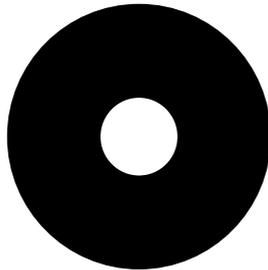


Roman Mitch

**GIRLS!
HIT
YOUR
HALLELUJAH**



Mokopōpaki

Living It Up In The City

There are about a dozen hard-drives on the deck. This lot is the last in a cache of almost a hundred, where, unfortunately a few of the **T-bit** drivers (as opposed to **Philips** or square bit) have broken. I'm tearing down and opening the hard drives to recover the rare earth magnets inside. My hands are slightly tired of pulling them apart. It's quite boring and repetitive work. Salvaging the magnets and palladium-coated aluminium discs, then resealing the empty hard drive cases, which in actual fact look like boxes or forms often used in casting. By definition, my cannibalised hard drives have got a close relationship to sculpture — you could easily pour liquid into the cavity, which I might do some day, mindful of course, the hard-drive case is

already a cast object itself.

I'm using the recovered rare earth magnets to create not only a kind of new sculptural material but also the sculptures I make with this material. I'd like to say, that the magnets I use in my sculptures are not just off-the-shelf examples from **Jay-Car** or **Bunnings**. They are a bit special so the scrap parts from my teardown of computer hard-drives that I don't need right now, I put into a **Taittinger** ice bucket. **Chink!**

I know that without the deck our situation would be unliveable. I'm really aware that **Sophia** would be less stressed about my show at **Mokopopaki** if everything wasn't happening in the same place all at the same time, and I concentrated on the art by taking my work somewhere else. I hear her, but I'm thinking if it's possible

to make the type of work I do while the kids play around me then surely that has to be better. Angle grinding, no. Hard-drive teardowns, sure.

I agree that having some sense of the artist as they are in their everyday, domestic context can suggest how art forms tend to consolidate with need rather than being ‘of their time.’

Out there, working on the deck, it’s kind of warm but windy. It occurs to me our relocatable cabin is similar in size and dimensions to both rooms at **Mokopopaki** — perhaps a little longer and wider. We sized the space according to the constraints of access and the need for the structure to go around the house in front. When I asked the kids whether or not they like living in the cabin, they said they like the fact that our

house has wheels and bunk beds and lots of toys, but they don’t like feeling squashed.

I have never expected to own property. Even magically given a significant deposit as part of an inheritance, we simply could not afford to buy a place in **Auckland**. Although we crunched the numbers again and again, we just could not get the budget to work. No way were we earning enough to climb on to the property ladder. We could have got depressed and disillusioned but between us we bounced back. ‘Don’t worry,’ we said, ‘we’re doing fine making art and making books. Why be mortgaged to the max?’

Members of the Whanau wondered if we had thought about raising our incomes. We raised our eyebrows instead but thought maybe we should look. We started the search with a

hunt for bare land and found some amazing property on the edges of **West Auckland**. To everyone's surprise, an offer we made on a site was accepted. In something of a long panic, we customed up a small cabin. It's a tiny house really, but I don't believe in that movement as an aspirational contemporary quotidian or zeitgeist. It is a cabin that has taken shape against forces that are repeated like **software through the landscape**.

My art works in the same way, it is quite a broad range of activities, but I do not select these as if they were components in an abundant smorgasbord of possibility.

In front of the cabin, there is a small garden sectioned off from the area we hope to build on. We have held this hope for a long time and stopped calling the area a building site — it's

now known as **the long grass**. The fence around **the long grass** isn't holding up very well, particularly the section deliberately cut away so the kids can go next door and jump on the neighbour's trampoline. The kids are playing outside in the garden. They have an eggbeater and some drawing materials. **Marcel**, our five-year-old boy, has moved from cutting up collage to cutting the grass with a pair of scissors.

Marcel has a friend called **Aden**. He has just arrived, and instantly, it's show-off toys time.

Sophia has just made me a sandwich. Cheese and cucumber with beetroot hummus on **Burgen Wholemeal & Seeds**.

I think that centering value in selection requires the psychic insulation of the artist in a way which is too similar to

modernism.

The other day **Marcel** asked me if **Maui** was real. He also asked me if he was born in the same way as **Maui**. I said yes. I don't characterise the symbolic order as something that's not real. Whatever, **Marcel** has run off with **Aden** and **Ngaroma**, our two-and-a-half-year-old girl, to play.

