

**Jane Zusters
Matthew Galloway
Naeem Mohaiemen
Selina Ershadi**

**Curated by
Simon Gennard**



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Jane Zusters, Matthew Galloway,
Naeem Mohaiemen, Selina Ershadi

Curated by Simon Gennard

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Optimism and its afterlives

Optimism and its afterlives thinks around a series of transitional moments, including works by artists who have found themselves witness to or bound up in scenes of change. Featuring newly commissioned projects by Matthew Galloway and Selina Ershadi, alongside works by Jane Zusters and Naeem Mohaiemen, *Optimism and its afterlives* proposes that art has the capacity to allow us to linger with the surprise, disarray, bafflement and hope of best-laid plans and unmet expectations. More a call to attention than a call to arms, the exhibition asks how art might aid us to maintain a desire for worlds to come, and how it might enable us to weather what feels intractable, immovable or overwhelming.

Spanning registers that are at once urgent, lyrical and searching, *Optimism and its afterlives* maps disparate temporal and geographic terrains—from a dam on the Matau Clutha River in Otago, to the environmentalist scene in Tāmaki Makaurau Auckland in the 1980s, to that same city as it appears today, to an airport tarmac in 1970s Dhaka. The works gathered here occupy what Rebecca Solnit calls the “spaciousness of uncertainty,” to speculate on what—whether a matter of continuity or transformation—might be made from there.¹

Matthew Galloway’s new installation *The power that flows through us* departs from the architecture and political history of the Clyde Dam. The dam belongs to a series of large-scale infrastructure projects initiated during Robert Muldoon’s government in the late-1970s and early-1980s under the banner Think Big. Conceived with the hope that these projects may build the country’s capacity to produce energy for domestic use and export, the Think Big schemes were controversial projects—requiring the incursion of large amounts of overseas debt, and the appropriation of public and private land—in the case of the Clyde Dam, parts of Tirau Cromwell township were submerged. The Clyde Dam is part of a network of dam systems which, alongside projects in Manapouri, Waitaki and Tekapo, now provides 90% of Te Waipounamu’s power needs, and, travelling via submarine cable across Te Moana-o-Raukawa Cook Strait, provides power for parts of the Te Ika a Māui, including, at least partially, the gallery in which Galloway’s project sits.

The modernist ambitions of the dam are embedded within its architecture—a monumental structure of concrete and steel, which dwarves those who encounter it. Here, Galloway has created sculptural works which mimic the steel bannisters lining the dam’s viewing platforms. Installed in segments on the gallery’s walls and floor, they create a support structure for monitors, upon which scenes of the dam’s external workings and impact on the landscape appear. As well, Galloway has reproduced a selection of political cartoons published in the 1980s, documenting the political maneuverings and blunders around the dam’s development. The political cartoon functions with a narrative economy, distilling a whole cast of players, legislature and political arguments into a single image. Together, these elements invite us to consider what information travels within and outside of language. Galloway invites us to see these concrete and steel forms as at once necessary for the structural integrity of the dam, but also wrapped up in promises of nationalist self-reliance, modernist state planning and clean energy. Belonging to an ongoing inquiry by the artist into the narratives around renewable energy, Galloway’s project considers at once the generation of electrical power—through the extraction and transformation of natural resources—and the creation, distribution and exercise of political power.

Alongside Galloway’s installation in the front gallery are a series of paintings by Jane Zusters, produced between 1985 and 1986, while the artist was living and working in Ponsonby. Zusters has been working as an artist since the mid-1970s, and, over the last five decades, has played a significant role in feminist and environmentalist organising in Aotearoa. The artist describes her work from this time as a means of “working through” life. Diaristic and elliptical, Zusters’ work plays between the abstract and the figurative, deploying neo-expressionist style to summon a time, a place, a state of being, but remaining partially opaque, allowing room for the viewer to make their own associations and meanings.

