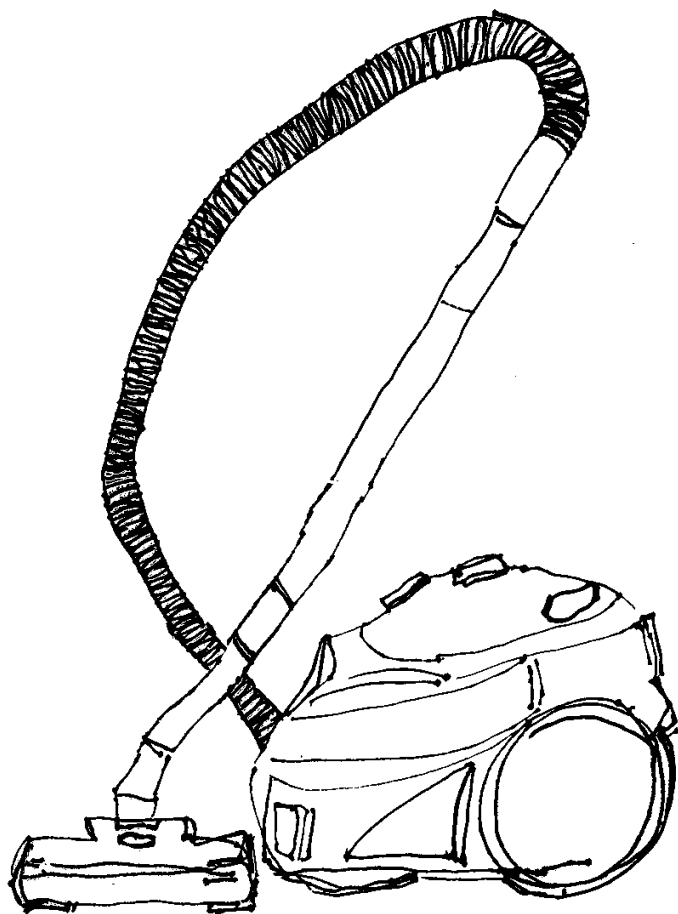


Domestic #3



AHIMARU

Ahimaru, the second month of spring, is a time for rejuvenation and continued growth. Ahimaru follows Ahikaea, the first month of spring; a time of anticipation and comes before Ahinui, the third month of spring, a time for flowering and increase.

DOMESTIC #3: AHIMARU

(17 October-30 November 2019)

develops ideas already introduced and follows the preparatory exhibition at

Mokopopaki,
HOUSEHOLD HINTS:

AHIKAEA

(4 September-5
October 2019).

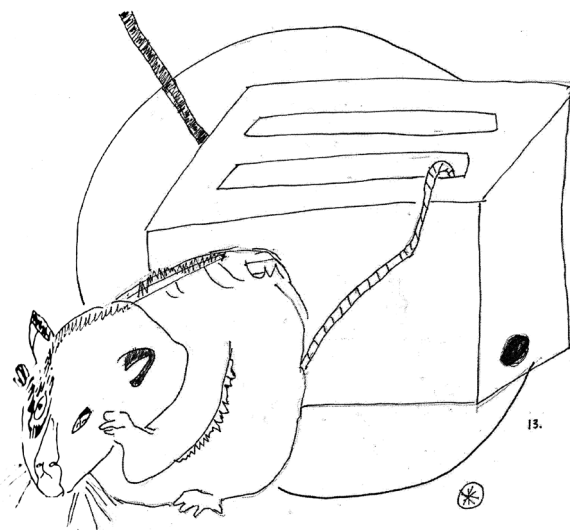
In DOMESTIC #3:
AHIMARU, it's
out with the old
and in with the
new as across
generations
the conceptual

advantages of an exuberant spring clean are vigorously embraced. Re-energised and freshly aired, Mokopopaki celebrates the ongoing influence of Heather McPherson; again opens up the space to women and women artists, and launches

THIS JOYOUS, CHAOTIC PLACE:

HE WAIATA TANGI-A-TAHU,

co-published by Mokopopaki and Spiral.



Mokopopaki Shop Window

Dr P

Natura Abhorret Vacuum: Nature Abhors a Vacuum, 2019

Mixed media installation with Peach *Prunus persica*, Golden Queen; Pear *Pyrus communis*, Williams' Bon Chrétien; Plum *Prunus domestica*, Black Doris; Grape *Vitis vinifera*, Albany Surprise; Apple *Malus domestica*, Lady in Red; Cherry *Prunus avium*, Lapins; Lemon *Citrus limon*, Meyer; Lime *Citrus aurantiifolia*, Bearss; Orange *Citrus sinensis*, Washington Navel; Fig *Ficus carica*, Mrs Williams; Fig *Ficus carica*, Black Mission; Rose *Rosa*, Dublin Bay; Rose *Rosa*, White Romance; Lavender *Lavandula stoechas*; Ornamental Cabbage *Brassica oleracea*; Parsley *Petroselinum crispum neapolitanum*, Italian Flat Leaf; Sage *Salvia officinalis*; Rosemary *Rosmarinus officinalis*; Thyme *Thymus vulgaris*, Goldair vacuum cleaner, plastic pots and trays, wooden trellis, fixings
Installation dimensions variable

Careful under-planting of a functioning domestic appliance with espaliered fruit trees, flowering roses, food-bearing shrubs and perfumed culinary and medicinal herbs creates an enclosed, self-sufficient, colonial kitchen-garden, celebrating early 19th century interaction between Maori and Pakeha. In homemade jars of chutney, jam, pickle and preserves, in loaves of freshly baked bread, trays of pies and puddings and in basket after basket of crisply laundered linen, Dr P imagines a willing exchange of skills and intense discussion of values, as down through all the generations, women listened to and learned from each other.