Do I want another half sandwich, yep.

Red Teddy has just got thrown on the roof of the cabin. The incident is both hysterically funny and very upsetting. To stop the cry-laugh-cry-cry-laugh-cry-laugh-laugh cycle I have enlisted the assistance of a bamboo pole to fish **Red Teddy** off the roof.

It is time for **Mars'** friend **Aden** to go home. **Sophia** has taken the two boys off and away in the car. There is no room for **Ngaroma** and

she has been left behind. This means **level-tekau-ma-tahi tantrum**. Luckily, I remember she likes **Bruno Mars**, so to engage her I put on **Uptown Funk**. Encouraging her to smile, we dance on the deck but only after moving some more customised computer cases stacked there, shifted as they had been from their mobile storage in the back seat of the car before the boys got in.

The patterns on the cases I see as a form of communication, i.e. spray painting them using the various vents as masking *tahua*. This creates a surface appearance that sometimes approximates either a 'carbon fibre' or 'camo' or 'snakeskin' effect. The artwork is definitely not a case mod if you don't modify the case. For me this intervention is about *mauri*.

Sophia and Mars are home again. **Yei!**

Rats! It's started to rain. The bicycle rims and computer cases need to be bundled back into their mobile storage locker also known as the family waka. **Phew!** Just in the nick of time! Although I'm trying to fit all the work for the show into the car, maybe this frantic rush is an attempt in my head to form a list of what needs to go where before I start moving.

Giddy-up, Girl!

—**Roman Mitch**

Email to **Mokopopaki**, 14 October 2018

This hit, that ice cold
Michelle Pfeiffer, that white gold
This one for them hood girls
Them good girls straight masterpieces
...livin' it up in the city
Got Chucks on with Saint Laurent
Got kiss myself, I'm so pretty

I'm too hot
Called a police and a fireman
I'm too hot
Make a dragon wanna retire man
I'm too hot...

Stop, wait a minute
Fill my cup, put some liquor in it
If we show up, we gon' show out
Smoother than a fresh jar of Skippy...

Break it down

Girls hit your hallelujah
Girls hit your hallelujah
Girls hit your hallelujah...

Come on, dance, jump on it
If you sexy then flaunt it
If you freaky then own it
Don't brag about it, come show me

...it's Saturday night and we in the spot
Don't believe me just watch...
Don't believe me just watch

Ice Cold, White Gold

Lyrics from **Uptown Funk**
recorded by Hawaiian-born, singer-

songwriter **Bruno Mars** and British producer **Mark Ronson**. Released as a single off the studio album **Uptown Special** (2015), the hugely successful Mars–Ronson global party anthem created a new kind of provocative but inclusive vibe where the usual, funk-infected male swagger, although outrageous, is always respectful of the ladies in the house.

‘Girls are welcome at this party and appreciated.’¹

—Yllwbro

Maori Girl (1960)

After tea she washed, scrubbed and polished her fingernails, sitting on the bed in her slip, then scanned her dresses, trying to decide which was the best. There was the special dress, hoops of light blue with bands of thin white lace, padded

shoulders, short sleeves, and white shoes to match; neither the dress nor the shoes fitted too well, but she was proud of them, the first expensive things she had bought with her own money. There was the warm dress, the brown corduroy which fitted well and was nice and cosy, but it needed a thorough wash. There was the blue flowered picnic dress with puffed sleeves; that wouldn’t do. A fawn coatee, a plum cardigan, a house-dress, a smock.

She selected the new dress, cold as it was, and eased her feet into the white shoes.²

Red Teddy

Today, the Whanau at **Mokopopaki** is small, but perfectly formed. Just the two of us on site, the **Keeper of the House** and me. My job this morning is to interview **Rangitauninihi** who I believe is making a contribution to the artwork by **Mokopopaki** called **Red Teddy** (2018), and delivering a wardrobe of some kind.

‘Good luck with that,’ interjects the **Keeper of the House**.

Moments to spare. No real idea how to use my prehistoric **iPod** voice recording machine. And **Rangi** has arrived.

