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AUSTRALIA & NEW ZEALAND: on the road with jah

Editor's Note: This is the second article in a series on my recent visit to Australia and New Zealand, sponsored by Art Network and funded by the Australian Council and the Queen Elizabeth II Arts Council of New Zealand. This article focuses in on New Zealand and my two weeks there.

part II

What do you say when the first stop in a new country is on the lip of a volcanic crater, called Mt. Eden? This was my introduction to New Zealand, home of the Maoris, alps and Rotorua, where tranquillity is translated into life, where society is at home with nature, and where "Noise Annoys" appears on cancelled envelopes in the mail. Looking down on Auckland with Valerie Richards, librarian at the Fine Arts Library at the University of Auckland and the arranger of my tour in her country, I thought I saw a miniature Los Angeles glistening at night, but in fact it was a city called Auckland with 800,000 inhabitants stretched around for 30 miles.

Sunday brunch produced myriads of women artists, as well as Wystan Curnow, famed art and literary critic and poet from the University of Auckland, Phil Dadson, new music performance artist, and much more. Auckland is a very beautiful city, surrounded by water, but all of New Zealand seems surrounded by water, for it is a narrow island and water does predominate as does sky—skies which you must experience to believe.

WELLINGTON

Whisked off to the airport with a wad of airplane tickets, I took off for Wellington where Ian Hunter and Tony Mackle met me. Ian is the quietly energetic trans-Tasmanian catalyst for all Australia-New Zealand contacts among artists, and Tony is the curator of visual arts at the National Art Gallery. Looking at Wellington is like looking at San Francisco, Genova and parts of Geneva. With a population of only 150,000, the capital of New Zealand looks idyllic and stunning in the morning light, but it has surprises for it is buffeted by cold sea winds (being close to Antarctica) and is on the San Andreas Fault, the same fault line that affects Los Angeles with earthquakes. It's like living on a beautiful edge.

In my honor there was a "bring a plate dinner" or potluck, and I met several artists in the Wellington area, as well as archivists and librarians. The room I was staying in was very large and gracious, with a beautifully tiled fireplace and large windows. New Zealand already seemed exceptionally warm and gracious to me. The wine was abundant (sometimes Australian), the food was remarkably delicious, and the desserts were beyond anyone's imagination!

The next morning I was whisked to the National Gallery where I was slated to give a workshop on art documentation.



At lunch, I met such a fine printer, Nigel Thorp, who has over 100 fonts of wooden type and ornaments, and loves to make beautiful things—from alphabet books to bookmarks, from posters to broadsides. He is, in fact, the printer for a very fine alphabet book by Neil Rowe, a craft printer who lives in the country outside of Wellington and just prints away. I also met Vivian Lynn, an artist whose garden will be a work of art upon completion, one which I was to learn later that the Govett-Brewster Gallery wishes to buy (but that problem has not been solved as yet). I also had the great pleasure of walking around the National Gallery with Ian Hunter, a remarkably storyteller in his own right, who told me about the Maori culture as we were looking at the artifacts in the National Museum, the repository of a great collection of Maori arts and crafts. He told me about the story sticks, a form of book, which the Maori use to tell different tales depending upon the markings on the stick, known only to the official storytellers of the tribe.

After the afternoon session of the workshop, I walked through the collection of contemporary art at the National Gallery and was delighted to see an installation made by Andrew Drummond especially for the space called *Cycles/Stages*, in which the artist uses the human body to express larger ideas. There is a central figure made of bandages and hardened resin (molded over the artist's own body), an avenue of willow branches, stripped of their leaves, 6 projected photographs of willow trees in full summer, 3 triangles of

beeswax, two of which are set into a corner and the other projecting slightly and lit from behind—a very moving statement about frozen time, movement of time and symbolic completion of time within nature. I also saw a very fine exhibition of contemporary photography and paintings of Don Peebles, Don Driver and Phillip Trusstum. Then on to the Colonial History Collection which was celebrating its reopening with rum being served as refreshments in the colonial manner. After dinner of rabbit in wine, with figs and raisins, we retired to coffee at home with a very funny Tony Simpson, lawyer, writer, and raconteur and Neil Rowe, straight man and art center director, as guests.

