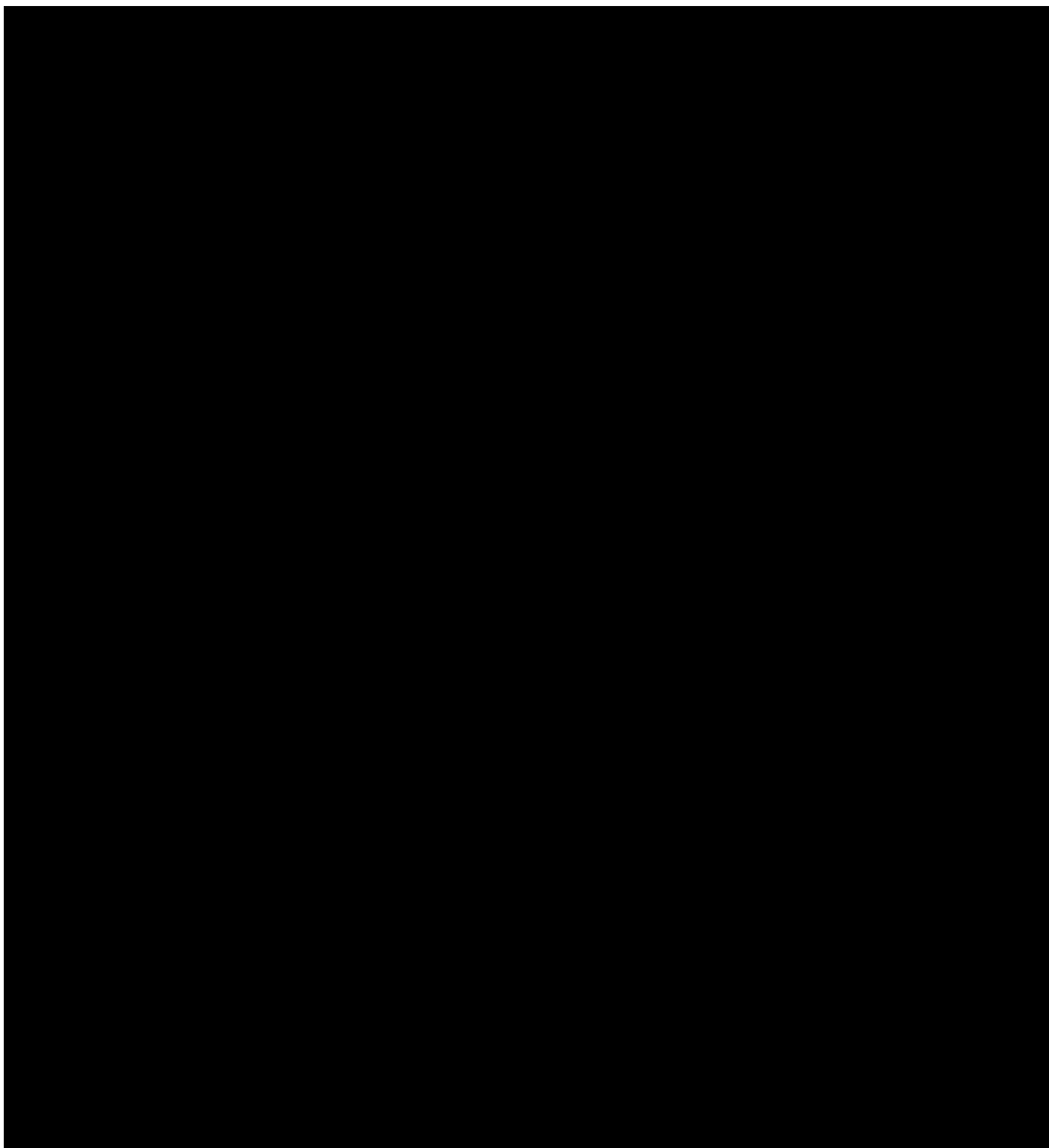


# Gains? Grandmother. Grey Street.

**JAMES TAPSELL - KURURANGI**





I was wondering what would be  
useful for an [REDACTED] to read.

I know I have a responsibility to look  
after Nan's house. And my whānau.

