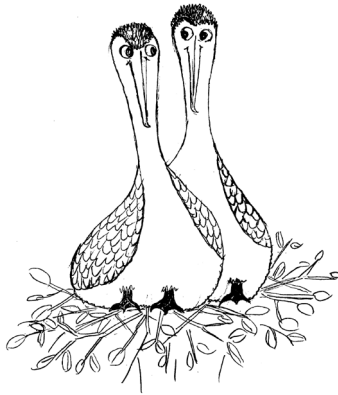


A.A.M. Bos

presents by means of picture the Comings and Goings
of the Shag Colony: Resident at the End of

Colonial Road

THE MOST
WELL OBSERVED
SENSITIVE
AND
COMPASSIONATE
PICTURE
IMAGINABLE.



THE
COLONIAL
ROAD
COMMUNITY
ITS CHARM.
ITS CONFIDENCE.
ITS CHALLENGE.

A Complete and Comprehensive Synopsis depicting:

SWEET ON AUCKLAND HARBOUR

Shags Swimming. Air Drying. Behaving. Crossing the Bridge.
Down Colonial Road. Arrival. Salute. Avian Shits. Hanging Out.

Birds at Work

Invasion. Board Walk. The Factory. The Packing Shed.
Corrugations. Diesel Fumes. Enviro-Waste. Agitation.
Water Treatment. Pipes & Conduits. Warning. Algal Bloom.
Serenade with Strings.

*It's of a wild Colonial Boy,
Jack Dolan was his name,
Of poor but honest parents,
He was born in Castlemaine.
He was his father's only son,
His mother's pride and joy,
And so dearly did his parents love
The wild Colonial Boy.*

*Come along my hearties,
We'll roam the mountains high,
Together we will plunder,
Together we will ride.
We'll scar over valleys,
And gallop for the plains,
And scorn to live in slavery,
bound down by iron chains.*

*When scarcely sixteen years of age,
He left his father's home,
And through Australia's sunny
shores
A bushranger did roam.
He'd rob the largest squatters,
Their stock he would destroy,
A terror to Australia was
The wild Colonial Boy.*

Wild Colonial Boy is an anonymous 19th century Australian ballad celebrating the exploits of Irish rebel Jack Donahue, who, in 1824 as a convict, was transported to Sydney, in the penal colony of New South Wales. **Bold Jack Donahue** (c.1806–1830) as he became known, escaped incarceration and then went on the run, reinventing himself as an outlaw and folk hero philanthropist “robbing from the rich to feed the poor,” until 1 September 1830, when he was fatally wounded in an ambush, shot dead by police.

In the film **Ned Kelly** (1970) directed by Tony Richardson, Rolling Stones rock-star-turned-title-role-actor Mick Jagger sings a version of **Wild Colonial Boy**. As did John Jones, the son of Ann Jones, proprietor of the hotel at Glenrowan. Here, on 28 June 1880, notorious bushranger Ned Kelly and his gang, anticipating a shootout with a train load of gun-toting special constabulary and aboriginal trackers dispatched to hunt them down, made their legendary, bullet-proof armour-wearing but ill-fated, last stand. In the exchange that followed, John Jones was killed, but unlike the fugitives from the law, Dan Kelly and Steve Hart, his body, and that of fellow hostage Martin Cherry was not incinerated in the fire deliberately lit by police that burned the hotel to the ground.

WILD COLONIALS

A.A.M. Bos began **Colonial Road** (2020) as an experimental project. The artist never intended making a “wildlife documentary or nature film with scripted observations in BBC voice-over.” In the beginning, all **A.A.M. Bos** wanted to do was “see what happened,” when their incredibly still but commanding images of birds moved. Neither was there an ambition to tell a story. The narrative (if there was any) was to be a simple chronology of moving images organised by time and date, able to create a convincing audio visual experience where “the sights and sounds of the birds and their environment were the story,” the artist says.

However, when **A.A.M. Bos** offered what turned out to be a gi-normous file of luminous bird pictures to friends for feedback and review, a re-think of process was needed. “Too long,” was the overall assessment, “needs structure,” they said.

“Confronting advice,” concluded the artist.