1. Rebecca Solnit, *Hope in the dark: Untold histories, wild possibilities* (Edinburgh: Canongate Books, 2016), xii.

Using bold brush strokes, cartoonish colours and layered compositions, Zusters gestures towards a social scene, an artistic landscape and the political activity around her at the time, among a catalogue of symbols and drawings which bear a less immediate relationship to her reality. These works, in an oblique way, also record Zusters finding herself embedded within a transnational political drama. In 1985, Christine Chabon, one of the French secret service agents implicated in the bombing of the Greenpeace ship the Rainbow Warrior in Auckland Harbour, insinuated herself within Zusters' social group of artists and activists, staying at the artist's flat for a number of weeks. In the investigation that followed the bombing, the address of Zusters' studio was found aboard the French agents' yacht, in Chabon's notes, leading to a police raid on the building.

Only one painting included here directly references these events, *Police raid on Ponsonby art studio* (1985), which features the French yacht, the *Ouvea*, encircled in the centre of the work, with a map of Ponsonby streets in the bottom right-hand corner. Other works included in the exhibition build towards a larger impression of Zusters' life and practice around this episode. In the corner of *7 Up* (1986), her girlfriend at the time appears reclining, staring back at the viewer. The crosshatched grenades, which appear in *Police raid...* carry over to *Out on a limb* (1985), while scattered bones and face-to-face figures appear in *Ghost bones* (1986) and *7 Up*. In "working through" painting, Zusters' practice becomes a means to reckon with the felt impacts of finding oneself bound up within the tides of international espionage and state-sponsored violence. Further, in presenting these events within a scheme of forms, symbols, figures and relationships, historical moments find themselves humbled; watershed political moments take place around and alongside more intimate concerns.

In the back gallery, Selina Ershadi's new film *The hands also look* navigates a state of narrative crisis, asking questions of perception and documentation in the wake of loss. Composed intuitively over several months, the work comprises the revisitations, tangents and microscripts that make up a life. These vignettes—weaving together fragments gleaned from Ershadi's relentless reading, family anecdotes and correspondence with loved ones—are read as diaristic voiceover within an immersive soundscape created in close collaboration with interdisciplinary artist Frances Duncan.

The film is punctuated by three *fāhl*—Turkish coffee readings, read by Ershadi's mother—giving gentle form to the work's myriad poetic strands, and expressing the possibilities of mystical frameworks of knowledge. Shot through with light and dark, *The hands also look* seeks to destabilise the eye as the primary mode of perception; instead offering a string of utterances over darkened, hazy frames shot around the blue hour. Ershadi lingers with her own reluctance to produce or document. The film returns to the risks which haunt any act of documentation and narration—of omission, misinterpretation, misremembering, misrepresentation, or the implication of those around us. Ershadi's work stays with these risks, treating the possibility of failure as an inevitable element of any creative act, any claim made.

The hands also look belongs to a larger series of projects, following on from two previous films *Amator* (2019), produced in collaboration with her mother Azita Chegini, and *Hollywood Ave* (2017). Together, these projects trouble the camera's relation to lived reality and linear modes of storytelling, building towards neither argument nor conclusion, dwelling instead with the ongoingness of life, and the multiplicity, ambiguity and circularity that attend it. As with other projects, Ershadi has invited other voices alongside her own—alongside the collaborative process with Duncan, writer Manon Revuelta has produced a text that appears in the reader accompanying the exhibition, in response to conversations with Ershadi as *The hands also look* was in development.

Also in the back gallery is Naeem Mohaiemen's film *United Red Army (The Young Man Was, Part I)* (2011). Belonging to a four-part series of films that track a constellation of ill-fated alliances and moments of misrecognition within the archives of international socialist militancy, *United Red Army* tells the story of the 1977 hijacking of Japan Airlines flight JAL 472 by the Japanese Red Army. The film lays out a five-day-long exchange between a Red Army hijacker—known as Dankesu—and a negotiator—Air Vice Marshall A. G. Mahmud—based at Dhaka Airport, where the flight was forced to make an emergency landing. Between these exchanges, which are transcribed upon black frames, we witness shaky, blurred clips of news footage from the runway, glimpses of scenes of militant leftist violence which took place elsewhere during the 1970s as the artist narrates his own recollection of these events, watching them unfold on Bangladeshi news as an eight-year-old child, waiting for his favourite television show, *The Zoo Gang*.