I stab at the ridiculously miniaturised screen, fumble. Drop the teeny-weeny device down the back of the couch. **Genuis!**

Calm and unflustered as ever, the **Keeper of the House** gently reaches over, rescues the frustrating piece of technology (which still seems to be working) and introduces us both. **Rangi** steps forward. Welcome! She is a tall, good-looking 67-year-old Maori woman. Her long, slightly greying hair is loosely gathered together and held in place with an antique tortoiseshell comb.

Rangi is wearing small

gold earrings, a black scoop-necked, fitted short-sleeved top with a vintage, ruby red and white **Standard Issue** woollen skirt and black tights. She embraces me warmly. Her big brown hands are strong but sensitive. Used to hard work and days in the garden. ‘Kia ora,’ she says. Surprisingly, for someone proudly unafraid of dirt, I see that **Rangi** has long well-shaped fingernails, very delicately painted with a pale mauve, pinkish polish. **Flash.**

She sits opposite me, relaxed. Her feet in neat, black, low-heeled shoes are drawn comfortably together. We begin to talk. I admire her **Shanghai Tang** (c. 2007) handbag, in red silk and leather with snakeskin straps and jade clasp. ‘It was a gift,’ she says, purchased in **London**, by her much loved son **Benjamin–Hirama**.

Must have been a pretty big birthday, girl.

Rangi laughs and tells me about herself.

‘I was 18 years old when I first came to Auckland, as a bright-eyed Maori youngster, fresh out of rural **Rotorua**, looking for life in the city. A school friend and I found a flat advertised in the paper. It was a four

bed-roomed house in **Pompallier Terrace**, Ponsonby, for \$35 per week. In the beginning there was just the two of us, but when I got the job at the Medical Laboratory in Grafton Road, I met the girl who became the flatmate that one bored Sunday afternoon cut my hair and gave me a mullet.'

Rangi smiles.

'She was the flatmate who used to drop speed to keep an eye on her weight. Never worked though, no way was that girl ever going to be a skinny white bitch.'

We laugh again.

'In 1969 everyone I knew was into the Hippy vibe. Beads, long hair, jeans, optional guitar, random loose-fitting clothes, all mixed up and jumbled together.' She looks down and studies her immaculate and beautifully kept 'sensible' shoes. 'But I never did the sharing clothes with the flatmates gig. That wasn't my thing. I did, however, have a few blouses and tops I totally liked. What attracted me most was the design. Not so much fabric, texture, or pattern, because it was shape that I went for every time.' **Rangi** rubs an invisible scuff mark from the toe of one shoe. 'Back then I'd say my style was fairly understated and

soft. Not floaty, just soft.'

We talk about shopping.

'At that time I didn't do many new clothes. Being short of money I mostly used to hit the op shops.' **Rangi** reflects. 'I didn't patronise **Cook Street Market** either. Although they had some amazing stalls with edge, for me, Cook Street always felt like a mall or an over-crowded rabbit warren and fire hazard waiting to happen.'

She becomes a little nostalgic. 'A favourite haunt was **Hullabaloo** in Queen Street. I loved to go there and hang around being cool.' **Rangi** adjusts the elegant gold band on her right wrist. 'I've always been something of a jewellery girl, myself. Mostly cheap costume stuff but anything shiny that catches my eye usually gets me going.' She is thoughtful. 'I used to have beads for Africa (and from Africa!). I was never without them or silver bracelets, loads of silver bracelets.' **Rangi** considers her unadorned left arm; 'These days my passion for the bracelet is somewhat reduced,' she sighs, 'Mostly because at airport security, the jewellery I wore set off the alarms.'

Rangi stretches her legs and then says, 'I once bought a leather

shoulder bag from **Browns Mill** in Durham Lane. I can't remember who made it but I liked its functional, pared-back quality. No tassels or danglers for me, mate, just pure and simple.'

She leans toward me and confides, 'Maybe not that pure and simple because back then I was wearing red lipstick and nail polish.' **Rangi** is without regret. 'It wasn't an over-the-top, in-your-face kind of red, but it would certainly have been a shade that was out there and true to my sense of style.' She turns over her hands and examines them critically. 'I've always looked after my nails. They might be long but they're tough and won't break.' **Rangi** regards the tips of her fingers. 'Painting my nails has never stopped me from doing dishes or scrubbing pots; besides, should the need arise, I am well aware of **the joy of rubber gloves.**' **Snap!**

We crack up. **Rangi** says she thinks doing the dishes is good because when your arms are in the sink you hear what is really going on. 'Who says a Princess is not allowed to get her hands dirty? I was taught that what you do in no way defines who you are. The ability to stack a dishwasher, take out the

rubbish, vacuum a floor or wipe up a spill is about acting on what needs to be done. Where I come from this is truly the mark of a good person.'