To cut or not to cut? That was the question. Unable to decide, **A.A.M. Bos** deferred for a time and thought. Then thought some more and wondered why should images of birds just being birds get hurried along? The natural world has its own rhythm and cycle. “Slow, considered, and completely self-contained, entirely disrespectful of battery life, storage card capacity or patience of the camera operator.”

Besides, **A.A.M. Bos** realised, shags are creatures of habit. “Theirs is repetitive behaviour. The comings and goings of the bird community is on a loop of sorts. I learned to recognise such shapes and taking advantage of these patterns, tried to capture the non-scripted neighbourhood drama that unfolds everyday at the end of **Colonial Road**,” says the artist.

Even though there is no spoken dialogue in **Colonial Road** the artist says the work is not a silent film. **A.A.M. Bos** uses a wide range of wild sound including recordings made mostly on a mobile phone or taken from no-fee internet-based digital libraries.¹

“The orchestra of the environment,” explains the artist, “wind, water, birds, industry, people and their presence, playing together.” Like early silent filmmakers, **Colonial Road** also uses music but this soundtrack had to be chosen carefully. “Not only did the music have to fit the feel of the project but it also had to be available either in the public domain or as a Creative Commons license.” **A.A.M. Bos** got lucky. Thanks to a number of online databases, artists can now freely access a rich treasure house of classic recordings.²

It was important for **A.A.M. Bos** that the music for **Colonial Road** should resonate not only with the events of our time but also with a period in history when there was similar, irreversible social change on a global scale. Familiar to many, the **Pomp and Circumstance March No. 3** by Edward Elgar (1857–1934), first published during the Boer War (1899–1902), may have been imagined as a patriotic salute to Empire. For the artist, this piece also endures as an intense, emotionally-charged now-ironic anthem to an even greater disaster yet to come – World War I (1914–1918).

Despite the rousing, last-night-at-the-Proms, let’s-get-it-together-people, exhortations of Elgar’s March, the much-aspired to land of hope and glory is,

according to the artist, “always out of reach.”

Colonial Road is about place. In this case a colony of shags, living in sight of the largest, most densely populated New Zealand city. Co-existing with human enterprise, unitary plan or no unitary plan. “We are of little consequence to them,” says **A.A.M. Bos**, “people are either tolerated or completely ignored.” The bird community at the end of **Colonial Road** have found a niche. Their world, which once would have been a sheltered bay edged with thick bush, had a clear flowing stream at one end that was, in the 19th century, dammed. The hillsides behind clear-felled, the seafront contained by jetties, and a sprawling coal-powered Victorian factory for the refining of sugar built. The artist says that by March 1892, when Elgar wrote his achingly beautiful **Serenade for Strings in E minor opus 20**, the Chelsea Sugar Works had already been in operation for eight years, “pumping out the sweet stuff.” For **A.A.M. Bos**, the second movement of Elgar’s *Serenade* is “so in tune with the second movement of **Colonial Road**.” An echo of a past Empire, the music transcends the brashness of warmongering and sabre-rattling, bathing us in the healing harmonies of the pastoral. “I want to do that too,” says the artist. “Wash the eyes with the caress and kiss of nature as wind moves over water or dances in trees. My images respond to this existential song of sadness and great loss. It is a lamentation that grieves for a habitat that has been destroyed.” Despite the deep scars of environmental damage, the artist also sees balance returning. On the ridges, aged pines shelter regenerating kauri. On the nests, garrulous shags build homes in tōtara, pōhutukawa and accommodating English oaks. In the early-morning air, animated bird twitter bounces off the ever-present harbourside hum of industry. “This is a moment to pause and reflect,” says **A.A.M. Bos**, “on nature, and the hope that is promised when peace, equity and justice is restored.”

The interest that **A.A.M. Bos** has in silent film and the early days of cinema, is also explored in the **Colonial Road** exhibition poster. Back then, most theatres produced their own advertising for programmes of silent movies. These daybills³ usually gave a scene-by-scene outline and synopsis of the story. Later, when the storytelling requirements of filmmaking developed, this summary of the action became part of the film itself and was presented as a series of narrative inter-titles. Since **Colonial Road**, like the early silent films, is without spoken dialogue, the artist appropriates the convention of the picture-house daybill and uses this text-based visual form as another way of documenting the comings and goings of

the bird community.

