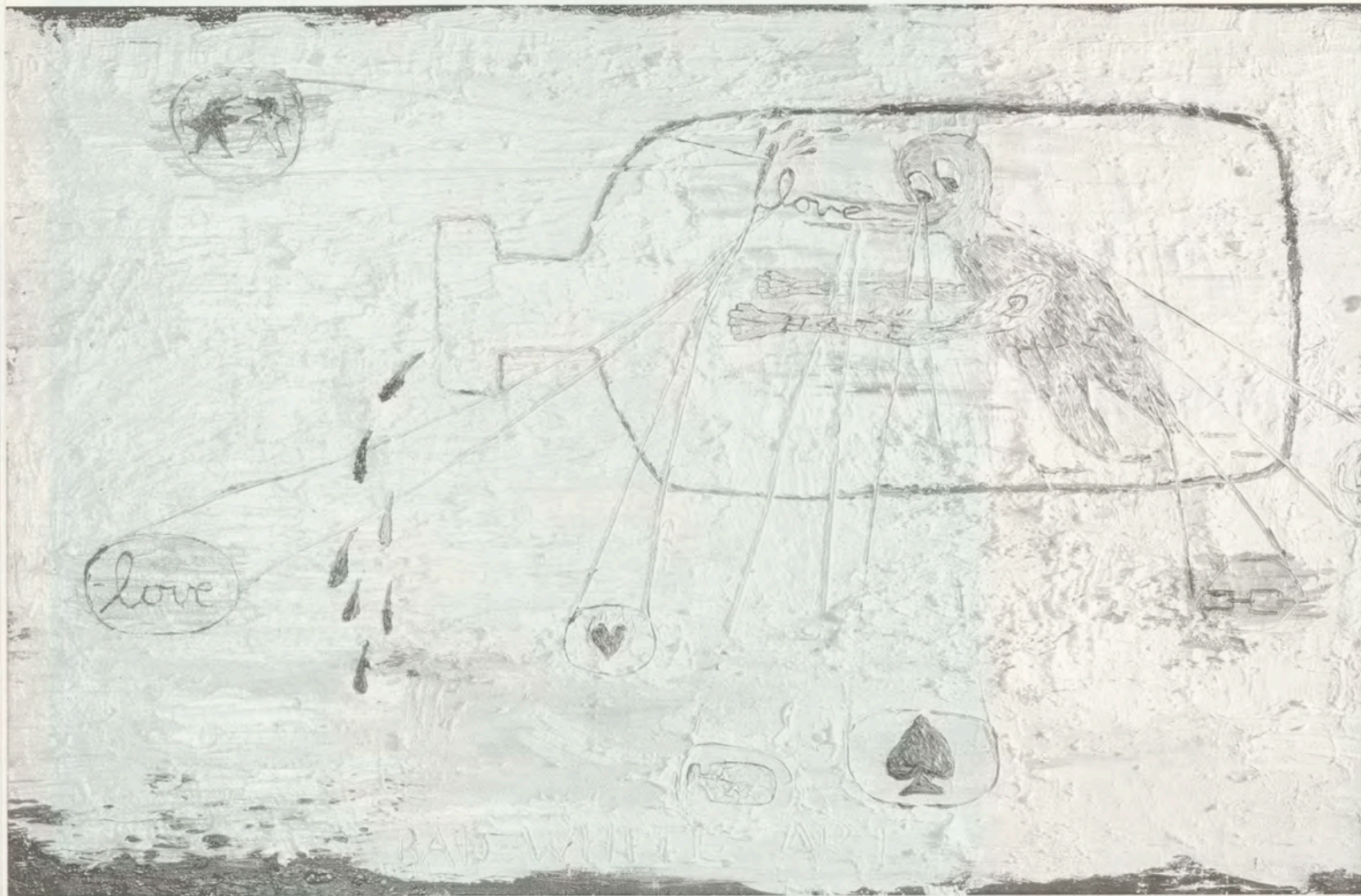
the show loose and current; to largely follow the new directions in which the artists were moving. The result is an exhibition that goes off in a variety of directions. So too does the catalogue. In choosing interviews with the artists over essays on their work, this publication is offered not as an explanation, translation or ethnography, but rather in the spirit of a fanzine.

An exhibition like this is not possible without the support of many individuals and organisations. We would like to thank the artists and writers, the lenders to the exhibition, and many other people who helped to put the show together. We would also like to thank Creative New Zealand Arts Council of New Zealand Toi Aotearoa, for its support with this publication.

**John McCormack** *Director* Dunedin Public Art Gallery  
**Priscilla Pitts** *Director* Govett-Brewster Art Gallery  
**Roger Smith** *Director* Waikato Museum of Art and History

**Robert Leonard** *Curator* Dunedin Public Art Gallery  
**Lara Strongman** *Curator* Waikato Museum of Art and History

## Introduction



6 above: Tony de Lautour *Bad white art* 1994  
 right: Bill Hammond *Waiting for Buller "Bar"* 1993  
 far right: Mike Stevenson *NASA ref no EMP 12 - 37 - 5437* 1995



## Valley of DB

Robert Leonard

*The past went that-a-way. When faced with a totally new situation, we tend to attach ourselves to the objects, to the flavor of the most recent past. We look at the present through a rear-view mirror. We march backwards into the future. Suburbia lives imaginatively in Bonanza-land.*

—Marshall McLuhan<sup>1</sup>

The artists in *Hangover* live in Bonanza-land. Their eyes are glued to the rear vision mirror. They value things past their use-by date, stuff literally "hung over". Most of this stuff comes from pop culture, much of it American: classic rock and heavy metal, big cars, Marlboro men, Dean Martin, Jack Daniels, old TV shows, snakeskin, decals, Pentecostal Christianity, girl gangs, horror and war comix, centrefolds and forum pages, guy films, supermarionation, sympathy cards, tattoos, charm bracelets, bargain basements, karaoke... In their work this imported trash often meets up with chunks of distinctly local trash. Sometimes this local colour derives from popular culture, like tourist tack. Other times it's from the now stale high culture of yesteryear. Some examples...

Tony de Lautour's favourite character is the solemn and benign kiwi. But de Lautour corrupts our national bird, casting him against type, offering him as drooling, degenerate and demented — no damn good. In his paintings, the deviant kiwi often appears surrounded by little images as if he'd stepped into a Killeen cutout, except here the images are all base, a sump of tattoo classics and special forces insignia.

Judy Darragh's work is also about accumulation and waste. She gathers and recycles the most unbelievable stuff. Local references abound: paintings of indigenous persons, scenic landscapes, paua shell... She's not really trying to analyse, critique or comment on this material; she doesn't even transform it that much. She remains close to her sources. Her works are part of a larger art project which includes her activity as a collector, the clothes she wears, her responsibilities as the Queen of Kitsch (abdicated) — it's lifestyle art.

In Ronnie van Hout's photos, McCahon's silent land is reprised in plasticine, only to be overrun by laziness and the undead. McCahon's heroic grail quest is remade as a z-grade movie.

In Bill Hammond's "bar" paintings native birds await death at the hands of the celebrated and bloodthirsty 19th century



ornithologist Walter Buller. In their print shirts, they waste their youth drinking, smoking, shooting pool. Their lumpy pool table recalls the landscapes immortalised by McCahon and Co — no level playing field.

Jason Greig's *Southern man* is equal parts *Hellraiser*, Albert Steptoe and Speights man. Greig's work is full of romantic "men alone" — a staple of local art and tertiary history.

It's been said that the city is corrupt, tainted, while the backblocks can remain themselves isolated and distinctive. But when painter Mike Stevenson went looking for New Zealand in out of the way places, what he found was middle America. His chronicle of our small towns showed them to be both isolated and international, full of Pentecostal Christianity, *Easy rider*, Jack Daniels and ape hangers. Stevenson should know about this stuff, he was born in the tiny burg of Inverwood.

Terry Urbahn was bred in nearby New Plymouth, and yet he called his promotional exhibition for his home town *Alien space*. One of the videos linked scenes from *2001: a space odyssey* with footage of Fitzroy Beach, Rugby Park and the Blue Room of the White Hart Hotel. The videos also included interviews with New Plymouth surf, rugby and metal heroes, and excerpts from David Bowie, Sex Pistols and Buzzcocks rips.

With all their references to local stuff, these artists could be



# Living in a box

Redmer Yska



Our long soak in global pop culture began in earnest around 1960, the year black and white TV broadcasts flickered to life here. Eighteen months later, a telecommunications cable wired New Zealand up the rest of the world. An airport capable of landing commercial jets opened with a fanfare at Mangere in 1965.

New technological dawns aside, our sixties was really the nasty fifties in a Beatle wig. Racism was common: many small-town barbers still refused to cut Maori hair. The sexual revolution was 15 years away: if you were single, the contraceptive pill was harder to get than marijuana.

The power shifts and emergence of minorities that shaped the sixties in Europe and the United States went on hold until a Labour Government won power in 1972. Older New Zealand seemed happy to spend the decade beneath the built-up shoes of Prime Minister Keith Holyoake. Opposition to the Vietnam War grew after New

Zealand sent an artillery battalion in 1965, but until the seventies, protest was polite and muted.

Mostly our sixties was a shallow celebration of youth, gadgets and cities. The youth industries, kick-started by the Beatles' visit in 1964 and TV shows like *Let's go* and *C'mon*, boomed as local youngsters dressed up like their shaggy counterparts overseas. Most local pop was dim cover versions of foreign hits. The low point was probably the white-booted Chicks singing

Ike and Tina Turner's *River deep mountain high* on TV.

Though the movie theatre dominated local neighbourhoods, the impact of television was eating into film attendances by 1970. Flashy, accessible and sophisticated, television laid bare the lumpy provincialism of sixties New Zealand with its Memorial Hall values and warm beer and saveloy lifestyles. Published in 1960, Barry Crump's book *A good keen man* summed up the backwoods outlook of the time. Homegrown pop meant ditties like *Short fat hori* (a spoof on *Long tall Texan*) and *A Maori car* (a parody of *West side story's America*), or showbands like Rotorua's Howard Morrison Quartet.

Television created a hunger for the trappings of urban modernism: the trendy boutique, the photographer, the jet set. It helped create the overnight celebrity, the 'face' of the moment, whether it was a fashion model like Twiggy or Jean Shrimpton, or a TV star like Diana Rigg whose surrealistic show *The avengers* was a smash.

The consumption-crazy Britain of Swinging London dominated television's first decade. New Zealand Broadcasting Service newsreaders affected appallingly fake British accents. Shops opened with names like His Lordship's and Your Father's Moustache.

The first New Zealand sixties superstar's claim to fame was her

Liverpool birthplace. Sandy Edmonds, a mixture of Abba's Agnetha and Rachel Hunter, became a mascot for the New Zealand Navy and a clothes horse for trendy fashions. A blonde icon, she was hyped as a Kiwi version of *Dr No* star Ursula Andress: one juicy costume banned on TV was based on Raquel Welch's cavewoman bikini in *One million years BC*.

An instant coffee celebrity who spanned the groovy worlds of TV and pop music, Sandy sang unspeakable versions of overseas hits, the best known of which is a song called *I love onions*. Of her rivals, Dinah Lee was cute and unthreatening and Mr Lee Grant all grins and flares. Our Sandy oozed sex. She headed for Australia in 1968 and, after establishing a successful career including being backed by the BeeGees, she disappeared. One recent sighting was reported in a North Shore supermarket carpark.

In 1972, the shiny innocence of the sixties was turned into



idealism when the Kirk Labour Government was elected on the eve of oil shocks and Britain's membership of the Common Market. A widespread mistrust of technology and a retreat into pastoralism were apparent with the elevation of State-subsidised communes, the Ngaruawahia pop festival and deep green values. Local pop musicians, daring to sing their own songs for the first time ever, summed up the mood with songs like *Nature*, *Damn the dam* and *Dance all around the world*. It was wet, a bit tentative but indisputably our own.

The quasi-mysticism of the American counterculture was reflected in *Kung fu*, one of a new breed of TV shows that became hugely influential by the time colour broadcasts began in 1974. The grainy black and white realism of *Steptoe and son* and *Z cars* seemed to belong in the past, a relic from another age. Colour TV left Britain way behind, exposing it as a grubby post-industrial wasteland and no longer a spiritual home. Shiny shows like *The six million dollar man*, *The Partridge family* and *Charlie's angels* helped turn many young New Zealanders into de facto Californians.

The new supremacy of American pop culture was seen in the success of *Ready to roll*, a homegrown seventies television staple. At six o'clock on a Saturday night, young New Zealand took time out from scrubbing up for a night out to watch the latest *Solid gold* pop

videos. The disco intro, provided by the Commodores' hit *Machine gun*, became the theme song of the seventies.

Then there were the mopers, the art school types, the first mass unemployed since the thirties. They preferred their television on Sunday afternoons when they could watch the old black and white films of the forties and fifties, some of them classics, but many low budget science fiction and horror. Bored with the collective values of the day, they preferred to blank out, to be terminally deadpan, to turn themselves into cultural maggots. Entranced with the flavours of urban culture, they found America in the mass-produced visions of Andy Warhol and the Velvet Underground whose founder Lou Reed was touring New Zealand with his *Rock 'n' roll animal* show when Norman Kirk died in 1974.

This new self-conscious sensibility later manifested itself in punk bands like the Suburban Reptiles which emerged in Auckland in 1976. The cover of their first single *Megaton* carried Nazi insignia. Art student and drummer Buster Stiggs insisted that the band liked the sign for its aesthetic qualities. The spiky spirit was summed up in a legendary *Sunday news* story where the Reptiles told a breathless reporter that after the interview they planned to go down to the wharf and kill a few seagulls.

The Memorial Hall deep in the valley had never seemed so far away.

Redmer Yska is a Wellington writer with an interest in New Zealand's post-war youth culture. He is the author of *NZ green: the story of marijuana in New Zealand*, and *All shook up: the flash bodgie and the rise of the NZ teenager in the fifties*.



left: Sandy Edmonds, leaving on a jet plane 1966 (photograph courtesy Redmer Yska)  
middle: Howard Morrison Quartet, down the hall on a Saturday night 1960 (photograph courtesy Redmer Yska)  
above: Suburban Reptiles, posing in the alley (detail) 1976 (photograph courtesy Redmer Yska)

In marketing circles a couple of years ago, “the generations” suddenly became a very hot topic. Which of course it hadn’t really been since the fifties and sixties when the Baby Boomers came of age. That earlier generation gap was unmistakable — everyone was talking about it, and it became an important feature of the culture of that period — even TV shows were based on it (*The Patty Duke show*, *Gidget*, etc). But the fuss died down as the Boomers matured.

Now that the children of the Baby Boomers are in their teens and twenties, there’s a new generation gap. And it has come as a surprise to most Boomers. Maybe that’s because they weren’t expecting their kids to rebel against their values — after all, the characteristic Boomer parenting style (reasonable, permissive, egalitarian) wasn’t supposed to be a breeding ground for conflict. Then again, this generation gap isn’t all that obvious. There aren’t any blatant signs of rebellion. Boomer fashions in clothes and music haven’t been rejected so much as *recycled*. Familiar forms are stylised and recombined to produce “new” sounds or looks.

But this mining of Baby Boomer culture doesn’t imply acceptance of Boomer values. Teens and twenty-somethings definitely don’t see the world through Boomer eyes and they don’t relate to the hand-me-down fashions in the same way either. These differences are subtle but quite profound — and they’re not the kinds of thing that you can explain away by referring to lifecycle stages. For each distinct generation there are certain themes which seem to set the tone for their entire lifespan.

This emergent generation has been christened “Gen X”, after the Douglas Copeland novel, but I’m just going to call them the Recession Generation, because that’s what they are. Anyway, the new generation gap has had the effect of forcing a rethink about the way low art (advertising) is being consumed and produced. And so maybe it’s reasonable to speculate about the effect changing times have had on high art, too.

It’s probably best to start with the Baby Boomer generation, because in a sense, they’re the benchmark. We all know pretty much who they are: the believe-in-yourself, I-had-a-dream, Man of La Mancha generation. Boomer culture, especially in its early stages was preoccupied with the twin cults of *youth* (burn the old) and *originality* (as in it-came-from-deep-inside-me). From where we stand now in the cynical nineties, the Baby Boomers seem to have been self dramatising, over-the-top, and rather naive. Not to mention self-indulgent, irresponsible and spoilt. (Think of Edina and Patsy in *Absolutely fabulous*.) And this doesn’t just apply to the hippie period — the same words could just as easily apply to the punk and yuppie eras.

Why were the Boomers like that? If you think about their parents, they way they were brought up, and the environment they grew up in, it’s not so hard to see how they turned out the way they did. The Boomers’ formative years (“show me the child of seven”) were spent in that golden period of post war prosperity, when a whole generation of parents strove to make up for the bad times, and to give their children everything they never had themselves. And those parents, as a generation, were quite conformist, and reasonably rigid in terms of that was socially acceptable and what wasn’t. So when the teenage Baby Boomers emerged, their big themes were personal freedom and self-gratification.

But the social atmosphere which created that incredible Boomer optimism and self assertiveness didn’t last. The children growing up in the seventies (*their* children) absorbed quite a different social mood. We’re talking now about the children who were exposed to the stagnation of that decade, and the subsequent “landslide” into Recession and high unemployment. They were also exposed to the aftermath of “the assassinations” and Vietnam — not to mention the Manson Murders and Watergate. Here in New Zealand, there was the Wahine disaster and the death of Big Norm. So we’re talking about a generation raised in an atmosphere tainted with a sense of disappointment and disillusionment.

And all of this was refracted through the TV eye. Mass media constructed the larger-than-life images, and mass media also showed us their dark underbellies. The Recession Generation, the first TV babies, were reared as spectators and voyeurs. And so their collective preoccupation is *perception* — what’s fake, what’s real? What’s wrong with this picture? Baby Boomers thought their parents were hopelessly conservative; the Recession Generation thinks their parents are hopelessly deluded.

Obviously we’re talking here about certain events shaping two different generations. But the chronology of what happened isn’t as important as the *mindset* those events produced. And a whole lot of other factors can influence mindset — family, heroes and role models, affinity with the past or present, etc. So it’s not as simple

as saying, you’re 36, you’re a Boomer, or, you’re 27, so you must be part of the Recession Generation. There are heaps of people on the cusp of the two generations, and there are also lots of weirdos (pioneers and throwbacks) who defy all the rules of thumb about chronological age. To be one or the other is to be a kind of hybrid, in terms of both themes and creative approach. There are a couple of pioneers and at least one throwback in this exhibition.

At any rate, to be affected by that Recession atmosphere, as many of the *Hangover* artists have been, is to carry around a sense of unease — a vague feeling that, somewhere along the way, something bad happened. A swindle, some kind of fraud. It’s as if there’s some kind of mystery hidden there in the recent past — something that might explain why the crops don’t grow in the Kingdom any more. Perhaps it’s that sense of an unsolved mystery which leads the Recession Generation to rummage endlessly amongst the debris of these last decades, as if they’re drawn to the scene of a crime. Perhaps they’re sifting through the material evidence.

Forensics — is that what it is? Watching *Thunderbirds* and *Brady bunch* repeats, admiring the kitsch iconography of negress lampshades and Jesus-on-the-cross kitchen clocks... But then, the point doesn’t seem to be to actually *solve* the mystery. More likely it’s just to feel something of that poignancy and the bitter-sweetness of those times. Or to savour their ironies — the squeaky clean family values, the politically incorrect attitudes, the crassness of consumer

culture in its infancy.

Then again, maybe it’s just plain old fetish worship. Because the collection and adaption of memorabilia is also a kind of homage. Often there’s genuine admiration intermingled with the critical, snide discernment. Which is understandable, given that the Recession Generation is characterised by a kind of envy of the immediate past. They missed out on Woodstock, and 1976 — all that uncomplicated sex, drugs, and rock’n’roll. Their world is far more difficult and ambiguous. So maybe those collections are altars, and maybe the recycling is a kind of secular voodoo — part worship and part desecration. Anyway, if there is some cryptic metaphysical process going on here, then its media are very definitely *graven idols*.

And there’s no shortage of these. All that feverish consumerism over the last five decades has our culture clogged with discarded things — brands, bands, fashions and TV shows. Just to be a consumer is to be a kind of Steptoe — rubbish in, rubbish out.

Thanks to the efforts of marketers and advertisers, these things are often quite rich in the kind of cultural baggage that members of the Recession Generation like to play with — attitudes about gender, race, violence, morality, sexuality, naivety, deception etc. Consumerism has given us a whole new vocabulary of material signs, so speaking the language of the times can (and does) mean making statements out of material fragments. It means bricolage, the retrieval and recombination of things trawled from the sea of consumer

debris. And so the result is a kind of poem, constructed not out of words, but out of matter. You “read” it as much as apprehend it.

And as for originality — what does that actually mean in a world full of line extensions, remakes and repeats? Was anything ever truly original anyway? (Boomers might have thought so, but the Recession Generation mostly doesn’t.) So creativity becomes Inventive Recycling. And the originality — the personal statement — is a matter of how the thing has been done and the attitude, or *perception*, it implies. Originality, for this Generation, means an original “take” on unoriginal themes. This applies across the board, no matter whether we’re talking about art, music, advertising, film and television, or just the way the Recession Generation put their wardrobe (of derivative fashions) together.

This approach to creativity reveals something else about this



12 **above:** Suburban Reptiles, posing in the alley (detail) 1976 (photograph courtesy Redmer Yska) **right:** Ronnie van Hout *Undead* 1994



generation — their reluctance to expose themselves. For instance, in relation to their art, it’s not really appropriate to talk about self expression any more. The most you can tell about a Recession Generation artist from looking at their work is what *fascinates* them (unless you want to get really Freudian). It’s not even possible to tell with any real certainty how much of that fascination is worshipful and how much is desecration. The layers of irony act like a kind of camouflage. There are no fresh bleeding hearts and spilled guts to inspect.

Something about the post Recession environment seems to have bred a self consciousness which didn’t seem to bother the Baby Boomers (except perhaps Andy Warhol). Maybe it’s a rejection of the embarrassing exhibitionism of the Boomers — or an awareness of the mercilessly critical gaze of their peers. Or perhaps it’s the cultivated invisibility of the voyeur (you can either look or be looked at, but not both). Anyway, the characteristic Recession Generation approach to “creativity” is distanced and satirical — more commentary than confession. In their hands, “art” has become a defensive strategy. It both preserves and protects — not just the past, but the fragile meanings that they manage to conjure from the memories.

**Louise Greig** has worked in advertising for the last four years as a researcher/strategist. She says this makes her a kind of expert on junk, but not on art.



# Lounge act

Lara Strongman

Scratch the surface of anyone and there's a performer looking for a stage. Most times it takes a few drinks to raise the curtain: once the inhibitions are gone, the show's unstoppable. Everyone's a star in their own lounge, with a repertoire ranging from karaoke through Elvis impersonations to stand-up comedy. But once upon a time, a star was still a star. A star was precisely what you were not: a god walking the



stars were *no better than you or I*. Our heroes were swiftly cut down to size in a skeletal parade of marital problems, substance abuse and regrettable early careers.

In rendering everyone equal, the tabloid press has removed the principle of relativity from our lives. Now serial killers can become media celebrities, while royalty is portrayed as shiftless and shameless. In the absence of certainty about what a star really is, a strange new belief has emerged. Now we can reach the stars: they walk with us and we fly with them. Today anyone at all can become a star, for fifteen minutes or however long it takes the karaoke DJ to turn the microphone off.

The cult of impersonation is everywhere at the moment. Everyone's got stars in their eyes, acting out some DIY version of an elusive dream. Celebrity impersonation has become big business.

We've got cover bands, tribute bands, revival bands; retro dress-up nights at one sort of club, karaoke every nite at another. TV and radio talent quests transform people into the singing celebrities of their dreams — the Tina Turner of Mosgiel, the Rod Stewart of Masterton. We're not fooled for a minute that we're in the presence of the real thing: like the studio audience, we home viewers happily participate in a bizarrely self-knowing parody, impersonating a celebrity audience as much as the people up on stage are standing in for the stars.