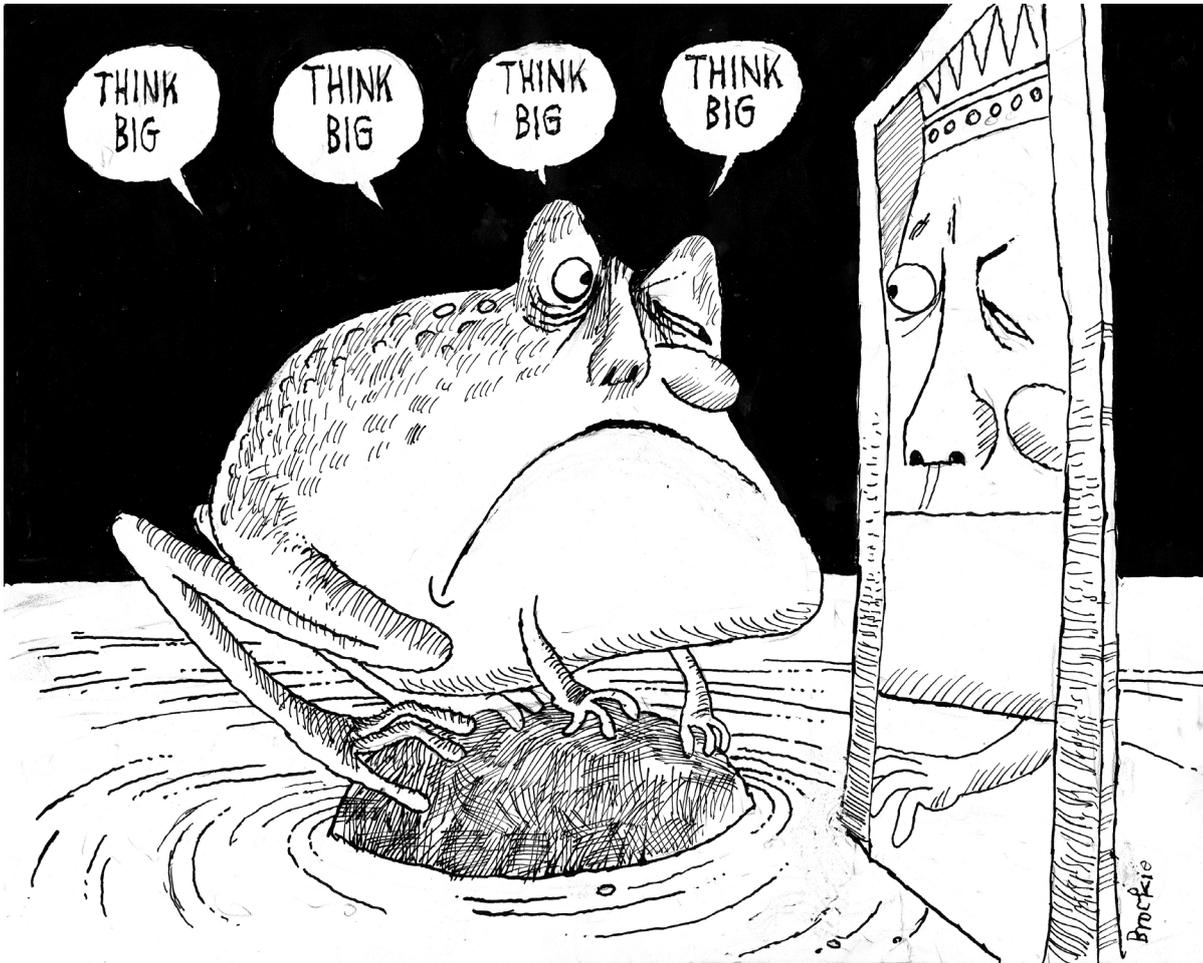
Beginning as a stuttered, desperate dialogue, a strange intimacy develops between Dankesu and Mahmud. But this rapport is deceiving, as the hijackers abruptly find themselves as unwilling pawns in Bangladesh's own domestic political power struggles. At turns comical and deeply sincere, Mohaiemen's excavation of utopian futures that failed to arrive is neither nostalgic nor melancholic. In mapping the trajectories of a 1970s Third World revolutionary socialism, the artist allows us to lay claim to a kind of continuity of commitment across temporal and geopolitical boundaries. The film thinks through how commitments might transform across localities and timelines, and how we might continue to insist upon claims of social justice when the ground shifts beneath our feet. Mohaiemen posits a way into history that allows us to see the political as a messy field of competing claims, unlikely coincidences, dashed hopes and unintended consequences.

