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ARTSPACE^{NZ}

Tahi Moore
AUTONAIR

This exhibition is about getting lost, about things apparently not making sense.
It speaks of the seduction of places through elliptical stories and mysterious silent characters.

The story proceeds through loops, literal ones.
A ramp occupies the long gallery and alters the movement of people through space.
Smooth and slowed down circular movements recorded by the video camera on a sea of water and grass.
The artist driving in circles: caught in an infinite succession of cul-de-sacs in endless Auckland driveways.
Circular stories that don't get past glimpses of characters enveloped in a fragmentary visual and textual narration.

The show requires you to surrender to the architecture of Artspace: once so familiar, now challenged by higher view points, a counterintuitive use of what is already there.

This show asks you to take a trip.
In the seven video works that constitute AUTONAIR, most places filmed feel eerily familiar but there is something disturbing, uncanny in those Auckland landscapes, they gradually become surreal and undefined.
At first, those shots seem soothing, but the creeping realisation that time is trapped within them soon becomes apparent. The viewer is overcome by a feeling of having missed some crucial clues; a void which stands in the way of a linear progression of the story.

In his solo show, Tahi Moore is part *auteur*, part detective. In the video titled AUTONAIR, he stares back in his trench coat, as in a self-reflexive exercise; maybe he is offering us the key to the mystery? You can only get to it if you manage to surpass the physical and symbolic hurdle of the ramp.

The deconstructed filmic genre at hand is *Film Noir*, Moore preempts what is expected, in a play in which Artspace volunteers become unwitting characters of scenes that are never closed but keep looping on themselves. More silent conversations, more green, more blue.

The group of artists dressed in black, who run a gallery in Auckland, is forever trapped eating baguette morsels and ingesting pills in one of the back rooms.
Fans aptly installed ensure the 'coolness' factor in the most stale and remote corners of the Artspace premises.

There are some rules to fiction and to life, some even to this show. Most are unspoken; there are no tricks though. What is pursued is a constant reconfiguration of being, in the shape of landscapes and the people that temporarily traverse them.

AUTONAIR is not about doing the right thing, rather about trying to make it right, but also about being open to other possibilities, in case that doesn't eventuate.

You need to stop resisting. It's not difficult. Loosen up. Stop the chase. Only then will the show unfold itself in front of your eyes.

Caterina Riva