This work acknowledges the contribution of the spirited, and eminently practical, Mrs Reverend Henry Williams, Marianne (1793–1879), who was a great gardener and established large, productive cultivations to provide for the many 'elastic dependencies' that grew up around the refuge, hospital, hostel, church, school and home she almost single-handedly 'held together' at the mission in Paihia.¹

This work also acknowledges the achievement of Suzanne Aubert (1835–1926), founder of the only indigenous New Zealand Catholic order, the Daughters of Our Lady of Compassion, who, as an intelligent, determined, feisty, strong French woman was 'no plaster saint'. Concerned always for the needs of the most vulnerable, in 1888 to fund her innovative programme of social work, Mother Aubert purchased land around the church at Hiruharama on the Whanganui River, and planted numerous revenue-generating fruit trees including an impressive cherry orchard as well as an extensive herb garden for the production of natural medicine.²

Diana Byrami

Knowing me, Knowing you, 2019

Sound, mixtape compilation (Dr P edit)

Tracklist

Domestic #1 Paper rustling; **Domestic #2** Deep-frying in wok; **WHO Does Not Like a Doughnut?** (2015) Dr P spoken word sample; **Domestic #3** Wild sound and animal noises; **Me-ow** (2019) Catti the Neighbour's Cat; **Wuthering Heights** (1978) Kate Bush; **Domestic #4 WHO Does Not Like a Doughnut?** (2015) Dr P spoken word sample; Retro vacuum cleaner motor on; Retro vacuum cleaner motor off; **WHO Does Not Like a Doughnut?** (2015) Dr P spoken word sample; **Saturday night stay at home** (1978) Suburban Reptiles; **We're making progress** (2019) Prime Minister, Jacinda Ardern, extract from tv interview; **Don't Dictate** (1978) Penetration; **Germ Free Adolescents** (1978) X-Ray Specs; **Another Girl Another Planet** (1978) The Only Ones; **Domestic #5** Tea making, kettle boiling; **No More Heroes** (1977) The Strangers; **Domestic #6** Washing machine – mid-week cycle; **Sound of the Suburbs** (1979) The Members; **Domestic #7** Suburban exterior, at clothesline, birds in the garden; **Mother's Little Helper** (1966) The Rolling Stones; **Dancing Barefoot** (1978) Patti Smith; **Babylon's Burning** (1979) The Ruts; **Total Eclipse of the Heart** (1983) Bonnie Tyler; **Domestic #8 WHO Does Not Like a Doughnut?** (2015) Dr P spoken word sample; Retro vacuum cleaner motor on; Retro vacuum cleaner motor off.

Manifesto

'Where there is Life, there is Hope'

–D.R.P.³ (1998)

Mia Cara,

Do you remember our very own Selva Oscura otherwise known as Albert Park? It was winter 1985 I think... Breathless walks thru' the dark trees, down the hill, up Victoria Street to the safety of the bus stop. Italian opera, Vincent Ward, Shakespeare and piano lessons with Sister Joan. Dutiful daughters, excitable girls. Full of hope and dread, not yet wearing our mothers' disguises. Wisdom a dream. The old woman has become a maiden, our mothers are our daughters and here we are holding on to the family recipes carefully copied out by hand.

*Always with love,
Big Ears xx*

A Declaration of Sentiment⁴

Dr P: Guess what? Trashed house in the process but I found that mixtape you made back in the day! Playing it now on a prehistoric portable cassette recorder, no date on either the item or the case it came in unfortunately. Weirdly the sounds are so you – smooth home-grown jazz notwithstanding.

Diana Byrami: Omg

Dr P: Crazy huh? Don't recognise many of the tracks and can't work out the timeframe exactly but as an audio relic am excited by the possibilities. The playlist which includes Jimi Hendrix followed by some random psychedelia, up tempo Latin Calypso beats, mashed together with a classic bronzed, bikini-clad version of the **Girl from Ipanema** going out on 80's stadium anthem **Final Countdown**, is unhinged.

DB: Unhinged is a word I like. But what was I thinking? I hate this cassette mixtape!!! Why did I ever give it you? Feels like a demented 60's housewife overdosed on Valium sipping a Margarita while having her nails done. My alter ego???

Dr P: Demented housewife eh? Sounds entirely appropriate for an exhibition of contemporary women's art called **Domestic #3!** Speaking of which have you given any more thought to making a sound sculpture/sound track to

support Dr P's colonial shop window garden installation with functioning domestic appliance?

DB: My idea is to record a new 'mixtape' that uses more than just music and includes other sounds and conversations etc. I also like the idea of the cassette tape insert becoming something of an object in itself complete with alternative A and B sides...