More a provocation than an argument, *Optimism and its afterlives* asks what art can contain—whether as a holding pattern, a device for weathering uncertainty, testing ground for unfinished claims or something that insists things could be otherwise. Commitments, here, unfold laterally, with a sense of hesitation, even tentativeness, in full knowledge of histories of failure, violence and disappointment, but they continue to unfold no less. Against the attrition of hope, the works gathered here insist upon the potential of paying close attention together.

The power that flows through us

1. At the official opening of Clyde Dam on April 25th, 1994, security guards confiscated apples from protestors standing on a viewing platform within throwing distance of Prime Minister Jim Bolger.
2. I stand on the same platform, and imagine Bolger ceremonially cutting a ribbon, marking the end of the dam's protracted, controversial construction, originally set in motion in the late 1970s as part of Prime Minister Robert Muldoon's Think Big initiative.
3. Designed at the same time as the dam, the viewing platform is built from local schist I assume to be a by-product of the construction process.
4. From the platform, the structural presence of the dam plays with the senses, feeling at once miniature and dwarfing.
5. The mass of concrete is eerily still, embedded in the landscape. The only movement comes from the water, flowing out from the structure, circling itself, swirling, before finally re-joining the flow of the Mata-au Clutha river.
6. Mata-au translates to "surface current," a reference to the swirling nature of the river, the way it turns back on itself around obstacles in the water.
7. As the water reorganises itself, I imagine it confused from its journey through the hydropower generators. As if the water is remembering how to be water again.
8. Above, power cables depart from the station, connecting to towers at intervals of a few hundred meters, before disappearing over the hills.
9. At some point, the electricity running through these cables will cross the Te Moana-o-Raukawa Cook Strait, arriving in the capital and lighting the halls of power.
10. In 1982, Muldoon's National government, ignoring local concerns and a legal decision against the granting of water rights, passed the Clutha Development (Clyde Dam) Empowering Act.
11. This Act set in motion the construction of the dam, in turn altering the course of the Mata-au, and forming Lake Dunstan, an environmental intervention that submerged established horticultural land and half the Tirua Cromwell township.
12. In response, protesters padlocked the doors of the Court of Appeal in Pōneke Wellington and the High Court in Ōtautahi Christchurch. They also stuck a notice on the door of both courts that read, "This Court is now obsolete, irrelevant, and just a nuisance. Accordingly, it is CLOSED until such time as people no longer expect the law to protect their rights."
13. I run my fingers over the safety rails on the viewing platform. Over the years, passing travellers have used car keys to scratch their names into the faded orange paintwork, creating a rough texture.
14. The crudely engraved names foreground the dam, like the presence of a public impressed onto the cold, corporate structures—themselves an impression on the land.
15. In archival footage from 1984, Muldoon speaks about his "much maligned Think Big projects" in a grey suit against a bright blue backdrop.

16. I watch his micro expressions, the upturn in his left cheek as he half smiles and predicts the long-term economic benefits of Think Big.
17. He talks of diversifying the New Zealand economy; of creating new primary processing industries and developing energy projects.
18. In political cartoons from the time, the same smirk can be seen drawn in Muldoon's expression. In one, he smirks while depicted as a frog, imagining himself as a crowned prince, repeating "Think Big, Think Big, Think Big." In another, he smirks, filled with bullet holes, while bystanders joke they like politicians to be transparent.
19. In a third cartoon, Muldoon sits on the shores of the Mata-au, poring over law books while dressed as a lifeguard. In the background, figures representing Tirua Cromwell call for help while drowning in promises.
20. From the viewing deck, the surface of Lake Dunstan can be seen gently lapping against the edge of the dam, giving no hint the water is about to pass through the generator underneath.
21. On the hills above, large step-like forms stabilise the slopes against the threat of landslides that were continually reported both during and after the construction of the dam.
22. After Muldoon and before Bolger, the fourth Labour Government enacted the Environment Act 1986. This established the Office of the Parliamentary Commissioner for the Environment, with powers to investigate any state decisions that might adversely affect the environment.
23. Reflecting on this time in 2009, Labour Minister Michael Cullen told Radio New Zealand the dam represented "the single most monstrous environmental sin over the last 30 years."
24. Throughout her first term as Prime Minister, Jacinda Ardern often referenced the country's hydropower network as a key reason Aotearoa is a world leader in renewable energy generation.
25. In 2020, as part of a proposed response to the economic downturn brought on by Covid-19, the Labour Government proposed a new hydro dam at Lake Onslow in Central Otago, as a way to create jobs, promote industry, and push Aotearoa toward a campaign promise of 100% renewable electricity generation by 2030.
26. Multiple news outlets likened the renewed push for such mega-projects as the second coming of Think Big.
27. In a 1982 issue of the National Business Review, a cartoon depicts pillars of the law being turned to rubble, which a tractor-driving Muldoon then pushes over a cliff into the Mata-au, creating the dam.
28. From the platform, I trace the path of the Mata-au away from the dam.
29. I try to imagine the landscape as it once was—the structure dismantling, Lake Dunstan draining like a bath, exposing the long submerged apple orchards, which in turn disappear back into the soil, the gorge and the river banks return, funnelling the surface current towards the ocean.