I don't really know if these fragments  
of text are anything close to a year  
spent living at Nan's house.

You're not supposed to make art  
about [REDACTED].

It was a year spent living.

I wonder what I would  
show at a [REDACTED]?

I would like to be generous  
to an [REDACTED].

I don't think, or I don't want, the  
year spent living at Nan's house  
to be a [REDACTED].

I do not want to aestheticise  
her or my life and family as [REDACTED].

I do want to ask:  
can a year living at my grandmother's  
house be an artwork?



I grew these gourds from seeds in early January. I got sent them by post from a woman living near Hikurangi. She had left her phone number at the bottom of an article on [stuff.co.nz](http://stuff.co.nz). The tenant who moved in after I left Nan's kept watering them for me. One gourd grew.



Hinemoa tied gourds around herself when she swam out to her lover Tutanekai (in the middle of the night). Tutanekai lived on the island Mokoia. I learned that Hinemoa and Tutanekai are also my tupuna (don't ask me the whakapapa). I wonder why Tutanekai didn't swim to Hinemoa? He played the flute and Hinemoa swam about 3.74 km out to him (according to Google Maps), and then she had to warm up in the hot pool. Tutanekai's slave came down to get some water, she pretended to be a ghost or something and smashed the slave's gourd and told him to get Tutanekai.

In 2019, after graduation, I spent a year living at my grandmother's house at 30B Grey Street. Nan had passed the previous year. I moved home from Pōneke to Rotorua and started a new job at the local council working in their Customer Solutions team.



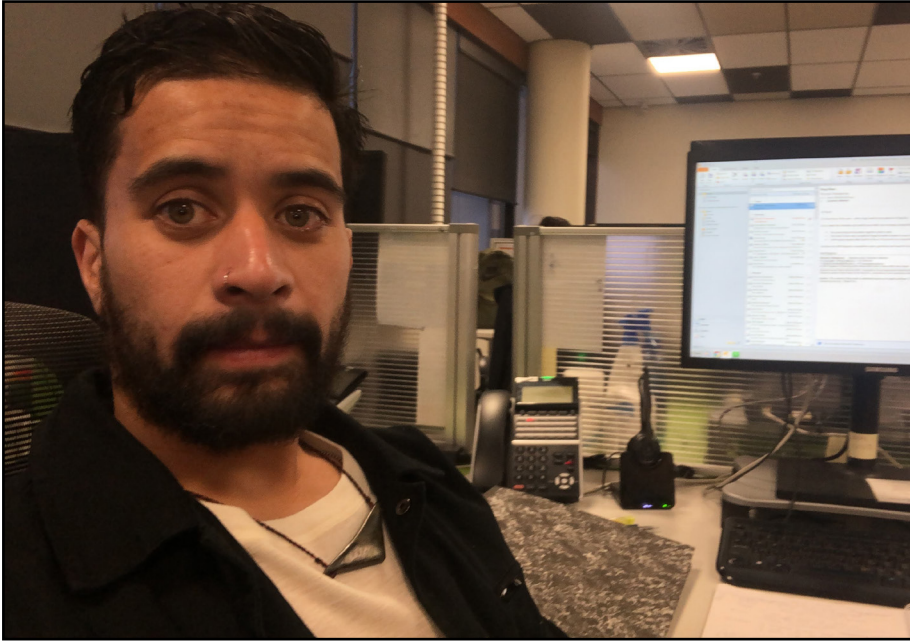
I always thought I would wait ten years or so to write about this year spent living at Nan's house. We'd sold my childhood home a couple of years ago to a businessman from Tāmaki Makaurau. My childhood home of twenty-seven years is now an Airbnb. So, when I had the opportunity to move home into Nan's house, I was able to recognise that I wanted to spend some time there.







Customer Solutions, desk at the call centre,  
prior to the new adjustable standing desks.  
Fuck I hated this job at the end. This photo was  
fairly early on when I hadn't changed to wearing  
a hunting hoodie and not showering before work.



*Kia ora, you're speaking  
with TK. How can I help?*

(Overly husky, passive voice:)

Put me through to rates.

*Can I ask who's speaking?*

Put me through to RATES!

*I'll need a name.*

BILL.

NOW PUT ME THROUGH  
TO RATES!



