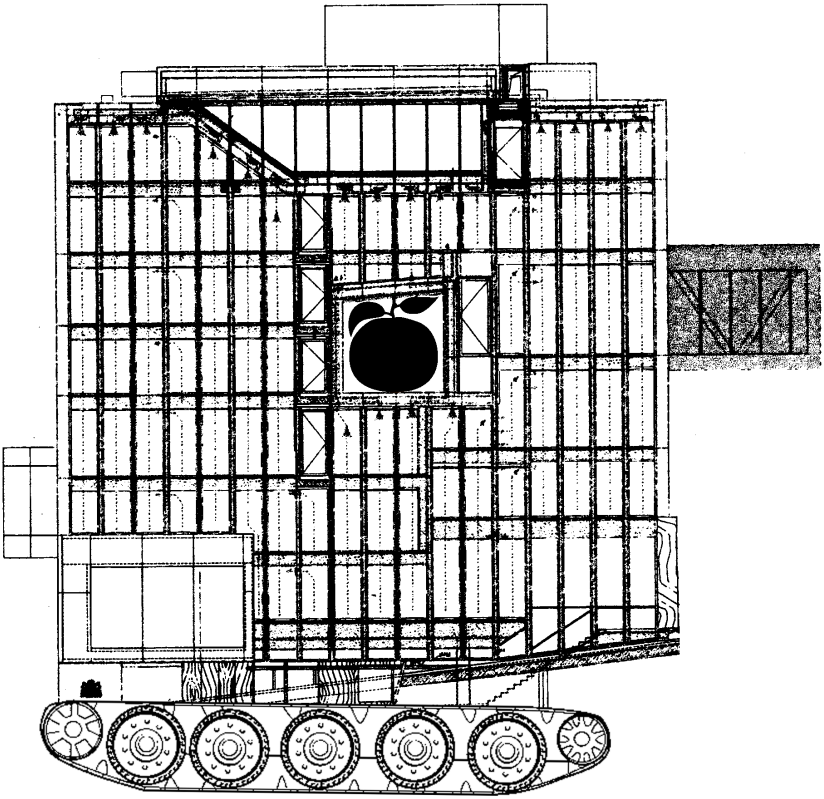
The Dutch Embassy



te tuhi
contemporary art

Mokopōpaki

Numbers 1—10

"No. Over. And over, Over a bit more. Now down. And down and left."

Directed by PĀNiA!, the Keeper of the House at Mokopōpaki is up a ladder. It is the first day of Auckland Art Fair 2019. To announce the opening of *The Dutch Embassy* — the exhibition, the national flag of the Netherlands is being ceremoniously installed outside the brownest but warmest, 'smallest gallery in the city'.[1]

"Love your work," says Yolo, standing in the doorway, "delegation totally does it for me."

"Co-operative problem solving, I'd say," corrects the Keeper of the House, cheerily. He slides down the ladder, "Now where's Mr Bos?"

"Had to go to work, Bro," says Blu, helping to carry the long aluminium ladder up the stairs. "Sends his apologies though, with special thanks to PĀNiA! and the invitation to be part of her gig. Kissy boo."

Over morning tea, the artists and their representation review tactics. PĀNiA! scopes out the available munchies. "Question will be," she says, handing round an attractive but overloaded plate, "why the Dutch Embassy again?"

"Be-cause," answers Yolo, slowly and deliberately, very tempted to roll her eyes and emphasise the obvious, "the enigmatic, but always interesting, über-cool-girl, artist-about-town fell in love with all things orange and we came along for the ride." They laugh.

"Except," adds Blu, tucking into a date scone, "our ride began long before yours."

There is some dispute but the company is brought to order by the Keeper of the House. "Right Whānau, we'll keep this brief." Scanning his notes, he starts to tick off itemised points.

"**One**. Yllwbro introduce PĀNiA! to *Le Dot Orange* (2017) and their use of the plastic orange as a Dutch love token. **Two**. Yllwbro sees the orange as an object representing the Netherlands and their passion for Dutch art and architecture. Particularly the work of Dutch architect Rem Koolhaas."

Almost completely walled-in by a pallet of still bundled newspapers, the Keeper of the House carefully sets his tea cup down on one of the blue and yellow stacks. He makes sure everyone has seen and admired his impromptu side table and he gives the pile of newspapers a pat.