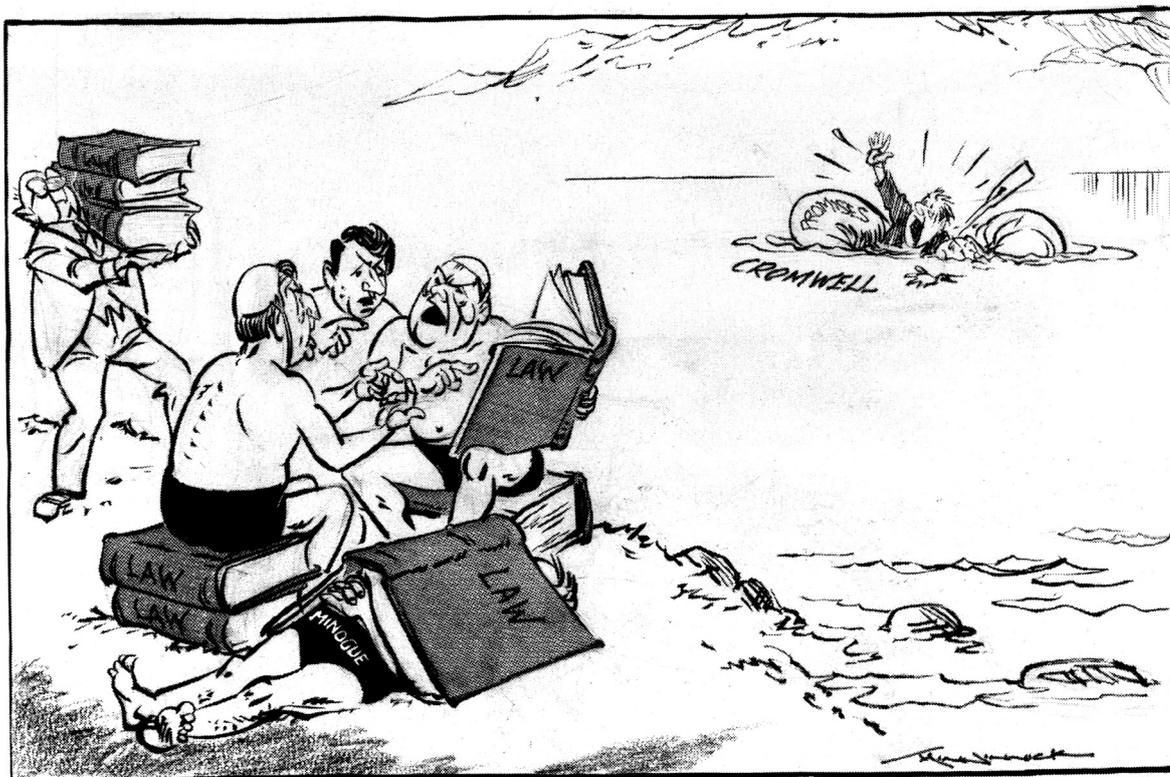


Top:
Robert Brockie
"Think big, think big, think big, think big."