Dear the [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED],

I'm writing you a really nice resignation letter and leaving as fast as possible before I run through the council with a [REDACTED].

You've been really nice, it's me, I guess "creative people can only concentrate on one thing at a time." (All offence taken).

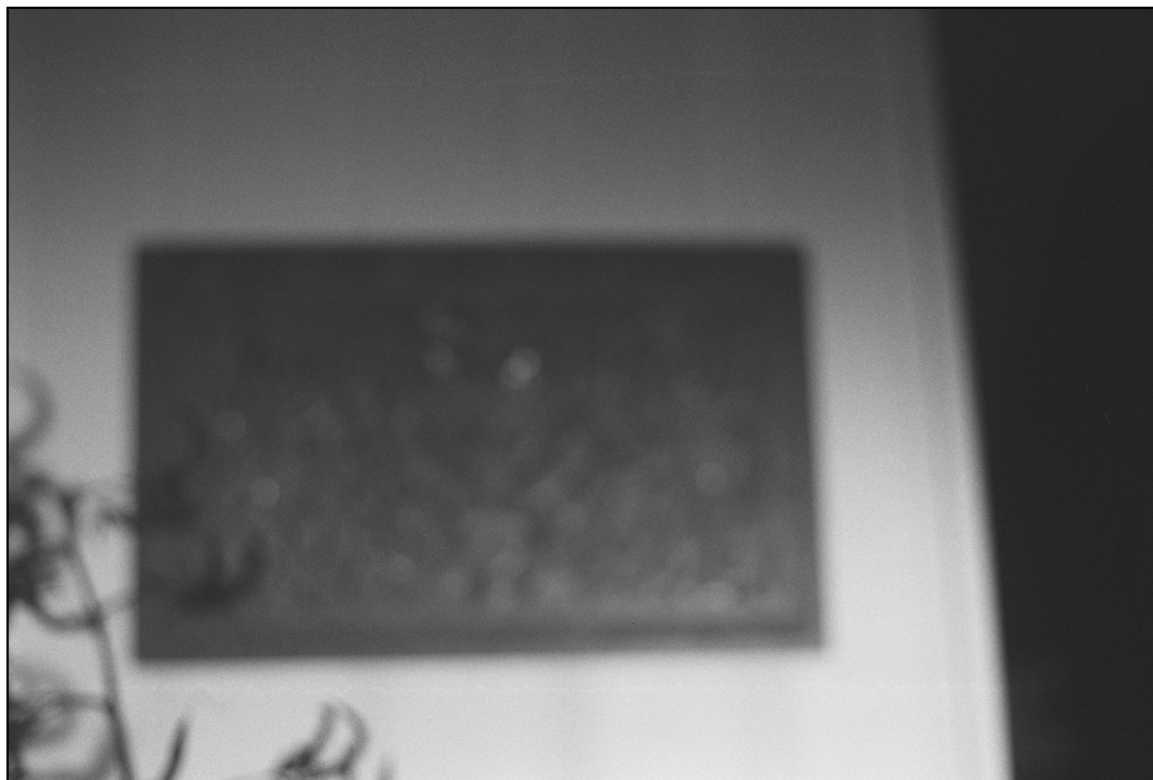
I won't help you train another person, don't ask me what I'd tell them about each one of you in the call centre. (I never let go of grudges).

Xo,

(I'm going to spend the next couple of months smoking bongs and hating the world from my house and planning my escape).



Uncle Peter carved our family whakapapa. He couldn't speak Māori so they wouldn't let him into the National Carving school at Whaka, so he taught himself. Every Christmas, as a teenager, I would drive Nan over to see Uncle Peter in Gisborne, sometimes taking him bits of wood to carve, and help him round the house.