"**Three**. In their tabloid publication, *Blu Dreams of Rem Koolhaas* (2019), Yllwbro goes downtown for lunch. They talk about the re-development of Auckland and imagine the possibilities if rejuvenation of the central city had been a project given to an architect as daring as Koolhaas. **Four**. Yllwbro discusses the radical Koolhaas design for China Central Television in Beijing.

Five. They admire the audacity of the architect and how he manipulates a rigid structure like the skyscraper and bends it backwards in and over itself, making the shape move, effectively taking a building for a walk."

The Keeper of the House stops reading and checks in. "How am I doing?" he asks.

"Fine," says Yolo, "Keep going. You have to open in less than ten."

"**Six**. PĀNiA! lets Yllwbro in on her proposal for a

multi-site collaboration, spread over three venues that will come together in May 2019. **Seven**. She tells Yllwbro about her interest in the American artist Bruce Nauman and her plan to align these investigations with her intention *not* to look at commemorations of the 250th anniversary of the Cook landing as most arts funding agencies would expect. **Eight**. PĀNiA! says she wants to go 'off message' and explore Dutch arrival and cultural influence in New Zealand instead. **Nine**. Yllwbro is excited by PĀNiA!'s direction and sees an opportunity to pursue an ambition of their own. **Ten**. Yllwbro says they want to make work about the Dutch Embassy in Berlin by Koolhaas."

"Ah yes," says PĀNiA!, dropping buttery crumbs all over the clean, crisp mountain of yet-to-be-distributed Mokopōpaki publications, "I remember that!" Quietly tidying up after her, the Keeper of the House is a model of serenity and patience. PĀNiA!, mucky as ever, is appreciative of his efforts. She fishes for a hanky and asks Blu, "So what about the Dutch Embassy in Berlin floats your boat?"

"Fills your clog, more like," adds Yolo.

Blu lines up scone number two. "For me, this building is about imaginative complexity and strength. It is not a fixed or static proposition. Something very liberal is going on inside, something very unrestrained." He makes his choice and decides on the savoury cheese option. "The Dutch Embassy promotes the experimental and embraces an openness contrary to conventional wisdom. There are, I think, many parallels with Mokopōpaki and what is happening here in this space," he says.

His sister agrees. "Although the Dutch Embassy looks like a big standard glass cube, balanced on a pill-box pedestal, what gives this seemingly unassuming statement a surreal if

not fantastical edge are the voids or holes carved out of the building." Yolo is star struck. "The control by the architect is a-mazing. It's next level. Who else but Rem Koolhaas can make you look out a window at something in the distance that is so crazy good?"

Blu says he has always been intrigued by the irregular zigzag trajectory, that, like a Chinese puzzle, miraculously unwinds itself inside the building. He enjoys how it twists and turns and climbs up a crooked path, up a crooked stair (and occasional crooked ramp) for a crooked 200 metres, from ambassadorial reception hall at street level all the way to the roof terrace. Blu explains how over eight storeys, all the spaces off the trajectory fit together and interlock, only to vanish inside a box. "Except at night when the building is lit up and you can see right through it, like an illuminated fishbowl with corners." He laughs. "But they won't be ones you can hide in. The Dutch Secret Service have got that sussed. Expect the unexpected. Klosterstraße 50 is full of surprises." Satisfied, he finishes his scone. "The Dutch Embassy is very sure of itself. I like that. By being what it is, the way it is, the building is a demonstration of a Dutch commitment to humanism and openness. This architecture should inspire imagination and hope."

"But of course," says Yolo, "to inspire hope, what we need is trust. And PĀNiA! is asking for that."

SHOP WINDOW

PĀNiA!

Beyond the Pale (2019)

Pine post, found metal bucket, brackets, vintage wooden hockey stick, woollen blanket, cardboard, colour duraprints, plastic, adhesive, found plastic horse, wire coat hanger

PĀNiA! makes good her intention to comment on the Bruce Nauman video work *Setting a Good Corner (Allegory and Metaphor)* (1999) in which the acclaimed American artist in one of his other real life roles as cowboy, farmer and horse breeder, films himself putting up a fence on his ranch in New Mexico. In the beginning, PĀNiA! was disappointed that she did not obtain access to the Nauman piece for her exhibitions *The True Artist Helps the World By Asking for Trust* at Te Tuhi or the spinoff show *The Dutch Embassy* at Mokopōpaki. No matter. She makes her point anyway. Broadcasting on *Cardboard TV*, direct from *Shop Window Studios*, in glorious, high definition PĀNiA!-vision.