The daybill for **Colonial Road** is modelled on the poster for the well-known Australian classic **The Kelly Gang** (1906), believed to be the first feature-length narrative film ever made. According to the artist, there was something irresistibly subversive about making this oblique reference to bushrangers and bandits living outside the law, given the fact that the long-distance relatives of our local shags are, in the Northern hemisphere, vilified by the fishing lobby as opportunist thieves.

A.A.M. Bos always enjoys watching the birds return to the nest, crops stuffed with loot, their burglar's mask of black feathers worn rakishly off the eyes and pushed to the back of the head.

"The shags come and go as they please. Free birds with free spirits. I love this about them and the independent, self-determined life they live at the wild end of **Colonial Road**."



Chelsea Sugar Refinery, Birkenhead (1907)

Photograph: Unknown

**View from Rawene Road ridge across Duck Creek
toward Upper Waitemata and West Auckland
Auckland Libraries Heritage Collections B0124**

FIELD NOTES

SWEET ON AUCKLAND HARBOUR⁴

0:00:25

Early one winter morning I discover a lake. Across the serene, mirror-like surface of the water, birds are swimming. I see that this hidden oasis is the home of a colony of shags. Later I learn the lake is an old reservoir constructed by the Victorian sugar processing plant that still operates on this site today. In summer, I went back to the lake just as the spring breeding season was ending. The colony is busy with many young birds, getting their balance, strengthening their wings, practising their fishing and diving skills. The juveniles I observe are recently fledged **kāruhiruhi** pied shags, still in the light brown plumage of the immature, and not yet grown into the striking yellow and turquoise-blue eye makeup that distinguishes an adult breeding bird.

ALGAL BLOOM

0:07:29

In summer, the rise in water temperature and subsequent increase in evaporation often causes algal bloom to form on the lake. Colonies of birds produce vast quantities of guano that when combined with decaying lakeside vegetation add to an over-abundance of nitrogen-rich material in the water. Algae thrive in these conditions and like other plants and trees photosynthesize, releasing oxygen into the atmosphere. However, bacteria that decompose not only the remains of dead algae but also other organic matter, consume the oxygen that is in the water. As the bacteria multiply and use up more and more oxygen in the already stagnant lake, other aquatic lifeforms become stressed. Fish suffocate and poisonous toxins produced by bacteria such as botulism, can infect the ecosystem and the food chain.

In other places, where water is usually oxygenated by the natural flow of tributaries like waterfalls and rapids, in the shag colony reservoir this process

has to be supported by artificial means. In the lake at the end of **Colonial Road**, aeration is achieved by a floating, machine-powered device with a submerged agitator paddle that churns through the water and mixes in air.

THE MIRROR LAKE

0:08:00

Three different shag species live in the bird colony at the end of **Colonial Road**. These are: **kāruhiruhi** pied shag, **kawau paka** little pied shag and **kawau tūi** little black shag. Of them all **kāruhiruhi** pied shag is the most overt and gregarious. It is as if they can feel the camera and play up to it accordingly. I record birds on the nest, birds drying their wings, preening and resting between fishing trips. **Kāruhiruhi** breed all year round but activity peaks in August–October and February–April. Breeding pairs demonstrate great tenderness towards each other. This bond is reinforced by elaborate ritual gift-giving behaviours. Here, the partners present objects like branches, leaves, small twigs and feathers for the purposes of either building or maintaining the nest. Male birds are slightly larger than female birds. This difference in size is most noticeable when both birds are seen together, particularly on the nest.

WHEN THE WIND IS UP

0:12:22

In late summer before the weather changes, there is a flurry of nest building in the shag colony. Some of the intense construction can be explained by new breeding pairs setting up homes, while others undertake extensive nest renovations in anticipation of an autumnal brood to replace the one that may have failed in the spring. Birds recycle nest building material. They like wet sticks sourced from the bottom of the lake and brought to the surface after a long dive. They also like snipping off twigs from trees with dexterous use of their beaks. Each severed branch is presented with great excitement and pleasure. Although the newly found twig is always received with enthusiasm, there does tend to be some argument and discussion as to where the item should be placed. I smile

to myself and think about the shag nest in a pōhutukawa with an oak interior. Indigenous architecture meets the stately homes of England. Decolonised property development at its suburban designer best.

