

WELCOME LOUISE TULETT

The next series at Enjoy is Number Nine. Number Nine seeks to foster discourse and critical debate relating to curatorial practice and its role in contemporary New Zealand art practice by providing an opportunity for experimental curation. If you have a concept or view you would like to present, the artefacts to support it and a hankering to contribute to critical debate via a catalogue essay, Number Nine is for you. Enjoy encourages the intellectual, the controversial and the unknown dimension of our cultural production.

The above text is the proposal call for the Number nine series, which ran at Enjoy Public Art Gallery August - December 2002. This is the document to accompany the series and the first printed catalogue produced by Enjoy.

Number Nine set out to cut a new shape between the gallery and the curator, between the gallery and the artist, between presentation and audience. Here through this re-presenting of the seven shows, SPAT by Regan Gentry & Clemency Boyce, I AM by Clem Devine, Satellite City by Rosemary Forde, Curative Acts by Alice Karvelas & Kristelle Plimmer,

Words lying

Artfully placed lumps of Hubba Bubba and other such brands spread across the floor, some being picked up by unwitting visitors. Many lumps being carefully negotiated around by viewers unsure about how to see it. **Discarded and disregarded** Lost in silent debateOld school chairs encouraged the brave to squat in a corner on nasty recycled carpet and admire some particularly grotty lumps. **Abandoned saliva reduced**

to infectious curiosities Enjoy kicked out as a sticky wunderkammer.

Bacteriased artefacts adorn an empty space People asked, "but where is the art? What am I supposed to be looking at?" **GUM**

Stuck to shoes and arses **And chairs and walls** Using a heat gun, hairdryer and baking paper. **Unwittingly sticky moments with the intimate recesses of strangers' mouths** It happens all the time. And only now and then do I think of my mother. Just where has it been? Whose? When? **Less is more** **[But Extra is less]** Stand in a supermarket checkout and try to figure out what messages gum companies try to communicate. Low calorie Extra. If it doesn't give you

from the gallery wall. An imported icon of an exotic religion provides the omniscient power here. Yet all indicated a sense of some 'other' space within the confines of communal urban structures – the private escape route of reading a book while on the tram, the claustrophobic power of technology suggesting a controlled reality, or the separated groups of uniformed creatures existing without any reference to each other.



WAYFARER LIBRARY PRESENTS RICHARD WHYTE

20th November – 7th December James Retson wrote in The New York Times, July 7, 1957: A health director . . . reported this week that a small mouse, which presumably had been watching television, attacked a little girl and her full-grown cat . . . Both mouse and cat survived, and the incident is recorded here as a reminder that things seem to be changing. 'the public ask if the author is serious. I ask the public if they are serious.' Alas! great works of genius demand a public of genius.

By the way, the opening last night here at enjoy was a lot of fun.. we drank a lot of wine that the gallery paid for and there were all these books on the tables that everyone did and people were looking through them (when they look at my scrap books I am almost a celebrity! which is creepy but kind of vicarious).

we are in a period of such individualism that one no longer

Projections by Tim Wyborn, Festiva of Enjoy by Richard Whyte & The Wayfarer Library and Ex Number Nine by Lissa Mitchell, the questions of curatorship, representation and audience that arose as products of the series can be accounted for in a sustained legacy of debate started by the contributors themselves.

In creating the framework for Number Nine, Enjoy incorporated the process of documentation and debate into the project specifics. From the very outset, the presence of curatorial writing was to give the series it's planned critical dimension. Curators were required to write an essay in view of this publication. These are what follow on successive folds and are presented unedited. In keeping with the "hands off" approach Enjoy took in regard to the series, the texts are published as they arrived. This refusal to tailor the writings either stylistically or conceptually is simply in keeping with the series rationale. Printed here too is a response to the series by Tao Wells, Creative Director of Enjoy at the time. Diverse and contestable in both form and content, by their nature they emulate everything Number Nine set out to achieve.