There is an offer of tea but **Rangi** declines. We move on and discuss accessories, footwear and lingerie.

Rangi admits that although she didn't exactly do the **Carly Simon, No Secrets** kind of thing, she did in fact have a floppy hat. 'Mine was red felt with a big, wide brim.' Very liberating. 'In those days, sunglasses were something of an essential extra. To tell you the truth,' **Rangi** says, 'I just wasn't into them. I may have had a small pair with round Granny lenses like **Janis Joplin** but I can't remember. What I can remember is that I never, ever, wore boots. No high heels either. I didn't go for your Earth Mother all natural, hemp sandals. Gave them a swerve. I preferred smart, easy to wear, casual shoes but they had to be comfortable.'

Rangi concedes that perhaps her most self-indulgent expression of style is the fact that she has 'always, always worn nice underwear.' Innocently I ask her what constitutes 'nice underwear.' She laughs and says, 'Sophisticated

and sensual, little lacy things, in matching colours or black.’ **Rangi** is being deliberately wicked. ‘My kind of knickers would not be seen hanging on a country clothes line, back home in good old conservative **Rotorua**, that’s for sure.’

We attempt a summing up.

‘I have always had a fairly eclectic aesthetic. My skill, if it is one, has been in the art of selection, or playing with putting accessories and clothes together. Possibly what gives my experimentation energy and flair is the discipline of choosing only those combinations that work really well for me. This is why I think my personal style is unique. It’s quite self-determined, all my own invention and inspired completely from within.’

I ask **Rangi** how this approach works. She tells me she’s one of those people who have to decide what to wear well in advance. For her the process begins with selection of the **correct earrings**. Why? Because **Rangi** really likes earrings! ‘If I get the earrings right then I don’t worry too much about what comes next.’ There is no conscious attempt to create any kind of mood or feel. ‘The outcome is entirely intuitive,’ she says.

I ask her to explain. **Rangi** says, ‘You’d think I’d have a huge wardrobe but actually I don’t. My collection is quite small but very carefully chosen. All the pieces I have are interchangeable and this means the combinations I wear are never exactly the same.’ **Rangi** then discloses that she tends to hold on to her clothes for a very long time. ‘Many of these items I keep fresh by not wearing them for over a year but suddenly I’ll decide to put on a particular garment again and everybody will say, ‘Oh, wow! That’s new! But it ain’t — just brought back from the depths of the wardrobe.’

Rangi says, ‘I think style has to be about having the confidence to do your own thing. This sense is not determined by the need to be “on trend.” Neither is it dictated by what is happening in the media.’ She pauses for a moment. ‘Maybe this is why people have difficulty working out how old I am. Good design never dates. It just gets better and better over time. Just like me.’

We are almost done. **Rangi** offers some last words.

‘When I arrived in Auckland I really wanted to be rebellious and misbehave. But you know, I could

never be naughty because what it was to be a good girl was so ingrained in me by my Maori grandparents. They were the ones who taught the importance of doing the right thing, no matter what. Theirs was the training that developed my own sense of autonomy and independence. This spirit I express as a **rangatiratanga of the self**. Now that's my kind of style.'

Rangitauninihi in conversation with
Mokopopaki, 20 October 2018



Hine E Hine

E tangi ana koe
Hine e hine
E ngenge ana koe
Hine e hine
Kati to pouri ra

Noho i te aroha
Te ngakau o te Matua
Hine e hine

You are weeping
Little girl, darling girl
you are weary
Little girl, darling girl
Be sad no longer
There is love for you
in the heart of the Father
Little girl, darling girl

—Princess Te Rangi Pai
aka
Fannie Rose Howie
(1868–1916)

From 1979 to 1994 the lullaby **Hine E Hine** was the theme tune to the close down animation broadcast every night by TV2 at the end of transmission. For many, **Hine E Hine** is a childhood 'symbol' of what it is to be a little bit naughty and 'stay up late, well past your bedtime.'³