PĀNiA! says her interest in Nauman's *Setting a Good Corner...* is not really about categorical prescription, or creative outputs or considering to what extent the 'work' that an artist does or doesn't do, is or isn't 'art'. She is more interested in an idea about audience and who, please, is paying attention to the artist in the first place. PĀNiA! thinks about the artist-cowboy labouring away in the desert, building his fence and imagines the Māori neighbours who live next door. Unseen, an old chief stands in the sage brush, quietly watching the intense activity: *Crazy Baldhead Feelgood Man*.[2]

PĀNiA! says her tall, broad-shouldered fence-post rangatira with wise but implacable face, also references the magnificent bronze *A Māori Figure in a Kaitaka Cloak* (1967), by New Zealand artist Molly Macalister (1920–1979), that can be found on the edge of a construction site opposite the Ferry Building on Quay Street, downtown Auckland. For a long time PĀNiA! has admired this work and hopes more people will go and admire it too.

PĀNiA! says *Beyond the Pale* not only reflects on Nauman's position as the pale-face artist-cowboy confronted by indigenous space. It also wonders whether the established, internationally recognised, super art star would still want to push the limits of convention and take on accepted art world behaviour by choosing to operate outside of the boundaries that, after fifty plus years of his distinguished practice, are now assumed for him. Suppose, says PĀNiA!, Bruce Nauman *did* decide to come and play with an anonymous big brown girl like her. Then what?

GREY ROOM

PĀNiA!

Customs Authority & Passport Control, Central City Office

(2019)

Mobile desk, Mokopōpaki flag tablecloth, PĀNiA! Passports, Visa application forms, stamps, ink pads, stationery, stickers

PĀNiA! welcomes you to *The Dutch Embassy* — the exhibition. She invites you to have your PĀNiA! Passport issued and

validated at Te Tuhi, Pakuranga or a) to pre-purchase a PĀNiA! Passport in anticipation of visiting *The True Artist...* at Te Tuhi or b) to complete a *Visitor Visa Application* form for instant process and return.

Art meets life meets bureaucracy. All vested interests come together at once. Incredible.

A.A.M. Bos

Orange Army (Armoured Mobile Juice Division) (2019)
Die-cast toy tanks, enamel, fake plastic oranges, plastic flowers, fake grass, found shelf

Peacekeeping with Vitamin C.

Neunundneunzig Luftballons
Auf ihrem Weg zum Horizont
Hielt man für UFOs aus dem All
Darum schickte ein General
'Ne Fliegerstaffel hinterher
Alarm zu geben, wenn's so wär
Dabei waren dort am Horizont
Nur neunundneunzig Luftballons...

99 balloons
on their way to the horizon
People think they're UFOs from space
so a general sent up
a fighter squadron after them

Sound the alarm if it's so
but there on the horizon were
only 99 balloons...

–Nena, *99 Luftballons*, Uwe Fahrenkrog-Petersen and Carlo Karges (songwriters) (1983)

58.08.19.253

A.A.M. Bos

As a shy, pimply, blonde, twenty year old, I was conscripted into the Dutch army and given a job. I became a soldier in a 9am to 5pm Monday to Friday fighting machine, where declarations of war could only be accepted during business hours because everyone went home at the weekend. I did fourteen months compulsory military service in Bravo Company of the 44th Armoured Infantry Battalion, Johan Willem Friso — a regiment attached to a U.N. peacekeeping force preparing for deployment to the Lebanon.

Being in the army was about doing what you were told, when you were told, how you were told. Soldiers like me never knew what the big picture was, or if there was a big picture at all. The only intel we ever got were grainy black and white training films shown in the mess hall, usually dished up with a side order of deep fried propaganda.

I decided I wanted to come home to Auckland — where I was born — and applied for an early discharge. When I got back, the anti-war protest song *99 Luftballons*[3] by German new romantic band Nena was all over radio and TV. *99 Luftballons*

imagines a sky full of balloons escaping from a children's party and floating off, across the Berlin Wall into the Soviet sector. Mistaken for alien invaders the strangely shaped objects are shot down by a squadron of trigger happy fighter pilots. At the time, I remember thinking how weird it was that young people in New Zealand were listening to German pop music in German! I also remember wondering why would the Cold War anxiety and paranoia I had just left be such an issue here? Never managed to work that one out. It wasn't 'reds under the beds' we needed to worry about, but a boat load of French secret agents splashing up the beach, disguised as tourists.