While not the Editor of this publication, at the time of the series running, I was your regular Enjoy gallery

I AM INDIVIDUAL ARTEFACTS MUSUEM CLEM DEVINE

28th August – 14th September The Individual Artefacts Museum was a three week investigation of the personal possessions of Clem Devine; Artist, Owner and Curator of the objects that were catalogued and displayed during the three week installation. Functioning rather like a performative archival project, I AM also constituted a body of work submitted as Devine's major project as required under the programme of study for graduate year Design students. A school project playing itself out in a Public Art Gallery and running within a series on Curation, I AM stirred up issues of representation, constructions of social identifi(es) and the politics of art spaces such as Enjoy. What follows are the juicier bits of a retrospective interview with Louise Tulett and Clem Devine, 20/05/03.

L. When any artist makes work and exhibits, it is inherently about a process

CURATIVE ACTS KRISTELLE PLIMMER AND ALICE KARVELAS

9th October – 26th October The Curative Acts exhibition deconstructed the act of curation in order to examine how art is created and defined. We the curators (Alice Karvelas and Kristelle Plimmer) examined the curatorial practices of selection, categorisation and contextualisation as influences on the definition and creation of art.

Make Art Count (by myself and Alan Cave, a "non-artist") is a self-defining work of "Art" or "Non-Art": according to the number of votes for each it registers in its lifetime, it can be either. Its sole function is to determine if it is, in fact, "Art." Patrons were asked to vote and could see the running total displayed on the piece. . Many tried to vote for both categories at once in an attempt to confuse the machine. The final count was 8210 for Non-Art, and 8321 for Art, overturning the opening night count which went to Non-Art.

Hanging Projection by the Curators drew attention to how the gallery space intersects with and contextualises artwork. The light sculpture was made

speaks of disciples; one speaks of thieves

these objects are the culmination of this yearning, at once reclusive and public. I don't know what time it is, only that I was woken at nine thirty by someone wondering if the beer bottles on the stairs were part of the exhibition? sure, I said, but so is you asking me to take them away. he said something about clients and them having to come past this. I said sure and we put them in the rubbish together. after that I walked down to midnight, barefoot, and used their bathroom and water tap, then I got stoned and rolled a cigarette. a tape of me is playing in the background.

schon wieder am selben punkt. immer und immer wieder. warum? Ich scheint mich wirklich zu verstehen. aber: wer versteht mich zu wirklich?viele? wenige? keiner? wer weiss das schon? schon wieder wissen...

Art should exhilarate, and throw down the walls of circumstance on every side, awakening in the beholder the same sense of universal relation and power which the work invinced in the artist,

shows. Thinking back now on those shows, just over a year later, more than what I saw, what remains strongest is what I heard. Number Nine really seemed to stir people up. It got people thinking, and questioning, what Enjoy was doing. I of course was right there, and now from over here I'm proud to present this document as a continued means for debate that started way back in /02.

These things however don't happen without a lot of help along the way and I'd like to extend a warm thankyou all those involved: first up, all of the curators and artists who participated in the Number Nine series, the members of the Enjoy trust at the time, especially Charlotte Huddleston, Amanda Ra, Clem Devine and Tao Wells, all the gallery volunteers and our wonderful sponsors: Creative New Zealand, The Package, the Lions Foundation, Big image Print and Radio Active. A special mention also to Tim Wyborn, who died tragically in January of this year. Tim RIP, this is dedicated to you buddy.

Louise Tulett.

Copyright © Enjoy Public Art Gallery 2004. Printed at City Print Wellington, 2004.

Editor: Louise Tulett Design: Clem Devine

of putting themselves on display, but it's almost like you took the fundamental notion of that and took it to this place that not many people are comfortable with, being the place were we embody this in our everyday lives. So I think it some ways–

C. It was a bit too close to the ordinary?

L. Yes... and that some of the criticisms were in fact people projecting their own insecurities about the brands they supported on to your embodiment of that, but–

C. It may also be the way in which the project was presented, some of these problems were a result of production and display issues.

L. And really this was what the series was about. If we take this back to Number Nine, this was a show within a series about Curatorship. So essentially you were curating your own identity is that correct?

C. Yeah, but that's problematic, what identity is. It's such a fluid word and it's not even appropriate. I never really got any closer to what my identity was, I think what I got closer to was what these objects are and how you relate to them, what the value of them is you know? What you project on to them and how much other people see they are worth.

