

JOHN LAKE

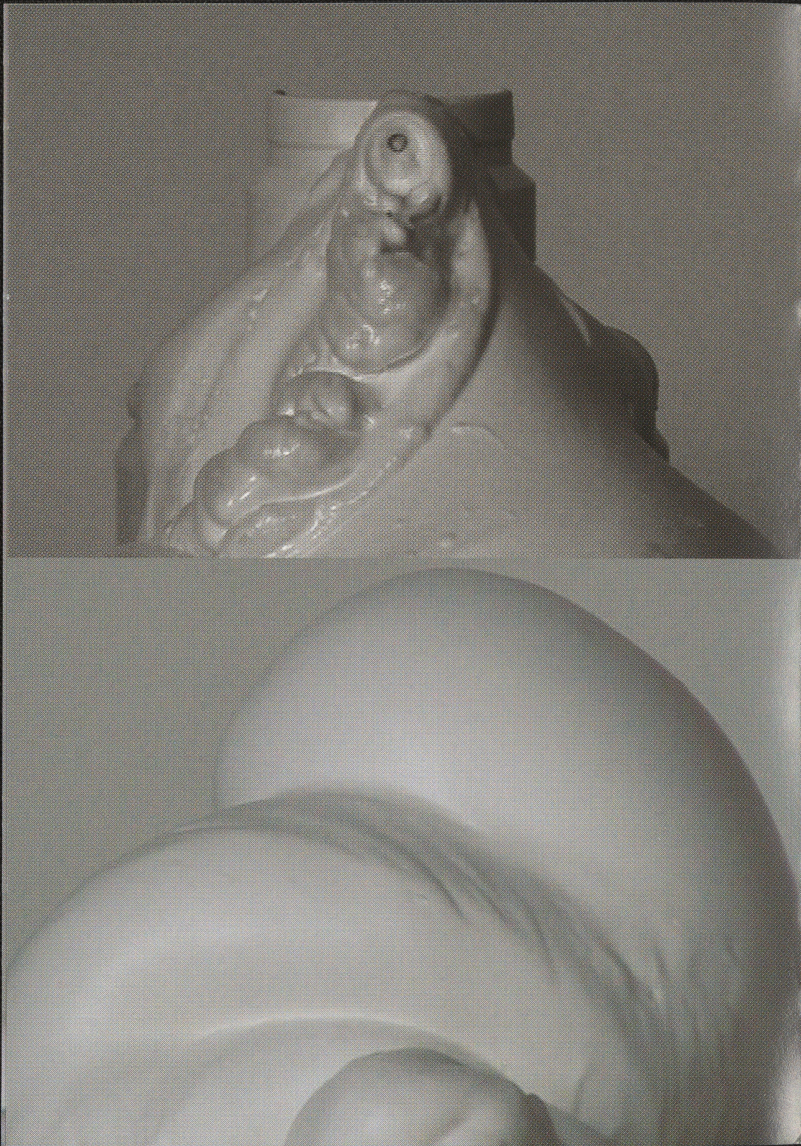
KATE NEWBY

WARREN OLDS

ELLA BELLA MOONSHINE REED

LAUREN WINSTONE

JOYOTI WYLIE



John LAKE

Shot in a beautifully descriptive deadpan style, *Longer Whiter Cloud* feels much like a nature video, quietly revealing the lifecycle of a shaving foam canister. In a way it's synonymous with time lapse photography, where we are able to view, for instance, a plant grow from seed to bloom in a matter of seconds. Here, we see ejaculatory conception, a spasmodic youth, and move on to the more placid mid-life, until the final spluttering conclusion of the foam's existence. All this activity is played out with a compelling series of forms and textures, from a frontal, objective viewpoint.

Note the way that the picture fades to white at the end of the sequence. The technique is often used by film and television makers to imply death, and perhaps some sort of heavenly transcendence. Here, it achieves the same palpable effect. Before we can come to terms with what we've just witnessed however, the sequence begins again. A new life is born, or the previous one replaced. This mundane cycle of life is both fascinatingly engaging and overwhelmingly banal. Dejection here is felt not for a death, but quite oppositely, for the continuous re-birth of an ever more routine life.

— Andrew Thomas

LONGER WHITER CLOUD 2001
VHS VIDEO PROJECTION, STEREO

Kate NEWBY

Over the past few years Kate Newby has taken on various personas. Whether as signwriter, vandal, or head of Newby Models Inc. Newby is in the business of collecting and writing nondescript sentences. She places these texts on the fabric of downtown Auckland, in response to her environment and the situations that arise within it. Ranging from whimsical to conclusive, the comments echo a thought at its simplest, most accessible moment. Leaving out the who, the what, and the where, Newby allows the viewer to adopt the statements as their own. It is a heartfelt response, something often hard to find. Like Newby's work it's a response that's precious and rare.

Hanging from the front of #155 Karangahape Road flaps a banner announcing Kate's House of Fashion. On the side of the building is the designer's motif, a huge red dripping heart. It is a hand-drawn world of thunderbolts, crooked hearts and fast cars. It is the colloquial, heart-felt world of Kate Newby where art imitates life with makeshift charm.

Newby is a fashion designer who carries her heart on the sleeves of others. Just as Newby Signwriting left comments on the fence of Stable Lane for people to take, or strangers off the street were invited to join Newby Models Inc., anyone can wear one of Newby's sentences, and model it like they mean it. All you need is a 1968 Charger and a Kate's House of Fashion limited edition Spring 2003 item to get you there.