The best impersonations deal with outmoded celebrities, those instantly recognisable legends now reduced to one-liners. These figures live in a no-man's-land, hanging around at the edges of our culture. The double-edged sword of irony cuts a mighty swathe through this outlaw territory: it's about a state of mind, in which something can be simultaneously both a source of admiration and

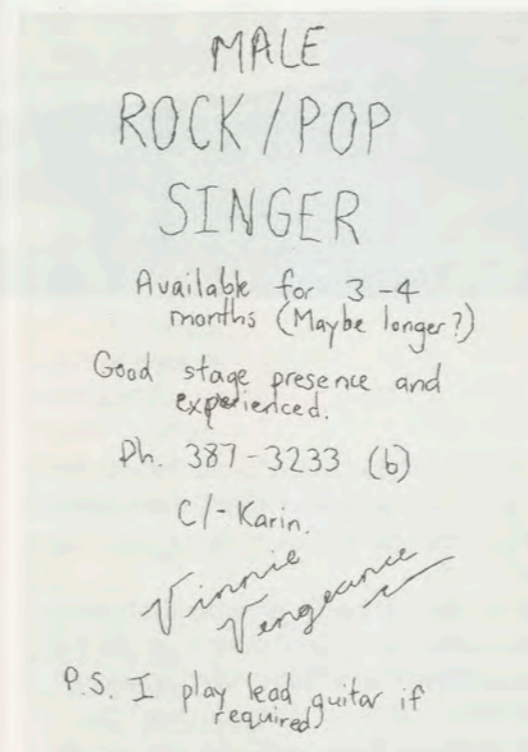
earth, singled out from the rest by virtue of a burning original talent. You knew where you were back then, back in that time before legend was replaced by notoriety: alone in your bedroom playing guitar solos on a tennis racket or writing hopeless loveletters to your movie idols. A star was remote, classless, unencumbered by the details of daily life. But the gutter press changed all that. A thousand closets were opened in the media's inexorable determination to reveal that

amusement. By being resurrected as quotes, in the form of anecdotes and impersonations, our heroes live again. We might have missed the party, but we get to join in the hangover.

Assuming roles is what people today are good at. Growing up in a media culture has meant that we're as familiar with fictional characters as with real people: the boundaries between real life and fantasy are increasingly breaking down. Communications are coded with lines quoted from songs, dialogue from movies and old lounge lizard records: as closed as a Masonic handshake, like a private club whose admission requires countless misspent hours soaking up media trivia. We've got to a point where pop culture has started feeding on itself, chewing through its own myths and regurgitating indigestible in-jokes and gratuitous references to bad '60s TV shows. This sense of narrative parody, of fictions in collision, is happening everywhere, in contemporary art and music, in TV programmes and movies; think of the Scorsese/De Niro sequences

on *The Simpsons*, or the "Arnold the Greenacres pig" dialogue in *Pulp fiction*.

The artists in *Hangover* are familiar with this ground. Their works regale you with a cacophony of spuriously cranky voices. Anecdotal text appears on their images like voice-overs, as if the artist were assuming a character part in some internal movie. Sometimes it's the artist who appears to be speaking:



otherwise it's a voice assumed for the occasion, lifted from the babel of popular culture. Saskia Leek casts herself as the star of a series of diaristic vignettes which recall a misspent youth watching horror films, playing video games and delivering lines from teen movies. Similarly Marie Shannon captures the events of her day in whimsical musings on life and art, like fridge-magnet philosophies. The braying voice of Joe Public chasing a sale barks forth from Peter

Robinson's conversational communal noticeboard; while the lunatic ravings of a conspiracy-obsessed phone-in talk-show crank surface in Michael Stevenson's work. In Terry Urbahn's installation, the narrative voice is directly attributable: to a young woman named Tracey, whose diary and photographs were scavenged by Urbahn from an abandoned hotel.

Nostalgia for the just-past links the works assembled for *Hangover*. The artists recall stories from real life, growing up in white middle New Zealand suburbs. Judy Darragh rummages through the detritus of discarded objects; Tony de Lautour calls on a low-rent vocabulary of tattoos and schoolbook doodles; Ronnie van Hout embroiders the sad handwritten adverts for new band members posted in cafes and student noticeboards. Their work deals with the trivia that is the essence of daily life, the options which define personal identity within a subculture. Their images are almost confessional, tracing past history and present obsession.

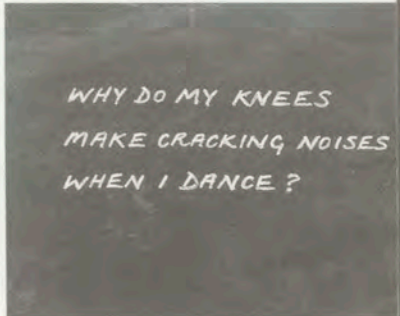
Although impersonations are big news in popular culture right now, there's really nothing new in it. There have always been lounge acts of one sort or another. I think of the regrettable family gatherings when the man with the squeeze-box would turn up for a sing-along, or when the uncles would be persuaded to do a turn — telling dirty jokes or hamming it up for the home video at barbecues. My father recounts the party pieces of his own youth in the East End, when his uncles would disappear and reappear in unison, their trouser legs rolled up, shirt tails poked out of their flies and light bulbs jammed up their nostrils. That was it: the beginning and end of the show, greeted with extreme hilarity by all present.

The joke in any kind of lounge act — amateur or professional, stock character or own invention — is governed by two constant principles: inappropriateness and recognition. You recognise the touch of the master, but are stunned by the

inadequacy of the re-rendering. Lack of mastery over materials and techniques is common: likewise, many of the artists in *Hangover* deliberately adopt shonky and casual hanging arrangements, not requiring a polished performance. It's a perverse variant on the old Kiwi DIY tradition, all about making your own fun by remodelling your heroes not only in your own image but in your own lounge. The King is dead? No problem: a pair of stick on sidies, a pillow up your shirt and a vibrating leg will create the illusion you're looking for. Mahatma Gandhi? Old sheet and chocolate brown bathing cap. Dean Martin? Just stay in the kitchen with the drinks.

The artists in *Hangover* know that real life is a patchwork of selected fictions. Their art adds to the confusion, by simultaneously plundering and reinventing tales from the recent history of our culture.

Lara Strongman is curator of art collections at the Waikato Museum of Art and History, Te Whare Taonga o Waikato in Hamilton.



WHY DO MY KNEES  
MAKE CRACKING NOISES  
WHEN I DANCE?

14 right: Saskia Leek  
Self portrait as Sandra Dee 1995  
middle: Ronnie van Hout Self titled 1993  
far right: Marie Shannon Untitled (knees) 1993



# King of the road



Gwynneth Porter

I  
The car looked so majestic with dust curling behind it like that. It was a Regal, and it was rightly named for a king. It made the driver feel like a king. Its deep shine seemed just, as though the car knew it meant something.

It's been said that the only new sin of the twentieth century is speed. The car didn't just come out of nowhere, it was developed to solve a whole range of emotional problems. Like the bumper sticker says: There aren't a whole lot of things a car won't fix (except itself). Like the ads say: If you haven't got a past yet, get a Mach 1. Now... Come to where the flavour is... The Falcons that ate Bathurst...

*Metal skin* is a movie about two Australians whose friendship was struck when one, noticing the other's Valiant, said to the other, "I'm a Chrysler man myself". (Some things, like seeing your reflection in someone, are irresistible.) Australia might be bigger, older and weirder than New Zealand, but we're both frontier nations. And the Antipodean love affair with the Australian car is indeed a tender, explosive, moving story. It comes as no surprise that in the 1970s the Australian government funded a long-running series called *Kingswood country*. From the patchy information I have, it was entirely about people driving around inland Queensland in Kingswoods.

In *Metal skin*, like a Western, the man has his stud, the country is big, and the sky is bigger. Of the four main characters, the blue sky and dry plain are constants, the trusty steed is strong, and the mortal fallible, with the odds stacked against him. A car

gives you a fighting chance.

The car has more than a little to do with escape, pursuit and the passage of time; with reaching that soothing speed that seems to match how fast time unfolds. (That's another of those strange converse relationships you notice, like how a cigarette takes five minutes to smoke and is supposed to take five minutes off your life.) It seems perfect that a big long-distance American car should share a name with Edgar Allan Poe's poem, *Eldorado*. This is how it goes:

*Gaily bedight,  
A gallant knight,  
In sunshine and in shadow,  
Had journeyed long,  
Singing a song,  
In search of Eldorado.*

*But he grew old –  
This knight so bold –  
And o'er his heart a shadow  
Fell as he found  
No spot of ground  
That looked like Eldorado.*

*And, as his strength  
Failed him at length,  
He met a pilgrim shadow –  
"Shadow", said he,  
"Where can it be –  
This land of Eldorado?"*

*"Over the Mountains  
Of the moon  
Down the Valley of the Shadow,  
Ride, boldly ride,"  
The shade replied, –  
"If ye seek for Eldorado."*

If Poe had lived in our times he'd have known you need a car to get that far, to make things change fast. Certain songs hang in the air when you picture things like that, as though they're driving at the same thing. Johnny Cash, the King of Country, the Man in Black, singing *Drive on*, sure understood the recuperative qualities of the automobile:

*It was a slow walk in a sad rain  
Nobody tried to be John Wayne  
I came home and Tex did not  
And I can't talk about the hit he got*

*But I got a little limp now when I walk  
And I got a little tremolo when I talk  
But I got a letter from Whisky Sam  
You're a walkin' talkin' miracle from Vi-et-nam*

*Drive on, it don't mean nothing  
It don't mean nothing, drive on*



## II

The gods of twentieth century mythologies appear to us like visions. The car, the devourer of distance, whose shining paint reflects the hopes, fears and dreams of our times, tugged at Richard Hamilton. "How many major works of art have appeared in the twentieth century in which an automobile figures at all?" he wondered. "Not only the mainspring of our twentieth century economy, but its most prolific image-maker, the automobile is with us, its attitude to form colouring our lives profusely... Were any of these qualities incompatible with fine art as I, and indeed most people, had conceived it to be?" He thought not, and in 1958 painted *Hommage à Chrysler Corp.*

*Aah!* followed a year later, based on a car advertisement picturing a woman's hand on a column shift — an image stripped down and built for speed, made to whisper into the ears of millions. This is art making stars of things, showing a new royalty — its kingdoms, crusades, crowning glories, courtly loves, chargers, falcons...

Making art about things like cars irrevocably altered art's value system as a stone cast into a still pool destroys the mirror image. The simplicity of the surface may be destroyed and its mirror image may be no more, but the rippled reflection is dazzling, more fascinating than before.

## III

The mass media sure has churned up some dust. As the twentieth century moves up through its gears, a lot of things have changed. For one, royal families don't give us the people that make our hearts swell and our pulses race. Blue blood has less to do now with lineage than it does with the twentieth century's spectacle. From this fertile soil the flowers of stage, screen and page bloom and grow. Stars, the succeeding Kings and Queens, rise and fall in their thousands before our very eyes.

It is without a doubt the best mirage yet. This spectacle is a magical world that is just out of reach, somewhere over the horizon. Scandinavia, Aspen, Paul Newman... They're all supposed to be out there somewhere, but they seem more like a dream. Maybe that's why it feels so strange to actually see, in the flesh, the people or places of our dreams, to see a magical thing. And even stranger to add to the spectacle, to make a magical thing.

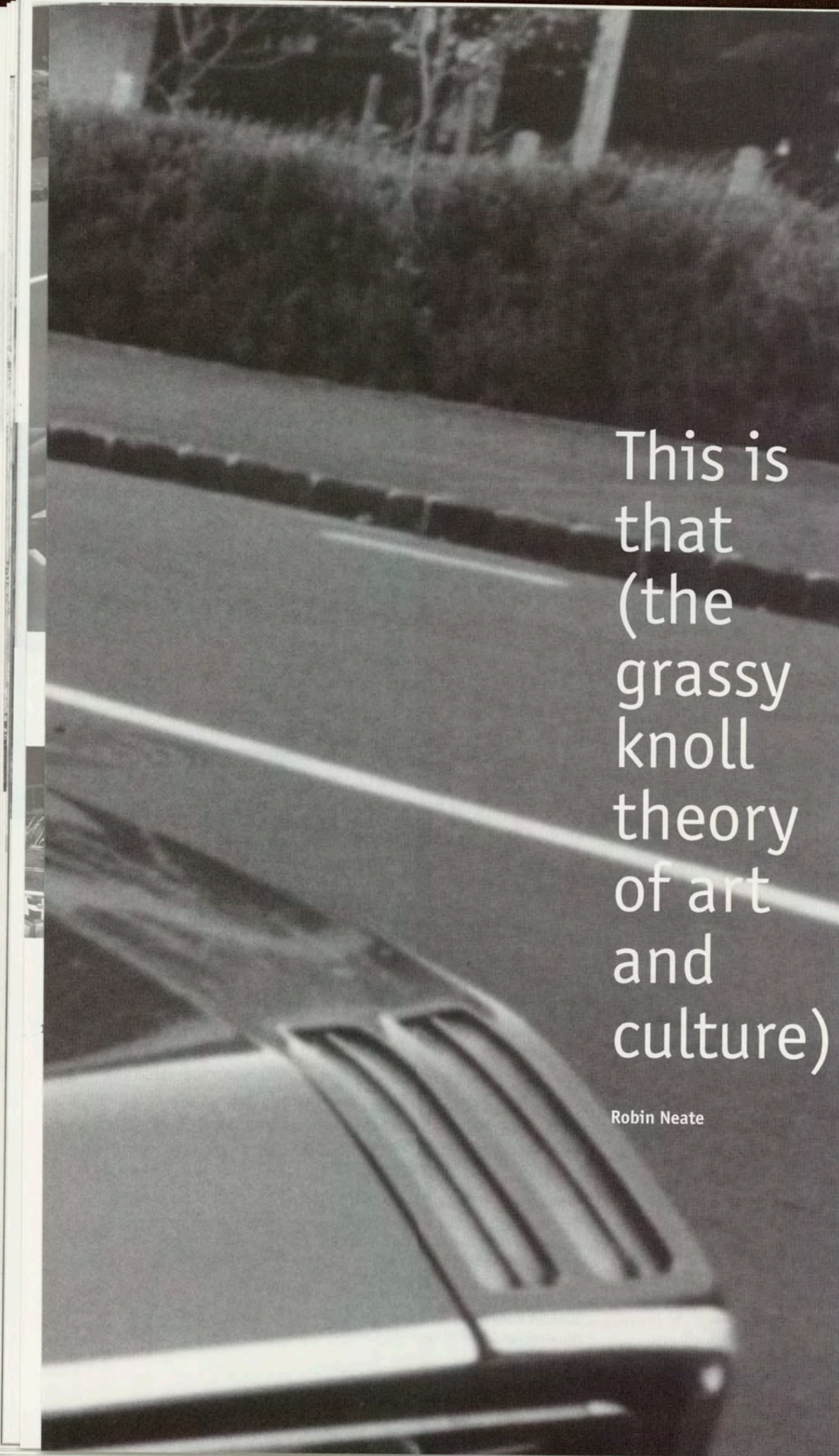
Ken Purdy knew the strong car, shining bright, was a magical thing, a star shot to earth. This impassioned motor journalist and author of *Kings of the road* wrote a remarkable biography of Stirling Moss, the greatest grand prix driver of all time. In it, he recounts that Moss said, "some few men, in some few moments, have made driving an art form." Words like his really make you wonder how much truth there is in some of the things people say. Especially things like "no matter how fast you drive, you'll never meet the horizon".

Spoils to the victor.

Gwynneth Porter is a curator at the Dunedin Public Art Gallery and assistant editor of *Midwest* magazine.

16 painting *Aah!* 1962  
bottom: Dazey (Ben Mendelsohn) and his Charger, *Metal skin* 1995  
Photo courtesy Roadshow Film Distributors.

above and opposite page: For Chrysler, 1970 was "The year of the Hemi". The Hemi was a completely new US designed, Australian developed engine. Chrysler Australia was the most advanced six-cylinder plant anywhere in the world. The company brought British racing driver Stirling Moss to Australia to explain the Hemi concept to buyers in a series of lavish advertisements. "Valiant: the right car for all the right reasons", he said, pictured next to a 1970 VG Regal 770 2-door Hardtop like this one. "Big 111 wheelbase. Reclining buffalo-grain vinyl bucket seats are standard. So is the Torqueflight automatic transmission. This is the car that people will move up to in 1970. For all the right reasons".  
middle: Source image for Richard Hamilton's



This is  
that  
(the  
grassy  
knoll  
theory  
of art  
and  
culture)

Robin Neate

*Always stay in your own movie*

—Ken Kesey

*OK Pallie*

—Dean Martin

*No sense makes sense*

—Charles Manson

I

He always enjoyed going to the movies, it never bored him. Even if the film wasn't any good he would watch the scratches on the film that looked like abstract paintings.

II

He told her about a film he had once seen called *Hollywood or bust* starring Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis. She said, "Jerry Lewis or Jerry Lee Lewis?"

III

For him there had never been any separation between art, films, music, books, magazines, television or everyday experience. They had always been interconnected and had always been there. It wasn't so much the way he looked at the world as the way the world looked at him.

IV

There was a time when he had thought a lot about the assassination of JFK. He read any book he could find on it. He became fascinated by the idea that Lee Harvey Oswald wasn't the lone assassin. Simple snapshots became laden with meaning. Obscure details assumed significance. A blurred shape became an unknown gunman on the grassy knoll. All the various theories seemed to make sense to him, even those that claimed Oswald was the lone assassin.

V

"What happened?" she asked him.

"We said, 'we are going into the next bar', but we just kept walking," he replied.

"Oh! Yes!... like some great movie moment was it?... we just kept walking..."

VI

He thought about when Buddy Holly was killed in a plane crash and about how Holly's hit record at the time had the refrain "that'll be the day I die". Several years later Don McLean, inspired by the song and the event, penned a pop tribute to Holly and others which included the line "the day the music died". That phrase had become a headline the day John Lennon was shot.

Not many people know that Holly's song was inspired by John Ford's film *The searchers*. Several times in the film John Wayne drawled out the line "that'll be the day." He had read about that in a book on Martin Scorsese where Scorsese was talking about stylistic similarities between *The searchers* and *Taxi driver*.

The script for *Taxi driver* was loosely based on the diaries of Arthur Bremer who had attempted to assassinate Governor George Wallace in 1972. At one time Elvis, who felt he had a close relationship with Wallace, threatened to avenge the Governor. It was interesting that Elvis once dated Cybill Shepherd, who played Betsy, the girl Travis Bickle never got in *Taxi driver*. John Hinckley Jr, who attempted to assassinate former U.S. president Ronald Reagan, was infatuated with Jodie Foster in *Taxi driver*. "You'll be proud of me Jodie. Millions of Americans will love me — us," said Hinckley in a letter to Foster.

All this made him wonder if perhaps would-be assassins shouldn't go to the movies — it seemed to affect their aim. Even Lee Harvey Oswald, whether successful or a patsy, had been arrested at the Texas Theatre, in Dallas. The films playing at the time were *Cry of battle* and *War is hell*. Neither of these films starred John Wayne but he and Oswald had previously crossed paths. While Oswald was in the marines and stationed in the Philippines his unit had been briefly visited by Wayne who was on location for *The barbarian and the geisha*.

What did any of this have to do with Dean Martin? Well not a lot except that Martin was a great favourite of and early influence on Elvis and without Elvis there would probably be no rock'n'roll and without rock'n'roll there would probably be no Buddy Holly and *That'll be the day* was the first tune that John Lennon ever learnt to play on the guitar.

VII

There is a scene in the film *Blow up* where the main character, a photographer, chances upon back alley nightclub. In a rock nihilist tribute, the band playing are in the process of destroying a guitar on stage. The guitarist throws the pieces into the audience and, seizing the moment, the photographer struggles with fans to retrieve the icon. Soon we see him chased from the club holding a twisted fretboard. Losing his pursuers and back on the street he casually throws his prize on to the pavement. A passing youth, noticing the abandoned fretboard, picks it up. From his looks he should have been in the club fighting for this trophy. But, unaware of its significance, he discards it and walks away.

VIII

Tommy's mother: *Did, uh, did Tommy ever tell you about my painting?*

Jimmy: *No.*

Tommy's mother: *Look at this. (She shows them a small oil painting in a very naive style of an old man and two dogs in a small boat.)*

Tommy: *I like this one. The dog, one dog goes one way and the other dog goes the other way.*

*How come?*

Tommy's mother: *One is going east and the other is going west.*

*So what?*

Tommy: *And this guy's saying, "What do you want from me?" The guy's got a nice head of white hair. Look how beautiful. The dog it looks the same.<sup>1</sup>*

IX

He didn't think much about meaning any more; after all everything means something, doesn't it?

Robin Neate is an artist and writer based in Wellington. A strict diet of television and magazines has left him hopelessly addicted to the trivial and banal.

<sup>1</sup> Martin Scorsese and Nicholas Pileggi *Goodfellas* (screenplay based on *Wiseguy* by Nicholas Pileggi) Faber and Faber, London, 1990, p59.

**On the couch with Judy Darragh**  
Gwynneth Porter talks to Judy Darragh

**In the time honoured tradition of the BBC, we have Judy Darragh "on the couch." She speaks from an old corner dairy in Ponsonby, which she has done her best to turn into an insurance assessor's nightmare. She is truly a woman obsessed. She appears blissfully untroubled by her malady.**

I'd love to be on the couch, babe.

**Let's play a little association.**

Oh, goodie!

**Or maybe we should start at the very beginning.**

I grew up in Highstead Road which is in Bishopdale — which was then known as Nappy Valley — Christchurch. Papanui, Christchurch.

**I thought you were an Aucklander.**

No, I'm a South Island girl! My soul is rolling around in Central Otago. It's paradise. It's The West. It's like that in America. I remember driving across the States, that whole Route 66 thing, which basically doesn't exist any more. It's just in your head. You go to that place and it's like a movie. This movie in your head and you just replay it. You drive and drive and drive. You can see tumbleweeds and there's lightning. It's just wallpaper, moving wallpaper, with the sky, the flat land and the road. It's amazing. You never get that sensation here. We run out — we come to a coast. Every time we turn around, we come to the bloody sea. Christchurch is flat city. It's so flat, whatever you do, everyone can see you doing it. Whatever you do is obvious. So you might as well do something really obvious.

**As soon as you've done something three thousand people know you've done it.**

Aha! You grew up there too! Remember that magazine exchange in Christchurch? Ringo's. I'd get all my comics there. Like *Casper*. As I grew up, my taste in comics changed. *Judy for girls*. I used to like that one. I remember as a kid, Saturday night in front of the telly, making things, peg dolls or fimo dolls or fimo brooches, pipe cleaner dolls, you know, dress them up. Being an artist — it all probably started when I was ten years old, sitting in front of the telly, making my peg dolls like Scottish dancers. TV used to be such a novelty. It used to be on at five o'clock.

**Do you watch a lot of TV?**

I have spasms. I tend to watch it to make my brain go mushy. And it does it really well. I do get very frustrated with it though. Such a waste of a medium.

**Well, if you had your own TV channel, what would be on it?**

Lots of old movies, fabulous frocks, black and white, gorgeous ladies flicking around in monogrammed dressing gowns. Lots of those. Really, really interesting documentaries. *Prisoner*.

**What, as in the Miss Ferguson Prisoner or The prisoner?**

Both. *Prisoner* was such an eye opener. That world of women in prison. I would never have known that was going on. Come home, watch it with cheese and crackers and lie on the carpet.

We grew up on great TV documentaries. Weren't they great!?



## Judy Darragh

20 above: Sick 1993  
right: Skull and crossbones 1994



Kenneth Clark's *Civilisation*. Love it! I'm co-directing a doco on blood at the moment. For TV. Everything about it. Stories. Very important, our stories. There was this guy, this thinker-guy, he's quite well known, he's been on ETV. Joseph Campbell? Anyway, he was talking about myths. In the old days you'd have a myth, usually some hero going off into the forest, into the unknown. He said we don't have enough of these things any more, because we've colonised the planet.