L. Do you think that your show kind of enabled you to question your possessions in a way you hadn't been

visible only by its intersection with the wall of the gallery, and appeared hanging from a hook. This references an earlier conceptual work in which an entire film was projected into thin air.

In Window we curated a gallery window by the simple act of placing a white tape line on the floor around it. A Curatorial Spectacle, a collaborative work realised by Kristelle's design and metalwork allowed viewers to distort their viewing of the objects in the show, and "curate their own show" through rose-tinted curators' glasses.

David Boyce's conceptual photography work Directions alludes to both the involvement of the viewer and of the curator. The work is self-curating; it views itself from the wall outwards to the viewer, and references Joseph Kosuth in providing a set of instructions as an artwork.

Jonny de Painter in his work Play the Art Scene depicts the process of the creation of art as a board game. The track of an artist/art work is laid with wry hitches and bonuses: "Can't play guitar," "Goes with wallpaper." Curators are at the end of the game, surrounded by wine and cheese.

In Artist's Statement Generator I designed a computer program to generate and print a variety of different artist's statements, increasing in complexity through the show, and attachable to any work in the show. Adventurous art patrons edited and

and its highest effect is to make new artists.

Michelle arrived just before twelve. it's always when Michelle arrives I consider the gallery open. she's always the first. it's almost time for days of our lives.

These children have the type of relationship a mother and father have, not physically, but emotionally. They loved each other with an adults awareness and understanding but, miraculously, held their youthful innocence.

Without the complications of guilt, or mistrust they stumbled across an unconditional love of brother and sister. life never does more than imitate the book and the book itself i is only a tissue of signs, an imitation that is lost, infinitely deferred

je suis le petit mot

a space filled with things becomes human. spaces emptied of objects become void, strangely unhuman storage units. a walled off space without human chaos becomes stale, you can smell it in the air, a damp scent of vacancy. evacuation procedure? everything going, all spaces off. we are taking the circus back to the mountain and all

SERIES NUMBER NINE TAO WELLS

The public you, write one of these things. Reach back and regurgitate, right now, that picked up this catalogue. Is the design predestined? Or is the world in small phase stage, this is part research into affirming there is an other, out here, where caring makes the world a better place for shared pavement! That is, in some way, part of what motivated the Number Nine series for me, the shared pavement. Who and what is out there? It seemed fair enough to ask, who is all this having fun is for? When applying for funding and going about the business of existence the question is deliciously taunting. What thoughts want to count? I had envisioned dancing girls with fairy costumes, cake baking competitions, clubs of various assortment and maybe if we were really lucky a miniature farm trade show, how misguided.

able to before?

C. Well it destroyed a lot of them for me, I figured out what they were all about, god that's a bit shallow isn't?! And I've also been burgled a couple of times and I've realised that stuff is just stuff. I've actually found it really hard in the last few months since the show finished. I've thrown a lot of it out... But you get to this stage maybe with what I am doing, with design, were you get so critical, and you kind of get into this state where you can't buy anything. I haven't bought any new clothes for a long, long time. I haven't seen anything I've wanted to buy. My rooms really barren, I don't put anything on the walls, I haven't made any art for a while. I'm kind of stepping back for a bit, and this was the aim of the show. I was just sitting at school learning about a visual culture, about consumer culture, how we buy stuff and all that shit. You know, and looking around my room after four years of amassed spending on clothes and books and shit, I remember just going whoa! What is this? Where is me out of all of this you know? And so that made me want to do the show. The individual Artefacts museum was the kind of vehicle needed to squeeze it out.

[The greater part of this interview resulted in an on ongoing and possibly over prolonged discussion on the

personalised the generated statements. This work highlights the influence of artists' and curatorial statements on the definition of a work as "Art" and the establishment of its meaning.

Questioning significance in art was a central premise when we created the show. In There are Limits by the Curators, a self-important rope (red, extra thick fake fur) slung between imposing bollards fenced off a long section of the gallery containing one art work. The work was visible only with great difficulty through the binoculars helpfully provided. Only the bravest ventured across the rope during the exhibition to inspect more easily the work behind it, a small plaque saying, "This artwork is of absolutely no significance whatsoever."