No one can understand that everytime I am in Wellington, it is gorgeous with the bluest of skies, the warmest sun, and none of the chill winds which signify the normal Wellington. I visited Vivian Lynn's beautiful Victorian house and studio, where her Looking Glass Tree walkway and garden was yet to be finished but on its way. She is a feminist and has been working with feminist and natural themes since the late 1960s, and she showed me her large books about women. The Maori roots of the culture were obvious in her work, with shell drawings, life drawings, prints and a "hair" installation. The house was full of collections of marbles, shells and so much more—almost like a museum.

Women's Gallery is housed in a beautiful old white building where women's organizations have their offices, including therapists, lawyers, etc. I talked to Sharon Alston and the rest of the women who happened to be around. We rapped for about an hour about the feminist scene in the States, in Australia and in New Zealand, and I learned about the Tipi Project, a two-year project aimed at exploring women's personal experiences through the construction of a large tipi using traditional art and craft techniques. The 6 - 8 panels will involve such skills as embroidery, patchwork, applique, batik, beadwork, quilting, etc, much like Judy Chicago's *The Dinner Party*, and will involve women working on individual pieces as well as in groups. It is intended to bring women together to share experiences, information, techniques, skills and suggestions in a series of weekend workshops, live-in courses, lectures and demonstrations.

I finally got to walk down a street in a city, something that became more rare as the trip progressed, since I was on such a tight schedule. I saw that Wellington has an edifice complex and is a-building in the contemporary manner, destroying some of its old buildings in the doing. We met Neil Rowe, head of the Wairarapa Arts Centre in Masterton, New Zealand, a very live-wire provincial exhibition space, which has the annual Hansells Sculpture Exhibition, a corporate-sponsored show, which in 1982 will travel to 12 other New Zealand centres. This is the 9th Annual and has a splendid catalog. Among the artists is Jeff Thomson, who did a series of three-dimensional rural mailboxes, with wooden cut-outs of various breeds of livestock. Another show in town was *Skin Sculpture: Jewellery and Clothing by Australian and New Zealand Artists*, which is documented in a splendidly designed catalog wrapped in plastic with a plastic rope handle. I realized that in clothing and accessories Australia and New Zealand have lots to tell the rest of the world in the use of materials and in exquisite design.

A quick trip along the East Bay led me to believe that

you must find paradise wherever you can, and Wellington and its setting is not too bad. The boats and beaches and boutiques tell you something about how it has been discovered, but there is also the Dowse Art Center, where James Barr creates beautiful shows of paintings and of crafts, including food sculpture. The new addition to the Center looks like a mini-Pompidou with very high-tech details. The center has a full program as do all the centers outside the central cities, including music, performance and much more than our visual arts centers. The inculcation of some degree of culture for the people seems to be the onus and responsibility of the provincial art centers in New Zealand.

CHRISTCHURCH

I was told that I would be met by a man who looks like a cross between Leonardo da Vinci and Albert Einstein—and so Tom Taylor, sculptor and educator, met me at the airport and whisked me off to drinks and a dinner of venison with other faculty members of the University of Canterbury. remember that this is New Zealand and it is late April, which means late autumn. The funny thing about New Zealand is not only that everything else is in reverse, but so is the dial on the phone. If you have a dial phone, the 9 is on top and the 1 down below, and I was so frightened the first time I used the phone for fear of making a mistake and getting the wrong number.