**We've seen everything already on the TV...**

... so all our myths are in space. *Star wars* is the perfect modern myth. The battle between light and darkness, between good and evil. Amazing stuff. Very symbolic — slaying the beast within, greed. But I haven't got the time to do that! We haven't got time in this modern world have we!? We're all turning into white rabbits. "I'm late! I'm late! for a very important date!" What was the question again?

**Stories.**

Religion. The Bible is one of the great stories. That's full of blood. And sex and violence. Make *that* into a movie. Having a Catholic background, which was heavily theatrical, I remember all the ritual involved — that richness, that imagery.

**Your works do look like shrines.**

Little shrines, little altarpieces, definitely. I took a trip to China and saw shrines everywhere, in car parks, in restaurants. They're so much a part of their lives. I thought they were so lovely, the deities, the ritual. We don't really have that here. I was trying really hard to elevate objects. To challenge the high-brow, anxious and anal. Dressing up. If you don't have it in your life any more, I guess you look for it in other places.

I've been reading this great book by Allan Kaprow, you know the performance artist from the 1970s, *The blurring of art and life*. I buy into that completely. Art needs to have a real relationship to life. So people can walk into it. Anyway, I was in Melbourne, on a residency, reading this book, and I was walking around the streets and everything was turning into this goddamn artwork.



*The ring of fire* was the stuff I had been doing over there. That whole Queen of Kitsch thing was getting really irritating. To get rid of these sort of things, you have to move your work.

**The royal visit?**

Darling! The poor darling, It's so sad. No one turned up to see her.

**Did you?**

No.

**Why not? I thought you were an avid royalist. You even did a self portrait as the Queen.**

I went as a kid. I remember Memorial Avenue. The flags, the day of school, the motorcade. That's why I've abdicated. I've gone out in sympathy with Liz. I'm hoping that she'll follow my lead.

**So, Melbourne?**

In Melbourne the studio was a tower. Absolutely stunning. I found this party supplies shop with paper plates, beautiful moulded polystyrene plates, streamers, balloons, raffia, so I started hauling it all back to the studio. It was called *The collection*. One day, over Easter, I was up there alone, and there was this thunderstorm. The tower overlooked a cemetery, and there was lightning. It was like a Gothic horror movie. It rained very heavily and the windows leaked, and all the water started running down the walls. It came alive. All this beautiful light flooded in through the windows. It was a very Catholic work to be honest. There was a big heart on the floor made out of paper plates, ringed with fire. Streamers ran down the walls like blood. I definitely had a real flaming event in bloody Melbourne.

I've started making flame decals out of contact paper. You can't buy them any more. But it's good to see sticker culture is still around. And weet-bix cards. I used to collect them all. And those neat little plastic things.

Collecting's instinctive. It's an animal thing. We're still bloody beasts, animals, aren't we. The beast is still there. We are probably meant to be collecting nuts.

I feel like a curator. No one else is collecting these objects. Objects that signify times. I guess what I'm doing is making my own little personal museum of New Zealand. You know where you are by where you've been.

**Or by what you've got.**

And I've got a lot. I've got more than anybody.

It's obsessive behaviour. This is what happens when human behaviour becomes obsessive. I just have to have things. Things define me. God, how shallow.

I love joke shops. Remember Delarno's on Chancery Lane in Christchurch? I used to go there on Fridays as a kid. And those pages at the back of the comics! I sent away for the things that grow. Sea monkeys. Really disappointing. Fake doggie do though is excellent.

I did a work once called *Bulimia rhapsody* which was an outfit covered with plastic vommsies. I shrink wrapped a pile of them on a chopping board in *Sick*. I really like shrink-wrap. I used to have this friend whose parents had this Impala. They had these special plastic covers made for the seats so they could resell the car. It's just remained in my brain.

I LOVE JUNK SHOPS! The Ponsonby Road that I first came to fifteen years ago had fantastic second hand shops. They are museums, really, of consumption. And flea markets and garage sales. You can go to a garage sale and immediately know what these people are into. It's like being an anthropologist.

I have dreams about a house that someone has died in, and it's the best garage sale, and I'm there first. The clothes, everything is amazing. But in the dream I never buy anything. It's a nightmare. It's a nightmare. And then I'm naked, running down the stairs. And there's weights on my feet...

**OK Judy. That's enough for today.**

Gwynneth Porter was born in 1970 in Aberystwyth, Wales, but has lived the greater part of her life in New Zealand's South Island.

**Takes one to know one**

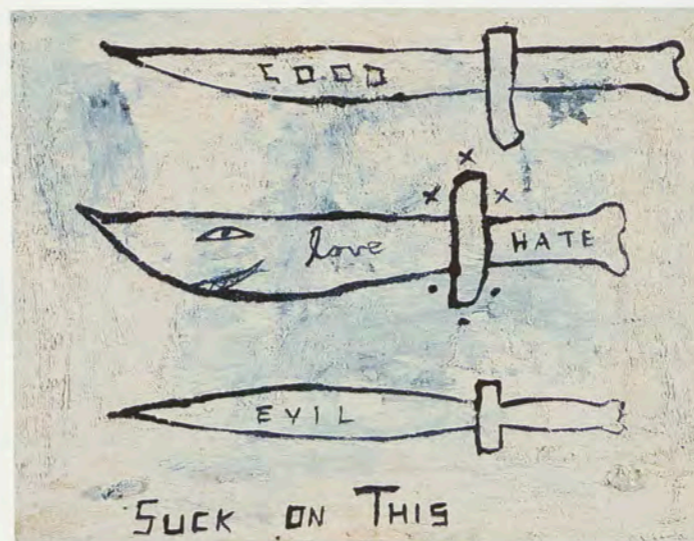
Gwynneth Porter talks to Tony de Lautour

*It is not a very fragrant world, but it is the world you live in, and certain people with tough minds and a cool spirit of detachment can make very interesting and amusing patterns out of it.*

*But down these mean streets a man must go who is not himself mean, who is neither tarnished or afraid. The detective in this kind of story must be such a man. He is the hero, he is everything.*

*He is a relatively poor man, or he would not be a detective at all. The story is this man's adventure in search of a hidden truth.*

—from Raymond Chandler's famous little essay on detective fiction "The simple art of murder"



**Tony de Lautour**

above: Suck on this 1995

over page: White heat 1994

**So, you like "The simple art of murder"?**

Yeah, I like it a lot. I'm a real Raymond Chandler fan.

**How do you identify with the private detective?**

He's poor in that he doesn't have information. The classic hard-boiled detective blunders into the room. He's found the address on a matchbook or something. He's hunting for clues and all he's got is this address. Suddenly, someone punches him, he's tied up, and someone's working him over. He's thinking if only I could get untied I could crack this one... It's obviously way too big for him, but he wants to have a crack at it for himself. His interests are his own. The detective is far more violent than he needs to be. But he usually gets a result.

**I'd never thought of your works as action painting before, Tony.**

A story without a plot, yeah.

**Raymond Chandler said that great detective stories were "not detective stories at all, merely hard-boiled chronicles of mean streets with a perfunctory mystery element dropped in like the olive in a martini..."**

I'm not that interested in a story in that A to B to C sense. This world doesn't really have a plot. The detective is looking for the plot, but there isn't one. He's lost the plot. It's like the kiwi in my paintings, he's just walking along, up to no good.

**Detective fiction has been described as a literature of escape.**

**You know, all men must escape from the deadly rhythm of their own private thoughts, and all that.**

Well, everyone's got to escape.

**Yes it is important to get out every now and again. Do you watch a lot of TV?**

Yeah. I've just been watching TV. Come to think of it, I don't think I've done anything for quite a long time that wasn't screen shaped. The bigger slice...

**Of what? reality? fiction?**

Fiction in any form has always intended to look realistic. Fiction's about knowing the world you create. Knowing its details, but not thinking about it in a laboured way to get that fictional world going. Over-thinking things holds you back, dries it out, makes it contrived.

**It's been said that cheap fiction gives us the true measure of reality. In the way it's dashed off, not thinking of posterity, thrillers and romances show our dreams and appetites. Sketch our natural tendencies. Is your work fiction of this sort?**

Maybe it does give some measure of reality. Good and evil, love and hate come up and they're pretty low to the ground, close to the bone. Like comic books, the story's all action, violence and sex. I'm not trying to produce great operas on canvas. I don't want the work to be pretentious in that way. Paintings used to be made for people who couldn't read. I really enjoy cheap fiction — the movies, the lurid paperbacks... With titles like *Nirvana can also mean death* and *The black lace hangover*, how can you go wrong? So loaded, so unsound. It's great.

**There are a lot of tongues hanging out in your paintings.**

Yeah. Appetites for booze, violence. Something that's been poisoned, corrupted, just swingin'. When I started that whole kiwi thing, people were saying "you can't do a thing like that to a kiwi". But if you give characters their heads and let them make their own stories...

**... the action, the world, unfolds. It becomes something bigger.**

More is more.

**You were saying less is more yesterday.**

More is more today. No. More for less. More things for less work.

**Listening to you and looking at your stuff, your paintings, you're obviously a collector.**

Yeah. In the background, behind my paintings, away from them, there's all these piles of junk. The ultimate of collecting is either to have the one piece no one else has, or the most, or both. Having the most that also includes the piece no one else has. Collectors compete. They want the same thing in three colours — collecting by the serial numbers. The collecting idea is in the dot paintings — there's every colour, every variation.

I can't explain why I have to do it, but I do. The reasons for it are a study for more patient minds than mine. I'll tell you something though, collecting's all about the chase. **The thrill of the chase. One more case, one more painting...**

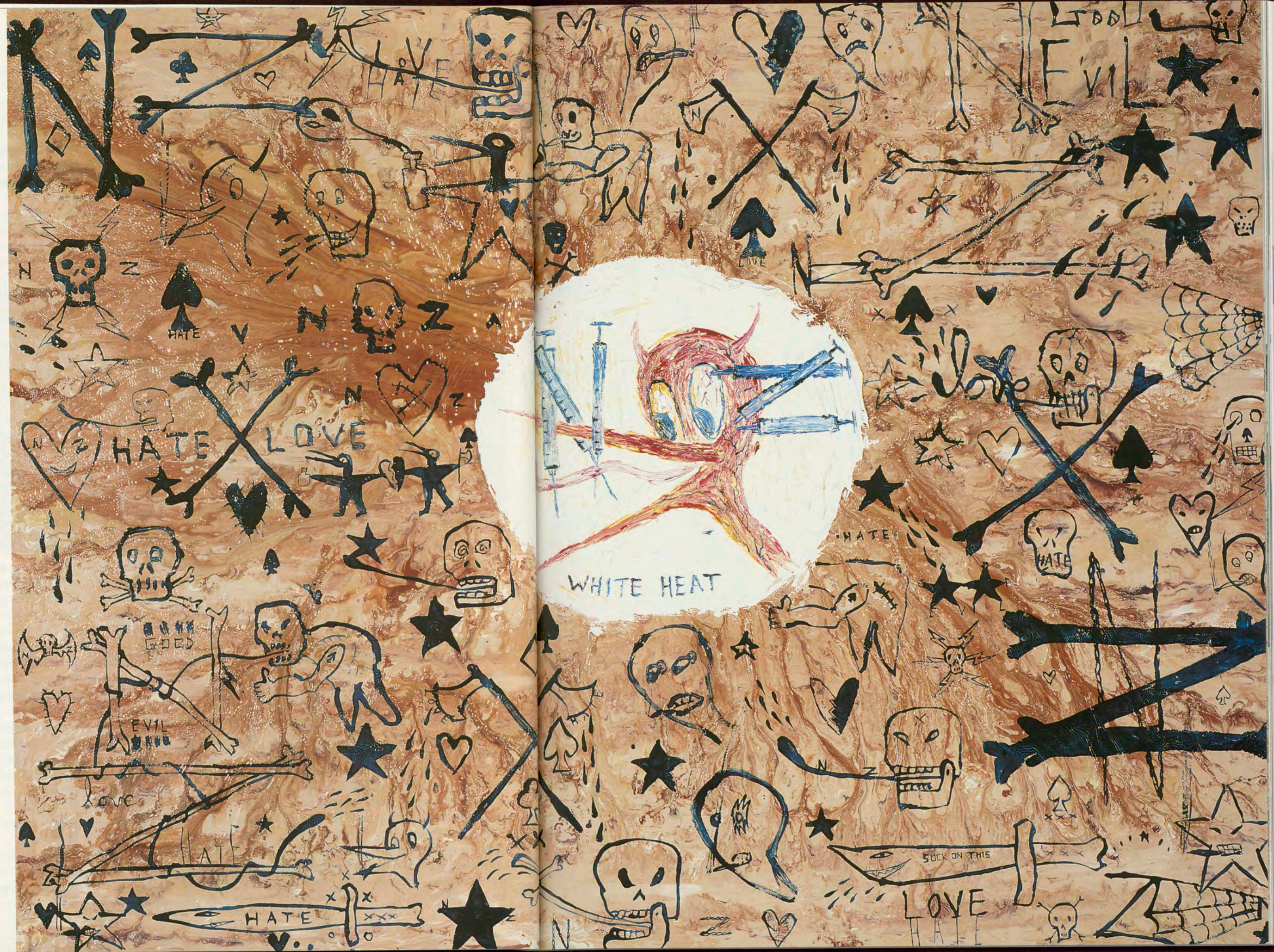
Yeah. It's the chase that counts. When you're collecting whatever, you never want someone to say, "Well, here it all is". It's taken the chase away. If there's a finite number of objects, there's the possibility of your completing something and coming to the end of it. But it never happens like that. Even when you think you've got everything, there turns out to be one more thing...

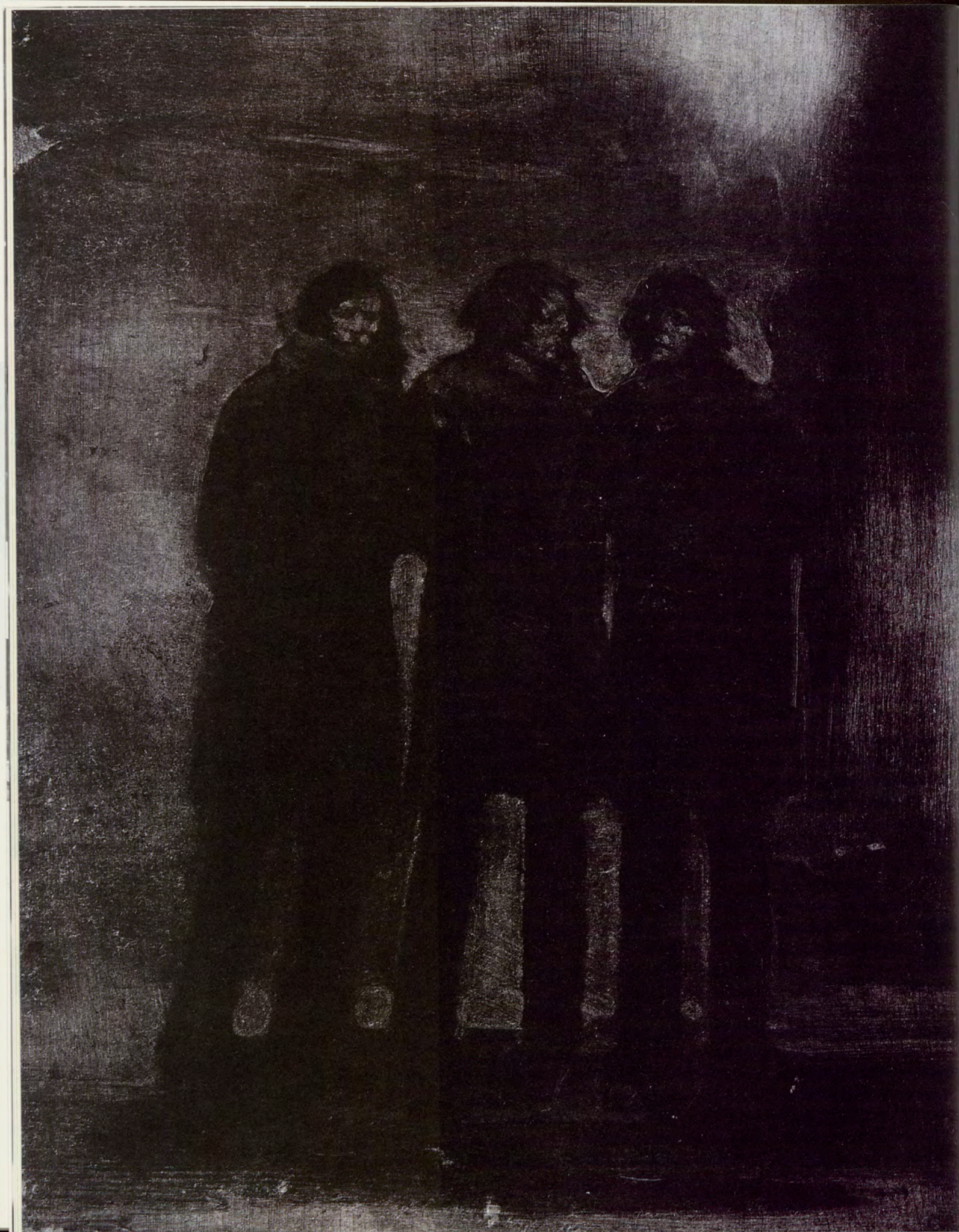
I've heard your work described as Pencil Case Art, like you paint something for the same reason someone would put it on a pencil case.

Pencil Case Art. I like that. That's what I really like about some art — it just had to be done. Pencil Case Art just has to be done. Painting is like intellectual rock'n'roll.

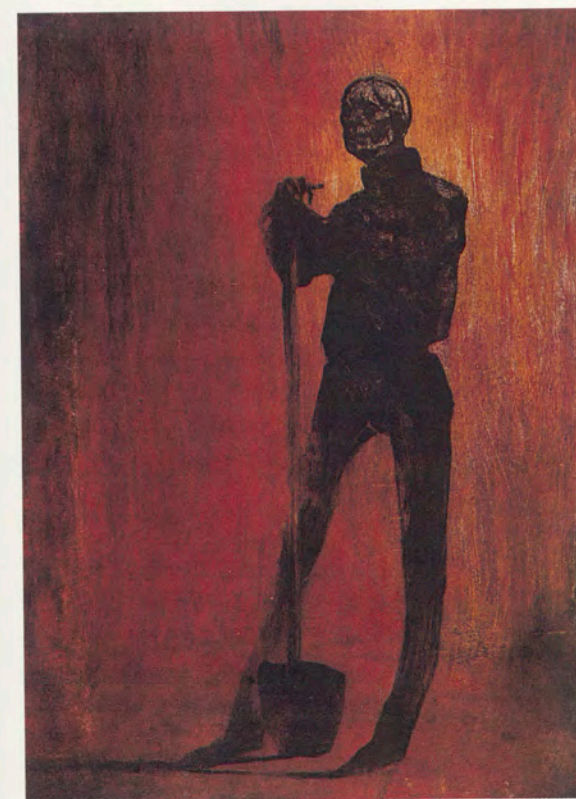
**What do you mean?**  
I'm not entirely sure.

Gwynneth Porter, like many of the participants in *Hangover*, grew up in Christchurch.





## Jason Greig



left: *Beatles reunion* 1993  
above: *Southern man* 1993

### Haunted

Louise Greig talks with Jason Greig

#### What aspects of the past interest you?

I like the dirt. I'm lazy anyway, but I'm not revolted by cobwebs — they're rather lovely. It's just another creature's little house. I suppose it's the idea of time; things falling down on top of each other. It's not dirt — it's memories. So I think, why not make it a monument? I guess it's about wearing your lineage on your sleeve. I reckon that images of last century are catching up with this country.

#### And what is it about last century, specifically?

I think of the industrial sweatshops — industrial ghosts... Abraham Lincoln — for some reason I've always really liked his face (he looks like a Beagle Boy). And Robert Louis Stevenson, HG Wells, Mary Shelley — good stuff. Mary Shelley was a fucking good storyteller. That stuff has weathered really well. And where did it come from? A hundred bloody years ago! I've got my other bibles here — Edgar Allan Poe. I really like *Alone*, it's so soppy, full of self pity, the grand gesture. It's great, lovely... I love that recording of Basil Rathbone doing it.

#### So what about actors, movies?

I've gotta say Boris Karloff, Peter Lorre in *The Maltese falcon*, Vincent Price, Roger Corman. And great old films like *The lost valley*, where these crusaders come across this one valley which is really lush and over-abundant. They plunder it and they get pole-axed because they destroyed it. I love all the long cloaks, the broad shoulders and the scary looks. Those were the days when men were... murderers!

That movie is such a potent version of all those sorts of stories, like all the versions through the ages rolled into one. Like an archetype, or a parable. Hollywood is biblical — it bloody is! Good and evil — there's all the blockbusters with nice clean sex bits, and then there's the other Babylon side, all knickers off and rumpy pumpy and dirty bastards... The battle of good and evil, *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*, *Gunfight at the OK corral*. I love that — Kirk Douglas, old bullet chin!

A lot of those movies are black and white, and my prints are black and white. Good and evil, black and white, it's like a balancing act — and I think it's healthy to get into a state of unbalance, and to draw things that aren't necessarily normal or that have rules. What are they going to do? Arrest me for drawing Satan spitting on the sidewalk? I like looking at unusual things. And I like the idea of something ugly being cool and something cool being ugly, like Jekyll and Hyde. I like my imagination to be stretched, and to try to make it convincing. I try to make it look like a vision. And it's an indulgence — sticking a coon skin cap on a bald guy with flayed flesh!

#### Who are those people you draw?

Most of them are people I know — me and my relatives, and faces that I just really like — like off movies and paintings, or maybe cartoon features. The core of them is myself, but I try to disguise it a bit. I have them wear clothes that I'd like to wear. There's



top: *Love boat* 1993  
 middle: *Viking U-boat* 1993  
 left: *Anatomy man* 1995

something about today's clothes that I don't like, so I don't have skinheads or anything. I'd like to be the man on the moor with the big cloak. I'm putting on a guise, dressing up. I dress them up in anatomy I'd like to wear too. I really like flayed men! It's pretty fascinating, the idea of that kind of structure and beauty being there underneath my ugly physog. People have been using prints as an excuse to disembowel people for centuries...

**And you draw lots of half person half animal figures, too...**

I like that Greek thing of mixing up animals and humans. Like *Whipping boy* — I like imagining that lumbering body and the articulate head and upper body, stuck there in the middle of nowhere, stranded. Like a creature from another dominion. Clive Barker (*Hellraiser*) uses that word. It implies that there's a lot of different places going on at the same time. That's what David Lynch does.

**We haven't talked about heavy metal yet! We have to talk about that.**

Well, the thing that got me going was Black Sabbath. I've said it before, and I'll say it again. It was fuel — stuff to chew on — the imagery and the weight of it. It made me want to draw stuff. I do heavy, laden drawings, dense. When I hear some really loud guitars it gives me the same sort of feeling. It makes me feel good. It's as simple as that.

When you're adolescent that imagery draws you in. Like horror flicks, it arouses your morbid curiosity. And I like that idea of making light of unease, shrugging it off. Death... Yeah!! Demons... Big deal!!! It's a lot of hoo-ha, but it's good.

**Yep.**

Like Jason Greig, **Louise Greig** grew up in Timaru. Both spent quiet childhoods watching TV and absorbing the anecdotes of elderly relatives. Jason found an outlet in heavy metal, while Louise was very disturbed by DH Lawrence.