Dr P: So how's it going? Need to confirm you've got a work ready to install by Tuesday 15 October. Tomorrow promotional panui and notices will be sent out and an announcement made that the opening event for **Domestic #3: Ahimaru** will be delayed slightly in order to coincide with this year's Art Week Auckland and the launch of Mokopopaki's first full colour catalogue **This Joyous Chaotic Place: He Waiata Tangi-a-Tahu**. Really hoping your name will be on the list of contributing artists.

DB: Crap! Didn't realise the deadline was Tuesday! All I've got so far is a playlist! Haven't had time to record anything new.

Dr P: Don't worry – neither of us have time to stop and think. Currently writing captions like a mad woman. Am wondering for the **Domestic #3: Ahimaru** works list, is your soundtrack called **Il Cammin di Nostra Vita: The Journey of Our Life** as in the essay of the same name to which Dr P

contributes or not? Young Mr Tere was asking what your work was titled.

DB: How about **Knowing me, Knowing you**? Only ABBA fans will get it, ha ha.

Dr P: Fab! Touched my heart and sense of humour. Young people are a singularly serious lot...

DB: Hmm... an important issue still to be resolved is what duration of mixtape are we looking at or will the playlist be on continuous loop? Also what format does Mokopopaki require and what device will the work be played on? If you like I can record to SD card and then what's there manipulated on computer. Will be putting it together tonight. By the way I am not an artist unless you count juggling piles of laundry as an art.

Dr P: Well yes as a matter of fact, Dr P does count juggling piles of laundry as an art. That and vacuuming the lawn... Er do you still want to install the original fossilised mixtape on the wall of the indoor garden as a component of this new work?

DB: Please! Was going to record over the original tape but the cassette got chewed up by the machine. Intending however, to replace old, cover insert with a revised playlist and want a copy of this version to go on garden wall also. I can't get over how hard it is to make a 'mixtape' on cassette tape as

this technology is now considered out of date – nightmare! Not like it was in our day! Most doable solution seems to be burning playlist to CD and playing off that. Need to know whether or not someone can transfer tracks from USB to CD? If this is possible then my part of installation is more or less done!!

Dr P: Got that. Any chance of flinging memory stick with new playlist in our mailbox on your way home? Speed is of the essence.

DB: Fine but I'd like to talk the job over first. Free after 5pm. Won't take long to explain. Have one version in mp3 format and one version on WAV. File. Tracks are roughly edited but they could be better. Suggest trying a transfer of the mp3 version onto audio tape cassette should there be a spare one lying around. Find out if you need a cable to connect computer to tape recorder and I will drop that off in your letterbox too. If this fails could also send audio files via email providing there is access to Google Drive?

Dr P: Yes have Google Drive and a blank new audio cassette straight out of its 1990s cellophane wrap! Remember to zip all your mp3 files together in a single file. OK? Otherwise the new playlist could end up in totally unrelated places all over cyberspace. Then email zip file as an attachment as usual. Indicate where you think there are problem areas and with luck our sound edit software can sex them

up a bit...

And now for an update. The good news is the digital magic worked and transitions between tracks are much smoother which means we have an audio CD that will play to consistent quality on a CD player! The bad news is during the production process all our functioning Jurassic tape decks and my most loved stereo mini-system gave up the ghost and no longer operate. Killed them all! Current thinking is we pick up a cheap CD player from The Warehouse (\$39) or JB HiFi to use during the show. Stick brand new playlist CD in brand new player, programme to play on repeat loop, set device discretely among plants in Dr P's walled 'colonial' garden, adjust volume and walk away.

DB: That's exciting !!! Sorry about your most loved stereo. Am in mourning for my poor old thing also.

Dr P: You have my sincere sympathy. And thank you also for the copy of your 'manifesto'. Made me think and want to deep-fry doughnuts! When there is time what I would like to do is reproduce the statement you make, comment on it myself and then ask young Mr Tere to typeset the text. Like you I 'record' but mostly in print. The playlists I construct are my way of remembering and are an honest attempt to write our girls-own history in the present. Lest we ever be, as Marian Evans has said, 'completely forgotten'.⁵ For me it is imperative

the creative contribution of women be put securely on record because if our work is not valued or retained by the cultural memory bank to be accessed later, what we did and what we had to say will disappear. I think encouraging women to write (or make art) and finding ways to publish (or exhibit) the work that is produced is only part of the strategy. Perhaps the issue for women now is how can the creative contribution we make be future-proofed and protected? Maybe one way is to seize the provisions that already exist and run with them – for instance, the attachment of an ISSN to any of our published projects will insist that public institutions act on their statutory obligation to make space for the girls in taxpayer-funded archives such as the National Library of New Zealand. Feels like a plan to me...

Am frantically typing up details for new playlist to be mounted on wall of Dr P's indoor garden. Got a couple of questions to clarify the 'album cover' liner notes: 1. What colour/sort of cat is (or was) Catti? 2. What year was the frying doughnuts recording made?

DB: Catti (her stage name) turned up at our place about seven years ago. I can send you her head shot and clip roll for publicity purposes. Doughnuts recorded 6 January 2015. All other sound including the call of Catti recorded two weeks ago.