Responsibility for fishing and foraging is shared by both parent birds. Each adult takes a turn on and off the nest with the chicks. As the young birds grow and take up more space in the nest, the parent birds are forced out. The demanding juveniles trample the nest to a point where the structure begins to collapse and cannot be adequately maintained. At this point, the adult birds attempt to ignore the fledglings, and to encourage independence, refuse to feed them.

Shags and human populations have an uneasy relationship. The birds are often misunderstood and sometimes detested. Shags are not cute. They are without the adorable Panda bear cuddle appeal. Nevertheless, shags are also culturally revered, celebrated for their ability to dive and fish, particularly in Asia, where the birds are still domesticated and trained to practice this skill. However, in the Northern hemisphere, a range of punitive management programmes exist to control the size of shag colonies. Fortunately in New Zealand, these extraordinary seabirds are now protected. Shag numbers here are recovering, but the birds remain at risk from loss of habitat, as well as the competing interests of commercial and recreational fishing. Attracted by bait, shags are often caught on hooks or in nets. Although the birds might be cut free, when they return home the shags become entangled in the branches of their roosting trees, with fatal consequences.

Twelve of the thirty-six known species of shag are found in our country. Of these twelve, three shag species have chosen to live next door to a sugar refinery, on the edge of a harbour, in a city that is home to more than a million people. I admire the shags. They are dedicated parents and caregivers who show true tenderness towards each other. Their nests are a marvel of avian engineering built in carefully selected sites within easy reach of the water. Their strong and powerful legs, designed for super-efficient swimming and diving, have big flat webbed feet like oversized gumboots. These massive feet are used with accomplished finesse, not only when clambering out of the water, but also when making precision landings in tree tops.

— A.A.M. Bos

Carole Prentice

Raw Sugar

I was twenty-three years old when I got into my little green Volkswagen and left Panmure to drive over the Auckland Harbour Bridge en route to a new life on the North Shore. The view from the centre span was brief but reassuring. On either side, the sparkling waters of the inner Waitematā spread out far below, framing a tight cluster of mis-shaped buildings with towering chimneys, belching clouds of steam. Alongside the purpose-built wharf, mercantile ships were offloading tons of raw material for processing.

Our modest rental flat at the end of Bridgeview Road was directly across the ridge from the sugar refinery. Setting the child down in the small, sun-filled lounge I unpacked the ingredients I had brought — a bunch of fresh rhubarb from my dad's garden, a big tin of pineapple, a few tomatoes and a loaf of bread (we would absolutely need to get a fridge if the *Vogel's* was to stay fresh). As the daughter of a professional baker, *Chelsea Raw Sugar* (which for us has more flavour and punch than highly processed white sugar) took pride of place in the pantry. A teaspoon here and a teaspoon there, *Chelsea Raw Sugar* was always that perfect condiment or little addition able to enhance any dish or hot cup of something.

Expected to arrive any minute was my father-in-law, **Lew**, who had promised to take **Hannah**, his three year old granddaughter, out to the annual sugar refinery Christmas Picnic. The event was a grand affair. On that day, no expense was spared to amuse and entertain the children. Stored in large canvas bags packed with dry ice, there would be kiddie-sized ice-creams, in kiddie-sized tubs with miniature wooden spoons for all.

I hung the curtains in the bedroom and enjoyed uninterrupted time without the worry of little fingers in the way. But she'll be back, full of it. Toddler talk about Santa Claus, presents, sugar bag races, lolly scrambles and all that sugar! She'll be grumpy too, when her granddad has to go. So I'll stop what I'm doing and push her on the swing while he makes an escape.

— Carole Prentice

Carole Prentice
Stonegut Sugar Works I, 2020
Oil on canvas
53 x 84 cm

Carole Prentice
Stonegut Sugar Works II, 2020
Oil on canvas
50 x 80 cm

For nearly forty years the artist's father-in-law, **Lewis Grant Prentice** (1925–2017) was a member of staff at the sugar processing plant, located at the end of **Colonial Road** in Birkenhead. From a modest start on the factory floor, **Lew** worked his way up the ranks, eventually becoming Personnel Officer at the refinery — a position he held until 1982 when he opted for early retirement. “Organised, straight-laced and clean-cut,” **Lew** was a “true Presbyterian-Scots perfectionist,” says **Carole**.