Bill Hammond doesn't do interviews

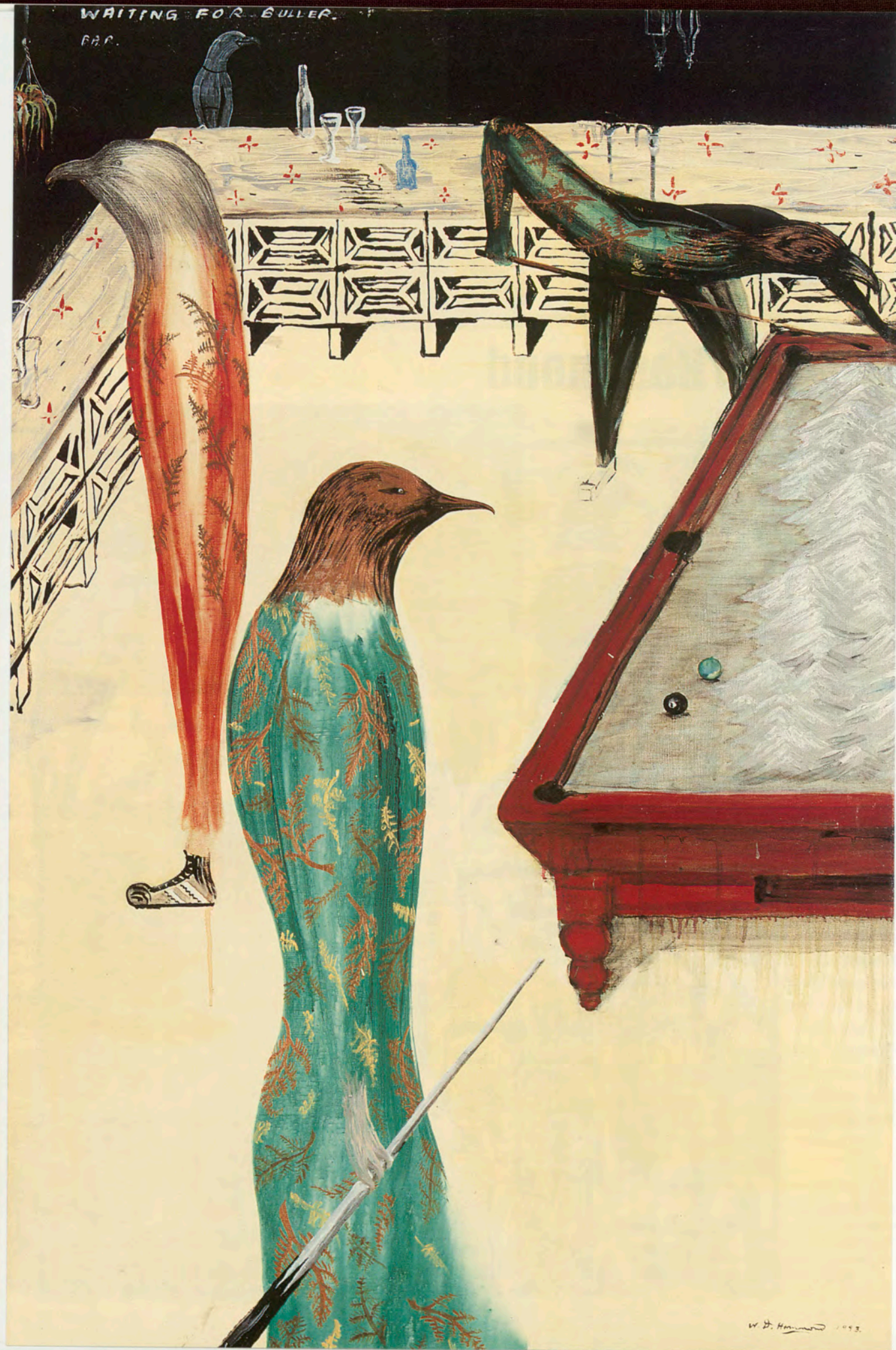
## Bill Hammond

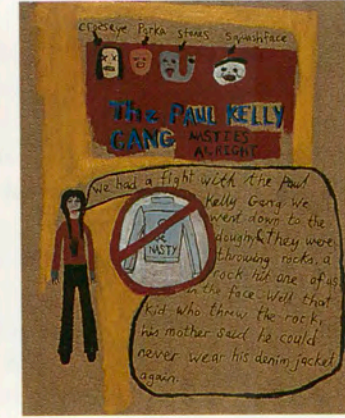
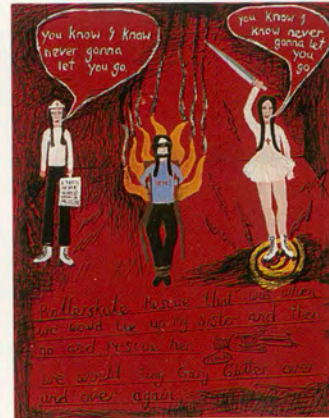
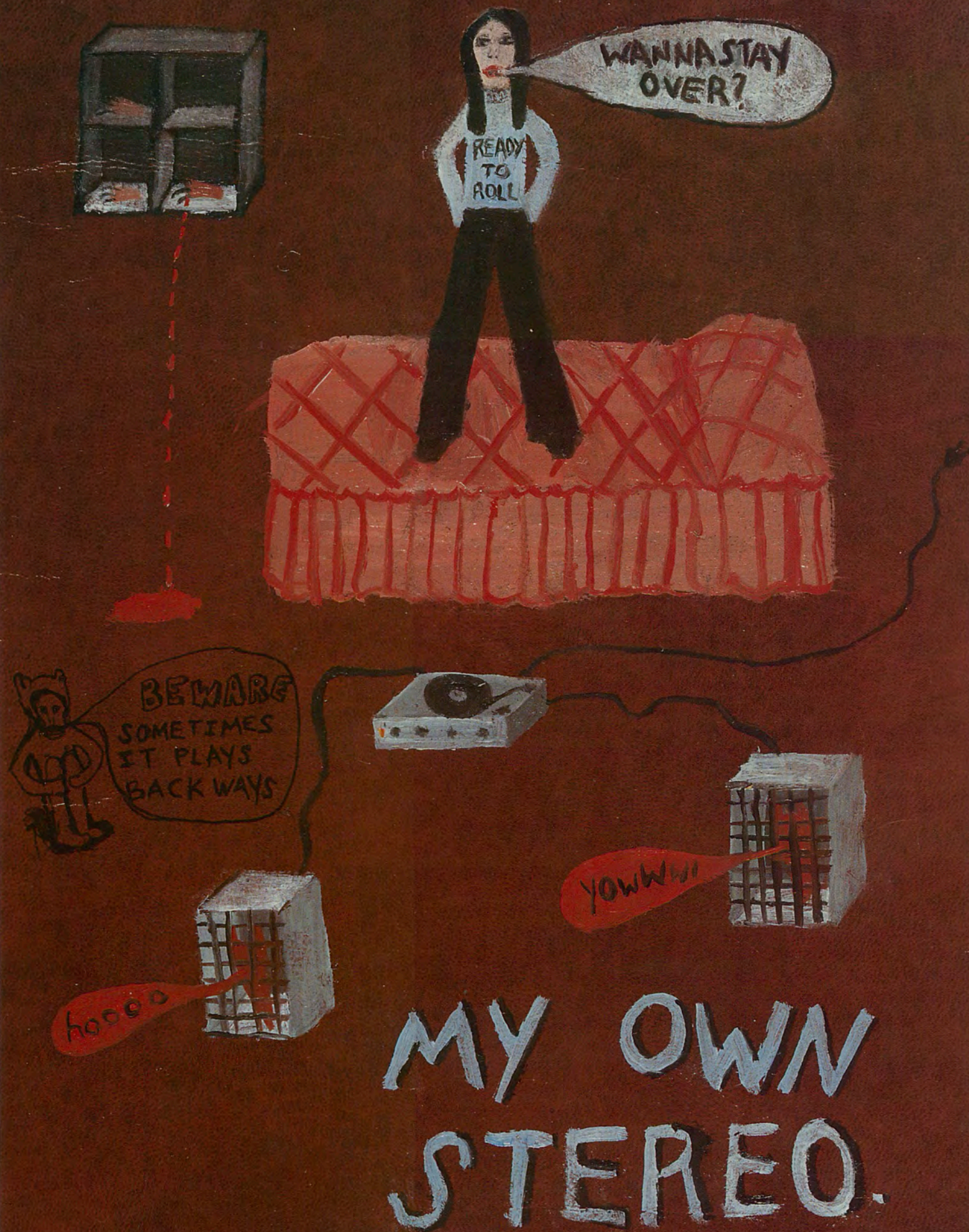


right: *The vagaries of lingo* 1993

over page left:  
*Waiting for Buller "Bar"* 1993  
 over page right:  
*Waiting for Buller "Bar"* 1993







**My elusive dreams**  
Lara Strongman talks to Saskia Leek

**Your paintings reveal a nostalgia for childhood, for something that never quite was. What sort of childhood did you have?**

My brother and sister were much older than me so I was kind of like an only child. I spent a lot of time alone and developed a very active fantasy life. I was in gangs with other kids, but I was much more serious about the gang thing than anyone else, I think. It was sort of like training for me.

**Training for what?**

I always imagined that I was going to be a star when I grew up.

**What kind of star? Or just a general star?**

A general star. A rock star, a movie star. Later on an art star, like Andy Warhol. An art celebrity.

**Is that happening for you?**

No, now I'd rather be a rock star.

**Do you play an instrument?**

Not really.

**Did you watch a lot of TV when you were a kid?**

Actually a lot of my childhood

we just didn't have a TV. So when we did have one, I used to watch it from the moment I got home from school to the moment I went to bed. I hated to be interrupted. But you can't get up to much good stuff watching TV. The stories in my paintings come from the times we didn't have one. Though those times were of course influenced by that generic teen TV world. Teen movies and things.

**Did those stories actually happen to you?**

Yeah, those things happened to me, I've just embroidered them a bit. Some of the new stories I've painted are other people's stories, though others are just things that were quite significant to me, like getting my first stereo. I've got quite a good memory for those things. The stereo story is both a past and a present story. I had this stereo which did spooky stuff. Like once I put on a Black Sabbath record and then suddenly it started spinning backwards, playing Sabbath backwards. So I took it off and

it went OK. Then about a month after that it happened again. I wasn't playing Sabbath but they were playing on a radio in the background. Later it happened to my friend Violet on the same stereo, with the first Black Sabbath album. She wrote a song with the retrograde lyrics she heard. It goes something spooky like "slander me four eyes, I'm gonna warm me, I'm gonna warm me up some". Then I got a new stereo which went fine until I put a Kiss record on.

**What happened?**

Well it was playing at 33, and then it suddenly changed to 45, and it won't go back to 33 now.

**What did you watch on TV when you were a kid?**

Happy days... all those fantasies about me thinking that I was Pinky Tuscadero. She rode a motorbike. Suzi Quattro played her rock star sister Leather Tuscadero. I watched mainly American TV — TV programmes, movies, made for TV movies. I had real big obsessions about the characters in movies like *The outsiders*. I had scrap books full of pin-ups

## Saskia Leek

left: My own stereo 1995  
above from left:  
*The horrors* 1995  
*Nothing matches cool* 1995  
*Rollerskate rescue* 1995  
*The Paul Kelly gang* 1995



34 above: Self portrait as Sandy 1995

of all the stars from the movies. All those early brat pack people, Rob Lowe, Matt Dillon, Ralph Macchio. He was trouble.

**Who was your favourite?**

It changed every week. There was always a competition running between me and my two best friends, because only one of us could have the favourite at one time. So we'd sit there and work out who we'd get married to. If someone else liked Rob Lowe then you'd have to choose Ralph Macchio.

**Or get involved in a hair pulling fight.**

Well you just wouldn't be taken seriously.

**Did you have boyfriends at that age?**

Oh yeah.

**Lots?**

Lots of boyfriends.

**Same age? Older?**

Same age. Boys in my class. Or even better, boys who you'd meet at the skating rink from way across town on a Friday night and only ever see once. There was a rink at Hornby, and I think one at Riccarton, and there was one called Skate City in Linwood, but that was small and crappy. I used to go every Friday night.

**What was your favourite look as a teenager?**

Well when you're young fashions change so much. I was wearing a lot of different things. One was the look with the jodhpur pants and ankle boots and a double belt. Lately I've started dressing more like my paintings. Pants and a top are important.

**Were you buying records at this time?**

Yeah, I'd just started to. The

first records I had got given for my fifth or sixth birthday.

*Saturday night fever* and *Grease*.

I thought I was a disco queen.

Well actually, I had this friend who went to a different school from me where they had disco competitions. She was named the disco queen of her school, and I was so jealous that I made up this fantasy in my head that I'd also been chosen as the disco queen. That I was the disco queen, and that I was a far better disco queen than she was.

**Did you tell anyone about this fantasy, or did you keep it to yourself?**

I think I did. I think I announced to her one day that I was going to step down and she could take over as the disco queen. Then later on, when I actually started buying records — I think the first record I bought myself was by Billy Joel.

**Uptown girl?**

No, not that bad. *Glass houses*. *It's still rock'n'roll to me* is an excellent song.

**Do you paint present day fantasies as well as past ones?**

**What are your present day fantasies about?**

Being a rock star, I suppose.

I guess they're pretty similar.

Meeting famous people...

**Have you ever met any famous people?**

No. But my sister met Talking Heads at the Dux de Lux once. And you always see Into the Void hanging out there.

**There's two people from Into the Void in this exhibition.**

Yeah, I know, very rock and roll isn't it. I just did a painting with me as Gene Simmons from Kiss and my cat as the drummer.

**Do you paint stories about animals as well as about people?**

Well I do sometimes, and I've got a collection of junk store paintings. My favourites are the portraits of our fur friends. I have an excellent one of a lion and one of a leopard and a new one on velvet of a dog. I like the way you can tell they're just a self portrait of the person who painted them. Like they've tried to paint a really scary lion, but they don't have any scary stuff inside, so it just turns out looking a little bit confused, like it's saying excuse me which way to the jungle? That stuff is among my favourite stuff in the world right now. That and my Blue Cheer album.

**What's your next move?**

I've been learning wrestling at a women's wrestling club. Quite a lot of artists have been involved at different times. A bunch of us are training to do stunt wrestling shows. I'm pretty involved in that at the moment. Though it seems like another fantasy at the moment because I haven't been doing for it for very long.

**Is it like *Gladiators*?**

More like real wrestling.

**Like in tubs of jello?**

We're very serious about our sport.

**So do you do *On the mat* stuff?**

Yeah, but it'll be a while before we do any shows.

**What's your wrestling name going to be?**

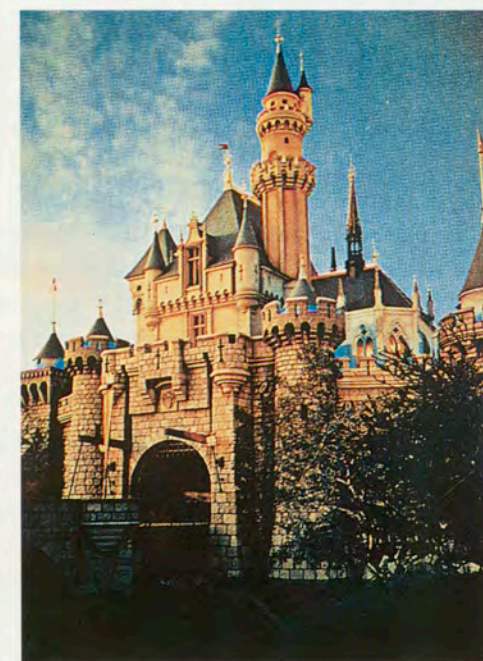
I thought about billing myself as a new Tuscadero sister.

**Lara Strongman** once stood next to Elvis Costello in the lunch queue at the Dux de Lux.

## Robin Neate



above: Untitled 1995



**Plotless scenario**

Hamish McKay talks to Robin Neate

**What do you see *Hangover* as being about?**

It's more a *TV guide* type of art show. It's not about being meaningful or spiritual. No kabbala here.

**A friend of mine said "religion is for people who are afraid of going to hell and spirituality is for people who have already been there."**

[Laughs] That's great.

**What's your idea of hell?**

*Groundhog day*. You know, the film with Bill Murray, where he keeps repeating one day over and over. At least he could change things. Hell would be repeating your whole life over and over and you'd be aware it was happening but you can't change anything. It'd be like being stuck in a revolving door forever.

**Would you say that New Zealand art has a sense of humour?**

Maybe it's just beginning to get one. In the past I don't think it's ever really had a sense of humour. I doubt, for example, that McCahon was ever very funny, except perhaps when he was one over the eight. New Zealand art has been more about fall-down drunks than stand-up comics. I think generally art is becoming more *Seinfeld* these days. It's all just one-liners and plotless scenarios. I like that.

**Plotless scenarios?**

Yeah. Well, like the Rodriguez movie *Desperado*. It doesn't need a plot, everybody's heard all the stories a thousand times. It's just all these over the top fantastic action scenes without any attempt to make it believable. It's a ballet of bullets. There's blood everywhere, it's so cool. Like, Quentin Tarantino was only in it to tell a joke, that scene was like a short film in itself. Or like *Killing Zoe*, where the bank heist is just an excuse to have a beautifully

insane character walk through the movie. What was the question again?

**Plotless scenarios?**

Oh, yeah. Well, it's like art doesn't have to be serious. It can just be fun, entertaining.

**So you see the role of the artist changing?**

I bet Tony Bennett doesn't get asked questions like that. I really don't like the idea of "the role of the artist". It's too much like "the artist as social conscience". I hate that. An artist shouldn't think about those things. Although I am interested in the idea of an artist being able to adopt different styles or work in different genres. Say, more like the way a film director works — western, love story, comedy, whatever. I think the idea of style, of creating "a signature" has gone. Style can become such a marketing ploy



really, you know, the recognisable product. Artists can switch styles, take on new attitudes. As for what artists are saying in their work, I think all the big ideas are over. I mean artists can still make physically big work but I don't think it's about big questions any more. No cast of thousands. More a private diary than a major novel.

36 **I know you are a big Scorsese fan. How would you relate these ideas of the role of the artist to say Nick Nolte in "Life lessons" from *New York stories*.**

I read this article somewhere, I think maybe it was *Artforum*. Anyway, it was about how artists have been portrayed in films. The guy that wrote this article mentioned "Life lessons" and was saying how it just portrayed the macho art hero type and how 1950s, passé and uncool that was. It made me wonder if the modern alternative is really any better? You know, the kind of post 1980s "brain warped by theory" artists, who have thirty shows a year, can only be contacted through email and have cvs thicker than

telephone books. No wonder conceptual art re-emerged, all the energy is front of house. At least the first time conceptual art came around it was because people were just too stoned or busy watching television to make anything.

**Art, television, magazines, films, books — the boundaries are becoming more blurred every day. How does this figure in your work?**

Well, when I was making more abstract images the titles were very important, because to me they were like soundtracks for the work. It's like you are watching television and the picture is off the channel but you can still hear the dialogue. Lately I've discovered the horizontal hold, although I still see those kinds of references as important.

**Where do you see yourself at the turn of the century — it'll be the third millenium?**

"When he broke the fourth seal, I heard the voice of the fourth rider say, 'Come!' And there, as I looked, was another horse, sickly pale, and its rider's name was Death, and Hades came close behind..." I don't know. That's a big question. It's anybody's guess.

**Well, then what do we have in New Zealand art that we can carry into the next century?**

The most important thing we have is a lack of identity. It will enable us to pass unnoticed in the crowd until it is too late.

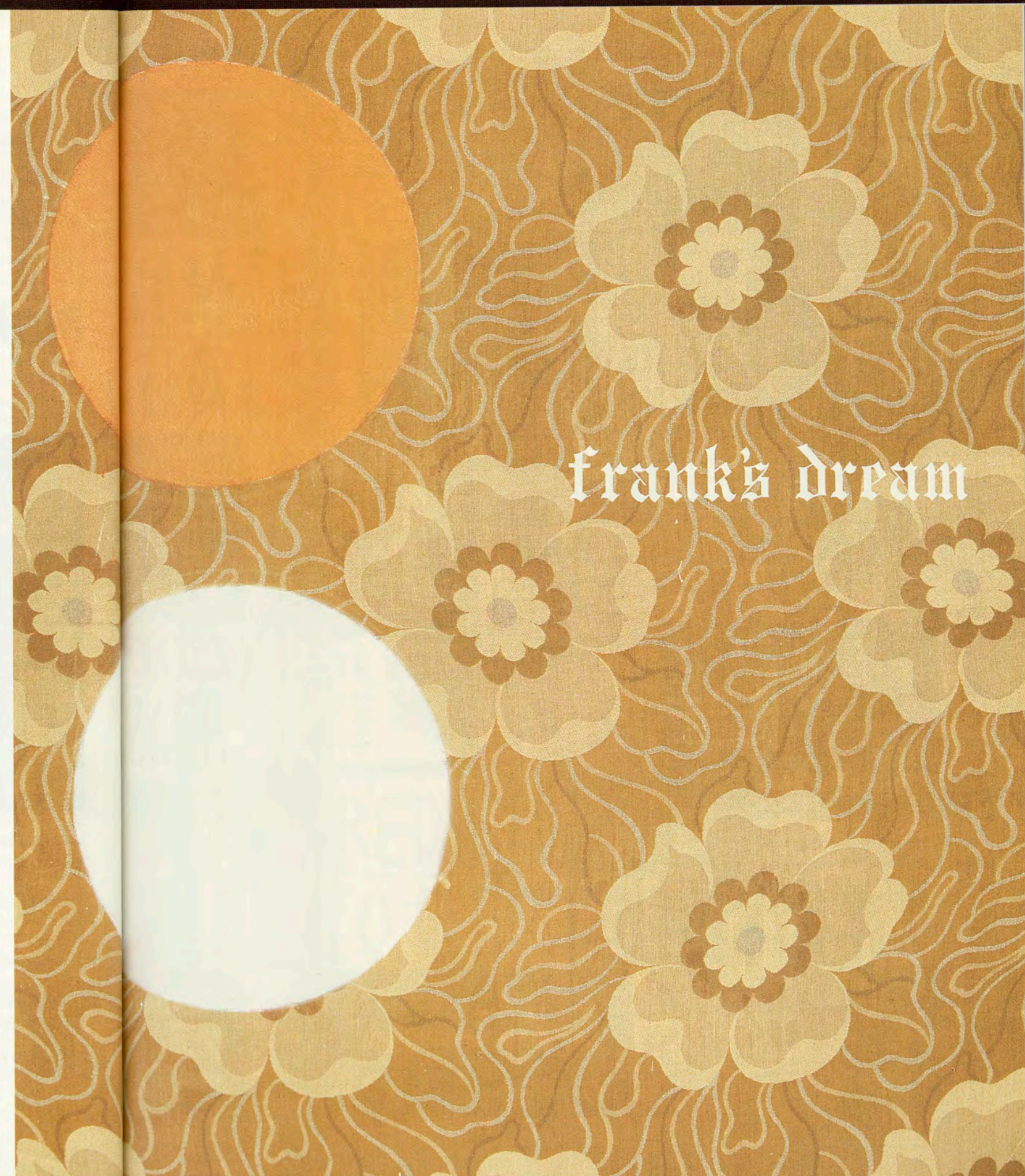
**But just what is it that will make tomorrow's artists so different, so appealing?**

Dress sense.

Hamish McKay runs the Hamish McKay Gallery, Wellington.

left: TCB 1995

right: Bliss trip 1995



# frank's dream

That old black magic has me in its spell  
 That old black magic that you weave so well  
 Those icy fingers up and down my spine  
 The same old witchcraft when your eyes meet mine

The same old tingle that I feel inside  
 And then that elevator starts its ride  
 And down and down I go, round and round I go  
 Like a leaf that's caught in the tide

I should stay away but what can I do  
 I hear your name and I'm aflame  
 Aflame with such a burning desire  
 That only your kiss can put out the fire

'Cause you are the lover I have waited for  
 The mate that fate had me created for  
 And ev'ry time your lips meet mine  
 Darling down and down I go, round and round I go  
 In a spin, loving the spin that I'm in  
 Under that old black magic called love!

J Mercer & H Arlen, Famous Music Corp.