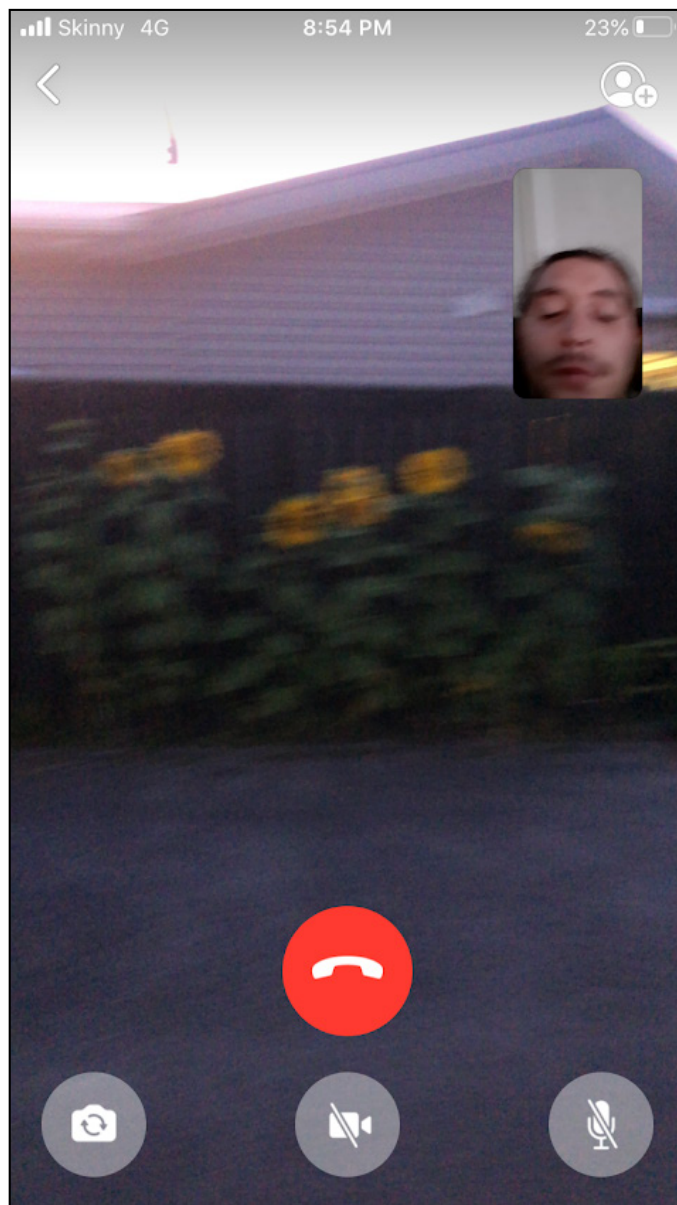
I like how this photo is out of focus, it kinda talks to why I came home to live at Nan's for a year, to learn a bit more. Although what's interesting to me was Nan was Pākehā.



Happy Birthday Mum!



Kia ora bro  
(I rips a bong)  
I've been growing sunflowers  
Yea some tough family shit  
How have you been?





Clematis.

Selfie that I'd send bois on Grindr with the single beds that I slept in for a year. They both broke.







Rhododendrons in bloom  
on Grey Street.



I've watched several people write about this clock.



One was Mexican artist Raul Ortega Ayala and the other curator Balamohan Shingade. Raul had come to examine me at Nan's house for my final MFA exam in 2018. Balamohan came a couple of times last year (2019) as he'd asked me if I'd like to be part of a group show. The second time he brought his wife Erena Shingade and we spent the afternoon following the sun around my hometown.



I am writing to the grass verge, which runs parallel to the driveway next to Unit A.

You used to be really nice, and now you are a bit ratshit. I am so sorry.

On behalf of the Glenholme neighbourhood gardening society,

RIP



▲ Kia ora Chorus,

▲ You never finished installing fibre  
▲ last year at my nan's house.

▲ Yours sincerely,  
▲ I had to use my mobile data  
▲ which cost a lot of money.

Painting the mailbox.

Re-appropriating Gordon Walters for Māori ;{P





**ABOUT JAMES TAPSELL - KURURANGI**

James “TK” Tapsell-Kururangi (Te Arawa, Ngāti Whakaue, Ngāti Pīkiao, Ngāti Mākino, Tainui, Ngāti Raukawa, Ngāti Porou, Te Whānau-a-Rākairoa) is a Maori artist from Rotorua. He is currently based in Tāmaki Makaurau, where he is Te Tuhi Centre for the Arts’ curatorial intern. James enjoys going for a run and to the gym. When he lived in Pōneke, he’d jump in the ocean at Oriental Parade.