Recently I discovered the original 1983 music video for *99 Luftballons* was commissioned by Dutch television and shot on location on a Dutch military artillery range. In the video, the German band members take to an outdoor stage and perform the song against an apocalyptic background of raging fires and high-powered explosions helpfully provided by the Dutch Army in a re-match of World War II. Apparently, the full-on pyrotechnics felt a bit too real. Cameras rolling, the band abandon the performance and make an unplanned exit from the stage, convinced that the bombs going off behind them are completely out of control.

Not on Bravo Company watch.

Peace Out.

Bos, Abraham, Adriaan, Marc.
Private. 58.08.19.253.
Johan Willem Friso karzerne, Assen.

Shoulder patch worn by members of the Dutch army attached to the United Nations Interim Force in Lebanon (UNIFIL). Established on 19 March 1978 by United Nations Security Council Resolution 425 and 426. The aim of the peacekeeping mission was to confirm withdrawal of opposing forces; to restore international peace and security and to help the legitimate government regain effective authority in the area. Renewed annually by the United Nations Security Council, the 1978 UNIFIL mandate has not yet expired.

PĀNiA!

You'll Never Be a Kiwi (2019)
Plastic sauce dispensers, acrylic, foam, fixings

You can burn a snarler black right through and slap it on some bread
You can throw the kids a bowl of chips and say that they've been fed
You can wear your sloppy jandals on a very posh golf-course
But you'll never be a Kiwi 'til you love our Watties sauce

You can do a fearsome haka every All Black can with ease
You can bake a cake that lights the skies and serve it up for tea
You can sit and yarn the night away if the beer will last of course
But you'll never be a Kiwi 'til you love our Watties sauce [4]

Since merging with Goodman Fielder in 1987, manufacturer of *the* tomato sauce 'served at 99%' of all New Zealand barbeques — the remaining 1% 'forgot to fill up the gas bottles' — local food processing legend, Watties, has gone with 'absolutely anything and everything' including the 1992 take-over of the company by American multi-national corporate H.J. Heinz.[5]

Condiments and carbonated meat products aside, PĀNiA! wonders about the tino rangatiratanga or sovereignty of our food chain and our relaxed but apparently inclusive approach to culture and outdoor cooking.

Using the pages of *Gourmet & Ornamental Vegetables* in the bi-annual illustrated *Kings Seeds Catalogue* as a starting point, PĀNiA! considers the question of national identity and on behalf of passionate home gardeners everywhere, imagines what form such an assertion might take.

It could be that simple.

PĀNiA!

Rijsttafel: Rice Table (2019)
Found metal table, uncooked long grain white rice

PĀNiA!, identifying with Bruce Nauman and his interest in word play, again finds the 'punny funny'. Here her visual joke explores the nature of meaning and what happens when a concept expressed in one language is understood only as a literal translation in another language.

In this work, PĀNiA! also knows that rijsttafel or 'rice tables' are an elaborate dining convention first introduced by the Dutch to showcase the complex regional flavours, colours and spice profiles of their colonies in Indonesia. Presented as a joyous array of meat, fish and vegetable dishes garnished by small plates of sambals, pickles, satay, egg rolls, fruit and nuts to accompany a range of differently prepared rice dishes, rijsttafel, unlike many European culinary traditions, also celebrate a diversity of food textures. Included in the one, sit-down meal, is an ordered profusion of all kinds of 'crispy, chewy, slippery, soft, hard, velvety, gelatinous or runny' menu items that participants are invited to enjoy.[6]

Originally designed as a formal and quite staged opportunity to impress diners with the exotic richness and abundance of the Dutch East Indies, by 1945, and the emergence of the Indonesian nationalist movement, local people had begun to reject the flamboyant excesses of the rijsttafel regarding the festive banquet as a decadent expression of colonial Dutch domination and custom. Although still popular in the Netherlands and abroad, in Indonesia the rijsttafel has almost disappeared from the culture and today is offered only by very

few fine-dining restaurants.

PĀNiA!

Honorary Consulate (Mobile Cardboard Detachment) (2019)
Cardboard, adhesive, masking tape, plastic toy lawn mower

Mobile scale model of the Dutch Embassy (2003) in Berlin by distinguished Dutch architect Rem Koolhaas. Mounted on a green and orange plastic toy lawn mower.