## Peter Robinson

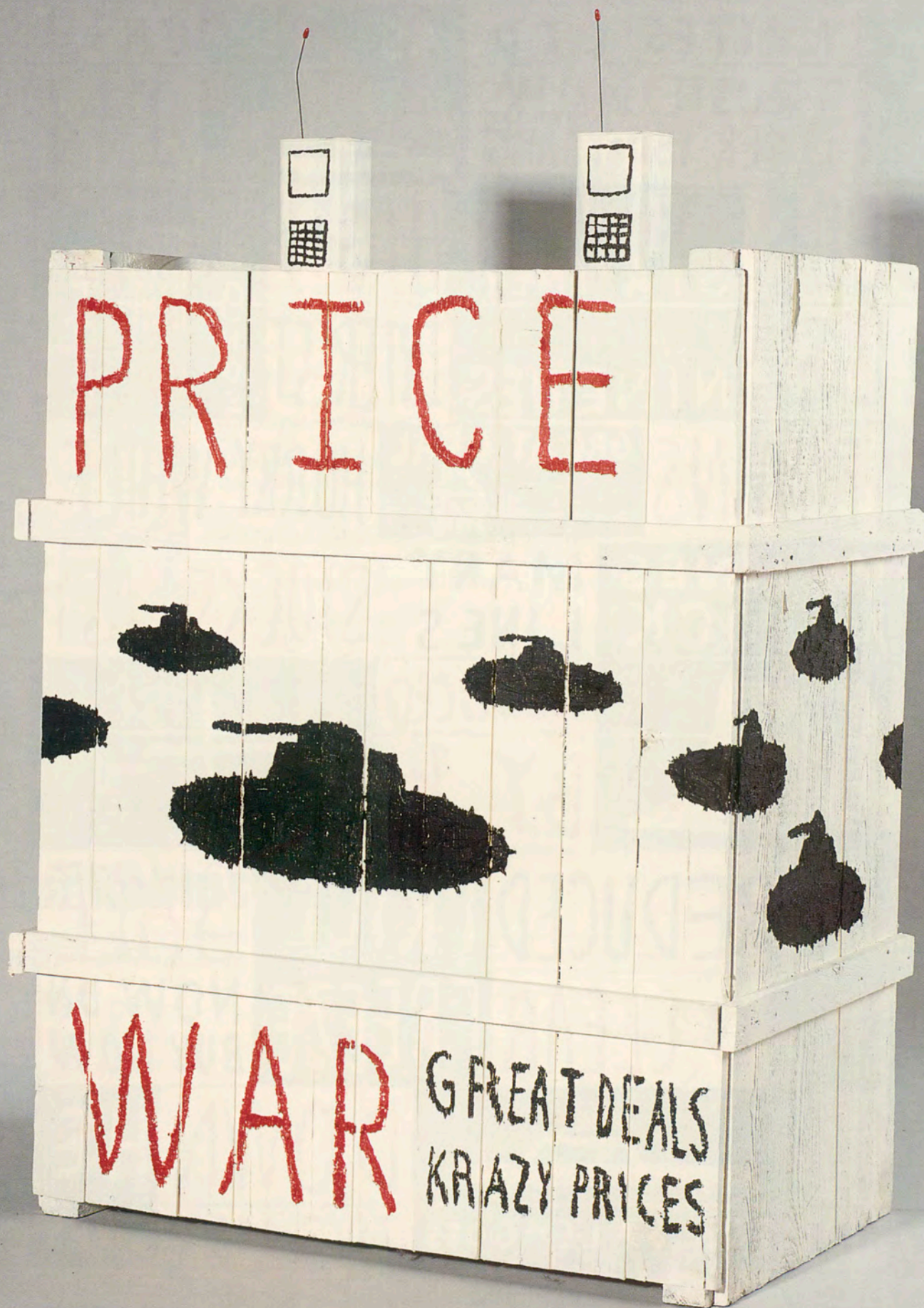
38 In lieu of an interview Peter Robinson has asked us to print lyrics from his favourite karaoke song — *That old black magic*

left: *Untitled (radio with trolley) 1994*

right: *Community noticeboard 1994*

over page: *Price war 1994*





## Marie Shannon

Marie Shannon talks to herself

### What is the dumbest thing you have ever done?

Gosh, that's tricky. I've done so many dumb things, but I think the book incident was the most memorable.

I was six years old, and in primer 4, Mrs Herbert's class, at Murrays Bay Primary School. It was 1966. We had to have special reading tests with the Head of the Infant Department, whose name was Miss Cleland. She was very old, and big and scary, and she didn't seem to like kids much. She retired about a year later. She was in charge of new entrants, plus ran these special reading tests. Also she had her own office, which not many other teachers had. Anyway, these tests ran over a couple of days, and each kid was called out of class singly, to go to her office, which was near the headmaster's office and the staff room. There were no other kids around, and just going near those offices made you want to go to the toilet. There was a fish tank in the main foyer, and some kids said one of the fish in it was a shark, and we always argued over which one was the shark. I thought it was the black one, because it was longer and thinner than the others. None of the fish was more than five inches long, so maybe none of them was a shark. Anyway, when it was my turn, I walked through the foyer, past the fish tank,

top: New Zealand's funniest art video 1994

middle: Art bloopers 1994

above: Untitled (cat door) 1993

right: Untitled (waxy balls) 1993

over page: Charm bracelet — travel 1993

A WHILE AGO I DECIDED TO BE A VIDEO ARTIST. MY FIRST PROJECT WAS GOING TO BE "NEW ZEALAND'S FUNNIEST ART VIDEO." I WOULD GET EVERY ARTIST I COULD THINK OF AND VIDEO EACH OF THEM COMING OUT THE END OF "BOB'S MISTAKE," WHICH IS A REALLY SCARY WATERSLIDE AT WAIWERA HOT POOLS, NEAR AUCKLAND. IT WOULD HAVE BEEN REALLY FUNNY, BUT A LOT OF WORK TO ORGANISE.

ANOTHER VIDEO PROJECT I THOUGHT I MIGHT DO WAS CALLED "ART BLOOPERS." IT INVOLVED MAKING A VIDEO OF A SERIES OF ACCIDENTS OR EMBARRASSING MOMENTS INVOLVING ART WORKS. BUT IT WOULD HAVE TO BE SPONTANEOUS, AND YOU'D HAVE TO BE EVERYWHERE WITH A VIDEO CAMERA. AGAIN, A LOT OF WORK. IT WOULD HAVE BEEN FUNNY, THOUGH.

HOW DO YOU GET THOSE SMEARS OFF A PERSPEX CAT DOOR?

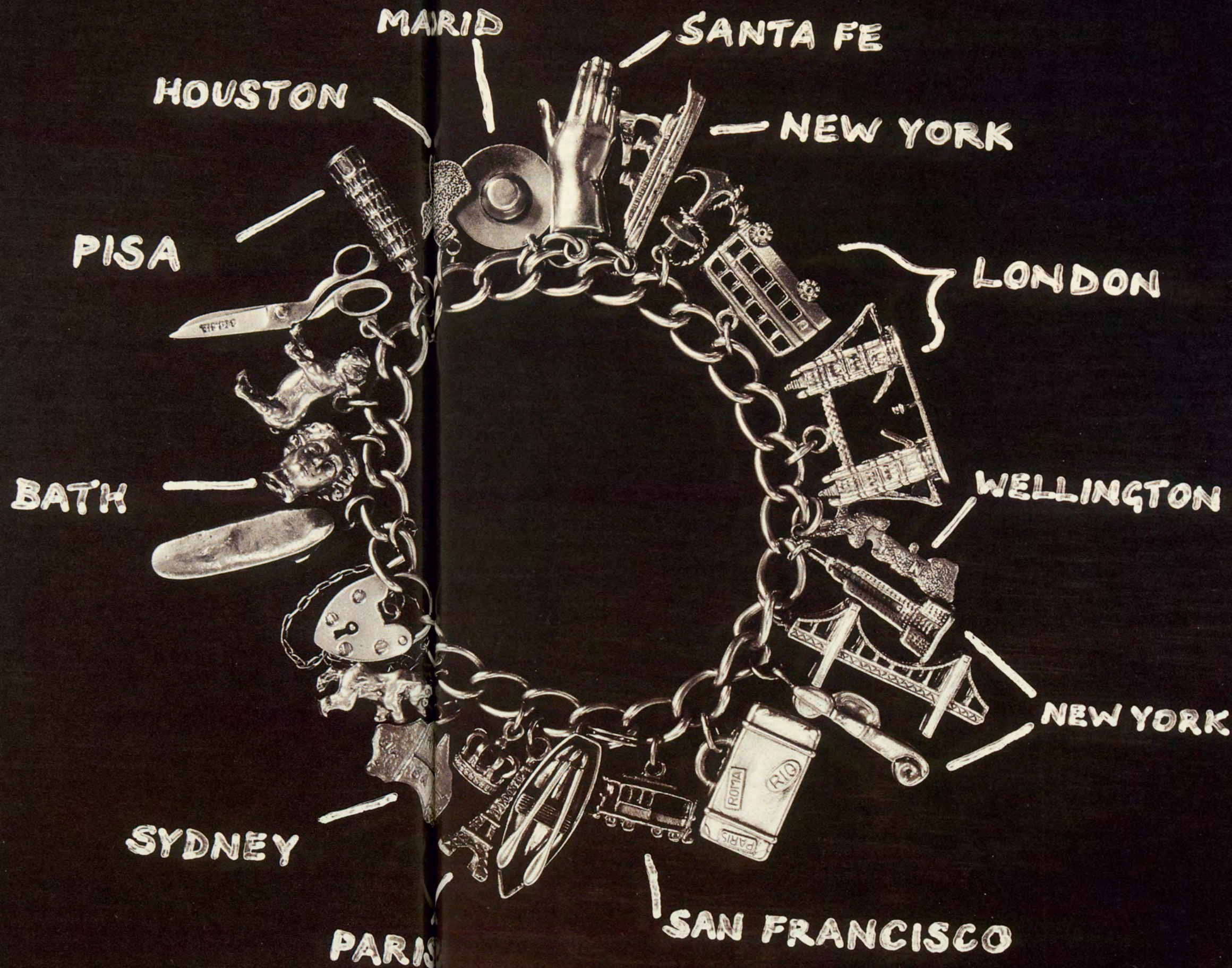
WHAT ARE THOSE LITTLE BEIGE WAXY BALLS THAT WASH UP ON THE BEACH?

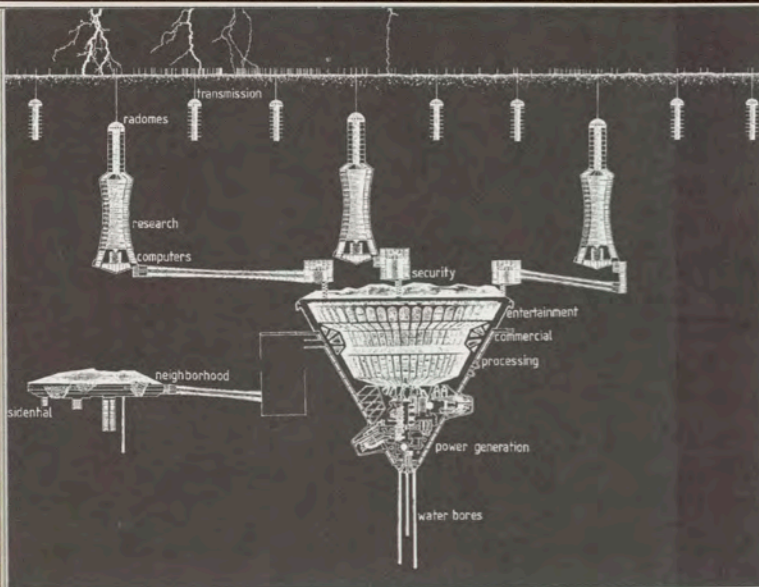
down the hall and into Miss Cleland's office. She was sitting behind her desk and I had to stand in front of it and read words from this book. I was quite a good reader, so the test itself didn't worry me too much. We had just started, when someone called Miss Cleland out of her office. She left me there standing in front of her desk with nothing to do but look at this book. She told me not to turn the page while she was gone. Well, I wish she'd told me not to touch the book. I stood there for ages and nothing happened, and ages more and nothing happened. What I did next was completely beyond my control. One by one I slowly tore the very tips off the corners of the open pages of the book. I couldn't believe I was doing it and I couldn't stop. When I'd torn off all four corners, I ate them. I didn't know what else to do with them, and I couldn't just leave them on her desk. Of course, she came back pretty soon after that and noticed immediately that all the corners were gone. She got pretty cross. She asked me what I'd done with them, and I told her the truth. She got even crosser. If I'd saved them she probably could have sellotaped them back on — I wish I'd thought of that. It turned out she'd had the book since she was a student teacher, and no other kid had ever eaten the corners off any of its pages in all that time. Only me. I felt really bad about it, but I also felt that she shouldn't have left me alone all that time. What could I say? Anyway, after she'd finished telling me off, we went on with the test. I did quite well — there was only about one word I didn't know.

Then she came back with me to the classroom and told Mrs Herbert what I'd done. After she'd gone I expected Mrs Herbert to give me some kind of big telling off, or punishment, but all she did was frown at me.

42 I phoned my mother this morning because I'd temporarily forgotten Miss Cleland's name. Mum not only remembered it, but had just recently seen her in the Woolworths carpark in Mairangi Bay. Miss Cleland, according to Mum, is dodderly but still drives a car, and looks after her sister who has been immobilised after a hip operation. Mum said she couldn't remember my sister or me.

Marie Shannon is an artist who lives in Auckland. She is running out of wall space in her studio and is thinking of writing a book.





**The invisible is real**

Chris Chapman talks to Mike Stevenson

Specific sectors of the art community are linked to the military and ultimately highly secret space defence developments and anybody who exposes that gets heat. I have made works on that subject and have been warned off making works on that subject.

**By whom?**

Grow up.

**Well, when you say people have warned you off, who would warn you off?**

44 Well who do you think? Who do you think stands to lose if I expose this? I've just given you the biggest hint. The major art funding bodies, okay.

**Are you saying they've warned you off making works about this material?**

Yes. Specific sectors of the art community have warned me off working on that subject. They do not want me to expose information linking the art community with secret defence research. In other words, if I



top: NASA IMAGE >>DL CHQ EMP > LIGHTNING FIELD FACILITY, NM USA -- A cross-sectional view of the facility through Sector 39-A 1995  
above: Jeep 1 "Whistle Blower" 1995  
right: Donald Judd incident #3 1995

**over page**

top: Kissinger is the false prophet 1995  
bottom: Donald Judd incident #4 1995

was to make works about the Dia Center for the Arts and secret military weapons programmes, they don't like that. If I was to do a work about Donald Judd, the powder drug trade and defence facilities, they don't like that either. Take for instance Walter de Maria's *Lightning field*, we have very detailed information which proves this site is actually a secret military installation which merely masquerades as an artwork. The sculpture is a front to the actual facility. That the Dia funded the work is well known, what is not is their part in a much larger framework of international finance and world government advocates which ultimately secures it as a military concern. The site is actually a defence space research facility. Fact.

**You know most people would see your statements as irresponsible, even inflammatory especially when art sponsorship is getting so difficult to secure. Maybe the Dia, with its long-standing commitment to the arts, should be seen as a shining example of philanthropy.**

That's exactly why it's such a perfect foil. How else could a highly secret facility like *Lightning field* be built without its function being disclosed. Land Art, see it's perfect. And art is always seen as politically independent, well that clearly just isn't true. *Lightning field* was conceived as an entirely new approach to secret facilities. Instead of creating a highly restricted site, invite visitors in, but in very small numbers, then require them to stay for at least a 24 hour period. Consequently few visit, security at the site is hardly likely to be breached by a couple intent on art appreciation now is it? This was of course all announced by the artist to maintain the integrity of the work. The biggest hint as to its real function is given also by the artist. In "Some facts, notes, data, information, statistics and statements", De Maria states: "*The invisible is real... No photograph, group of photographs or other recorded images can completely represent the Lightning Field.*"<sup>1</sup>

Was he talking solely about the attributes of a piece of art? I think not. I tell you we have several eyewitness accounts of air transports landing at one or other of the two military bases servicing the *Lightning field* facility. Incredible amounts of modern furniture, food, and other provisions were being unloaded, of a kind you'd expect to see in a very plush hotel. Could it be that the *Lightning field* is an underground, man-made city of multiple levels?

**OK, if so what could the function of such a facility be?**

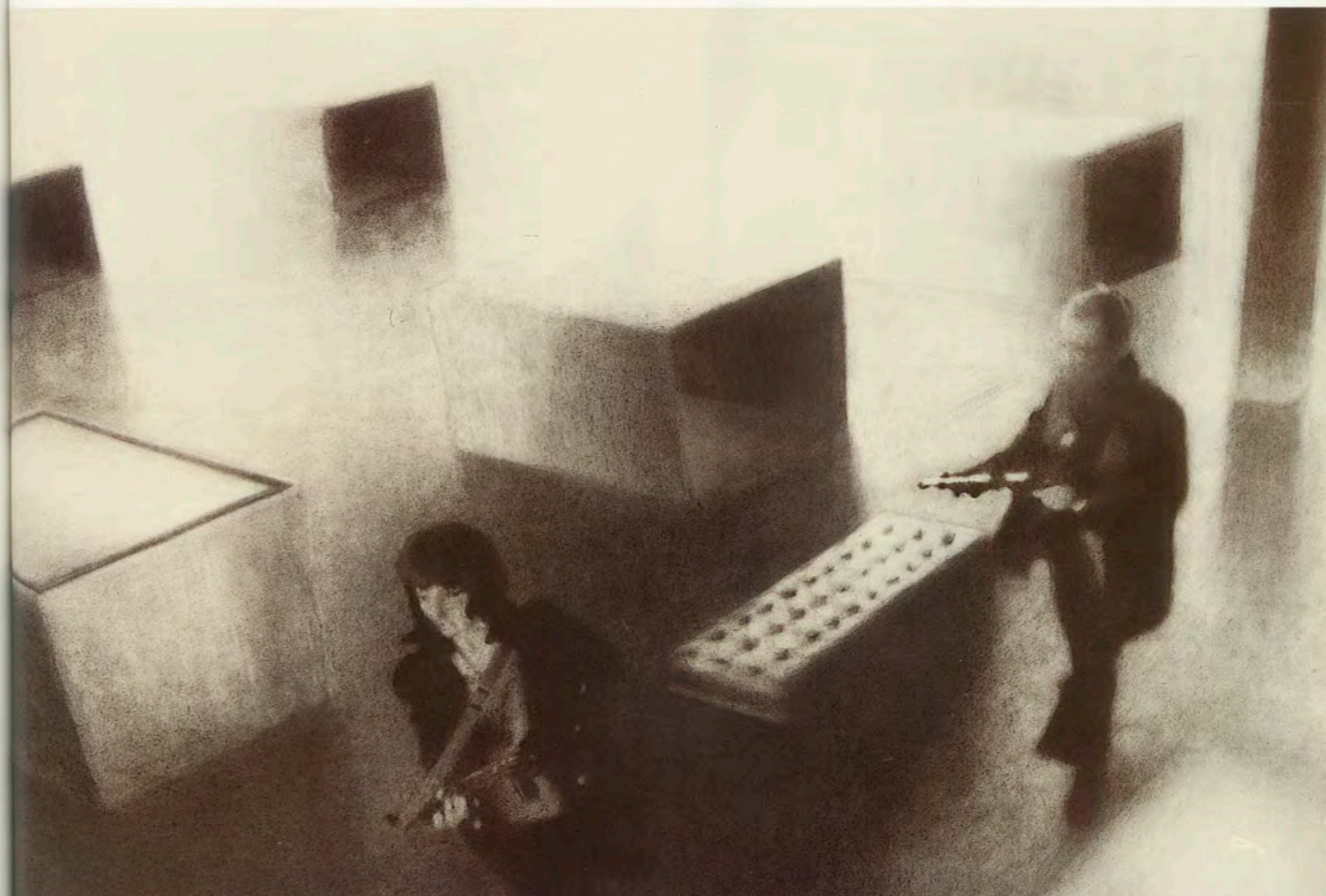
Fact, the site is located at a coordinate that relates exactly to the earth's energy grid. This is information that has been suppressed, instead what's reported is of course the meteorological volatility of the area. In truth the grid node on which the facility is located makes it only one of a handful of points on the earth's surface where continuous research into electromagnetic propulsion, EMP for short, can be carried out. Scientists today regard the earth as a giant magnet. Many in America's electronics and space research industries believe in the possibility of using magnetic and gravitational fields as a medium of support for amazing flying vehicles which will not depend on the air for lift. In other words highly secret governmental UFO programmes.

**How could all this information possibly have been kept from the public? I mean, haven't there been any breaches? For a start,**

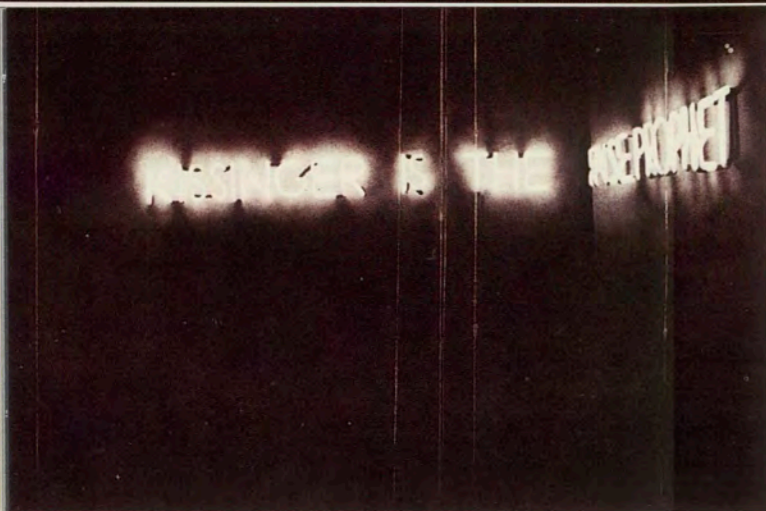
# Mike Stevenson

**what about sightings over the *Lightning field*?**

Oh yes, there have been plenty of sightings, and before the *Lightning field* facility was built there were sightings at Roswell, the previous research centre. Remember, there were over one hundred thousand people working on The Manhattan Project to produce the first A-bomb. Did that secret escape in time to help the Japanese? No. Is it not possible that there are still some secrets which the invisible government of this planet is keeping from its citizens... I tell you what you and that guy Leonard ought to be doing something about all this. You can hide behind your skirts as curators but I think it's absolutely shoddy behaviour. I'm going to lobby art magazine editors here and in the US pointing all this stuff out. It will make you guys look like sewer rats. You waste nearly half a hour of my time and you should have been doing your job a lot better than this. Call yourself a bloody curator.







**But you wanted the opportunity to put your views.**

Well I appreciate the opportunity. Now you go and ring the Dia for yourself and ask them about these secret facilities. I'm going to exhibit work on subjects you guys would never touch. For example did you know about the other cover-ups? Photo trickery which casts doubt on the authenticity of Conceptual Art from the early 1970s, well known performance art that was never actually staged; the other Serra deaths which have been covered up — hundreds have died, did you know that?