Christchurch is perfectly English, with the river Avon flowing through it. It is exceptionally beautiful, with only one fault, a layer of smog, because it is also situated in a basin like Los Angeles, surrounded by volcanic mountains. Snow was on the South Alps, and I could see the volcano-formed land masses, where one could point to Antarctica and some Maori fortifications. The harbor is exceptionally beautiful from on high. We stopped at a Disneyland-like version of a country home, where we had Devonshire tea with all that rich whipped cream, of which there is an abundance in New Zealand. I visited the McDougall Gallery which had a fine show of contemporary New Zealand artists both young and established, such as Grahame Sydney (the Andrew Wyeth of New Zealand) and Don Peebles, and more. After a visit with the director, I went off to the Ginko Gallery which is situated in the Victorian Arts Center, a large facility occupying the old university campus which has been recycled. Now there are theater groups, cinema, a bookshop, music studios, the symphony rehearsal area, etc.

On campus, I met for lunch with Don Peebles, painting department, and Max Hailstone, who reminds me alot of Tom Ockerse at the Rhode Island School of Design. Hailstone has enthusiasm, energy and excites his students into designing typography, printing, binding, and making books. After my formal lecture where I met some Americans who had come to teach at the University, I accepted the opportunity to talk to Max's students at his home. His wife, Pauline, an accomplished violinist and director of a music conservatory, prepared an amazing Indian dinner for 13 in less than two hours, and we talked about artists' books until late at night. The students showed me their work, Max showed me his, and we were all excited about the interest generated in good printing and typography by Max Hailstone, who is in touch with the world of printing

and communicates that love so well.

The next day I met with the University Librarian, an American who has been there for 20 years and he took me around the library, a centralized institution, which serves 7,431 students. He told me about the horrors of getting mail and shipments from far away places, since New Zealand is so far away. I gave another lecture and then visited the Canterbury Public Library, a new building situated on the River Avon with a central escalator, marvelous storytelling pit for children, a fine New Zealand Room, and well designed archives room.. It is a very heavily used library and is busy all the time.

While waiting for my plane to Dunedin, I thought about some other interesting facts about New Zealand. Once again, you drive on the left side of the street, most of the time the hot and cold water faucets do not mix, the winds of Christchurch can change the personality of people, and there seems to be a lack of paper napkins in this country. That's besides the telephone dial being in reverse.

DUNEDIN

And then there is South Island, one of those places that you do not want to tell anyone about—the quiet beaches, the spectacular sunsets, the exotic flora and fauna, the skies, and the peace.

I was met by Di French and Peter Nicholls, both artists, who were in charge of my visit. Although I felt the airport was not that far from town, they thought it was quite far, and then took me to the home of Joanna Paul and Jeffrey Harris, where I stayed for my long weekend. Dinner was superb, with another Pavlova dessert, this one even more spectacular, and we saw *Not the 9 O'Clock News*, a terribly funny satirical broadcast unlike anything except SCTV.

The next morning we visited the home of Cilla McQueen and Ralph Hotere, an old captain's house full of many nooks and crannies, and many rooms—each more beautiful than the other, and each with a view of the sea. Andrew Drummond, sculptor and performance artist, met us and here was a longtime correspondent becoming a reality! Cilla, who makes collages and books, has a studio overlooking the bay with a spectacular view. She had met me in Sydney at the Biennale and wanted me to see her books, even though she and her husband, Ralph Hotere, famed conceptual painter in New Zealand, were on vacation. The books spoke to me of resonance and silence, of intensity and rapture, of the land and of the sky, and of the silence of sounds, with a Cage-like influence. (By the way, you can leave your house unlocked when you go away, for this is New Zealand, a country that tells you how it used to be and can be). Looking at her books, Cilla McQueen was really present, and the house just reflected her personality and talent. Then off to Long Beach where the air was soft, the winds gentle, and I felt alive—so close to nature, so a genuine part of it save for the Russian trawler off the coastline which was fishing and processing the fish as it caught them. I tried not to see it. Along the coast were rocky promontories, and trees right down to the coast, as well as beautiful pink shells. We laughed as we got wet while the tide suddenly rode in, but it really was no problem, for it was so beautiful!

On the way back, we passed sheep and cows along the road, even having to wait for them as the light and sky seemed to

change. The threatening smell of rain told us things would change quickly, and in fact it rained the rest of the day and it turned cold. It is hard to believe that I was hovering near the fireplace, but it was a way of keeping warm, and I knew how close to Antarctica we were. After a lecture at the Otago Polytechnic School of Fine Arts on artists' books, I spent the rest of the afternoon with Andrew Drummond, one of the fine representatives of the best in New Zealand art.