Dr P: Great! Just listening to Catti and her big aria now spliced to the beginning of an anguished Kate Bush trailing across a windswept moor. Loving how the soundscape shifts from one caterwaul to another, at least more tuneful perhaps! Mi-aow!

DB: FYI please list Dr P as sound editor. I can't be held responsible for what she has done to my masterpiece!!

Dr P: As if we'd ever go there. The Dr P mixtape edit is simply a proposal. One of many I would hope. I like to think of it as an orchestration for the secret life of plants – in this case some very deliberately chosen introduced 19th century European plants. It is my take on your idea of an audio animation able to add another dimension to the installation of a real, live colonial kitchen-garden, transpiring sweetly in a shop window on Karangahape Road. That's all. Predictably there will be some items on the Dr P mixtape edit that do not have the same resonance for me as they do for you. This is because I do not really know why these sounds are significant to you personally or what role they played in the story of your life. Therefore I have not attempted to interpret this meaning in any way. That is your job. One I trust you will embrace in the future. I can only order and make sense of what I think I hear. Speak to those sounds that speak to me as it were. Like lecturing your kids on the fabulosity of doughnuts, or producing

screeds of nutty writing on screwed up pieces of paper few people read. Or vacuum cleaning the great outdoors, indoors, or setting the yowling of your neighbour's cat against Kate Bush in her frantic search for the consumptive Cathy 'Coleslaw' straight out of the emotional pages of Emily Bronte, the year **Wuthering Heights** was on the set book list for the New Zealand University Entrance English examination. Not to mention of course a whiskey-infused in memoriam reprise of Bonnie Tyler's **Total Eclipse of the Heart** dedicated to the late Robt. E. Bob Fordyce (1952–2019), and his kooky cliff-hanging house, perched on the edge of the South Wellington coast where all those summers ago, long, long into the night, we played his old school vinyl record collection at ear splitting volume until our tender, ill-informed, late-adolescent imaginations bled. Fear not my one friend, your composition remains intact.

DB: Lol. Colonialism of the mind via English punk, suburban neurosis and anxiety disorder morphing into the reality of everyday woman's work. I mean colonisation, not to be confused with colonic irrigation. Brainwashing 1984 style ha ha.

Dr P: V funny.

DB: Predictive text who invented that?

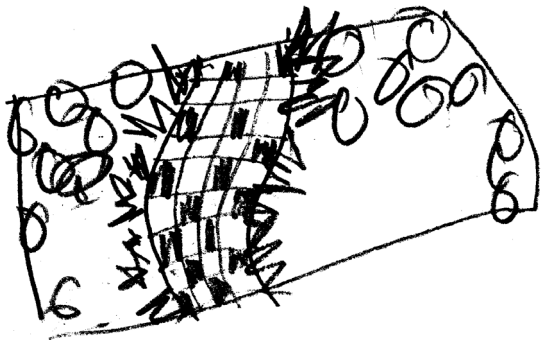
Dr P: Who indeed? Have you seen the attention the indoor garden is generating? Apparently the installation has developed a weather system all of its own, particularly at night when the atmosphere condenses and an earthy primal mist comes down and cloaks the window. I understand that the red rose is about to flower, the scent of budding citrus is filling up the space with an almost edible perfume and, thanks to your mixtape, the disembodied voice of Dr P is heard endlessly asking the best question in the house, 'Now WHO does not like a doughnut?'

DB: Let's run away to doughnut land.

Dr P: Yes let's!

DB: I think it's in Austria.

From correspondence between **Dr P** & **Diana Byrami**. Saturday 7 September – Saturday 2 November 2019.



Bird's-eye view working drawing by
Mokopopaki of Natura Abhorret
Vacuum: Nature Abhors a Vacuum, 2019

Grey Room

Janette Ravens

The Play of Tea, 2018

New Zealand merino, recycled kimono, silk, electrical wire,
artist boxes with lids

Installation dimensions variable

Janette says this work began as an exercise in design, where she was asked to explore the possibilities of texture and surface to communicate an idea. As a title, **The Play of Tea** is her own personal take on a Japanese cultural practice that encourages mindfulness and serenity known as **The Way of Tea**. Janette was attracted by this search for stillness because, in her experience, achievement of such a state was 'rare' in contemporary, urban New Zealand life.

In **The Play of Tea**, the artist remembers playing happily with a dolls tea set as a child, and wants the work to convey an uplifting sense of this feeling. Janette likes the fact that the objects she makes conform to the shape of a female hand as if they were the actual cups and pots used in a traditional Japanese tea ceremony.

In **The Play of Tea**, Janette weaves both New Zealand and Japanese products to connect her interest in Japanese culture and her 'Kiwi roots' together. She works with new and recycled textiles, including New Zealand merino knit, antique kimono silk, thread and wire. 'The merino knit provided an excellent core material, with the resilience and lightness I knew I needed', she says. 'The recycled kimono silks were cut into mosaic-like pieces, to create unique colour and textural effects. These were then bound to the merino core with silk thread, to make forms that could be further sculpted'. According to the artist, working with this kind of material invites mindful touch, 'Thread and fabric are so rich, warm and soft. I love them'.