In Boundary Setter and Curatorial Merry-Go-Round, a Curators' collaboration, we explored categorisation in an interactive way. The viewer could place a long, flexible, moveable dividing rope between the art and non-art sections of the show. The Spinnable Curatorial Merry-Go-Round categorised the contents of the gallery according to where it pointed. Its heritage lying in Greimas' semiotic square, the wheel combines the qualitative descriptors: authentic, inauthentic, artifact, masterpiece, with the quantitative: art, non-art, chaos, anti-art, curation, arcadia, ego,

germanic phrases fall to the way. I got over the mountain sickness but my nose is still running, my heart yearning for change, for the ability to change one persons hand, the state of language is in *danger*. it is up to us. we are all it has.

we are language's last hope. *Thinking is not enough. nothing is, there is no ginal enough of wisdom, experience - any fucking thing. No holy grail, no final satori, no final solution. just conflict. only thing can resolve conflict is love. Like how I felt for my cats, Fletch and Ruski, Spooner and Calico. Pure love.*

"The trouble is I have to go with still so much to say.."

Bella Bartok's last words, Marshall McLuhan, *Understanding Media*, Raymond Radiguet and Jean Cocteau, *Opium*, Ralph Waldo Emerson, *Complete Prose Work*, Roland Barthes, *Death of the Author*, William S Burroughs *Last Words* and the *Wayfarer Library Exhibition Journal* all contributed to this *By way* of explanation.

Contact Wayfarer Library E-Mail on: colorado explodes@hotmail.com or direct by post 2/5 Semeloff Terrace, Wellington New Zealand

Memories of the Number Nine series inspired that all to rare occasion of conflict and vitality in the arts. Vitality? You could be forgiven for thinking that artists in NZ all love each other, go around praising each others work before hopping into bed and slapping on a price tag or two, but no, oh no there are a few, just a few of us who can tell of a different story. It's important to me to have shows where the categories for success are beyond I like or dislike you, but that they have something to say and we should listen. With Number Nine we got just that. Behind the scenes Enjoy was going through its usual changes, while we sought a way to be stable with out becoming stale in the process. You know, the old conundrum. The personalities and expertise of those involved with Enjoy made for an exciting collaborative spirit that also made it difficult to determine who or what was benefiting behind a shows collective authorship and authority. Acting on results generated in series "Number Three" also a themeless series, it felt right to examine the segments of the community that were in our support. How they saw and presented themselves, through our mutual experience and engagement could encourage Enjoy to practice the edgy structure of transparency,

nature of cool. Pushed to answer the question "do you think you represented cool in your show?", Devine's sly reply reads "Well cool is like an interest now, it's a sport. Like if you're interested in cars, or riding ponies." On answering his own questions "what's new you know? How can you reinvent yourself?" Devine does not really offer any answers, other than This is who I am, this is who I associate with, this is who I want to be]



engineering. The random combinatorial act of spinning the wheel to define a piece pointed to enable us to observe and deconstruct a process of art creation, curation and definition in the context of this exhibition. **Alice Karvelas**



EX NUMBER NINE LISSA MITCHELL

11th December – 22nd December **I like openings**

Number Nine's mission was to position the art community as an object of critical spectatorship. Video footage and sound bites from seven openings (including Number Nine) were collected and presented as the last show in Enjoy's curatorial series. Each

empowering both the reflection and the direction of the world around us.

At it's best I had hoped by handing the controls over to seven consecutive individuals, a different perspective of the relationship with power would manifest in each shows struggle for clarity, and an audience. Determined to carry out its policies of dialogue and experimentation, Enjoy during this series truly tested the possibility and worth of institutional transparency and in my opinion came to find the disorder of this spirit sacred.

I didn't want to have all the answers and I wanted Enjoy to behave and run like it didn't either so that the troubles it faced were seen as an integral part of the culture it presented. Yes Ambitious and into the fray lay the seven new curators, armed with the new "artist seminar" and a required "essay" Enjoy went purposefully into its unknown. A lot was learnt from this series and in its wake new gallery protocols were created (Check out the A, B, C's). If arts a game, we tested and present the rules, if you're sick of playing at home or with others, come and see us. Examine this record. Number Nine set standards for critical presentation and dialogue. It is good to remember, and to you, thanks a lot.