We talked and then walked to the Bosshard Gallery, across the street from Andrew's studio, which is one of the best avant-garde art galleries in South Island. Since there is no industry in Dunedin, studio space is very available and cheap, and you can be creative in a very quiet and beautiful place. That night a party was given in my honor by the Director of the School of Art and his wife, Jim and Ginny Tomlin, in a fine old 1920s house with its original wallpaper. There was lots of space and remarkable company.

The first of May was very cold and wet, and it was a day to keep warm and wear thermals. They told me that the strong winds and heavy rain intermingling with sunshine hinted at the "beginning of winter", and I believed them. It was hard to believe the weather was so beautiful on the beach the day before. I then made a visit to the City Gallery which was showing part of its collection as well as featuring the artists who were being sent as the representatives from New Zealand for the Carnegie Pittsburgh Biennial, among whom was Jeffrey Harris, my host. Then a visit to the Dunedin Museum, which has one of the best collections of Polynesian art, a collection aided by one donor who has helped to have the exhibition shown well and maintained. I learned a great deal from these beautiful installations, especially about the complexities of the New Caledonian art. We decided to go to the movies and saw *She Danced Alone*, an American film about Kyra Nijinsky, the daughter of the great dancer, set in San Francisco. The whole art world of Dunedin seemed to be at the movies, and seeing San Francisco from so far away made it feel so far away.

Earlier in the day Marilyn Webb, an artist, had come by to greet me before she left for her studio on a beautiful lake in the country, and now Adrienne Martyn, a fine photographer whose work I had seen in an exhibition at the Women's Gallery in Wellington, came over to visit since she lives in Dunedin and we chatted at length about photography in general and hers in particular. She does find ways to exhibit, works hard at developing new projects, and finds photography very satisfying in New Zealand. We then went to Signal Hill where we had a view of the city, ocean and peninsula, which was breathtaking. By the time we left for the airport, I had seen Joanna Paul's books, some of which are the finest I have seen in small printed editions, and we talked about exhibiting her work in Philadelphia, among others. The skies had cleared, the sun shone bright, and the goats and sheep along the way to the airport seemed to be part of the landscape. I hated to leave these sweet, dear, talented people who had shared so much with me in such little time and had given me a chance to learn to appreciate their South Island with a special zest.

My flight to Wellington seemed to be well-timed again, for I had missed a dreadful windstorm and now the skies were dramatically clearing upon arrival.

WELLINGTON AGAIN

Down in Dunedin, the people had vehemently protested Baron van Thyssen's attempts at putting in a smelter in a most beautiful spot along the coast. On the tin roofs of many of the buildings had been painted by each occupant, **No Smelter**, and they had finally won. The people of New Zealand are trying so hard to protect their environment and their natural setting, which is so very beautiful. Being a Third World country, it is highly vulnerable and fragile and seems to be waging a very fine battle against the corporate entities which seem to want to profit by its empty spaces, with little regard for the 3,000,000 inhabitants. But people are vocal and active in making every attempt to keep New Zealand free of the desecration which has already set in in other more "civilized" areas, such as the United States.

Wellington, once again, had clear skies and beautiful warm weather, and its own built environment had changed since I had left. One of the old buildings had already been destroyed by a developer, so even built environments are not safe from destruction. I talked to John McCormack, the Director of the Queen Elizabeth II Arts Council, and learned from him and Jenny Rouse, the librarian, that the Council spends \$3,000,000 (NZ) for the 3,000,000 inhabitants. The ratio is higher than the United States, but still most people know nothing about New Zealand art. Outreach was the subject of our conversation, and Deborah Willetts, the new editor of *Action*, the QE II Council newsletter, interviewed me for a forthcoming issue. At the Turnbull Library, I found not only a fine picture collection, but a massive photograph collection of 148,000 prints organized by subject and some 141,000 negatives. The Library also collects paintings, drawings and prints, numbering about 10,500, original paintings and sketches, 13,000 prints, and thousands of photos of works held in other institutions of New Zealand and overseas, or in private hands. Thus, the Turnbull Library has become the National Collection and Depository and collects the papers of about 40 artists, including manuscript materials, scrapbooks, catalogs, reviews, sketchbooks, biographic information, diaries and letters. They have no oral history program, but the McDougall Gallery does. They keep the National Register of Archives and Manuscripts in New Zealand, and do selective copying of other archives such as the New Zealand Women Artists Archive.