According to the artist, **Lew** remembered the day poet James K. Baxter arrived in his office looking for work. Thin, dishevelled, and pale, the maverick, literary-genius-of-their-generation clearly lacked all the qualities required for hard, manual labour, “but,” says **Carole**, “**Lew** handed him a shovel anyway.”

Carole Prentice
Swing Low, 2020
Ink on found wooden tray
19 x 32 cm

The artist remembers the rope swing that hung in a tree growing in the back garden. It was strung low, on a child-friendly branch, mostly in the hope that the needy youngest child would need no more, and content to entertain herself, would go and play outside. Problem was, this needy little kid really needed another needy little kid to push them on the swing. But as you know, needy little kids become needy big kids all too soon and the artist outgrew the home-made swing. What had once been a ‘safe’ height for a determined child of two years old, was suddenly an irritant and obstruction for an ambitious

pre-schooler of four (nearly five) years old. Back then, the frustrations of a D.I.Y. rope swing installed too close to the ground seemed insurmountable. Where long spindly legs often got trapped before push-off, it was worse for those with short stubby legs that had to be held taut, stretched out in front, and lifted high enough so as to not hit the hard clay dirt on the way down. “Life could be like that,” says **Carole**. Particularly for girls from the Panmure side of the Tāmaki River, who wanted to be artists. “There was no one to push the swing,” or “guide you on your way to a future just that little bit higher and just that little bit brighter.”

Carole Prentice
Excusez-moi, 2020
Oil on canvas
80 x 80 cm

In **Excusez-moi** (2020) an outraged shag inhabitant of the upper Waitematā and self-styled guardian of earth, air and sea, is in vocal dispute with a mythical, taniwha-like waterborne creature. The precise origin of this argument is unknown but there is more to the conflict than just a squabble between neighbours. Highly protective of their territory, both entities express passionate concerns as to who in fact is responsible for the pollution and environmental damage undermining their homes.

In this work, **Carole** pursues her interest in French Rococo artist and designer Jean-Baptiste Pillement (1728–1808). She enjoys his “intimate but ornate,” decorative style with its “fanciful profusion of flora and fauna,” and “exuberant abundance of curves and counter-curves,” all inspired by the many forms and shapes found in nature.

The artist feels drawn to the work of Pillement because of the way his designs “hang isolated in a space bordered only by a sea of colour,” she says. **Carole** finds these images familiar and reminiscent of what she sees as her own space, on a small island “surrounded by open water,” in the south west corner of the great Pacific Ocean.

Carole Prentice
A Brother's Love, 2020
Oil, gold leaf on board, flocked plastic chair
61 x 46 cm (board)

In Memoriam
Keith Alan McDonald (1945–1990)

The artist “loves,” this recipe for afghans. It “never fails,” she says. **Carole’s** first experience of the magical dark brown gorgeousness inherent in a tin full of home-made biscuits, occurred when her big brother **Keith** taught himself to bake. But all she got to savour was the irresistible smell of cocoa cooking, or maybe an odd sneak peek to admire neat rows of small crunchy morsels covered in thick chocolate icing, topped with a large walnut. “Then,” says **Carole**, “the tin of afghans would disappear upstairs to **Keith’s** bedroom and not be seen again.”

In exchange for the larger portion of her pocket money, **Carole** eventually learned how to persuade her big brother to part with an occasional biscuit. “The bargain worked,” she says, “sometimes.”

Afghans

200g butter
1/2 cup cocoa
1/2 cup Chelsea Castor Sugar or Chelsea Organic Raw Sugar
1 tsp vanilla essence
2 cups cornflakes
1 1/4 cup plain baking flour

Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Sift flour and cocoa. Stir into creamed mixture. Fold in cornflakes. Compress small mounds of mixture* onto a greased oven tray. Bake at 180C for 15 minutes or until set. When cold, ice with chocolate butter icing and decorate with half a walnut.

**A dome-shaped tablespoon makes a perfectly sized biscuit*

Dr P

Mokopopaki Shop Window

“This is the land of Narnia,” said the Faun, “where we are now; all that lies between the lamp-post and the great castle of Cair Paravel on the eastern sea.”