Keri Hulme

a) **Spirituality** (slide), c. 1981

Spirituality, Women's Gallery, c. 1981

Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, N.Z. (91-023-5/13-01)

b) **Opening Show statement**, 1980 Women's Gallery Opening Show,
21 January–29 February, 1980 [catalogue]
Wellington, 1980:10

c) **He Hoha** in **Strands**, Auckland, Auckland University Press, 1992: 41–43
Written contemporaneously with the catalogue note, on the typewriter
in the busy Women's Gallery office at 26 Harris Street

d) **Correspondence with the Women's Gallery collective**
re Opening Show Revisited, 1982

Two pages from the Women's Gallery files
Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, N.Z. (MSZ-1293)

Ka nui te mihi ki a Adrienne Martyn



Keri Hulme

Correspondence with the Women's Gallery collective
re Opening Show Revisited (detail), 1982

Women's Gallery files

Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, N.Z. (MSZ-1293)

Annette Brown

Air Aunty, 2019

Digital video, colour, sound (1 min 49 sec), monitor, media player,
found front load washing machine door, drain hose, washing powder box, enamel
Installation dimensions variable (depth 15 cm, door diameter 43 cm)

Annette says when she received an invitation to contribute to **Domestic #3: Ahimaru** she remembered **The True Artist Helps the World by Asking for Trust** by PANiA! at Te Tuhi. ‘Totally inspired’, by PANiA!’s moody and evocative moving image work, **Te Marama Pai** (the beautiful moon), Annette explains how it seemed absolutely right that she should revisit **Daughters** (2018), her own video work, first shown at Hungry Creek Art & Craft School.

To make **Air Aunty** (2019), the artist then spent some time at Mokopopaki, getting to know the feel of the place and the people who are at home there. ‘We hung out’, says Annette, ‘we discussed the exhibition, the laundromat neighbours, the other contributing artists, the kaupapa. We looked closely at the space and worked together’.

Annette’s initial thought was to overlay an image of a front load washing machine door across an image of the moon but decided to use a found door off an actual front load washing machine instead. The artist was excited by the much more sculptural quality of the real object. ‘It was almost like a window or porthole’, she says. At that point, Annette was off on her own, researching widely – hunting for bargain electronic gear, meeting Igor, the Russian dealer in pre-loved whiteware; considering the qualities of the Grey Room at Mokopopaki even more carefully. She laughs. ‘I painted a washing powder box black to contain the transformers. Some existing pipes in the timber floor spoke to the washing machine hose concealing power cords for **Air Aunty**... Lift off!’

Allie Eagle

... Korero, This is how I remember (Medley Series), 2018

Watercolour, pastel, pencil on Fabriano Artistica paper

33 x 48 cm

Dearest Heather ^{oct 30}
²⁰¹⁵
Thank you so much
for your awhi for
my work!
I loved the day + your care
for us. Much love always
dear Heather! Allie xxx

Eleanor Cooper

Bo (fighting staff for working among rapoka sea lion colonies), 2019

Hand-planed and carved hardwood, acrylic, epoxy resin,

made to the dimensions of an Okinawan karate bo staff

180 x 4 x 4 cm

The patterns on Eleanor Cooper's **Bo** are inspired by the up to 50m long strands of subantarctic bladder kelp growing in giant ocean forests around the seas at Maungahuka in the Auckland Islands. The artist says every year while working on tagging the flippers of sealion pups, DOC issues their rangers and volunteers with broomsticks to defend themselves against the unwanted attention of irate adult members of the sea lion colony. Curiously, Eleanor noticed that the movements her workmates made with the broomsticks to fend off grumpy sea lions were very similar to the basic movements she had learned as a student of Okinawan karate, where mastery of traditional weaponry included proficiency using the fighting stick or bo.

Adrienne Martyn

Parergon #1, 2018

Pigment ink on Hahnemuhle Photo Rag UltraSmooth

56.5 x 79.9 cm

Pou tuarongo detail. Photograph taken during **This Joyous, Chaotic Place: He Waiata Tangi-a-Tahu**, Mokopopaki, Auckland, 2018. The word parergon is derived from a concept in Ancient Greek philosophy meaning supplementary, additional or extra to a proposition.

Parergon #1 (2018) is from a body of work investigating gallery spaces and installation devices. In the image of a white, kinked paper substrate, triangular shadows direct attention to the textured pou tuarongo, or symbolically essential back wall of the Brown Room at Mokopopaki, ensuring that the content of the artwork itself is not able to be seen. Supplementary information about the artwork, including often unnoticed tangible extras like the quality of the surface the artwork is hanging on, lighting, paper, frame, method of presentation, now become the subject of the photograph. However, it could be said that **Parergon #1** also alludes to the presence of other differently apparent tangibles, such as the core Maori values at the centre of Mokopopaki that unify, add to and inform all the ideas around this artwork and any of the others shown in this space.