NEW PLYMOUTH

I had never realized how beautiful a country could be until I took the small (16 seats) plane to New Plymouth from Wellington. Over hill and dale, canyons and crevasses, rivers and rivulets, there were sheep and cows, and a green that I had never experienced before. The coast was always there and we just hovered over the water, following the coastline. I really never wanted to land, just look at this gorgeous scenery. Yet land we did, and Abby Jury met from from the staff of the Govett-Brewster Gallery, taking me on a tour of some of the murals done by major artists such as Don Driver, Michael Smither, Richard Mathieson, Sonja Vankerkhoff, among others. The mural program has taken off so well that art students have emulated the other artists and have painted walls as well. New Plymouth, however, is something else, dominated by this marvelous snow-capped volcano, Mt. Eg-

mont, *the* mountain which dominates your life. People look to it for comfort, for the weather report, for its just being there—and citizens return, because *the* mountain calls to them.

Dick Bett, the director of the Govett-Brewster, reminded me of a concentrated dynamo in the art world, enthusiastic about his collection, the building, and the program. He took me around the collection, which seemed to be all on the walls and floor, since the great De-Accession Show had been pulled off with great dexterity, allowing the Collection to be weeded and directed into a non-figurative, contemporary channel. Again old friends like Peebles, Driver, Hellion, and more in the collection. I then saw the Len Lye Collection, the archives of the expatriate who died an American citizen, famous for his animated films, his sculpture, and later his paintings, and then was treated to 17 of his films. In typical choreography, I packed up my equipment, went home to the Drivers to pull slides for a lecture on Los Angeles in the 80s, ate dinner after viewing Don's studios (2) which contain remarkable art made of free-hanging canvas with pockets and assemblages of farm equipment, potato sacks, tools, which represent the agricultural and sociological scene in New Zealand. These are large, rich, primary-colored canvases with artifacts assembled. The room was full when I arrived at the Gallery, and I had barely time to get the slide tray on the projector before I started talking about Los Angeles, so far away from the beauty I was witnessing in New Zealand, and everyone was eager to hear about the City of the Angels. I had drinks at the oldest house in New Plymouth, the home of an artist, and then went home.

The next morning I was whisked to the radio station for a short interview and then picked up by Dick Bett for a drive to the New Zealand Co-op Rennet Company to see how cheese is made. It gave me a chance to see the landscape—the wondrous landscape full of so many colors and to watch Mt. Egmont from many angles. There was no way to hide from this wondrous mountain, but who wants to? After the visit to the cheese factory, loaded down with a box of samples, we returned a different way to see the mountain from a different angle and see the water around the island—turn to purple and deep indigo, and then change again. It was the best exhibition in town, but we had to enter the Gallery and give a talk about morality and museums. In haste, I ran down to the Museum in New Plymouth to see the old Maori carving which influenced Michael Smither, whom I later visited in his two-story studio, a gentleman who is a musician and a diver, who mingles light and sound through a spectrum, scanning light as a score, making visual music. His diving has made him an artist, he says, and he has recently been hired by the government to save the coastline by building sand dunes. His art has mingled his musical interests with color. His garden, too, is full of volcanic rock and tropical plants. Alas, most of his work was on exhibit in Christchurch, and I never had the chance to see them, except for some screenprints, one of which he gave me. On the way to the airport, we stopped by one of the many pottery shops that dot the whole country (there are 40,000 potters in New Zealand) and then before taking the plane, I picked up some postcards which revealed the power of the Corporation, Mobil, that is, that has put in gas works and pipelines, which have become part of the horizon and are photographed in the postcards.