National Business Review,
1981

Bottom:
Robert Brockie
"What the hell Bruce. We lose a few old pillars but we get a new dam."

National Business Review,
19 July 1982



Top:

Sid Scales
"21 Gun Salute, World's Biggest Bulldozer"

Otago Daily Times,
13 October 1980

Bottom:

Gordon Minhinnik
"Lifeguards"

New Zealand Herald,
8 July, 1982

Out of/in to: A letter

Anastomosis (from Greek *ana/stoma*, "to grow a mouth"): The term given to a connection or opening between two previously divergent cavities or passages in growth networks: leaf veins, blood vessels, intestines, streams, fungal undergrowth.

The lattice was not so much a machine as it was a page on which the machine was written, and on which the machine itself ceaselessly wrote.
-Ted Chiang, *Exhalation*¹

//

To write
 is to writhe
to weave

a gleaning
 into the
breathing

 loop
of a wreath.

 Tail pulled
into

 mouth: a room
where I dream

a room you
 enter.

Abundance &
 scarcity:

farmers scoured the land
 to gather

 threads of wool
 snagged in fences.

//

Twice in writing this, I have lost the document and had to start again from scratch, carrying only the memory of what I had written. Each time upon discovering the original was gone, I found myself scrawling barely legible short-hand notes, suddenly aware the sentences were floating in that fickle space of the mind. I scrambled to nail down the essence of what I had written the first time, close the doors and windows, keep the wind out in case they blew away. I rewrote and rewrote again, hurriedly striving to recapture the original. You reassured me this was all very fitting.

//

To scrawl
 to scratch

to crawl
 crab-like



1. Ted Chiang, *Exhalation*. (New York: Knopf, 2019), 132.

& dragging.
This too
is a crossing.

//

I'm trying to find an analogy for the difficulty of extracting words then forming them into sentences, you write to me. I thought of straining the words out like an octopus squeezing itself through a tiny crack, but then that didn't seem accurate at all, because I imagine the octopus does this with a kind of nimble ease and grace, as though it transmutes into liquid then reforms perfectly. How to capture that liquid state (not writing) via its maze of solid crevices, its moulds (words). Perhaps this is the kind of compression and grace that Walser sought to achieve in his micro-script: a form that could squeeze through cracks.

I think of Van Leeuwenhoek building one of the earliest microscopes in an attempt to see the threads of drapery better, only to discover microorganisms. Do we isolate and shrink our words to invite closer attention, to find what lives around them? The scarcer the output becomes, the stronger the lens; we scour the earth for the thread and instead find all that lives around it.

I think you are attempting, I write back, to enter that liquid state via writing about not writing. To attempt, to try: temptare. The Latin root of tentacle. I, too, have turned to those probing forms, unable to write: a spider's leg blindly wavering as it searches for a surface, a thread-thin caterpillar crossing the window-pane, repeatedly condensing and spreading all of itself to reach one point from another. A supplicant formation, pointing upward toward the sky over and over as it labours to connect two points.

Can you see this arm that is reaching up?

They appear, too, in the letters themselves. There is a theory that serifs originated from brush marks at the edges of the painted letters: words were first inked onto stone for the carver to follow, and the little flares and flicks of ink from the edge of the brush were included and cut in place. We have immortalised the ghostly wings and tails of mark-making, the edges of legibility, the very entrances and exits of a surface.

//

To crave is
to carve
the deepest

caves

out of/in to
the days.

The sea will rush
to fill
its oldest crevices

with the same
urgency
as if they were new.

//

One speaks of feeling
 wordless
 skinless.

What scripture forms
 from rips:

three scorched ruby scabs
 like tree gum
 on an old man's shin &

I am hauled up
 onto land.

//

Are you writing your way out of or in to the work? I want to remind you that we teem with such wandering forms, barely contained. The vagus nerve, the longest in the body, snaking down from cortex to colon. A vagrant within our own bounds. The gut bites the bit, pulls at the reins. And the blood seems to chase the world existing beyond the skin, a curious and dutiful shadow, rushing to fill muscle when it senses attack. A deep burgundy love-bite appears on my neck, haloed with yellow, because "how readily my veins / leap up: a little harder and / the whole heart would follow."² Bloodied cuticles, gnawed during the pauses: that tendency to comfort and fidget is to be in contact with the self, to keep reminding the body of its own existence to the point of rupture.