TE POHO

PĀNiA!

Mashed Potato Cream Cheese Moon (2019)
Slow baked mashed potato, flour, salt, cream cheese, chive, adhesive, acrylic, wood on canvas, found stainless steel ladle

There was a man lived in the moon, lived in the moon,
lived in the moon,
There was a man lived in the moon,
And his name was Aiken Drum.

And he played upon a ladle, a ladle, a ladle,
And he played upon a ladle,
and his name was Aiken Drum.

And his hat was made of good cream cheese, of good cream cheese,
of good cream cheese,
And his hat was made of good cream cheese,
And his name was Aiken Drum.

And he played upon a ladle, a ladle, a ladle,
And he played upon a ladle,
and his name was Aiken Drum.

PĀNiA! says she remembers *Aiken Drum* and the edible moon imagery from her days in the recorder band at primary school. Since then, PĀNiA! has discovered *Aiken Drum* is actually an old Scottish folk song and nursery rhyme that dates back to the Jacobite Rebellion and the Battle of Sheriffmuir. Fought between the Scots and the English on 13 November 1715, in the Ochil Hills, near Dunblane. This shambolic military encounter came to such an inept and inconclusive end, that both sides quit the field claiming victory. Despite there being no real agreement as to who won the engagement, the Battle of Sheriffmuir went on to be celebrated in literature, poetry and song.

In Sir Walter Scot's novel *The Antiquary* (1816) the character Edie Ochiltree, a blue-gowned bedesman or legally protected 'licensed beggar', and 'privileged nuisance' famous for his knowledge of local history and the exactness of his memory, tells a story about the remnants of a ruin. Ochiltree, the philosophising, homeless person claims that back in the day, he helped to build the now abandoned structure as a wedding present for 'auld Aiken Drum' and that one of his mason mates 'cut the shape of a ladle into the stone as a joke on the groom'.[7]

Why Ochiltree should think the ladle form amusing when addressed to a newlywed is not entirely clear, although PĀNiA! suspects the bawdy humour turns on the fact that the word ladle is related to the old Dutch and German word 'laden' meaning 'to load'. PĀNiA! imagines that on the wedding night, most red-blooded, hairy legged Scotsmen would expect

to consummate the marriage contract by exercising an assumed right as groom to 'off load' on their fresh faced highland bride.[8] PĀNiA! however, will not comment on to what extent this testosterone-fuelled, conjugal pleasure was reciprocated by the young woman concerned.

BROWN ROOM

SHOWER

PĀNiA!
Polder & Boulder (2019)
Fake grass, plug, rock

PĀNiA! can't resist another go at Nauman-esque word play and on-the-nose minimalism. In Dutch language a 'polder' is a 'low-lying tract of land enclosed by dikes' with 'no connection' to 'outside water other than through manually operated devices'.[9] She asks, is there anything more disconnected than a fully-functioning shower in an art gallery?

Anyone seen PĀNiA!'s en suite poem on a towel?*

Yllwbro
OMA's Handiwork (2019)
Canvas, wool thread in frame, harakeke, plant dye, linen

Here, Yllwbro are drawing attention to the fact that *OMA* is both the Dutch word for grandmother, and an acronym for the

Office for Metropolitan Architecture, the globally successful architectural firm founded in 1975 by Rem Koolhaas, together with architects Elia Zenghelis, Zoe Zenghelis and Madelon Vriesendorp in London.

In this work, the sibling artists are also thinking about the expertly worked cross stitch tapestry made by an unknown, most probably woman artist that they found and rescued from a West Auckland op shop. Yllwbro admire the skilled rendering in woollen thread of a portion of the painting, *An Interior, with a Woman drinking with Two Men, and a Maidservant* (c.1658) by Dutch artist Pieter de Hooch (1629–1684). They wonder why their Pākehā friends tend not to remember who in families are the true artists. How can taonga made by Oma end up in a deceased estate sale or as a donation to the Salvation Army? Yllwbro says that where they come from, the work of the kuia is valued and most treasured. "There is always a place for grandmother in our whare. It's an art gallery, just like the one we are in here."

BIRDS ON FILM

A.A.M. Bos

As an artist, it is my practice to keep the camera ready and hope I get lucky. With a finger on the button, I sit at the window by the kitchen table or hang around the open back door and do nothing but wait. Particularly in the autumn, winter and early spring, when the morning light is good and tūī — the greatest showbird on earth — bounces into the karamū to investigate our feeding station.