AUCKLAND

Well, the marathon begins. Dinner at Christine Hellyar and Donald Ensor's. Christine showed us her beautiful studio which is an extension of the garage with great light. Greer Twiss, the famed New Zealand sculptor, was there and we talked art. Chris Hellyar is a fine artist, appearing not only in the Sydney Biennale, but in collections throughout New Zealand. She creates facsimiles of artifacts (natural) such as stones and daggers made by early man, makes collections of them almost like libraries. She also does other sorts of sculpture as well, but the work emanates from natural forms. I was then taken to the meeting of the New Zealand Society of Sculptors and Painters where I gave a lecture on Los Angeles. In the next 24 hours I was to give four lectures, making it a record 5 lectures in all in 24 hours! They work you hard in New Zealand!

At the University of Auckland, I gave two lectures in the morning, after which people could peruse the tables full of bookworks by New Zealand artists, and how many there were! I then appeared in a panel discussion with book artists in Auckland, among them Mary-Louise Browne, Greg Burke, Caroline Hoby and Peter Roche. After attending part of the ARLIS/ANZ Annual General Meeting discussing art archives and artists' papers, I then fortified myself and joined the New Zealand Women Artists in their dinner and meeting at Outreach, an old fire station administered by the Auckland City Art Gallery. There are now 41 members in this organization, and those who were there were so very warm and wonderful to me. They let me taste tamarillos for the first time and frijoa, an exotic green fruit. Even the food is mysterious and wonderful! My only way to thank them was to talk to them about women artists' books, and their questions were personal, direct, and sensitive. I felt very close to these women, talented and hungry for information and outreach, direct and determined to make it. Their *Mothers* catalog showed the far-reaching possibilities of expressing their aesthetics in a most feminine, clear voice.

The next two days in Auckland were full of adventure, but not closely watched appointments of the third kind. I visited with Wystan Curnow, the fine art and literary critic of New Zealand (whom I have just learned is terribly sick with cancer in Auckland), who talked to me of his course on American poetry and about his students. He showed me old stables which for \$100,000 will be turned into an alternative space and apartments for visiting artists! He introduced me to bookstores (books are very expensive in New Zealand and there was a campaign at the time to stop the government from even contemplating a sales tax on books), galleries such as Real Pictures (where photography reigns supreme and is not that expensive), New Vision (where I saw a marvelous show of Phillip Truettum), RVS to see Ralph Hotere's work, the Civic Theatre in Auckland, which is truly a movie palace with blinking stars in its ceiling, walls washed with colored lights and neo-elephant sculpture with Buddahs and murals.

I visited the Auckland City Art Gallery, which once was a public library, and now the public library is building a new building across the street, so AAG will be expanding; thus most of the works were on the walls, out of the closet again. Rodney Wilson is the Director of the Auckland City Art Gallery, which also has more than 6000 prints (mostly

contemporary American) in their collection, of which Andrew Bogle is the curator, and paintings from all eras, especially Victorian. The library in the gallery has excellent artists' files, auction catalogs and art magazines.

The whole town was in caps and gown, celebrating graduation and they wear their caps and gown all day long—so you can imagine the colors mingling and intermingling wherever you looked. I listened to Phil Dadson and his group rehearse, and we will have a profile on Phil in a later issue of this newsletter. The group has made a record called *From Scratch*, and the instruments they play are truly pieces of sculpture, tubes on scaffolding. Phil will be playing with his group in the Paris Biennale in October.

At the Cook Street Markets, a virtual indoor flea market, I found two umbrella pins and an umbrella sweater, and I was delighted. I then visited Ray Castle and his Closet Artists Gallery, an alternative space, which shows local artists. He writes art criticism and lives behind the gallery. His efforts have received no support from the local arts council, but he plugs away at showing color photography, Xerox, and fine paintings.