**No.**

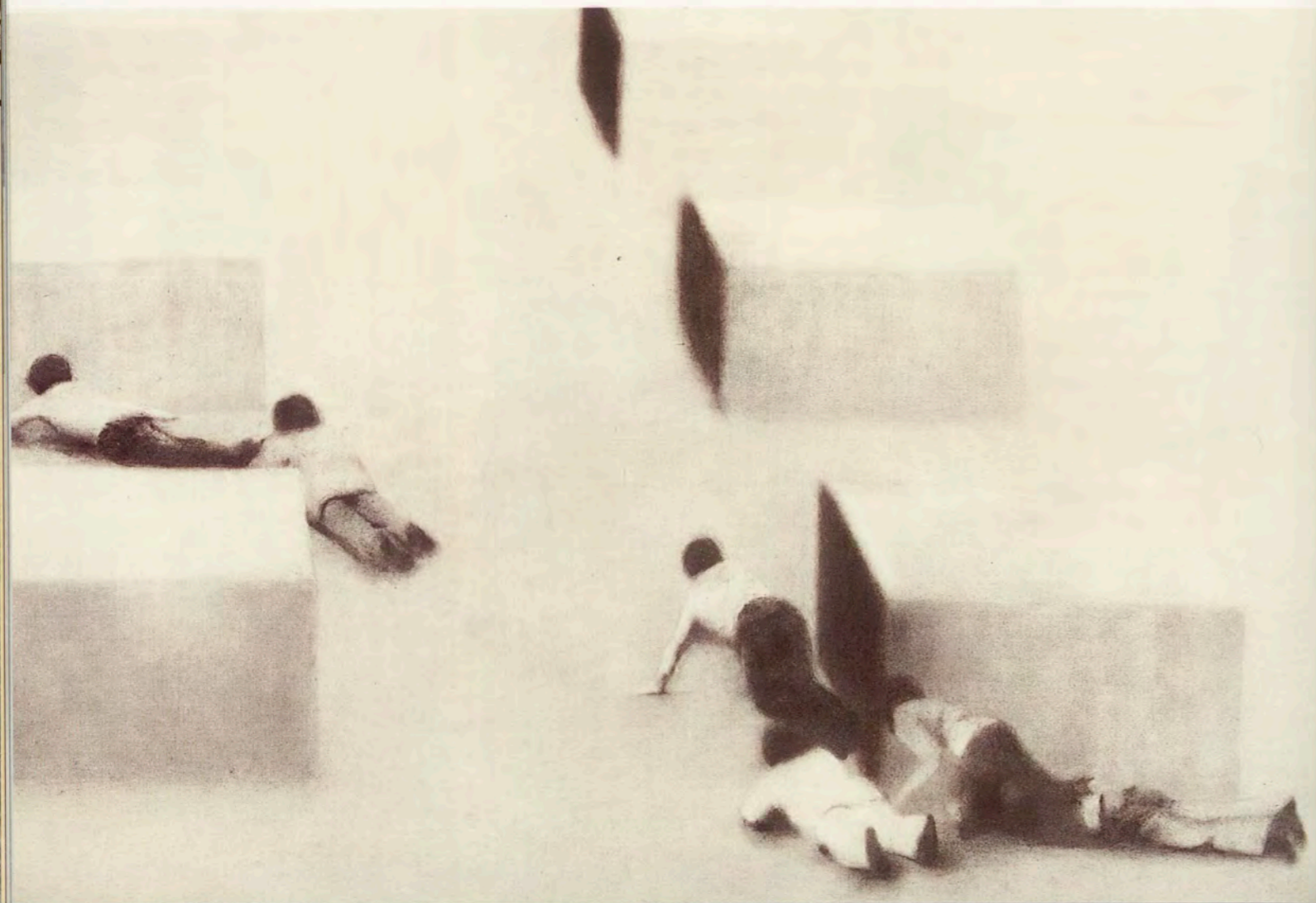
I bet you didn't know that, did you? This material is not appearing anywhere.

**All right, well thank you for your time.**

Chris Chapman is a curator at the Art Gallery of South Australia in Adelaide. Adelaide is the sister city of Austin, Texas.

**Disclaimer:** The editors and publishers of the *Hangover* catalogue take no responsibility for the content of this interview. We present it simply as Mr Stevenson's views and opinions and as such it does not reflect the views and opinions of the editors or publishers of this catalogue.

<sup>1</sup> Walter de Maria "The Lightning field: some facts, notes, data, information, statistics and statements" *Artforum* April 1980, p58.



## Terry Urbahn

**Urban spaceman**

Robert Leonard talks to Terry Urbahn

**You've been using tattoo images in your paintings, the ones on photographs. Didn't you once judge a tattoo competition in New Plymouth?**

Yeah, that's what got me interested in tattoos. On the judging panel there were bikies and professional tattooists, all heavily tattooed themselves. I was supposed to be the artworld representative. It was really interesting because I tended to like the bad tattoos, while everyone else was going for the really technical ones with tame subjects, the kitsch art tattoos, like scenic landscapes. They were all into how well the tattoos were

them were seasoned contestants. They came from all around the country. They had special choreography and clothes made with velcroed sections, so they could expose their tattoos without revealing themselves.

**Then you did some homework on tattooing, right?**

Yeah, I flicked through a lot of tattoo books. The prison tattoos and the home made tattoos are better. They're more challenging in terms of what they represent, like the ones I've used of a snake wrapped around a woman, the walking finger and the good luck horse shoe. That whole aesthetic seemed to fit with the derelict room, the comic strip, the bad typography, the garage band quality I was looking for. A quick sketch can say so much without having to dress it up. And it's more concise, even poignant.

**But these works with the tattoo images, they aren't concise at all.**

Yeah. There's quotes from people's diaries and private letters and there's stuff from books on architectural theory and new age spirituality, and from fanzines, and crap off the net. There's photos of doss houses and halls and warehouses and there's tattoo images. So it's like taking all these disparate samples from totally different contexts and throwing them together. It's all



above: Tracey's world part two (detail) 1994-95

above right: Tracey's world part two: a. Urban Museum (Dogons) (detail) 1994-95

over page: Tracey's world part one (artefacts) (details) 1994-95



done, whether the lines were straight, whether the colours were right. They wanted to deny the whole seedy history of tattoos by focussing on fine technique. I was more concerned with content. A really well rendered flower or Celtic pattern is less interesting to me than an averagely well done Harley Davidson engine.

**Was it just men in the contest?**

There were women. Most of

very democratic, the people's choice.

**8x10 sheets sellotaped together, very archival.**

Hey, it's archival sellotape. The works deny everything about nice drawing, good photography technique, proper conservation practice. It's built in obsolescence, eh.

**I especially like the crappy photography.**

It's not entirely unintentional.

**Oops.**

Look, I haven't got the gear, or the time, or big sheets of paper.

**What you're doing for Hangover came out of Pretty vacant, your project for Art now. How did that project come about? In New Plymouth you'd been...**

I'd been documenting all the empty shops, photographing the spaces through the front windows. New Plymouth's a city with more retail spaces than it needs, and it's developing more. Later I

did paintings where I installed my own fantasy exhibitions in those spaces. Then *Art now* was an opportunity to do it for real. I could do an installation in a shop window that people could come across by accident. I was interested in the whole psychology of window shopping: people walking down the street looking at things they want but can never have, things physically and economically out of reach. Look but don't touch. It's like the way your basic flat-footed museum-goer looks at works in galleries. It's cheap entertainment I suppose, but is it really that entertaining?

**So, the Columbia Hotel.**

It was about to be redeveloped. I'd only seen it from the outside. It had posters all over the windows so I couldn't see in to the ground floor shops. I went to the developer, and he said here's the keys, go and take what you want, do what you want. Inside it was amazing, 50 or 60 rooms, really grotty. There'd been a whole mix of people in there, from old folks through to young people. Apparently the tenants just got a day's notice. They got up, got dressed and disappeared. And they left all this stuff behind.

**What did you find?**

A lot of the rooms had been emptied and the gear was all dumped in one room. Besides all the derelict furniture and fittings there were heaps of clothes, documents, diaries, greeting cards, lots of snapshots.

**The installation?**

It was quite simple in the end. It was mostly made out of things I'd found. In one shop I made a whirlpool of colourful clothing inside a ring of hand basins, and I suspended a really bright light over the top. And I put up a text on the window, a mystical, new age text all about the universe being finite and bounded. I was making an analogy to the people living in the hotel, their little universe, their finite world. The installation looked like a little solar system or a black hole. Everything going down the plug hole of life. That was one side. And through the window on the other side was like a video wall. There were monitors for closed-circuit cameras, with live 24 hour surveillance of the empty rooms. And there was a video playing a walk-through of the hotel, which tried to recreate that initial experience I'd had discovering those rooms. It looked best at 3am after a session at the local. I even started conducting guided tours, spouting on about "the incessant and absolute pull of paradise gravity".

**The video reminded me of cameras going into Egyptian tombs or concentration camps.**

Actually, the *Hangover* installation's going to present material from the hotel like it's an archeological dig, all the trinkets left behind that couldn't be seen in the earlier project. *Pretty vacant* was like the big picture, while the *Hangover* installation will be a close up. It's like looking through the other end of the telescope. But I'll recontextualise it all to suggest a story about a fictional character who might have lived in the hotel. I think I'll call it *Tracey's world*.

**Only the names have been changed to protect the innocent.**

I don't know about innocent, naive maybe. Actually there was a Tracey in there, but it's a common enough name. All I found of Tracey were her diaries. Typical teenage girl, it's about boyfriends and parties and being bored at school. There's a lot of day

dreaming, like one day I want to be an air hostess, I'd love to travel, be an actress or a rock star.

**Sounds like she'd been watching too much *Jem and the Holograms*.**

Yeah, *Two stupid dogs* more like. I don't really think it matters about using her stuff because the chance of Tracey actually seeing the show is pretty minimal. I also found these weird love letters, except they were more like hate letters. A couple there were going through the death throes of their relationship and she was writing notes to him. I think she must have been passing them under the door to him. Here's a good one: "I don't want to talk to you. Go and stay with your cousin or Shelley or cuntface. You have lied to me

again and used me again. Go and give all your shit and lies to someone else. And there is nothing between me and Shelley like you think. That's just your dirty mind." Awesome, huh? That'll be in the show. And there's more.

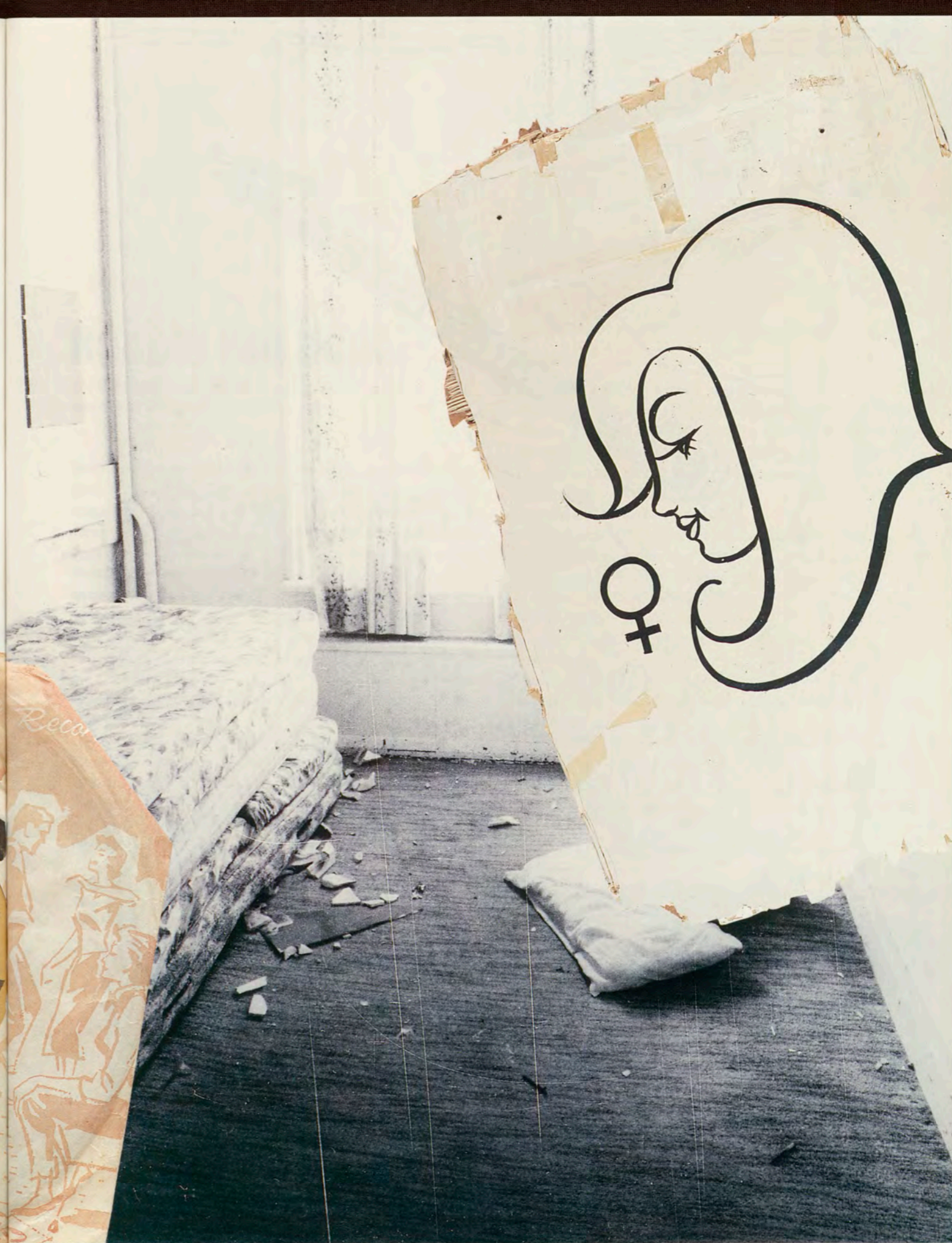
**There's an element of voyeurism in the work.**

Yeah, probably. It's like *Cops*. Or *Hard copy*, even better.

**So you get off on putting the viewer in a sleazy situation?**

It's challenging the viewer to look at things from a different perspective. Why should art be nice all the time? Personally I find this stuff more interesting than looking at some pretty picture hanging on a wall.

Robert Leonard is a curator at Dunedin Public Art Gallery and co-editor of *Midwest* magazine.



Guitarist



Needs Work

Kiaora my name is Karl Teariki and I would like to join a band who plays regularly. (4+ nights p/week) I have just finished 2 years at Whitireia Polytech music course. I can play all styles but enjoy Funk, Rock, Blues and Jazz. So, if you want a young professional guitarist in your band. Gimme a Ring. (or Ring) ?T.O)

## Ronnie van Hout

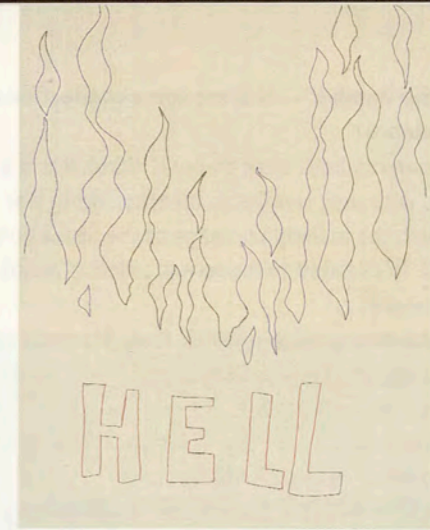
The Devil finds work for idle hands  
David McKenzie talks to Ronnie van Hout

**You're the singer in Into the Void. The poses you pull on stage are a compendium of famous rock stars, including Iggy Pop, Jim Morrison and Elvis Presley. Are you living out a fantasy of being those people?**

Yeah. I suppose that's quite a current idea. That as people, we are a compendium of references. Art today is more referential, rather than concerned with originality. But just because the elements are reworked, doesn't mean they are worn out. I still think they're a genuine look at identity, not just trash.

The difference between trash culture and high culture has disappeared anyway. There are so many contemporary artists who are involved with trash culture today, who are seriously looked at by institutions. It's the end of the avant garde era, there's a desperate look for the edge, so people focus on that kind of material — the most shocking, the most extreme, so the art has a feeling of vitality. Somehow the references gain a new vitality by being looked at again. The movie *Pulp fiction* is a really good example of that. **You've made art about rock bands.**

left: *Self titled* 1993  
above: *Hell* 1994  
right: *Undead* 1994



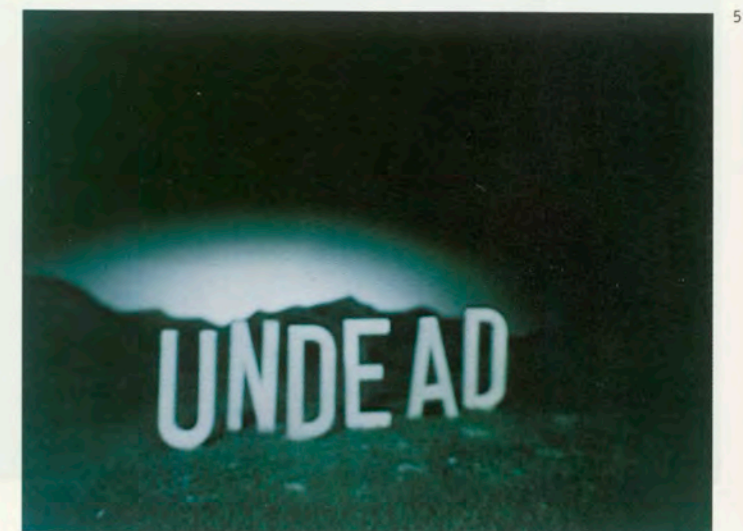
My reason for doing the band embroideries, and for being in a band, is to look at the whole culture of the genre. You often see those adverts in music shops. There seems to be a sub-text in them. About dreams that could be fulfilled. That's such an ingrained part of growing up, getting into music, and following certain themes. The artworld has the same thing, about being an artist.

**How did you get to be an artist?**

I can remember a specific moment that put me on to the road to becoming an artist. We were learning about modern art in my sixth form year at high school. We were shown Picasso's *Demoiselles d'Avignon*, and I just thought "The guy can't draw." Picasso was being held up as this great artist. The way I worked it out was; he was the best the modern world could give, because nobody knew how to draw any more. One day it just clicked. Art wasn't about making pictures any more. Suddenly it all became interesting to me.

**Is it true that you asked someone to write an article calling you the Elvis of the art world?**

I don't know how that got exaggerated. I jokingly suggested that someone had to be, because there's the Elvis of everything else. It opens up the idea that you could be the Elvis of Drinking, or the Elvis of Murdering, or whatever. Before I wanted to be the Elvis of Art, I wanted to be the Colin Wilson of Art. Because I liked the way he looked at subjects that weren't academic and mainstream.



**The painting of the Stuka dive bomber — is there some connection with you being Dutch? Or is it about a fascination with violence?**

I think that's quite true. My parents both went through World War II as children. So when I was doing those war works, it was to do with post war Dutch identity. World War II was the reason my parents emigrated to New Zealand. Also the archetypal image of the Stuka bomber is associated with the Blitzkrieg. The sudden attack. It's related to modern art ideas. "Avant garde" is a military term that the art world took over. And discarded.

**I've always thought you had a strong relation with Andy Warhol's paintings of violent subjects. Plane crashes, dead famous people, Elvis pulling a gun.**

I think so. I've been influenced by Andy Warhol. But not consciously. I mean it's obvious he's happened, before me. I've read lots of books about him, and seen his work. And so it's part of an approach to art.

During a sex education talk at school, I remember I was reading a book at the same time — *The thousand makers of the twentieth century*. I came across something on Andy Warhol in it. It described what he did, and said he was influenced by comic books. And I thought "Hey! That's what I do." Because I used to draw out of comic books a lot. If there's someone to imitate, it's Warhol. It's already part of Warhol's art. But then, to fulfil him, it's like... fulfilling Elvis.

**How do you fulfil Elvis?**

You don't. You can't. You assume fame, by association. Like me being the Elvis of the artworld. You have to realise I don't say things like that with any real intent. The statement was enough in itself. I wasn't actually going to become the Elvis of Art. What I do in art, and what Elvis did are different. I think people use a fantasy of themselves to help them get through the day.

**I wonder if that's a mark of being part of our generation? Growing up in the 1970s, and constructing fantasies of ourselves, as Quentin Crisp in *The naked civil servant*, Steve McGarrett in *Hawaii five-0*, Dr Richard Kimbell in *The fugitive*, Captain Kirk in *Star trek*.**

Yeah. Programmes that you watched on TV when you were young, back then you saw them then as just TV. They gain a new credibility when you turn a spotlight on them again. I think our education was based around fulfilling this ideal of yourself. Of being a fully rounded person, whose career choices

were reliant on what you wanted to do. They told us "Don't just go for the first job you can get. Think about what you want to become." Nothing about having to pay the rent or anything like that. Perhaps that's why the best minds of our generation are working in advertising, they're not working in art.

What I try to focus on these days is that art is quite a human thing, and that it's interesting for that reason. Making an art work... or just making something, reinforces being a human.

**Where did you get that tan coloured, 1970s style, leather dress jacket you're wearing?**

It came from Borrie's, of Chancery Arcade, back in the '70s.

**It's so shiny and stiff looking. Still stiff, after all these years.**

**David (DJ) McKenzie**, a former punk rock musician, civil servant, screen printer, and library assistant, is now a film location scout based in Christchurch.



left: *Evil* 1995  
above: *Hell* 1995

**Exclusive! Information links** • Inside •  
**artworld in secret defence research** Spooky Stereos

An exhibition organised by Dunedin Public Art Gallery,  
Govett - Brewster Art Gallery and Waikato Museum of Art and History

## HANGOVER

1995 - 1996

**Scoop - interview with  
Elvis of the Art World...** "One day I want  
to be an Air  
Hostess!"

"What I did next  
was completely  
beyond my control!"

**INTELLECTUAL  
ROCK 'N'ROLL**

**Too busy  
watching  
television**

**PLUS BLACK  
SABBATH  
MADE ME  
DO IT**



### Judy Darragh

1957 born, Christchurch  
1975-78 Wellington Polytechnic (Dip. Visual Communication and Design)

#### Solo exhibitions

1986 *High tack* Southern Cross Gallery, Wellington  
1987 *New Zeal* George Fraser Gallery, Auckland  
*Mz Zealaneous* Southern Cross Gallery, Wellington  
1988 *Culturally flabby* Southern Cross Gallery, Wellington  
1989 *Southern delites* Jonathan Jensen Gallery, Christchurch  
*Tick for tack* Govett-Brewster Gallery, New Plymouth  
*Yohohosho* Aberhart North Gallery, Auckland  
*Pacific madonna* (Window series) Auckland City Art Gallery  
1990 *X-cess* Waikato Museum of Art and History Te Whare Taonga o Waikato, Hamilton  
*Moderno update* Gregory Flint Gallery, Auckland

## Judy Darragh

*Change of tack* Catherine Scollay Gallery, Wellington  
1991 *More taste than money* Jonathan Jensen Gallery, Christchurch; Dunedin Public Art Gallery; Greymouth Art Gallery  
1993 *Landscape scope* Museum of New Zealand Te Papa Tongarewa, Wellington  
*Shrinkwrap* Jonathan Jensen Gallery, Christchurch  
1994 *The departure lounge* Hero Party, Auckland  
*Nature trail* Artspace, Auckland  
*Aquarium* Manawatu Art Gallery, Palmerston North  
*Hula surprise* Jonathan Jensen Gallery, Christchurch  
1995 *Whare aroha* Hero Party, Auckland  
*Floral sculptures* Finance Plaza, Auckland (Artspace Lettingspace project)

#### Selected group exhibitions

1986 *Blue room mountain of work* Greymouth Art Gallery  
1988 *6 women artists* Jonathan Jensen Gallery, Christchurch  
1989 *Constructed intimacies* Auckland City Art Gallery; National Art Gallery, Wellington; Sarjeant Gallery, Wanganui; Robert McDougall Art Gallery, Christchurch  
*Occupied zone* Artspace, Auckland  
1990 *Situation and style* Jonathan Jensen Gallery, Christchurch  
1991 *Intermedia: the face of change* The Bathhouse, Rotorua  
*Catholic taste* George Fraser Gallery, Auckland  
*Cross pollination* Artspace, Auckland  
*Home made home* Wellington City Art Gallery  
1992 *Vanitas* McDougall Art Annex, Robert McDougall Art Gallery, Christchurch  
*Surface tension* Auckland City Art Gallery  
*The carnivalesque body* George Fraser Gallery, Auckland  
1993 *Comfort zone* Govett-Brewster Art Gallery, New Plymouth  
1994 *150 ways of loving* Artspace, Auckland  
*Soundwatch '94* Artspace, Auckland  
*Child's play* McDougall Art Annex, Robert McDougall Art Gallery, Christchurch  
1995 *Elvis in Geyersland* Rotorua Museum of Art and History  
*Stop making sense* City Gallery, Wellington

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Christina Barton "At the surface: an introduction" *Surface tension*, Auckland City Art Gallery, 1992, pp3-6.  
Rhondda Bosworth "High tack" *Metro* April 1986, p15.  
*Constructed intimacies* Moet & Chandon New Zealand Art Foundation, Auckland 1989, np.  
Judy Darragh interviewed by Marilyn McFadyn "Interview" in *Pleasures and dangers: artists of the '90s* (eds. Trish Clark and Wystan Curnow) Moet & Chandon New Zealand Art Foundation in association with Longman Paul, Auckland, 1991, pp137-138.  
Liz Eastmond "High tack ex-cess" *Listener* 26 December 1987, p118.  
Chris Knox "A Judy Darragh thing" in *Pleasures and dangers: artists of the '90s* (eds. Trish Clark and Wystan Curnow) Moet & Chandon New Zealand Art Foundation in association with Longman Paul, Auckland, 1991, pp132-134.  
Adrienne Rewi "Judy's tacky challenges" *The Press*, 12 August 1993.  
Bernie Sheehan "Judy lives, eats and breathes kitsch" *New Zealand Woman's Weekly* 16 July 1989, pp90-92.  
Marita Vandenberg "Darragh delights in subverting art" *The Press* 24 May 1989.  
Ruth Watson "Episodes from the customised world of Judy Darragh" *Pleasures and dangers: artists of the '90s* (eds. Trish Clark and Wystan Curnow) Moet & Chandon New Zealand Art Foundation in association with Longman Paul, Auckland, 1991, pp138-144.  
Gloria Zelenka "Judy goes to Spain" *Stamp* 27 January 1992, pp14-15.