Resplendent in dark, iridescent green and purple top coat, ink blue and indigo waistcoat, rich chocolate brown cape with fine lace collar and trim, fluffy, caviar coloured breeches with hightopped black boots and perfectly laundered snow white cravat at his throat, tūī is always dressed to kill. Every feather and quill immaculate, as if he were some fashionable and worldly wise 17th century gentleman from the Dutch Golden Age. Like *The Laughing Cavalier*[10] with grains of glistening sugar stuck to his whiskers and a drunken song on his beak.

I feel like a paparazzo staking out a celebrity.

And tūī knows it.

A.A.M. Bos

Laughing Cavaliers (2019)

Colour photographs, cotton, whole spices

Portraits of bird ambassadors: His Excellency Sir Tūī Holland, Sir Tūī Zeeland, Sir Tūī Utrecht, Sir Tūī Guelders, Sir Tūī Groningen, Sir Tūī Friesland and Sir Tūī Drenthe. Each avian emissary named after one of the northern provinces that in 1579 signed the Union of Utrecht and founded the Republic of the Seven United Provinces in the Netherlands. In 1602, this amalgamation of formerly independent city-states provided the organisational infrastructure for a government-backed military-commercial enterprise known as the Vereenigde Oostindische Compagnie (VOC) or Dutch East Indies Company that eventually became the richest, most successful trans-national, mega-corporation in history.

The Dutch East Indies Company made its fortune

buying and selling goods produced by other people. Securing and then controlling access to exotic 'found' resources such as tea, grain, rice, sugarcane, soybeans, silk and spice from places like Indonesia, Malaysia, Vietnam, Thailand, Taiwan, Japan, India, Sri Lanka, Africa and Mauritius. When traded in the sea ports and open markets of continental Europe, these raw materials were suddenly transformed into high value, very desirable commodities. Not only did the Dutch East Indies Company pioneer the process of managed diversification and direct foreign investment but they also offered company shares and bonds for sale to the public on what became the world's first stock exchange. In this way, the Dutch East Indies Company established many of the business practices that have enabled global corporate giants to become the most dominant force in 'almost all modern economic systems today'.[11]

However, not every innovation decided in the boardroom produced sugar and spice and all things nice. The single-minded pursuit of world market-share also earned The Dutch East Indies Company a reputation for being feared purveyors of colonialism, monopoly and violence.

And so, in the vestibule at *Company H.Q.* the indigenous bird ambassadors wait to present their credentials. Each carries a pungent spice note. Identify who is representing what. Engari, kia tūpato Amsterdam!

#tūīonamission

A.A.M. Bos
The Drapers' Guild Sets Up Shop in Dusky Sound (2019)
Colour duraprint

Moccona Heeft Meer Mmmmm — open for business. The sampling officials in Rembrandt's *The Syndics of the Amsterdam Draper's Guild* (1662), pause for coffee and take a well earned break. *Mmmmm*, there they are, beneath a tumbling cascade in the pristine, retail-free environment painted in 1772 by the artist William Hodges on Cook's Second Voyage of Exploration.

Yllwbro
Merry Christmas, Mr Muldoon (2019)
Screenprint on found tent segment

> *I te taha o ngā wai o Waitangi, noho ana tātou i reira, āe, tangi ana tātou, i a tātou, te mahara, ki a Hiru*
>
> *By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, there we wept, when we remembered Zion* –Psalm 137
>
> *Some of us have come here to celebrate, some to commemorate, some to commiserate, but some to remember what happened on this sacred ground.*[12]

In 1975, after the Māori Land March led by Whina Cooper had reached Wellington, some of the protestors were dissatisfied with the lack of government response to the petition that

had been presented. They established a *Tent Embassy* in the grounds of parliament. The Māori *Tent Embassy* was open for more than ten weeks until 23 December 1975, when Prime Minister Robert Muldoon ordered an end to the occupation by the activists. On Christmas Eve, the *Tent Embassy* was closed and the Māori diplomatic mission to parliament dismantled, as police forcibly removed the remaining protestors and arrested thirty six people.