SATELITE CITY ROSEMARY FORDE

18 September – 5 October

Sitting on the futuristic side of the millennium, the physical mapping of town planning models dreamt up in the 19th and early 20th centuries are still clearly visible. Born of history, yet with a promise to serve the future, the structure of urban and suburban space has a lasting impact on the culture and social interaction of those living in antipodean towns and cities. Inviting three artists to create new works in response to the urban zones they call home, Satellite City strode out from the traditional New Zealand art obsession with the isolated artist in a dark and immense landscape.

Rachel Brunton, Dominic Forde and Douglas Rex Kelaher each created works reflecting the multiple uses and forms of public and communal spaces. Put together, works by the three artists presented a version of the city full of people, cluttered with noise and communal activity, watched over by either religious icons or surveillance cameras. Overwhelming structures are represented and reacted against with a touch of escapism.

PROJECTIONS TIM WYBORN

30th October – 16th November

Projections was an exhibition involving nine artists, working with slide projectors as their medium. As curator, I have been asked to provide some words for the Enjoy catalogue, in response to the exhibition.

Words are a completely different medium to slides. As such, I would have liked the nine artists involved in "Projections" to write their own response. I do not feel comfortable talking about other peoples art work, as I can only describe the work from my own limited perception. So I shall speak from my own experiences, being careful to avoid summing up the individual artists into a collective group under one united banner, ideology or manifesto.

As curator, it was my responsibility to make the show happen. Make sure that my artists gave me their work in time and make sure the work was projected. I didn't set expectations on the work I asked from artists. They were free to create whatever they wanted, so long as they gave me a certain number of slides on time. I knew the artists work well and felt they all deserved some exposure. Originally I'd envisioned a darkened gallery with its walls completely covered with projections, but I soon discovered that

show was represented on a single monitor.

Openings mean different things to different people. For some, they are a hotbed of gossip and competitive conversations. To others it is their night to present themselves to a public and for others it is the heady offer of a free drink. Openings are a curious mix of art, anxiety, and alcohol. Adding a camera did not make people more comfortable. People were understandably wary of having their picture taken and conversation recorded.

The monitors were arranged in a circle to suggest a sense of conversation between each of the different shows.

The ideas and styles of seven different curators were represented in the same space to suggest that meaning could be created through a comparison of each of the different approaches of the curators. It was not intended that visitors should watch each set of footage from beginning, through middle, to the end; rather that someone watching the installation would see several monitors at once. This was about engaging visitors in a different experience from that of watching a single screen. It also recreated the experience of being at an opening – of hearing something

SPAT REGAN GENTRY AND CLEMENCY BOYCE

24th August – 24th May **Quality time with used gum** Not something you do everyday.

An installation of remains Not really, as all the gum was hand masticated. And that stuff is revolting when hot, wet and slippery.

Wads

I have always liked this word. So simple and compact, and entirely appropriate when considering the state of newly spat gum.

To chew and not to swallow

There is something so neat about this state of affairs. When you chew, it follows to swallow. But the chewing gum industry is based on the human impulse to fill your mouth but not really.

REMAINS

Art is so often about creation, fabrication and construction. Spat was too, but by re-creating the outside. Elevating discarded gum, intimating it has a life beyond the walls of a minty-fresh mouth, the installation sought to question communication. Is used gum simply evidence of all those words, those phrases and moments we lose everyday?



In their individual practices, each of the artists is concerned with the interaction of cultures in the artificial or constructed world. Douglas Kelaher has explored this in past works through his sculptural installations of modernist furniture and constructions referencing architectural styles from a corporate lobby or airport lounge to a science-fiction film set. For Satellite City, Kelaher built / scattered two separate communities of \$2 Shop creatures within organic structural forms of wood and glass. One sprawling construction made from sheets of glass appeared to have something in common with glossy architectural design mags, but here give shelter to a pack of Dinosaur Boys – small and cheap domestic ornaments sourced from a bargain store. Wearing a different uniform, a group of ornamental Bee People formed a smaller cluster a few meters away in the gallery under a tighter wooden framework.