#### Page art

*Amending the vulgar* (eds. Ruth Watson and Mary-Louise Browne) The Vulgate Project, 1992, np.  
*Antic 4* 1988, cover.  
"Everything you ever wanted" *Now see hear: art, language and translation* Victoria University Press, Wellington for Wellington City Art Gallery, 1990, p196.

#### Films on the artist

*The Queen of kitsch, for Sunday arts*, (dir. Howard Taylor) TVNZ, 1991.  
*Queen of kitsch for That's fairly interesting*, TV2/Communicado, 1990.

#### Film by the artist

*Hair* TVNZ, 1993. Finalist, Best Documentary, New Zealand Film and Television Awards 1994. Gold medal, arts category, New York Television and Video Awards 1995.

### Tony de Lautour

1965 born, Melbourne, Australia  
1984-88 School of Fine Arts, University of Canterbury, Christchurch (BFA)

#### Solo exhibitions

1990 CSA Gallery, Christchurch  
1992 CSA Gallery, Christchurch  
1993 Claybrook Gallery, Auckland  
1994 *Bad white art* Brooke/Gifford Gallery, Christchurch  
*Bad white art* Teststrip, Auckland  
1995 Claybrook Gallery, Auckland  
Volcano Cafe, Lyttelton  
*New white collection* Brooke/Gifford Gallery, Christchurch

#### Selected group exhibitions

1990 Joan Livingstone Gallery, Auckland

## Tony de Lautour

1991 CSA Gallery, Christchurch  
*Sculpture in the Quad* Christ College, Christchurch  
*The chair show* CSA Gallery, Christchurch  
Christmas exhibition CSA Gallery, Christchurch  
1992 *Coelacanth* Osaka, Japan  
*Motif* CSA Gallery, Christchurch  
*Canvassing south* Gow Langsford Gallery, Wellington  
*Four Christchurch artists* Claybrook Gallery, Auckland  
*Vanitas* McDougall Art Annex, Robert McDougall Art Gallery, Christchurch  
1993 Claybrook Gallery, Auckland  
Hamish McKay Gallery, Wellington  
*Cartel* Brooke/Gifford Gallery, Christchurch

## Jason Greig

#### Jason Greig

1963 born, Timaru  
1982-85 School of Fine Arts, University of Canterbury, Christchurch (DipFA)

#### Solo exhibitions

1987 *Quid nunc?* Gingko Gallery, Christchurch  
Marshall Seifert Gallery, Dunedin  
1988 *Discovering head* Marshall Seifert Gallery, Dunedin  
1989 *Dementia 13* Gingko Gallery, Christchurch  
1990 Bowen Galleries, Wellington  
1991 Brooke/Gifford Gallery, Christchurch  
1993 Salamander Gallery, Christchurch  
1995 *Miscreant* Brooke/Gifford Gallery, Christchurch

#### Selected group exhibitions

1985 Gingko Gallery, Christchurch  
1986 *The live dead flat* CSA Gallery, Christchurch

*Tattoo* High Street Project, Christchurch  
*Lineage* McDougall Art Annex, Robert McDougall Art Gallery, Christchurch  
*Small works* Claybrook Gallery, Auckland  
1994 *Prostrate* Canterbury High Street Project, Christchurch  
*Small works* Brooke/Gifford Gallery, Christchurch  
*Stimulus to style* CSA Gallery, Christchurch  
Hamish McKay Gallery, Wellington  
*Visa gold* City Gallery, Wellington  
*The face* Govett-Brewster Art Gallery, New Plymouth  
1995 *Works on paper* Hamish McKay Gallery, Wellington  
*Works on paper* Brooke/Gifford Gallery, Christchurch  
Hamish McKay Gallery, Wellington  
*Vanitas vanitatis: the mirror* CSA Gallery, Christchurch  
*A very peculiar practice* City Gallery, Wellington  
*Visa Gold*, City Gallery, Wellington

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Jonathan Bywater "Elvis and other evils: the art of Tony De Lautour" *Art New Zealand* 75, Winter 1995, pp64-65.  
John Hurrell "Tony De Lautour" *Stimulus to style* CSA Gallery, Christchurch, 1994, np.  
Giovanni Intra "Journalism" *Bad white art* Teststrip, Auckland, 1995, np.  
Justin Paton "Christchurch" *Art New Zealand* 73 Summer 1994-95, pp34-35.  
Gwynneth Porter "Solid gold easy action, love on your breath" *Midwest* 6 1994, p38.  
Adrienne Rewi "Urban icons that menace: a cultural currency in white" *The Press* 6 September 1995.  
*A very peculiar practice* City Gallery, Wellington, 1995.

#### Page art

*Midwest* 6 1994, pp36-37.

1988 *Here and now* McDougall Art Annex, Robert McDougall Art Gallery, Christchurch  
Aigantighe Art Gallery, Timaru  
1992 *Vanitas* McDougall Art Annex, Robert McDougall Art Gallery, Christchurch  
*Four Christchurch artists* Claybrook Gallery, Auckland  
1993 Hamish McKay Gallery, Wellington  
1994 *Near and now* Aigantighe Art Gallery, Timaru  
*Blue blood* Dunedin Public Art Gallery  
*Draw on the wall* Hadleigh, Christchurch  
1995 Hamish McKay Gallery, Wellington

#### Bibliography

*Contemporary New Zealand prints* (ed. Jill McIntosh) Allen and Unwin, Sydney and Port Nicholson Press, Wellington in association with Wellington City Art Gallery, 1989, pp68-69.  
Bridie Lonie "Dunedin" *Art New Zealand* 48 Spring 1988, p45.  
Bridie Lonie "Dunedin" *Art New Zealand* 73 Summer 1994-95, p36-37.  
Pat Unger "Christchurch" *Art New Zealand* 52 Spring 1989, pp46-48.

#### Bill Hammond

- 1947 born, Christchurch  
1966 School of Fine Arts, University of Canterbury, Christchurch  
1991 QEII Arts Council Fellowship

#### Solo exhibitions

- 1982 Brooke/Gifford Gallery, Christchurch  
1983 Brooke/Gifford Gallery, Christchurch  
1985 Red Metro, Dunedin  
DKD Cafe, Auckland  
1986 Brooke/Gifford Gallery, Christchurch  
1987 Peter McLeavey Gallery, Wellington  
1988 Peter McLeavey Gallery, Wellington  
1989 Brooke/Gifford Gallery, Christchurch  
Peter McLeavey Gallery, Wellington

## Bill Hammond

- 1990 Peter McLeavey Gallery, Wellington  
1991 Gregory Flint Gallery, Auckland  
Peter McLeavey Gallery, Wellington  
Brooke/Gifford Gallery, Christchurch  
1992 Japan Gregory Flint Gallery, Auckland  
1993 Gregory Flint Gallery, Auckland  
Brooke/Gifford Gallery, Christchurch  
Peter McLeavey Gallery, Wellington  
1994 *Walter Buller blind* Gregory Flint Gallery, Auckland  
Peter McLeavey Gallery, Wellington  
1995 Gregory Flint Gallery, Auckland  
Brooke/Gifford Gallery, Christchurch  
*Bill Hammond unplugged* Peter McLeavey Gallery, Wellington

#### Selected group exhibitions

- 1985 *Spare parts* Robert McDougall Art Gallery, Christchurch

## Saskia Leek

56 Saskia Leek

- 1970 born, Christchurch  
1989-92 School of Fine Arts, University of Canterbury, Christchurch (BFA)

#### Solo exhibitions

- 1993 *Mist sweetie* High Street Project, Christchurch  
1995 *The kid* Teststrip, Auckland  
*Filthy claws* High Street Project, Christchurch

#### Selected group exhibitions

- 1991 *On building bridges* CSA Gallery, Christchurch; ASA Gallery, Auckland  
1992 *Sweetness and light* Achilles House, Auckland  
*Home and away* Ritchies Contemporary Gallery, Christchurch  
*Embody* CSA Gallery, Christchurch; The Mermaid Shop, Christchurch; Gallery 223, Christchurch

*Hammond and Webster* Waikato Museum of Art and History, Te Whare Taonga o Waikato, Hamilton

- 1991 *Jamming* Brooke/Gifford Gallery, Christchurch  
*Chilcott/Hammond — plates* Gregory Flint Gallery, Auckland  
*Telling pictures* Dunedin Public Art Gallery  
1991-92 *Distance looks our way: 10 artists from New Zealand* Sarjeant Gallery, Wanganui; Pubellon de las Arles, Expo, Seville; Stelling Gallery, Leiden, Netherlands; Centro Culultural de Conde Duque, Madrid; Centro Cultural de Caja Espana, Zamora; Centre Civic Casa Elizaide, Barcelona; Auckland City Art Gallery; City Gallery, Wellington  
1992 *Headlands: thinking through New Zealand Art* Museum of Contemporary Art, Sydney; Museum of New Zealand, Wellington  
*Vanitas* McDougall Art Annex, Robert McDougall Art Gallery, Christchurch  
*Prospect Canterbury '92* Robert McDougall Art Gallery, Christchurch  
1993 *Comfort zone* Govett-Brewster Art Gallery, New Plymouth  
1994 *Good works* Robert McDougall Art Gallery, Christchurch  
*Frizzell, Hammond, Stevenson — three painters* Gregory Flint Gallery, Auckland  
1995 *A very peculiar practice* City Gallery, Wellington

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- Jim and Mary Barr "Endangered species" *Distance looks our way: ten artists from New Zealand* Distance looks our way trust, 1992, pp55-62.  
Justin Paton "New game, new rules" *Listener* 12 August 1995, pp42-43.  
Justin Paton "Christchurch" *Art New Zealand 76* Spring 1995, pp42-43.  
Jonathan Smart "Christchurch" *Art New Zealand 40* Spring 1986, p30.  
Cheryll Sotheran "Bill Hammond/Christine Webster: a long view" *Hammond/Webster* Waikato Museum of Art and History Te Whare Taonga o Waikato, Hamilton, 1985.  
Louise Wilton "Bill Hammond: the images of funk" *Art New Zealand 40* Spring 1986, pp42-44.

#### Page art

- "Hooks" *Antic 8* 1990, pp30-31.  
"Stage set" *Midwest 4* 1994, pp26-27.

- 1993 *Teststrip on tour* Cubism, Wellington  
*Nature tattoo* High Street Project, Christchurch  
*Stories of elegance* High Street Project, Christchurch  
*From liquid darkness* Dunedin Public Art Gallery  
1994 *Screen* High Street Project, Christchurch  
*Prostrate Canterbury* High Street Project, Christchurch  
*Picture book* High Street Project, Christchurch  
*Striptease* Teststrip, Auckland  
*The fax show* CSA Gallery, Christchurch

#### Bibliography

- Lara Strongman "True confessions" *Midwest 7* 1995, pp29-31.

#### Robin Neate

- 1951 born, Christchurch  
1970-73 School of Fine Arts, University of Canterbury, Christchurch (DipFA)

#### Solo exhibitions

- 1975 CSA Gallery, Christchurch  
1990 *Paintings and other objects* CSA Gallery, Christchurch  
1992 *Matinée selection* Cubism, Wellington  
1993 *Cutting room floor* Hamish McKay Gallery, Wellington

#### Selected group exhibitions

- 1973 CSA Gallery, Christchurch  
1977 Mendelsberg Studio, Christchurch  
1980 *Streets* Robert McDougall Art Gallery, Christchurch  
1985 *Private eye* CSA Gallery, Christchurch

## Robin Neate

- 1987 James Paul Gallery, Christchurch  
1992 *Canvassing south* Gow Langsford Gallery, Wellington  
1994 Hamish McKay Gallery, Wellington  
1995 *Pilot error* 23A Gallery, Auckland  
*A very peculiar practice* City Gallery, Wellington

#### Peter Robinson

- 1965 born, Ashburton (Kai Tahu)  
1984-88 School of Fine Arts, University of Canterbury, Christchurch (BFA)

#### Solo exhibitions

- 1992 *The spaces between* Brooke/Gifford Gallery, Christchurch  
1993 Peter McLeavey Gallery, Wellington  
Claybrook Gallery, Auckland  
1994 *New lines/old stock* Brooke/Gifford Gallery, Christchurch  
*100%* Peter McLeavey Gallery, Wellington  
1995 Opus Operandi Contemporary Art Association, Ghent, Belgium

## Peter Robinson

#### Selected group exhibitions

- 1989 *Recent arrivals* CSA Gallery, Christchurch  
1990 *Nature forms myth* Last Decade, Wellington  
*Goodman/Suter Biennale* Suter Art Gallery, Nelson  
*On task* CSA Gallery, Christchurch  
1991 *Kohia ko taikaka anake* National Art Gallery, Wellington  
*Recognitions* McDougall Art Annex, Robert McDougall Art Gallery, Christchurch  
Brooke/Gifford Gallery, Christchurch  
*He toi na ngaa toa o te whare waanaga o waitaha* University of Auckland  
Claybrook Gallery, Auckland  
*Te kupenga* CSA Gallery, Christchurch  
*ARX3: artists' regional exchange* Perth Institute of Contemporary Art  
*Shadow of style* Wellington City Art Gallery, Wellington; Govett-Brewster Art Gallery, New Plymouth  
*Vogue/vague* CSA Gallery, Christchurch

#### Bibliography

- John Hurrell "The private eye" *The Press* 12 June 1985.  
John Hurrell "Heavy symbolism in Neate's work" *Dominion Sunday Times* 20 May 1990.  
William McAloon "Robin Neate at CSA Gallery" *The Press* 17 May 1990.  
Stuart McKenzie *Private eye* d'PRESS'd, Christchurch, 1985.  
Stuart McKenzie *Matinée selection* Robin Neate and Stuart McKenzie for Cubism, Wellington, 1992.  
Luke Strongman *Cutting room floor* Hamish McKay Gallery, Wellington, 1993.  
*A very peculiar practice* City Gallery, Wellington, 1995.

#### Artist's writings

- "The king of comedy: the cinema, Cézanne, Nazis and sausages" (interviewing Ronnie van Hout) *Midwest 6* 1994, pp24-30.  
"The idea has been growing inside my brain for some time" *Midwest 7* 1995, pp34-38.  
"Stop making sense" *Art and text 52* 1995, pp85-86.

#### Page art

- (with Ronnie van Hout) "Film fun" *Midwest 6* 1994, pp28-29.

#### Film by the artist

- Film notes: 1977-1987*, video compilation of 8mm and 16mm films.

- A comfortable environment* Dunedin Public Art Gallery  
*Prospect Canterbury 1992* Robert McDougall Art Gallery, Christchurch  
1993 *Cartel* Brooke/Gifford Gallery, Christchurch  
*Te hau a taonga* Te Taumata Gallery, Auckland  
*Groundswell* Manawatu Art Gallery, Palmerston North  
1994 *Localities of desire* Museum of Contemporary Art, Sydney  
*Parallel lines: Gordon Walters in context* Auckland City Art Gallery  
*Art now* Museum of New Zealand Te Papa Tongarewa, Wellington  
*Aoraki/hikurangi* McDougall Art Annex, Robert McDougall Art Gallery, Christchurch

#### Bibliography

- Robert Leonard "3.125% pure: Peter Robinson plays the numbers game" *Art and text 50* 1995, pp18-20.  
*Localities of desire* Museum of Contemporary Art, Sydney, 1995.  
William McAloon *Tracts* Claybrook Gallery, Auckland, 1991.  
William McAloon *Vogue/vague* CSA Gallery, Christchurch, 1992.  
William McAloon "Writing on the body: locating the lost in recent sculpture" in *Art now: the first biennial review of contemporary art* Museum of New Zealand Te Papa Tongarewa, Wellington, 1994, pp19-23.  
Peter Robinson interviewed by Megan Tamati-Quennell "Peter Robinson: pale by comparison" *Planet 14* 1994, p60.  
Lara Strongman "Sickness and health" in *Shadow of style: eight new artists* (eds. Gregory Burke and Robert Leonard) Wellington City Art Gallery, Wellington and Govett-Brewster Art Gallery, New Plymouth, 1992, pp16-17.  
Lara Strongman "Raw deal" in *Art now: the first biennial review of contemporary art* Museum of New Zealand Te Papa Tongarewa, Wellington, 1994, pp74-75.  
Lara Strongman *Recognitions* Robert McDougall Art Gallery, Christchurch, 1991.

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**Marie Shannon**  
1960 born, Nelson  
1983 Elam School of Fine Arts, University of Auckland, Auckland (BFA)

#### Solo exhibitions

1983 Real Pictures Gallery, Auckland  
1985 Real Pictures Gallery, Auckland  
1986 New Vision Gallery, Auckland  
Brooke/Gifford Gallery, Christchurch  
1987 *Animal pictures* Room 11, Auckland  
1988 *Romance and animals* Southern Cross Gallery, Wellington  
1989 *Indoor fireworks* George Fraser Gallery, Auckland  
1990 Gregory Flint Gallery, Auckland  
Catherine Scollay Gallery, Wellington  
1991 Brooke/Gifford Gallery, Christchurch  
1992 Gregory Flint Gallery, Auckland

## Marie Shannon

1993 Centre for Contemporary Art, Hamilton  
Fisher Gallery, Auckland  
*Sculpture by Marie Shannon* Museum of New Zealand Te Papa Tongarewa, Wellington  
1994 CBD Gallery, Sydney  
Hamish McKay Gallery, Wellington  
1995 Hamish McKay Gallery, Wellington  
*In bed with Marie Shannon*, Govett-Brewster Art Gallery, New Plymouth

#### Selected group exhibitions

1982 *New Zealand landscape show* Real Pictures Gallery, Auckland  
1983 *Centenary show* Elam School of Fine Arts, Auckland  
1986 *The self* Bishop Suter Gallery, Nelson  
*Content/context: a survey of recent New Zealand art* Shed 11, National Art Gallery, Wellington  
1987 *Team McMillan Art Award* ASA Gallery, Auckland  
1988 *Two photographers* Waikato Museum of Art and History Te Whare Taonga o Waikato, Hamilton  
*Hearts and minds: six stories by Katherine Mansfield* National Library Gallery, Wellington  
*Seven photographers update* Sarjeant Gallery, Wanganui  
*The painted zoo* Shed 11, National Art Gallery, Wellington  
1989 *Art too* National Library Gallery, Wellington  
*Seven photographers update* Sarjeant Gallery, Wanganui  
Southern Cross Gallery, Wellington  
*Constructed intimacies* (Moet & Chandon New Zealand Art Foundation) Auckland City Art Gallery; National Art Gallery, Wellington; Sarjeant Gallery, Wanganui; Robert McDougall Art Gallery, Christchurch  
*Imposing narratives: beyond the documentary in recent New Zealand photography* Wellington City Art Gallery, Wellington; Auckland City Art Gallery; Robert McDougall Art Gallery, Christchurch  
1990 *In the forest of dream* (Moet & Chandon New Zealand Art Foundation); Dunedin Public Art Gallery; Suter Gallery, Nelson; Artspace, Auckland  
*Summer show* Zelda Cheate Gallery, London  
*Elam centenary show* Auckland Museum, Auckland  
*Treasures and landmarks* National Gallery, Wellington  
*United Banking Group/Sarjeant Gallery photographic award* Sarjeant Art Gallery, Wanganui (withdrew work)  
*Space fictions* Catherine Scollay Gallery, Wellington  
*Inheritance* Wellington City Art Gallery  
*Panoramas of Auckland* Auckland City Art Gallery, Auckland  
1992 *Headlands: thinking through New Zealand art* Museum of Contemporary Art, Sydney; Museum of New Zealand Te Papa Tongarewa, Wellington  
*Home made home* Wellington City Art Gallery  
*Hit parade* Wellington City Art Gallery  
*Scenes from real and imaginary lives* Wellington City Art Gallery

1993 *Mediatrix: new work by seven women artists* Artspace, Auckland; Govett-Brewster Art Gallery, New Plymouth  
*From liquid darkness* Dunedin Public Art Gallery  
*Comfort zone*, Govett-Brewster Art Gallery, New Plymouth  
*Shared pleasures*, Waikato Museum of Art and History Te Whare Taonga o Waikato, Hamilton  
1995 *Sculptitecture* Hamish McKay Gallery, Wellington  
*The wearing of the green*, Auckland City Art Gallery

#### Selected bibliography

Rhondda Bosworth "Marie Shannon: domestic scenery" *Six women photographers* *Photoforum* 56 1987, pp49-57.  
Christina Barton "Sculpture by another name" *Sculpture by Marie Shannon*, Museum of New Zealand Te Papa Tongarewa, Wellington, np.  
Jim and Mary Barr *Space fictions* Catherine Scollay Gallery, Wellington, 1991.  
*Constructed intimacies* Moet & Chandon New Zealand Art Foundation, Auckland 1989, np.  
Gregory Burke "An indeterminate surface" in *Imposing narratives: beyond the documentary in recent New Zealand photography* (ed. Geri Thomas) Wellington City Art Gallery, 1989, pp7-15.  
Richard Dale "Marie Shannon" *Art and text* 46 September 1993, pp86-87.  
*In the valley of dream* Moet & Chandon New Zealand Art Foundation, Auckland 1990, pp28-29.  
Anne Kirker *New Zealand women artists: a survey of 150 years* (second edition) Craftsman House, East Roseville, 1993, pp217-218.  
Robert Leonard "Mod cons" *Headlands: thinking through New Zealand art* (ed. Mary Barr) Museum of Contemporary Art, Sydney, 1992, pp161-172.  
Robert Leonard and Stuart McKenzie "Something from nothingness comes" *Art New Zealand* 61 Summer 1991-92, pp217-218.  
Priscilla Pitts "Exchanging looks: aspects of gender and representation in contemporary New Zealand photography" in *Imposing narratives: beyond the documentary in recent New Zealand photography* (ed. Geri Thomas) Wellington City Art Gallery, 1989, pp16-22.  
Marie Shannon "The creative process" *Sculpture by Marie Shannon* Museum of New Zealand Te Papa Tongarewa, Wellington, 1993, np.  
Gwen Stacey "The 'panoramic' photographs of Marie Shannon" *Art New Zealand* 35 Winter 1985, pp 62-65.  
Lara Strongman "Making the best of things" in *Mediatrix* (ed. Priscilla Pitts) Artspace, Auckland, 1993, pp38-39.  
Allan Smith "Romantic and symbolist tendencies in recent New Zealand photography" *Art New Zealand* 64 Spring 1992, pp80-84.