— C.S. Lewis
The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe
London: Geoffrey Bles (1950)

René Magritte
The Empire of Light, II, 1950
Oil on canvas
78.8 x 99.1 cm
Museum of Modern Art, New York

The witty, thought-provoking paintings of Belgian Surrealist artist René Magritte (1898–1967) are well-known. His images of ordinary objects in extraordinary contexts sneak up on our perception and question a preconditioned understanding of reality. In **The Empire of Light, II** (1950), night has fallen on a quiet, tree-lined avenue, where a row of comfortable houses curtained securely for the evening, is lit by the glow from a single lamp-post that, beacon-like, shines out into the darkness. High above, lazy, white cotton-wool clouds drift across a luminous, pastel-blue sky. This is a mysterious inner city landscape. Here, in a serene but perplexing street-front scene, night and day exist together.



Wellington East Girls' College B Basketball Team (1950)

Taken on the No.1 court in front of the main buildings. Goal Shoot, Dorothy Rose P. née Fordyce (middle row, extreme right), stands to attention in regulation white blouse, tennis shoes and socks, standard issue tie, black gym slip, blue enamel Onslow House badge, and knitted orange-gold girdle, worn only by those girls who had earned the distinction of representing their school.

Photograph: R.J. Thomson, 112 Hamilton Road, Hataitai [sic]
Telephone 25-143

Richard John James Thomson (1890–1977) was a Wellington-based professional photographer who, in 1942, relocated the studio to premises in the hills above Hataitai. Doing an annual round of local schools and sports clubs all over the region, Thomson's formal but crisp group portraits document the youthful energy and optimism of an emergent post-war generation.

Knowing and Not Knowing

My mother, the real **D.R.P.**, went to Wellington East Girls' College. This photograph of keen, athletic, teenagers, all lined up at the beginning of the secondary school competitive sports season, is about the future that is, as we might say in Māori language, “behind,” these fresh-faced, young women.

This is an image of knowing and not knowing. Not knowing what is going to happen to you, to your friends, to your family and to the people around you. It is what John Green from the PBS YouTube channel **The Art Assignment** describes in his quotation of Philip Roth as: “the relentless unforeseen. History is where everything unexpected in its own time is chronicled on the page as inevitable.”

In the implied containment of the courtside chain link fence, keeping the thickly green taupata hedge at bay, we know there is a boundary line beyond which we and the ambitious sixth form basketball players cannot go. This horizon forces us to concede that in a hundred years time, what we once viewed as candid, unpretentious images, may look different. “History is,” as Green, riffing on the writing of Kurt Vonnegut suggests, “merely a list of surprises.” So surprise us.

You could say the adolescent members of the 1950 Wellington East Girls' College B Basketball Team that includes my mother, are participants in a “precarious historical moment.” Here, the past is “another country.” Their image offers us a glimpse of that far-away time and far-away place. Photography like this makes us feel that “we have seen things we will never really see or known people we will never really meet.” But this is not all that there is in the picture frame. The image of my mother and her schoolgirl basketball mates is about “what they, as subjects, don't know.” It is also about “what we, as the audience, don't know.” These photographs remind us that “truth is complicated.”