CASTELLI ATRIUM

Yllwbro

Klosterstraße 50: Chill Elevations (2019)

Found bar fridge, scaled inkjet prints on paper, tape, cardboard, adhesive, magnets, orange juice cartons

In this work Yllwbro play with their discovery that a found, white-cube bar fridge just happens to have the same proportions as the Dutch Embassy in Berlin by Rem Koolhaas. The artists use the fridge to make a scale model of the building by attaching scaled elevations and a roof plan to the white-cube using yellow tape.

In their scale model, Yllwbro include three distinctive 'sticky out bits'. Also known as the circulation core rising from the roof terrace, the boardroom protruding from the west face of the building on level seven, and the gently sloping pedestrian ramp with bottle-green glass floor. This ramp is part of the internal trajectory that pushes out over the street, disrupting the external form of the cube.

Footnotes

1 TJ McNamara, **Art of the Week**, The New Zealand Herald, 13 April (2019). P. 14.
2 PANiA!, **Crazy Baldhead Feelgood Man** (2017). 50cm metal ruler, found keyrings, sticker, keys.
3 wikipedia.org/wiki/99_Luftballons
4 Television advertising jingle (1999) (excerpt).
5 watties.co.nz
6 wikipedia.org
7 wikipedia.org/wiki/Aiken_Drum
8 oxforddictionaries.com/definition/lade
9 wikipedia.org
10 Frans Hals, **The Laughing Cavalier** (1624). Oil on canvas. The Wallace Collection, London.
11 wikipedia.org/wiki/Dutch_East_India_Company
12 ngataonga.org.nz/collections. Speech made by Whakahuihui Vercoe, Bishop of Aotearoa, on the occasion of the 150th anniversary of the signing of the Treaty of Waitangi. 6 February 1990, Waitangi, Bay of Islands.

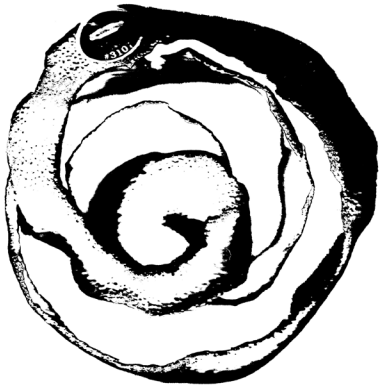
PĀNiA!, the anonymous and enigmatic but always interesting über-cool-girl, artist–about–town is a country babe at heart. She likes Piña Coladas, and getting caught in the rain. She's not into yoga and has half a brain. If you like art made at midnight, and a thick slice of cake, she is the love that you've looked for; support **PĀNiA!** and escape!

Yllwbro is an anonymous sibling artist collaboration. Big sister and little brother. **Wētā** and **Kōkako**. They are walking along a road often travelled by others, having left their tiny studio with all the tools and brushes and unanswered emails, taking with them only good humour and their fondness for each other, a maxed-out credit card, mobile phone and the most serious intentions in the world.

A.A.M. Bos was born in Auckland to Dutch speaking immigrant parents. When he was seven years old, his father Leonardus Johannes Bos (1930–1966) died. His mother, Hendrica Bos Marcus (1930–2005) decided to take her four children back to the Netherlands.

In 1982 the artist returned to Aotearoa, Nieuw Zeeland and has lived there ever since. **A.A.M. Bos** wears a euro 10.5 sneaker and likes an old school Oatilicious sandwich for lunch.

PĀNiA! Yllwbro A.A.M. Bos



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Co-curated by Gabriela Salgado, Artistic Director, Te Tuhi; Mokopōpaki and the artists.

Front cover: Yllwbro, Ministry of Traction: Klosterstraβe 50 (working drawing) (2019). Acrylic, screenprint, plastic orange on canvas.

Back cover: PĀNiA!, Orange Peel Spiral (working drawing) (2019).

* PĀNiA!, Nounman (2019). A 1.8m tall, orange LED neon 'universal man'. A shape borrowed from signage and the international wayfinding symbol for bathroom. Installed with an en suite poem, embroidered text on a towel. Nounman was presented at Whanaungatanga, Projects, Auckland Art Fair (1–5 May, 2019). Curated by Francis McWhannell with support from The Chartwell Trust, Creative New Zealand, and an anonymous donor.

All works in The Dutch Embassy courtesy the artist, Mokopōpaki and Te Tuhi, Auckland.

Ngā mihi nui ki a: Te Whānau ō Te Tuhi, Hiraani Himona, Ilke Gers, Marian Evans, Pam Doidge, Struan Hamilton, Tom Vadrevu

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