The day I left New Zealand we went into the bush and visited vineyards—a vineyard crawl, at best. New Zealand wines are not as well developed as Australian, and because the government taxes the wine heavily, the prices are not cheap the way Australian wine is, but what fun! Went to an orchard with boxes of Granny Smith apples, and found an umbrella pin on sale at the counter! I then visited the Auckland Museum with its beautiful collection of Polynesian art, walked through trendy Parnell, and then took off for the airport again, leaving this wonderful, beautiful country behind, leaving a place where you can listen to the silence and have time to play out your fantasies.

RESOURCES FOR NEW ZEALAND CONTEMPORARY ART

WELLINGTON

Mothers. Catalog of New Zealand women artists dealing with Motherhood. Women's Gallery, 323 Willis St., Wellington, New Zealand. Bibliographies.

Skin Sculpture: Jewellery and clothing by Australian and New Zealand artists. Wellington City Art Gallery.

56 Days. A History of the Anti-tour Movement in Wellington. \$5.00 from P.O. Box 9695, Wellington.

Historic Wairarapa Homesteads: Life and Times. A Photographic Exhibition. Wairarapa Arts Centre, Masterton, NZ.

Hansell's Sculpture Exhibition 1982. Wairarapa Arts Centre, Masterton, NZ.

Hanly: The Painter as Printmaker, a retrospective of Patrick Hanly between 1959 and 1980. Wairarapa Arts Centre 1981.

Art New Zealand. P.O. Box 10249, Balmoral, Auckland 4, NZ. 8 issues for \$32.

Artletter, the New Zealand bi-weekly report on the visual arts. 1 Ryan Place, Manukau City, P.O. Box 76-244, NZ.

CHRISTCHURCH

Body Building, an exhibition of colour photographs by Fiona Clark. Robert McDougall Art Gallery, Christchurch.

Project 3-D, an exhibition of holography and stereoscopic imaging techniques. Catalogue. \$2.00 from McDougall Art Gallery.

DUNEDIN

Paut, Joanna. Unwrapping the Body. An artist's book as performance. Self-published, 1977. \$3.50 (available from Umbrella Associates).

Morrison, Robin. The South Island of New Zealand—From the Road. 155 photographs in living color. \$65.00 from Alister Taylor Publishers, The Old Post Office, Martinborough, NZ.

NEW PLYMOUTH

Various catalogs and newsletter from the Govett-Brewster Art Gallery, Box 689, New Plymouth, NZ.

AUCKLAND

Newnham, Tom. By Batons and Barbed Wire, a response to the 1981 Springbok Tour of New Zealand. Auckland, Real Pictures Ltd., 1981. From Real Pictures, P.O. Box 7195, Auckland, NZ.

Boyd Webb: Photographic Works, 1976-1981. From Art Gallery Bookshop, 5 Kitchener St., Auckland.

Broadsheet, New Zealand's Feminist Magazine. P.O. Box 5799, Auckland.

Millett, Bill. Things of iron & things of green, a nucleonic narrative about love and war. Sagittarius Press, P.O. Box 13510, Onehunga, Auckland 6, NZ.

From Scratch (record). 16 Glenfield Rd., Birkenhead, Auckland 10, NZ, (1979)

Closet Artists Gallery, 520 Queen St., Auckland.

SOME ADDITIONAL SOURCES

Directory of Museums, Art Galleries and Related Organisations in Otago and Southland. Otago Museum, 1981. (Available from the Museum at 419 Great King St., Dunedin.)

New Zealand Paintings, Carnegie International 1982: Jeffrey Harris and Milan Mrkusich. Exhibition arranged by Bosshard Galleries at Dunedin Public Art Gallery, 23 April to 16 May 1982. (Bosshard Galleries, 5 Dowling St., Dunedin, NZ).

Philip Truettum: Selected Works, 1962-1979. Sarjeant Gallery, 1980. Available from Bosshard Galleries.

Ralph Hotere, a survey 1963-73. (Available from Bosshard Galleries).

ANZART, Ian Hunter, P.O. Box 9323, Wellington, NZ.

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