Rachel Brunton creates sleek abstracted objects and large-scale sound and sculptural environments questioning our interaction with space and technology, often creating an artificial self-contained reality within the gallery. Scaling down her work for a group show, Brunton contributed the small self-contained work 'Novadrome'. Reusing scraps of retro technology, Brunton created an ambiguous object of sci-fi modernism. A sensor-triggered

my finances and technology was slightly limited. In fact, I could only afford to hire one slide projector, which wasn't going to do the job at all. So luckily Kate hooked me up with Vernon Bowden who turned out to be the technical MAN. He sussed me out with projectors, built me a mezzanine to hang the projectors from and even built a machine to change the images in each carousel. So basically, he transformed this exhibition from a vision in my head into a reality. And he did it all for free. What a legend. My thanks and appreciation go out to him.

The projectors all blew up on the opening night, and one of them refused to stay in sequence during the exhibition, but I didn't really mind. In fact, I appreciate this because it made the audience more aware of the technology Vernon and I had to deal with. Projections on walls is a simple idea, but when it comes to actually making it happen, it's a real bastard. So seeing as the exhibition series was supposed to be about curative acts, I felt that it was good to expose the public to the mechanics of the exhibition. They bore witness to a manic curator desperately rushing around trying to suss the technological mishaps.

well, the computer has to be given up now so I have to bail. here are some more words which I never had time to

completely unrelated to what you are seeing. The different shows in the series represented the different responses of the curators to Enjoy, the context the curators see Enjoy functioning in and the art community in general. All were reactionary – whether to art movements, the modus operandi of the art community, or art history. Each focused on ideas and conveyed a sense of the curator's values. All had different perceptions of what Enjoy is.

Number Nine was about making something that others could feel they had a stake in. Questions of style, presentation and ideas were directly related back to the previous curators and their subjects. The focus was on curating as an interpretive act of representing artwork and artists to a wider community. It was about engaging people whose relationships extended into the community in different ways. But it was also about exploiting the networks of others in terms of gathering an audience for Number Nine itself. Two assumptions were made at the conception of the project: that each of the shows would convey interesting ideas about Enjoy, the curators, the artists and the wider art community; and that the curators would enjoy the opportunity to present a show and talk about their ideas.

soundtrack permeating from a green glow spouted distorted snippets of scrambled messages. Malfunctioning and with ambiguous purpose, 'Novadrome' presents technology gone mad in an anti-utopia. It suggests a sinister manipulation of technology in mediating human interactions and its role in defining power and control.

Manipulating or subverting documentary techniques in his works, Dominic Forde has previously investigated popular public use of both the virtual world of the web, and the real world of domestic and urban environments. 'Monday to Friday', his set of photographic prints for Satellite City, capture ten images in a working week on the public transport commute to and from work. The black and white images are pixilated and distorted – enlarged beyond capacity for the low-resolution digital format. Using a spy-cam the artist has shot the tram passengers unaware, creating an aesthetic similar to surveillance images from a security camera. Most of the subjects are emersed in their own psychological space, avoiding interaction and escaping the public arena by reading a book or sign.

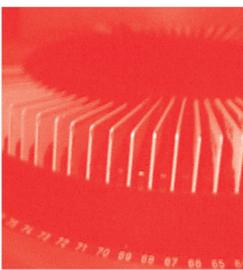
While 'Novadrome' and 'Monday to Friday' implied a Big Brother-style surveillance, Kelaher's more playful urban communities were overlooked by an ornamental glass Buddha, sitting high on a day-glow platform jutted out

tidy up. but its all good:

The "system" tries to separate life from art which is why most artists aren't worth any money until they're dead.

I view Modern Art as being born from the 'art' of indigenous cultures. These cultures saw no separation between art and life, and as such, there was no 'art'. There were just people, dancing and singing and creating in order to tap into their spirit. That's why I create. To tap into my spirit. Lately I've been trying to tap into the earth's spirit. I have been leaving film outside in the rain for nature to "paint" through the natural chaos of growth and decay. This is the work that I exhibited in 'Projections'.

Someone once told me in a class somewhere that artists are instrumental to change within society. So where are Hundertwasser's living cities? **Tim Wyborn**



Basically, these assumptions proved true.