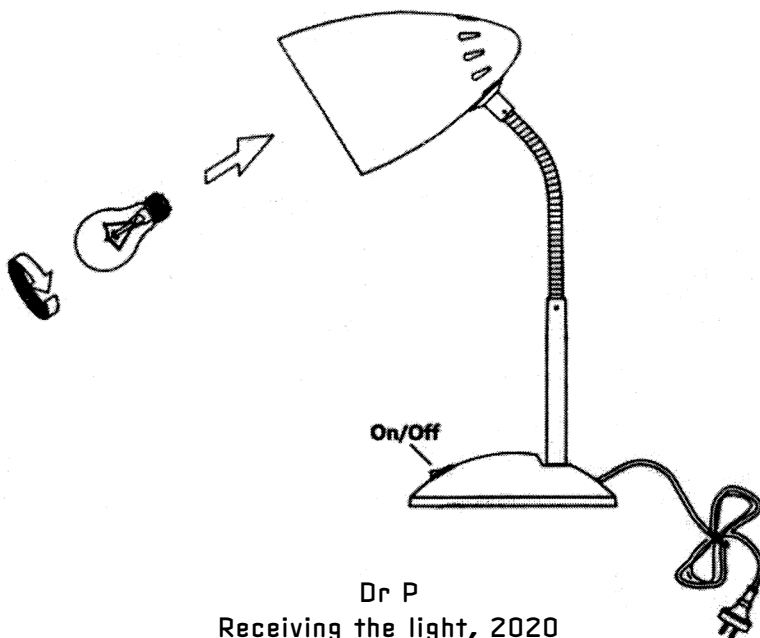
— Dr P

Dr P

Lumen accipe: Receive the light, 2020

Tanalised fence post, wire, fixings, vinyl flooring, tōtara, *Podocarpus tōtara*, pōhutukawa, *Metrosideros excelsa*, English oak, *Quercus robur*, plastic pots, antique standard lamp, gilt mirror, duraprint
Installation dimensions variable

Lumen accipe – receive the light, is a Latin aphorism borrowed from the motto of Wellington East Girls' College, the secondary school that **Dr P's** mother attended. Where in the context of educating young women, receiving the light is about the illumination made possible by the achievement of wisdom. In the artist's Shop Window installation, the phrase also refers to an idea about the importance of photography. For there to be an image or whakaahua/likeness, light received by the camera must pass through a lens, and, in this instance, on into the living rooms of **The Real Shags of Chelsea** resident at the end of **Colonial Road**.



Dr P

Receiving the light, 2020
Found drawing

Film

A.A.M. Bos
Colonial Road, 2020
HD video, colour, sound
20 min
Edition of 1, 1 AP

Rose
(shower cubicle)

A.A.M. Bos
Living Room (After Andy Goldsworthy), 2020
Found sticks, twigs
Installation dimensions variable

Works on Paper

Carole Prentice
Harbour View Terrace, 2020

Carole Prentice
Love, Honour and Obey, 2020

Carole Prentice
Fascinators, 2020

Carole Prentice
Fathers and Sons, 2020

All works: ink, wax on paper, 30 x 21 cm

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**A**.A.M. Bos lives in Auckland. His work investigates marginal urban ecosystems and habitats. Although the artist loves and admires the birds he photographs, **A.A.M. Bos** does not tweet. Or do Facebook.

**C**arole Prentice is a baker's daughter from Panmure. She holds a BFA from the University of Auckland's Elam School of Fine Arts. Her work plays with fantastical landscapes and sublime seas of Rococo colour. **Carole** lives in Tai Tokerau near the Whangārei Heads and is inspired by the great sweep of the Pacific Ocean she can see from her kitchen window.

**D**r P aka **Cushla P** is not a doctor or a dentist. Foolishly disregarding her mother's sound career advice, she is neither a lawyer nor a plumber. **Dr P** is an occasional writer, indoor landscape garden designer and licensed tea trolley driver.

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76 x 33 cm or 76 x 25 cm; the skinny version, where two copies could be made out of one sheet of paper

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# THE MIRROR LAKE REAL SHAGS OF CHELSEA

**Kawau Tui**, Little Black Shag, *Phalacrocorax sulcirostris* (Brandt, 1837).

**Karuhiruhi**, Pied Shag, *Phalacrocorax varius* (Gmelin, 1789).

**Kawau Paka**, Little Pied Shag, *Phalacrocorax melanoleucos* (Viellot, 1817).

Fundraiser. Charitable Acts. The Giving of Gifts.

## Neighbourly

**Kotare**, Kingfisher, *Todiramphus sanctus* (Vigors & Horsfield, 1827).

**Matuku Moana**, White-Faced Heron, *Egretta novaehollandiae* (Latham, 1790).

## Social Distancing

# WHEN THE WIND IS UP

Nest Building. Non-Scripted Drama. Ritual Renovation.

Pause. Reflection. Peace.

**Rakiraki**, Mallard Duck, *Anas platyrhynchos* (Linnaeus, 1758).

# TWO DUCKS ONE DREAM

Partnership. Promise. Change.

# LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY

Reprise.

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# COLONIAL ROAD

The Exhibition.

with:

**Carole Prentice**

and special guest appearance by

**Dr P**

23 September — 7 November, 2020

**Mokopōpaki**