#### Page art

"Calling out around the world" *Antic* 8 1990, pp8-9.  
*Art New Zealand* 61 1991-92, cover.  
"Julian's dream, Julian's nightmare" *Midwest* 7 1995, pp44-45.

#### Film by the artist

*The creative process*, 16mm film, 1993.

#### Mike Stevenson

1964 born, Inglewood  
1983-86 Elam School of Fine Arts, University of Auckland, Auckland (BFA)

#### Solo exhibitions

1988 Southern Cross Gallery, Wellington  
Manawatu Art Gallery, Palmerston North  
1989 *One small town* Southern Cross Gallery, Wellington  
1990 *Rotary greetings from Bulls New Zealand* Ray Hughes Gallery, Sydney  
*On angels' wings* Gregory Flint Gallery, Auckland  
1991 *The Farewell and Welcome Home Club* Gregory Flint Gallery, Auckland  
Manawatu Art Gallery, Palmerston North  
1992 *Paintings 1987-1992* Gregory Flint Gallery, Auckland  
1993 *Badlands* Govett-Brewster Art Gallery, New Plymouth; Manawatu Art Gallery, Palmerston North; Darren Knight DKW, Melbourne  
1994 *Decline of western civilization pt3: the minimalist years* Hamish McKay Gallery, Wellington  
*The Easy Rider: a man went looking for America... and found it everywhere* Gregory Flint Gallery, Auckland  
*Some latter-day art* Darren Knight DKW, Melbourne  
1995 *First warning* Hamish McKay Gallery, Wellington  
*Mike Stevenson* Darren Knight DKW, Melbourne

#### Selected group exhibitions

1989 Sue Crockford Gallery, Auckland  
*After McCahon* Auckland City Art Gallery  
*Constructed intimacies* (Moet & Chandon New Zealand Art Foundation) Auckland City Art Gallery; National Art Gallery, Wellington; Sarjeant Gallery, Wanganui; Robert McDougall Art Gallery, Christchurch  
1990 *Situation and style* Jonathan Jensen Gallery, Christchurch  
1991-92 *Distance looks our way: 10 artists from New Zealand* Sargeant Gallery, Wanganui, Pubellon de las Arles, Expo, Seville; Stelling Gallery, Leiden; Centro Culutural de Conde Duque, Madrid; Centro Cultural de Caja Espana, Zamora; Centre Civic Casa Elizaida, Barcelona; Auckland City Art Gallery; City Gallery, Wellington  
1993 *Christmas festivities* Sarjeant Gallery, Wanganui  
1995 *A very peculiar practice* City Gallery, Wellington  
*New works, new directions, from the Chartwell Collection* Waikato Museum of Art and History Te Whare Taonga o Waikato, Hamilton

#### Bibliography

Christina Barton "Afterwords: conversation around McCahon" *After McCahon* Auckland City Art Gallery, 1989, pp7-17.  
Miro Bilborough "Blurring the dividing line" *Evening Post* 16 February 1989.

## Mike Stevenson

*Constructed intimacies* Moet & Chandon New Zealand Art Foundation, Auckland 1989, np.

David Craig *Can you guess where I'm calling from?* Gregory Flint Gallery, Auckland, 1994.

David Craig *If I can't wear my old Wrangler shirt I'm not going* Hamish McKay Gallery, Wellington, 1994.

Charles Green "Mike Stevenson" *Artforum* May 1995, p109.

William McAloon *Situation and style: vestiges of regionalism in recent New Zealand art* Jonathan Jensen Gallery, Christchurch, 1990.

Francis Pound "In the wake of McCahon: a commentary on After McCahon" *Art New Zealand* 52 Spring 1989, pp79-83.

Mary Raphael "Signs of life" *Listener* 21 August 1993, p38.

Robert Rooney "Just deserts" *The Australian* 12-13 November 1994.

Michael Stevenson interviewed by Robert Leonard "Smokers please" *Midwest* 4 1994, pp33-39.

Geri Thomas "Wellington now" *Art New Zealand* 46 Autumn 1988, pp60-63.

Douglas Standing "Between remembering and forgetting: painting at the periphery" *Distance looks our way: 10 artists from New Zealand* (ed. Mary Barr) Distance looks our way trust, 1992, pp95-102.

Douglas Standing "Bad habits" *Badlands* Gregory Flint Gallery, Auckland, 1993, np.

Pam Walker "Here we are, we exist" *Listener* 10 February 1992, p46.

#### Page art

*Agenda* 43, p38.

"Moon fever hits Inglewood" *Antic* 8 1990, pp50-51.

*Midwest* 4 1994, cover.

### Terry Urbahn

1961 born, New Plymouth  
1981-85 School of Fine Arts, University of Canterbury, Christchurch (BFA)

### Solo exhibitions

1985 CSA Gallery, Christchurch  
1987 Govett-Brewster Art Gallery, New Plymouth  
1989 Star Art, Auckland  
Joker Gallery, New Plymouth  
1990 Star Art, Auckland  
Last Decade Gallery, Wellington  
Gallery 79, Hawera  
1992 *Object and image* Portfolio Gallery, Auckland  
*Vocal PA* vacant shops, Devon Street and Egmont Street, New Plymouth  
1993 *Post-crash recovery* Sarjeant Gallery, Wanganui  
1994 *Taranaki review* Lesley Kreisler Gallery, New Plymouth  
1995 *DIY (Joe)* New Work Studio, Wellington  
*Alien space* Govett-Brewster Art Gallery, New Plymouth

## Terry Urbahn

### Selected group exhibitions

1985 James Paul Gallery, Christchurch  
1987 *Taranaki flags and banners* Govett-Brewster Art Gallery, New Plymouth  
1989 *Out of the woods* Sarjeant Gallery, Wanganui  
*Nature organizd* Waikato Museum of Art and History Te Whare Taonga o Waikato, Hamilton  
1990 *Goodman/Suter biennale* Suter Art Gallery, Nelson  
1992 *Wallace art awards*, Wallace Art Trust, Auckland  
1993 *Looking good* Govett-Brewster Art Gallery, New Plymouth  
1994 *Art now (Pretty vacant* installation, Columbia Hotel) Museum of New Zealand Te Papa Tongarewa, Wellington  
*Lost and found in space* New Work Studio, Wellington

### Bibliography

*Art now: the first biennial review of contemporary art* Museum of New Zealand Te Papa Tongarewa, Wellington, 1994, pp80-81.  
David Eggleston "Delivery systems for a consumer paradise" *Spec 16* Spring 1994, np.  
Stuart McKenzie "Shop at MONZ" *Listener* 9 July 1994, pp44-46.  
Justin Paton "New art: slack pack" *More* November 1994, p44.  
Jane Sayle "In search of wonderland: Art now at the Museum of New Zealand Te Papa Tongarewa" *Art New Zealand 73* Summer 1994-95, pp63-65.  
Allan Smith "Art now" *Art and Asia Pacific* vol 2, no 2, 1995, pp116-117.

### Page art

*Alien space* Govett-Brewster Art Gallery, New Plymouth, 1995.

### Ronnie van Hout

1962 born, Christchurch  
1980-82 School of Fine Arts, University of Canterbury, Christchurch

### Solo exhibitions

1985 *More for less* City Limits Cafe, Wellington  
1986 *The true cross* Southern Cross Gallery, Wellington  
1987 Manawa Gallery, Christchurch  
*Believing is seeing* Southern Cross Gallery, Wellington  
1989 *Maginnity St/the big sleep* Gregory Flint Gallery, Wellington  
1990 *Multiplying personalities* Gregory Flint Gallery, Wellington  
1992 *Return of the living dead* Gow Langsford Gallery, Wellington  
1993 *Installation* Hamish McKay Gallery, Wellington  
*When art hits the headlands* Cubism, Wellington  
*Band embroideries* Gregory Flint Gallery, Auckland  
1994 *Large embroideries* Hamish McKay Gallery, Wellington  
*Detour* ELBA Art Foundation, Nijmegen, The Netherlands  
1995 *Skin problems* Teststrip, Auckland  
*Mephitis* Brooke/Gifford Gallery, Christchurch  
*Forget* Hamish McKay Gallery, Wellington  
Darren Knight DKW, Melbourne

### Selected group shows

1983 *Paintings* CSA Gallery, Christchurch  
1984 *Good movies* Super 8 films touring show  
1985 *Advanced capitalist realism* Victoria University Library, Wellington.  
1987 *6 painters* Southern Cross Gallery, Wellington  
1989 Gregory Flint Gallery, Wellington  
1992 Gow Langsford Gallery, Wellington  
*Shadow of style* Wellington City Art Gallery; Govett-Brewster Art Gallery, New Plymouth  
1993 Gregory Flint Gallery, Auckland  
*After, after McCahon* Cubism, Wellington  
*Suffer* Teststrip, Auckland; Hamish McKay Gallery, Wellington  
*Paintings from the future* Teststrip, Auckland  
*Visa gold*, Wellington Public Library  
1994 *Rock'n'roll art show* Teststrip, Auckland  
*Sad sketches* Teststrip, Auckland  
*Group photography show* Hamish McKay Gallery, Wellington

## Ronnie van Hout

Darren Knight DKW, Melbourne  
*Elvis in Geyslerland* Rotorua Museum of Art and History  
*150 ways of loving* Artspace, Auckland  
1995 *Sculptecture* Hamish McKay Gallery, Wellington  
*Easter show* Darren Knight DKW, Melbourne  
*A very peculiar practice* City Gallery, Wellington  
*Everyday pathomimesis* School of Fine Arts Gallery, University of Canterbury, Christchurch

### Bibliography

Susan Foster "Wellington" *Art New Zealand 44* 1987, pp49-50.  
Blair French "Model images: the recent photography of Ronnie van Hout" *Art New Zealand 56* 1990, pp58-59.  
*Good movies* (ed. Martin Rumsby) New Zealand Students Arts Council, Wellington, 1984.  
Stuart McKenzie "Junk joint" *Artforum* February-March 1995, pp39-40.  
Stuart McKenzie "Stupid as a photographer" *Shadow of style: eight new artists* (eds. Gregory Burke and Robert Leonard) Wellington City Art Gallery; Govett-Brewster Art Gallery, New Plymouth, 1992, pp18-19.  
*Sculptecture* Hamish McKay Gallery, Wellington, 1995.  
Ronnie van Hout *When art hits the headlands* Cubism, Wellington, 1993.  
Ronnie van Hout interviewed by Susan Hillery "Values and heroes" *Stamp 28* February 1992, pp14-15.  
Ronnie van Hout interviewed by Robin Neate "The king of comedy: the cinema, Cezanne, Nazis and sausages" *Midwest 6* 1994, pp24-30.  
Justin Paton, *The Press* 2 August 1995.  
*A very peculiar practice* City Gallery, Wellington, 1995.

### Page art

*Illusions* 1991, pp22-25.  
*Mephitis* Ronnie van Hout in association with Darren Knight DKW, Melbourne, 1995.  
*Midwest 1* 1992, cover.  
(with Robin Neate) "Film fun" *Midwest 6* 1994, pp28-29.  
*South Island Art Projects newsletter 16* August 1995, p25.  
*Sport 9* Spring 1992, cover.



## Judy Darragh

### *Avenger* 1993

mixed media  
690 x 530 x 45mm  
Courtesy of the artist

### *Sick* 1993

mixed media  
465 x 630 x 60mm  
Courtesy of the artist and Jonathan Smart  
Gallery, Christchurch

### *Skull and crossbones* 1994

mixed media  
985 x 445 x 65mm  
Courtesy of the artist  
(illustrated below)

## Judy Darragh



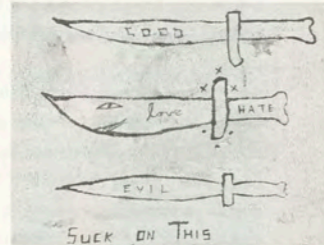
### *The ring of fire* 1995

mixed media  
320 x 4800 x 4800mm variable  
Courtesy of the artist

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## Tony de Lautour



### Tony de Lautour

#### *1970* 1994

oil on canvas  
404 x 438mm  
Courtesy of the artist and Hamish McKay  
Gallery, Wellington

#### *Bad white art* 1994

oil on canvas  
760 x 1220mm  
Collection of Gwynneth Porter, Dunedin

#### *Top shelf* 1994

collaborative work with Peter Robinson  
oil and enamel on coke bottles and wood  
2160 x 780 x 270mm  
Courtesy of the artists and Brooke/Gifford  
Gallery, Christchurch

#### *Untitled (1970: I don't care)*

1994-95  
oil and enamel on paper and canvas  
variable dimensions  
Courtesy of the artist

#### *White heat* 1994-95

oil and enamel on canvas  
720 x 976mm  
Courtesy of the artist and Anna Bibby Gallery,  
Auckland

#### *Suck on this* 1995

oil on canvas board  
179 x 235mm  
Courtesy of the artist and Hamish McKay  
Gallery, Wellington  
(illustrated above)

## Jason Greig

### *Whipping boy* 1991

charcoal on paper  
244 x 330mm  
Collection of Louise Greig, Wellington

### *Beatles reunion* 1993

monoprint  
380 x 310mm  
Collection of Louise Greig, Wellington

### *Love boat* 1993

charcoal on paper  
342 x 523mm  
Courtesy of the artist

### *Viking U boat* 1993

monoprint  
337 x 564mm  
Collection of Louise Greig, Wellington



### *Vlad the impaler* 1993

monoprint  
174 x 128mm  
Collection of Mark Whyte, Christchurch

### *Helium* 1994

monoprint  
340 x 271mm  
Collection of Louise Greig, Wellington  
(illustrated above)

### *Latterday saint* 1994

monoprint  
344 x 260mm  
Courtesy of the artist and Hamish McKay  
Gallery, Wellington

## Jason Greig

### *Anatomy man* 1995

monoprint  
340 x 250mm  
Courtesy of the artist and Hamish McKay  
Gallery, Wellington

### *Jupiter's beard* 1995

monoprint  
208 x 164mm  
Courtesy of the artist and Brooke/Gifford  
Gallery, Christchurch

### *Southern man* 1995

monoprint  
346 x 250mm  
Courtesy of the artist and Hamish McKay  
Gallery, Wellington



## Bill Hammond

### *Emotional keyboard I* 1993

acrylic on wood  
6 panels, each approx. 250 x 645 x 30mm  
Courtesy of the artist and Peter McLeavey  
Gallery, Wellington

### *Emotional keyboard II* 1993

acrylic on wood sections  
6 panels, each approx. 265 x 690 x 45mm  
Private collection, Auckland

## Bill Hammond

### *The vagaries of lingo* 1993

acrylic on linen  
1797 x 1604mm  
Collection of Catherine Scollay, Wellington

### *Waiting for Buller "Bar"* 1993

acrylic on canvas  
1200 x 800mm  
Courtesy of the artist and Peter McLeavey  
Gallery, Wellington  
(illustrated above)

### *Waiting for Buller "Bar"* 1993

acrylic on canvas  
1200 x 800mm  
Private collection, Auckland



## Saskia Leek

### *Gang series* 1994

oil, pencil and biro on card  
5 panels, each 201 x 279mm  
Collection of Tony de Lautour and Peter  
Robinson, Christchurch

### *The gum fights* 1995

oil and biro on vinyl  
260 x 206mm  
Courtesy of the artist

## Saskia Leek

### *The horrors* 1995

oil and biro on vinyl  
260 x 206mm  
Collection of Tony de Lautour, Christchurch

### *Initiation* 1995

oil and biro on vinyl  
260 x 206mm  
Courtesy of the artist

### *It gives you the feeling of love* 1995

oil and biro on vinyl  
260 x 206mm  
Courtesy of the artist

### *My own stereo* 1995

oil and biro on vinyl  
260 x 206mm  
Courtesy of the artist

### *Nothing matches cool* 1995

oil and biro on vinyl  
260 x 206mm  
Collection of Tony de Lautour, Christchurch

### *The Paul Kelly gang* 1995

oil and biro on vinyl  
260 x 206mm  
Courtesy of the artist

### *Puff bodies* 1995

oil and biro on vinyl  
260 x 206mm  
Courtesy of the artist

### *Rollerskate rescue* 1995

oil pint and biro on vinyl  
260 x 206mm  
Courtesy of the artist

### *Self portrait as Sandra Dee* 1995

oil and biro on vinyl  
260 x 206mm  
Courtesy of the artist  
(illustrated above left)

### *Self portrait as Sandy* 1995

oil and biro on vinyl  
260 x 206mm  
Courtesy of the artist

### *Sodapop our love it was only voodoo*

1995  
oil and biro on vinyl  
260 x 206mm  
Collection of Tony de Lautour, Christchurch

### *Space shock* 1995

oil and biro on vinyl  
260 x 206mm  
Courtesy of the artist

### *Trains* 1995

oil and biro on vinyl  
260 x 206mm  
Courtesy of the artist

## Robin Neate



## Robin Neate

### *Bliss trip* 1995

acrylic on fabric  
1835 x 1676mm  
Courtesy of the artist and Hamish McKay  
Gallery, Wellington

### *Heaven knows Mr Allison* 1995

acrylic on fabric  
1835 x 1676mm  
Courtesy of the artist and Hamish McKay  
Gallery, Wellington

### *TCB* 1995

colour photograph  
790 x 1050mm  
Courtesy of the artist and Hamish McKay  
Gallery, Wellington

### *Untitled* 1995

colour photographs  
3 panels, each 1048 x 788mm  
Courtesy of the artist and Hamish McKay  
Gallery, Wellington  
(illustrated above)

## Peter Robinson



## Peter Robinson

### *Community noticeboard* 1994

acrylic on wood  
1698 x 1634 x 122mm  
The Stevenson Collection, Blenheim

### *Price war* 1994

mixed media  
1427 x 884 x 525mm  
Courtesy of the artist and Peter McLeavey  
Gallery, Wellington

### *Untitled (radio with trolley)* 1994

mixed media  
1160 x 335 x 1350mm  
Courtesy of the artist and Peter McLeavey  
Gallery, Wellington  
(illustrated above)

### *Untitled (surveillance camera)* 1994

mixed media  
36 x 15 x 89mm  
Courtesy of the artist and Peter McLeavey  
Gallery, Wellington

### *Intra venus – Intra in the city '94*

1994-95  
acrylic on wood  
531 x 2120mm  
Collection of Giovanni Intra, Auckland

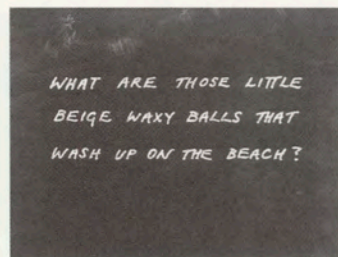
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**Marie Shannon**

*Charm bracelet — travel* 1993  
black and white photograph  
427 x 548mm  
Courtesy of the artist and Hamish McKay  
Gallery, Wellington

*Untitled (cat door)* 1993  
black and white photograph  
171 x 220mm  
Courtesy of the artist and Hamish McKay  
Gallery, Wellington

**Marie Shannon**



*Untitled (Guinness glass)* 1993  
black and white photograph  
431 x 344mm  
Courtesy of the artist and Hamish McKay  
Gallery, Wellington

*Untitled (knees)* 1993  
black and white photograph  
169 x 219mm  
Courtesy of the artist and Hamish McKay  
Gallery, Wellington

*Untitled (noisy fridge)* 1993  
black and white photograph  
170 x 220mm  
Courtesy of the artist and Hamish McKay  
Gallery, Wellington

*Untitled (waxy balls)* 1993  
black and white photograph  
172 x 220mm  
Courtesy of the artist and Hamish McKay  
Gallery, Wellington  
(illustrated above)

*Art bloopers* 1994  
black and white photograph  
342 x 445mm  
Courtesy of the artist and Hamish McKay  
Gallery, Wellington

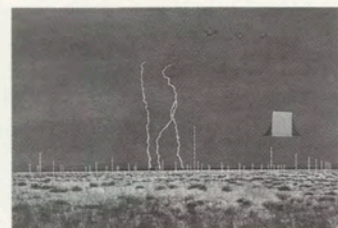
*New Zealand's funniest art video*  
1994  
black and white photograph  
340 x 444mm  
Courtesy of the artist and Hamish McKay  
Gallery, Wellington

**Mike Stevenson**

*Donald Judd incident #3* 1995  
mixed media on paper  
572 x 880mm  
Courtesy of the artist and Hamish McKay  
Gallery, Wellington

*Donald Judd incident #4* 1995  
mixed media on paper  
594 x 877mm  
Courtesy of the artist and Hamish McKay  
Gallery, Wellington

**Mike Stevenson**



*Jeep 1 "Whistle blower"* 1995  
mixed media  
1765 x 510 x 110  
Courtesy of the artist and Darren Knight  
DKW, Melbourne

*Jeep 2 "Wcch dog"* 1995  
mixed media  
1370 x 650 x 95  
Courtesy of the artist and Darren Knight  
DKW, Melbourne

*Kissinger 66* 1995  
mixed media on paper  
580 x 880mm  
Collection of En Abernethy and Linda Niccol

*Kissinger is:he false prophet* 1995  
mixed media on paper  
578 x 881mm  
Courtesy of the artist and Hamish McKay  
Gallery, Wellington

*NASA ref ncEMP 12 - 37 - 5437*  
1995  
mixed media on paper  
580 x 870mm  
Courtesy of the artist and Darren Knight  
DKW, Melbourne  
(illustrated above)

**Ronnie van Hout**

*Satan can read my mind* 1993  
embroidery thread on canvas  
430 x 228 x 75mm  
Courtesy of the artist and Hamish McKay  
Gallery, Wellington

*Self titled* 1993  
embroidery thread on canvas  
500 x 350mm  
Collection of Jim Barr and Mary Barr,  
Wellington

*Hell* 1994  
colour photograph  
308 x 384mm  
Collection of Robert McDougall Art Gallery,  
Christchurch



*Self titled* 1993  
embroidery thread on canvas  
500 x 350mm  
Chartwell Collection, Waikato Museum of Art  
and History Te Whare Taonga o Waikato,  
Hamilton

*Untitled (Stuka bomber)* 1993  
photo emulsion and resin on wood  
variable dimensions  
Courtesy of the artist and Hamish McKay  
Gallery, Wellington

*Evil* 1994  
colour photograph  
309 x 388mm  
Collection of Robert McDougall Art Gallery,  
Christchurch

**Ronnie van Hout**

*Hell* 1994  
embroidery thread on canvas  
1399 x 1102mm  
Collection of Stuart McKenzie and Miranda  
Harcourt, Wellington

*Undead* 1994  
colour photograph  
306 x 386mm  
Collection of Robert McDougall Art Gallery,  
Christchurch  
(illustrated above)

*Nice and stupid* 1995  
mixed media  
(i) 327 x 428 x 35mm  
(ii) 410 x 250 x 240mm  
Courtesy of the artist and Hamish McKay  
Gallery, Wellington

**Terry Urbahn**

*Tracey's world part one (artefacts)*  
1994-95  
mixed media  
8 packets, each approx. 860 x 620mm  
Courtesy of the artist and New Work Studio,  
Wellington

*Tracey's world part two* 1994-95  
a. *Urban Museum (Dogons)*  
b. *Urban Museum (Ifugao)*  
c. *Urban Museum (Ona)*  
mixed media  
3 cases, each approx. 480 x 600 x 146mm  
Courtesy of the artist and New Work Studio,  
Wellington  
(detail of b. illustrated above)

**Terry Urbahn**

*Tracey's world part three (Pretty vacant)*  
1994-95  
mixed media and VHS video  
variable dimensions  
Courtesy of the artist and New Work Studio,  
Wellington



**Judy Darragh  
Tony de Lautour  
Jason Greig  
Bill Hammond**

# HANGOVER

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Dunedin Public Art Gallery, Govett-Brewster Art Gallery, and Waikato Museum of Art and History Te Whare Taonga o Waikato gratefully acknowledge the support of Creative New Zealand Arts Council of New Zealand Toi Aotearoa.



ISBN 0-908750-13-7

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Peter Robinson  
Marie Shannon  
Mike Stevenson  
Terry Urbahn  
Ronnie van Hout**