A.A.M. Bos

Dill *Anethum graveolens*, 2019

Rosemary *Rosmarinus officinalis* and **Honey Bee** *Apis mellifera*, 2019

Honey Babe, Dwarf Peach *Prunus persica*, 2019

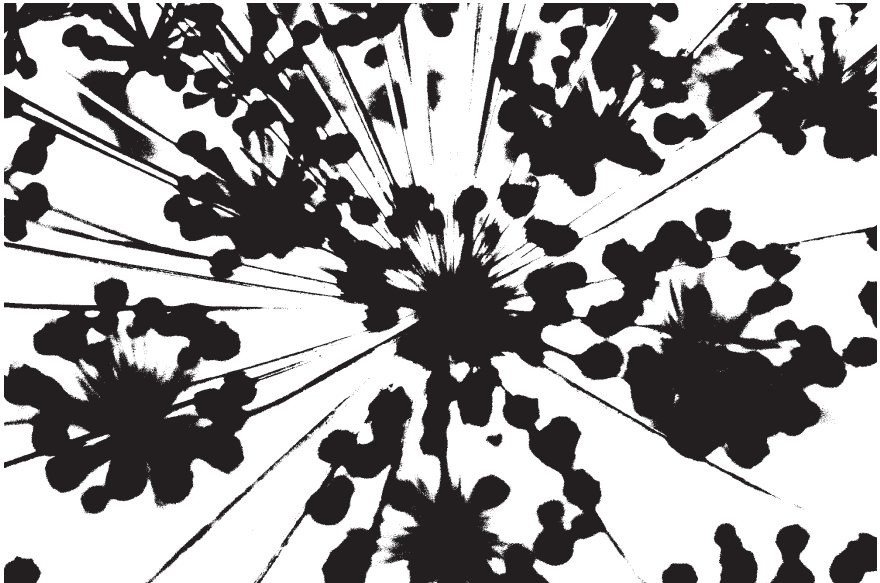
Epson Premium Lustre prints

20 x 25 cm, 25 x 25 cm

When the artist was small, they liked playing at ‘making gardens’ that they then ‘had to water’. At the tap outside, they would overfill big galvanised buckets and try to carry them. Of course the load was way too heavy for a pre-schooler to lift and the bucket was often dropped on the artist’s bare feet. A.A.M. Bos remembers how the hard metal edge of the bucket used to catch their ‘little kids’ toes’ and crush them so badly that the ends of their feet turned ‘black with bruises’.

Although A.A.M. Bos was born in Auckland, they spent most of their formative years in the Netherlands. In 1982, the artist returned to New Zealand where they experienced a confidence-eroding period of unemployment and dug up the front lawn of the property they rented in Sandringham to grow vegetables. ‘No potatoes, but beans, lettuces, tomatoes and marrow’ (as opposed to courgette or zucchini).

They made crisp salad and excellent pickle, ‘good with cheese’.



Maya

I know why, 2019

Ironing board with cover, metal birdcage, Barbie doll, doll clothes and accessories, plastic bottle bottom, acrylic, card, toy hammer, miniature pillow
146 x 146 x 39.5 cm

I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings⁶

A free bird leaps on the back
of the wind and floats downstream
till the current ends and dips his wing
in the orange sun rays
and dares to claim the sky.

But a bird that stalks down his narrow cage
can seldom see through his bars of rage
his wings are clipped and his feet are tied
so he opens his throat to sing.

The caged bird sings with a fearful trill
of things unknown but longed for still
and his tune is heard on the distant hill for
the caged bird sings of freedom.

— Maya Angelou



Maya
Ironing board, 2021

Dr P 18/09/19, 9:42 AM

Kia ora Maya
 Found this link
 to Maya Angelou
 the Black American
 feminist poet &
 civil rights activist.
 poetryfoundation.org
 /poets/mayaangelou
 Whn u were born i
 thght u hd bn named
 Maya after her, I
 said so 2yr mother.
 She corrected me.
 "Experimental
 filmmaker,
 Maya Deren,
**Meshes of the
 Afternoon**".
 Bt i hv bn thinking
 abt wht an amazing
 woman Maya Angelou
 was & yr GENIUS idea
 2paint the birdcage
 orange. Keep working
 with tht 1 i reckon
 particly if u read the
 famous poem by Maya
 Angelou, **I know why
 the caged bird sings.**
 As u said the colour
 orange is abt yr Dad
 & the marine paint he
 uses to protect his
 boat bt it could also
 refer 2the caged bird
 in the poem. I did
 not realise ths until
 i started 2read abt
 Maya Angelou this
 morning.

V cool (& arty connection!)

Dr P 26/09/19, 4:27 PM

Hey Maya
 ...hope u r still feeling like
 attacking things
 with orange spray
 paint! Such a gd concept
 Told Bos abt
 yr vsco Girls "Save
 the Turtles" joke &
 they got it thn & there
 Bos is way smarter thn me
 whn it comes 2style
 young ppl stuff. I'm such a
 dinosaur
 – slow, old skool everything.
 OK keep working.
 Train hard. Play hard.
 Make
 sum art. Its qte fun
 really.

Dr P 01/10/19, 3:38 PM

Hey Maya
 Hw r u going?
 Hope i can catch
 up wth u bt if not
 make a start
 x

Maya 3:40 PM

I'm on school
 holidays at the
 moment so I'm not
 going to make...
 bc I'm hanging out
 with friends

Dr P 4:34 PM

O i jst saw yr mssg-
 thts a bummr Wht's
 a bc btw?