The hand is reaching up to grab the wings of the bird... do you see this hand?

I think of the skin of Agnes Varda's hand filling the screen in *The Gleaners and I*, a hand she refers to as an animal she doesn't know: veins rising through her shallowed, rippling skin, never breaching. From the backseat of a car driving down a busy highway, she films that same hand's attempts to grasp vehicles passing by her window. "I'd like to capture them," she says, closing her fingers clumsily, claw-like, around them. "To retain things passing? No, to play."³ Momentarily, she holds entire trucks between her thumb and index finger before her car draws nearer and they outgrow her hand, taking pleasure in her body's possibility, the fluctuating scale of it as the world's proximity grows and shrinks. Capture as always temporary: that is the joy of it. To observe flight.

I take a group of three birds in flight to be a good omen, a reassurance that there is an order to what feels disordered. It began a few years ago with a tiny burst blood vessel in someone's nostril, which I had been discreetly examining whenever we spoke: a scrap of thread, loosened and departed from the invisible embroidery of blood under the flesh. It was in a "V" shape, which I saw appear in the sky later that day for a split second, as three birds flew above in a changing formation, keeping close. They made a shrinking and stretching line that morphed from a "V" to a ">" to a "<" and then a "—". But they stayed together, keeping a constant vector. I wrote it down: *what is the line connecting three birds in flight?* Cells in their wingtips and beaks detect wind currents and vibrations in the water, identically structured to the cells used to detect lightness of touch in our fingertips.

Accordingly, I follow the almost syllogistic departure of Ingeborg Bachmann's *The Politics of Weakness*:

2. Tracy Ryan. "Bite." *The Willing Eye*. (UK: Bloodaxe Books, 1999), 75.

3. Agnes Varda. *The Gleaners and I*. Ciné-Tamaris, 2000.

“You still love a hand, still love
playing with its fingers, still love
that it plays more than it does not play,
you still love playing,
you still love, love”⁴

//

& then the goal is simply to carve a difference
between what I flee and what I chase.

The branch just after the bird has left it

still sprung-from
still nodding away the departed bird’s weight

not just to become still
but so that it might bear what else is in flight.

//

I am writing to you
with each line a finger
a stack of pebbled bones
the line moves
its wrist a mound
of larger stones fused
to make a sturdy dwelling.
This thumb the living mountain.
Remember always:
bone isn’t white at all but
bright red & pink
sponged with yellow fat
nervate as the underleaf
& the underoil
as words are
wet & not white
in our skulls at all.
You can live in & out
of the walls of them.
As I am, writing to you
from just outside the door
from that patch of grass
which I saw was in fact
blinking with finches.

//

Each day you send me new screen-tests, your attempts to capture your room as dawn breaks. I watch them sleepily on my screen from mid-afternoon’s stretching depths, reminded of the day’s gentle entrance. The murky forms slowly take shape, the light fades from cyan blue to white. Normally imperceptible increments form a visible gradient in the sped-up footage. But the frame drifts rhythmically with your breath throughout, a constant visualisation of drawing in and expelling.

4. Ingeborg Bachmann. *Darkness Spoken: The Collected Poems*. (Massachusetts: Zephyr Press, 2005), 212.

Do you write in the present tense to keep a similar visibility of breath, of surface? Fanny Howe writes of the present tense as needing its own defined position in the center of a page, with the future and past tense in columns on either side of it. She says she wants it there so it can face the writer's throat "where the heart pulses out of and into the past simultaneously," only to double back on her own sentence: "out of, or in to?" she asks, "how can these be the same action?"⁵ Perhaps the tiny tree rings you speak of on your fingerprints are an apt place to find the circular, where there isn't a forward or a backward. To write with your heart beating is to move further from events and closer to them, preserving and tending to what came before, blood flowing down the arm into each finger. Goethe, too, was fascinated by the way plants grow in two directions: both up out of and down into the soil at once. The page seems to represent a similar site of divergence to that uppermost layer of soil; a space in which certainty can unfasten from doubt, said from unsaid, light from dark. Perhaps you write to stay as close as possible to that surface, both seeing and remembering at once. *I can't be pinning it down if it's still moving.*

//

To translate the
unseen: leaves

darkly veined in truth
to translucent rootlets.