— Sriwhana Spong

I ALWAYS THOUGHT I'D BE GOOD AT FASHION 2002
MIXED MEDIA





Warren OLDS

There's nothing quite like sitting in front of a computer at 3am, checking out alt.warez.macintosh and seeing the installer file "Adobe Photoshop version 3.0.4 (13/25)" that's eluded you for so long.

Mass media associates software piracy with viruses, credit-card fraud, and online porn. But downloaders of warez are not motivated by the traditional online rewards of sex or money. How else to explain the popularity of financially worthless software like Freehand 1.0 on warez newsgroups? McKenzie Wark notes in *The Hacker Manifesto*, "to hack is to produce or apply the abstract to information and express the possibility of new worlds". The 31337 w4r3z d00dz seem less interested in acquiring intellectual property than hacking the commodified system of content distribution, imagining democratic worlds where the tools of digital production are freely available.

Warez communities are a shadowy underworld of slow modem connections, unreliable hosts, degraded signals and antiquated platforms. They stay up all night downloading shaky am-cam DivX recordings of *Spiderman* over the Usenet network, they watch the film at the cinema for the fourteenth time the next day, then come home to play the part of the superhero in the 1983 Atari 2600 game at night. As William Gibson said, "the street finds its own uses for things". In *Syquest University*, there's no such thing as an obsolete format.

— Danny Butt



Ella Bella Moonshine REED

Patient husbandry has produced a crafted and stylised assembly of pale-purple African Violets, atop a walnut veneer tea-trolley – these flowers are the epitome of do-it-yourself propagation. Strikingly understated, Ella Bella Moonshine Reed's installation plays on the Gallery's ring of conservatory-like windows. It is as if all the patience and precision that goes into cultivating these domestic flowers has been poured into the installation. Reed challenges us to catch them at growing. The work then, is a fecund still life.

The Violets' hairy leaves are matched by delicate purple petals, like a tarantula spider with a heart on its sleeve. The repetition of eight identical plants could be a meditation on genetic sameness, but the work also reveals nature's uniqueness, its aberrations or asymmetries.

This asymmetry is a reminder of the way that installation practice responds to its site. Reed's installations are deliberate, contrived, resolved precisely according to things actual. A bit like a recipe, her works are practical: the trolley suits the blooms – they can easily be wheeled out of the sun, or out of the shadow.

Propagating plants is a hopeful project, it's a dream to get a good take, and it's a little bit brutal. Like a surgeon, a propagator must nip and tuck, breaking the plant to create new growth. This quiet ambition is pervasive in Reed's work, calculated and concentrated, it stands like a remnant from a day's work in a glasshouse, left over, silent, just waiting for watering.

— Hanna Scott

UNTITLED (AFRICAN VIOLETS, ARTSPACE, 2002) 2002
WALNUT VENEER TROLLEY, AFRICAN VIOLETS





Lauren WINSTONE

Lauren Winstone's Big Wheel Enterprises started in 1999. On a sporadic basis, BWE has produced brand-name merchandising — to date, baseball caps, key rings, and a cassette tape. This strategy is typical of corporate giants — Nike, Starbucks, Coca Cola — who market brands rather than products. Winstone comments that she made the BWE *Backing Vocals* cassette so that she could produce a poster advertising its release.

Contemporary mega-brands often promise customers an experience of individuality. Why pay more for a pair of Adidas sneakers? Because with them you're buying identity. BWE's style, in contrast, is anonymous: the lettering of the cap is a generic sans serif and there's no slick swoosh. *Backing Vocals* is a cassette release only, and Big Wheel Enterprises is spelled out in handmade lettering styled after the exterior signage of family businesses. Despite the name, BWE's small time marketing choices don't aspire to a global market.

With their generalized style, these small items are more typical of retro cool than a real experience of trucking culture. BWE refers to trucking culture as it might be imagined by an op-shop browser or *18 Wheels of Justice* viewer.

BWE's nondescript style is the carrier for idiosyncratic and intimate choices, such as the recording of Winstone's imitations of trucks' warning chirps. Winstone pitches her marketing tools as support devices: backing vocals are intended to prop up a lead singer. The BWE brand may not be distinctive, but this makes it all the more personal.

— Charlotte Crow

Joyoti WYLIE

Joyoti Wylie's answer phone message is pieced together like a radio play — the sound of a lilting, movie-tune waltz overlaid with a purring cat and the delicately whispered story of Rita Hayworth.

Hanging on the end of the line or listening to a CD, layers of sound take you to a familiar yet distant place. Samples from songs, cinema classics and the kitchen table move with and against her lyrics, with and against her mesmerizing voice and it's accented shifts from northern brogue to southern belle. The sense of theatre in her live performances and the power of her voice make the same lyrics direct, immediate and disarming. A femme fatale with a megaphone in hand, the subtle layering is gone but the tension between the beauty and bleakness of the work becomes paramount.

It is impossible to reconcile the differences between sound recordings and live performance, but if there is a meeting point between the lush textures of Wylie's CDs and the drama of her performances, it would perhaps be in her installations. Old heavy telephones and a tangle of black wires lurk in the corner like dark shadows. Each phone plays a different tune, and the different voices, wrapped up in the chaos of wire, suggest competing expectations for what kind of woman Wylie will be. Fragments of classic Hollywood, poetry, Prince and porn soundtracks meet with layers of sound from a distant lounge-room, all woven together by her voice and the telephone cables.

— Nicholas Spratt

WAR, WAR, WAR 2001
GENTLEMAN CALLER 2001
I'M A LOUSE 2001

ALL DIGITAL SOUND RECORDINGS, TRANSFERRED TO CD



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NEW ARTISTS 2002
HONESTLY

A R T S P A C E