Maya 4:47 PM

It's short for
 because

Dr P 08/10/19, 1:21 PM

Kia ora Maya
 Hwsit? Kinda 1dring
 hw yr art project is
 going? Am here if u
 nd sum help. No pressure
 bt this wk Mmpki is
 preparing 2install the
 new show. Really hopeful
 u will hv a work
 ready 4exhibition.
 Be such a good
 experience
 4u& yr creative
 problm solving.
 Let me kno wht's
 the go...

Maya 5:43 PM

What is it exactly
 that you'd like me
 to do?

Dr P 7:05 PM

Com'on Babe
 We discussed
 ths remember?!

We talked abt u spray
 painting birdies cage
 orange
 – it doesn't hv 2b
 perfect bit of
 grundge ws good.
 This is the object
 tht stands in 4u
 – the gift as an
 artist u were given
 by anthr artist – me
 as a sign or symbol

2represent u.
 Orange paint ws
 4 yr Dad & his
 boat u said. Inside
 cage is a found
 baby doll's pillow
 & plastic hammer
 frm yr LttL kids toybox
 These r 4 yr Mum &
 2 answr the questn
 hw do u put the
 piano she lvs
 but u didn't
 in a birdcage?!
 The Barbie doll is
 dressed in your School
 Uniform made by u
 bc u said u wntd
 2mke sumthing
 yrself. The doll will b
 balanced on a cheap
 plastic bath tub turtle
 bought at the Warehouse.
 The bath tub toy
 ws a ref 2yr Skool gang
 joke "Save the
 Turtles!" We talkd
 abt the readymade or
 buying wht seems 2b
 random stuff out of a shop
 & deciding it is art
 bc u as the artist
 say so etc.

Maya 8:08 PM

Okay cool thanks
 I was just double
 checking
 But a few things from
 meee
 I want to add are:
 Name of my work

I know why
 relates to the poem/
 memoir
 by Maya Angelou because
 it encourages young
 people
 including girls (my age?)
 to use our voice
 and no longer be afraid.
 The actual sculpture
 having the door open
 is about saying that the
 bird (me, I am the bird)
 has flown out of the cage
 and left memories behind.
 The Barbie, the hammer,
 the baby doll's pillow, the
 turtle.
 Each of these objects
 have their own special
 significance.
 The Barbie is dressed as a
 vsco girl,
 she is a type of aesthetic
 (what kids my age call it)
 or style/trend common
 among teenage girls.
 Vsco girls are what you'd
 call
 beachy summer girls who
 wear oversized tshirts and
 little shorts
 paired with sandals,
 preferably Birks,
 and have their hair up in a
 messy bun
 with a scrunchie of course!
 Barbie's got her foot on
 the turtle
 to show that one of the
 characteristics of the vsco

girls
 is loving endangered
 animals
 and being environmentally
 friendly.
 "SAVE THE TURTLES!!"
 The toy hammer and baby
 doll's pillow
 are about how a piano
 makes sound
 and is a direct reflection of
 Mum'sy Diana
 because she used to
 always play
 and forced us kids to play
 too.
 The cage is painted
 orange
 to signify my papa! and his
 lovely little boat
 called **Reliant** that is still a
 big part of my life.
 Essentially the whole cage
 and its interior thinks
 about childhood.
 However the bird (me
 again)
 has left being a funky lil'
 metaphor
 and now I'm
 officially growing up
 and leaving childhood
 behind
 but I know it's all safe in
 the cage,
 because something will
 always be there
 that I can revisit later.
 Alsoooo it's like I have
 enough courage
 to satisfy my curiosity

about life in the real world.
This is the world outside
the cage
that as a child my parents
have protected
me from and guarded the
door to
but Hey Look!
the door is wide open.
So yeah that's pretty much
it.

Dr P 8:12 PM

Fanx. Like the
care u hv put into
yr thoughts & the
fact that as an artist
u wnt 2communicate
& hv a message 4yr
audience.

Dr P 10/10/19, 8:43 PM

Kia ora Maya
Hv 2 confirm
u will hv a work reddy
on Tues 15 Oct.
Mmpki will b
installing the new
show tht nite.
Also 4the wrks list wht
name do u wnt 2use as
an artist? Does not
have 2b the name
tht u r known by –
could be sumthin totally
different. Whtvr u
choose pleze text
it 2me as u want yr
artist's name 2be
spelled. Kinda need
this info as soon as
bc 2moro panui

or notices telling
ppL the show is
on will b sent out.

Dr P 13/10/19, 5:04 PM

Hi Maya
Hv u decided on
an artist's name
yet? Whn u r jst
starting out girls
need edge. Create
an identity 4yrslf.
Text me. Please.

Maya 9:21 PM

sorry was super
busy. I want
to use just my first
name as the artist's name.
I know you think
its unoriginal but I
like it. So just Maya
is fine or Maya pt.
Sorry. I can't really
think of anything
else that I like

Dr P 9:57 PM

Issue is not
originality – its about
trying 2help u get
NOTICED!!