Are they or are they not
one, the same

when they appear in green shreds

moving across the ground
on the backs of ants?

I can not engulf anything entirely
the way I wish to be engulfed

but I know how to lick
between the grains of it

how to be substrate
myself.

Pōneke, October 2020.

5. Fanny Howe. *Indivisible*. (Massachusetts: Semiotexte/Native Agents, 2001), 603.

About the artists

Jane Zusters is based in Ōtautahi Christchurch. She has been exhibiting her work in galleries around Aotearoa and internationally since 1975, working across a wide range of media including painting, photography, printmaking and moving image. Zusters was a founding member of the Christchurch Women's Liberation Movement, and has played a significant role in the development of feminist art and discourse in Aotearoa. More recent work by Zusters explores the uneasy entanglement between humans and the natural environment.

She has been awarded numerous awards and artist residencies, and in 2003 completed a Masters of Fine Arts at Whitecliffe College of Art and Design. Her work is held in the collections of Museum of New Zealand Te Papa Tongarewa, Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tāmaki, Christchurch Art Gallery Te Puna o Waiwhetū and the Govett Brewster Art Gallery.

Matthew Galloway lives and works in Ōtepoti Dunedin. His research-based practice employs the tools and methodologies of design in an editorial way, and often within a gallery context. This way of working emphasises design and publishing as an inherently political exercise and involves an interdisciplinary approach to producing publications and art objects.

Recent exhibitions include *The Factory & its Memories*, Cripta747, Turin, Italy, 2019; *The Freedom of the Migrant*, The Physics Room, Ōtautahi Christchurch, 2019 and Dunedin Public Art Gallery, Ōtepoti, 2018; *Provincia 53. Art, Territory and Decolonisation*, Museo de Arte Contemporáneo de Castilla y León, Leon, Spain, 2017 and *This Time of Useful Consciousness*, The Dowse Art Museum, Te Awakairangi Lower Hutt, 2017. He is also the founding editor of *Pan* journal (online and short-run print), initiated in 2020.

Naeem Mohaiemen combines films, installations, and essays to research socialist utopias, malleable borders, and decaying family units—beginning from South Asia's two postcolonial markers, 1947 and 1971, and then radiating outward to unlikely transnational alliances. Naeem is author of *Prisoners of Shothik Itihash* (Kunsthalle Basel, 2014); co-editor (w/ Eszter Szakacs) of *Solidarity Must be Defended* (Tranzit/ Van Abbemuseum/ Salt/ Tricontinental/ ACC, forthcoming); editor of *Chittagong Hill Tracts in the Blind Spot of Bangladesh Nationalism* (Drishtipat, 2010); and co-editor (w/ Lorenzo Fusi) of *System Error: War is a Force that Gives us Meaning* (Sylvana, 2007). His work has been exhibited at City Gallery Wellington Te Whare Toi; Mahmoud Darwish Museum, Ramallah; Bengal Foundation, Dhaka; SALT Beyoglu, Istanbul; Tate Britain, London; MoMA PS1, New York; documenta 14, Athens and Kassel.

Selina Ershadi was born in Tehran and lives in Tāmaki Makaurau, working across film and writing. Recent shows include: *Amator* with Azita Chegini, RM gallery and project space, Tāmaki Makaurau Auckland, 2019; *Anti-time* with Tyson Campbell, Seventh Gallery, Naarm Melbourne, 2019; *Hollywood Ave* and *Notes for 3 Women*, Window online, 2018. She graduated with an MFA from Elam School of Fine Arts and a BA in English Literature from The University of Auckland.

Frances Duncan is an interdisciplinary artist living in Ōtepoti, Dunedin. Her sound designs & writing have featured at Blue Oyster Project Space, *Pantograph Punch*, *The Spinoff* & more. She has collaborated with artists Sriwhana Spong, Owen Connors, Biljana Popovic & Nisha Madhan among others.

Manon Revuelta is a writer from Tāmaki Makaurau. She is the author of *girl teeth* (hard press, 2017) and was the recipient of the 2019 Biggs Family Prize for Poetry.



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