Maya 14/10/19, 9:27 PM

So I have all of
the elements of the
sculpture ready
except we have
a slight issue
with making the
birdcage orange I
could try to get spray
paint tomorrow but

that would have to be
after school, is that
okay? Only concern is
birdcage doesn't have
a base. So it will
need something to
sit on like a table
top. At the moment it
is on the ironing board

Dr P 15/10/19, 11:32 AM

Gr8! U will figure it out
bc art is not all abt
painting & drawing. Its
really abt thinking
& wanting 2say
something & having fun
– spray painting
anything is always fun
especially like me
u paint mostly on
yrself & not the
surface in questn.
1 thing if it's OK
wth u in the
exhibition catalogue
can i use yr txt mssgs
to discuss the work?
U will gt 2c wht i've dun
with thm & sign off
on the Dr P edit b4
we print.

Maya 1:35 PM

Cool.
Texts are cute between us,
shows how bad i am
at replying!
Ahh silly me.
Okay love you lots
hope u and bos are alg
XOXOXOXOXOXOX
MAyaaayaya

Brown Room

PANiA!

The True Artist Helps the World by Asking for Trust (After Bruce Nauman), 2019

LED neon, acrylic, fixings

125.6 x 119.4 x 3 cm

PANiA! says this work refers directly to American super-art star Bruce Nauman, and his famous neon **The True Artist Helps the World by Revealing Mystic Truths (Window or Wall Sign) (1967)**. Appropriating both the form and the media, PANiA! updates Nauman's original assertion and shines new light on his message, illuminating it as she says, for 'our time, our country, our concerns, and our consciousness'. In **The True Artist Helps the World by Asking for Trust (After Bruce Nauman) (2019)**, PANiA! rejects the cynicism and "learned helplessness" of a post-Trump world and proposes conditions where art does make a difference and good becomes possible.



PANiA!

The True Artist Helps the World by Asking for Trust (After Bruce Nauman)

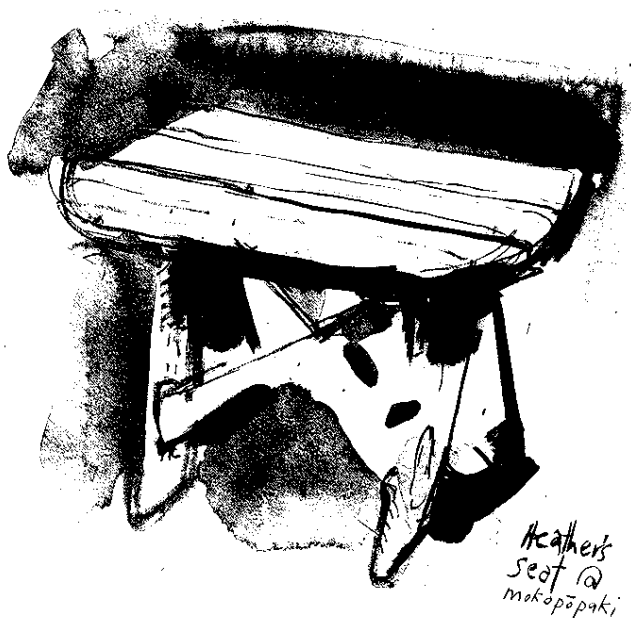
(drawing), 2019

Nanny Kura Walker
Ringa Werawera, 2018
Harakeke, dye
35 x 41 x 16 cm

Kete gifted to Mokopopaki by Ngahuia Wade, Tatai and Numia Ponika Rangi, whanau of Kohine Ponika in appreciation of **This Joyous Chaotic Place: He Waiata Tangi-a-Tahu**, the exhibition catalogue co-published by Mokopopaki and Spiral.

Unknown
Heather's Seat, nd
Wooden seat
43 x 60 x 35 cm

Well-used, weather-beaten, four-legged wooden seat, owned by poet and publisher Heather McPherson. Rescued from the veranda of her flat in Mountain View Road, Western Springs, Auckland.



Footnotes

1

teara.govt.nz/en/biographies/1w24/williams-marianne

2

From 'A feisty French woman ... with a deep, audacious faith'. A talk given by Sister Catherine Hannan, Leader of the Congregation of the Sisters of Compassion, at the launch of Jessie Munro's **The Story of Suzanne Aubert**, Auckland: Bridget Williams Books, 1996. Published in **New Zealand Studies**, November 1997

3

D.R.P. Also known as Dorothy Rose Parekowhai, Dr P's mother

4

The Declaration of Sentiments also known as the Declaration of Rights and Sentiments, was a document signed in 1848 at the first American Women's Rights convention organised by women held in Seneca Falls, New York. Top of the agenda was the need for a 'grand movement' committed to achieving 'equal civil, social, political and religious rights for women'. wikipedia.org/wiki/Declaration_of_Sentiments

5

They Might Have Completely Forgotten Us, Spiral Collectives. medium.com/spiral-collectives/they-might-have-completely-forgotten-us-26b55cd68e69, 2013/2016

6

poetryfoundation.org/poems/48989/caged-bird

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Cover: Mokopōpaki, Edgar, 2019

P. 1: Marian Evans, An End of Season's Diaries, 2012 (reproduced from artist's book)

P. 12: Allie Eagle, handwritten note to Heather McPherson, 2015

P. 14: A.A.M. Bos, Dill Anethum graveolens, 2021

P. 20: Allie Eagle, Heather's Seat @ Mokopōpaki, 2018

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