WORKS IN THE EXHIBITION

SHOP WINDOW

1

Dane, Alicja, Richard (2018)
Oak, cast aluminium, aluminium
bicycle, cable ties
Overall dimensions variable
Edition of 3
NZD 4,800

GREY ROOM

2

Marcel Tautahi
**An inside view of the cabin with
fridge and reward chart with paper
clips as magnet sculpture** (2018)
Pencil, paper clips, hard drive
componentry on paper
21 x 29.7 x 3cm
NZD 150

3

Ngaroma Natalia
Everything is a Volcano (2018)
Acrylic on paper
29.7 x 21cm
NZD 150

4

Borrowed Painting (2004/2018)
Ink, acrylic on canvas
67.5 x 54.5cm
Edition of 3
NZD 1,500

5

**Tēnā rawa atu koe, e Kōkā. Hei
pouako tuatahi koe ki a au.** (2018)
Tape
Overall dimensions variable

6

New Folder–1/The Artist as Curator
(2018)
Mounted print, tape, cardboard
packaging
21 x 28 x 25cm approx
NZD 450

7

**New Folder–2/Isa Genzken
Retrospective** (2018)
Mounted print, tape, cardboard
packaging
21 x 28 x 25cm approx
NZD 450

8

**New Folder–3/Māori Myths and
Legends** (2018)
Mounted print, tape, cardboard
packaging
21 x 28 x 25cm approx
NZD 450

9

New Folder–4/Bit International
(2018)
Mounted print, tape, cardboard
packaging
21 x 28 x 25cm approx
NZD 450

WORKS IN THE EXHIBITION

10

New Folder–4/Zero (2018)

Mounted print, tape, cardboard
packaging
21 x 28 x 25cm approx

NZD 450

11

New Folder–5/Māori Dictionary
(2017)

Mounted print, tape, cardboard
packaging, found book
21 x 28 x 25cm approx

NZD 450

12

**New Folder–6/Electrodeposition:
The Materials Science of Coatings
and Substrates** (2018)

Mounted print, tape, cardboard
packaging
21 x 28 x 25cm approx

NZD 450

13

New Folder–7/Painted Histories
(2018)

Mounted print, tape, cardboard
packaging
21 x 28 x 25cm approx

NZD 450

14

Art store drawings (2007–ongoing)

Mixed media on paper
A4, A5

NZD 150 ea

15

New Painting (2018)

Heat-welded plastic
Overall dimensions variable

NZD 450

16

M (2017)

Vacuum-formed polycarbonate, acrylic
48 x 55.5cm

NZD 1,000

17

Uptown Panel (2018)

Electroplated abraded computer side
panel
44 x 41.5cm

NZD 2,700

18

Germane Riposte (2018)

Customised steel computer case,
spray paint, tape, empty hard drive
40.5 x 35 x 18cm

NZD 1,900

19

Mokopōpaki

Red Teddy (2018)

Gold earrings, fake pearl necklace,
sterling silver bracelets, wire
coathanger, Wallace Rose woollen
cardigan, Shanghai Tang silk, leather,
snakeskin, jade handbag, red teddy
keyring, digital print, frame
Overall dimensions variable

WORKS IN THE EXHIBITION

CASTELLI ATRIUM
FRIDGE ANNEX

20

Yllwbro

Ice Cold, White Gold (2018)

Bar fridge, white chocolate, smooth
peanut butter, magnets
63 x 44 x 50cm

NZD 2,700

CUBBY HOLE

21

Pocket Paintings (2007–ongoing)

Fabric dye on paper
Overall dimensions variable (typically
29.7 x 21cm)

POA

BROWN ROOM

22

Rūaumoko (2018)

NZXT H200i Mini-ITX computer case
with reoriented cable bar; stackable
Minercase: Veddha 8-GPU V3
Deluxe Edition, extruded anodised
aluminium, custom fixings; customised
steel computer cases, spray paint,
automotive paint; customised dual-
boot Hackintosh OS X Mavericks/
Windows 10, InWin D-Frame
Overall dimensions 325.5 x 101.5 x
59cm

NZD 38,000

23

Zero Gravitas (2018)

Coat hook, hanger, velvet Miss Crabb
Rise dress, electroplated coralloid
clusters
122 x 53 x 9cm

NZD 3,200

24

Field Research (2016)

Electroplated magnet, paper clips,
staples, nails
Overall dimensions variable

NZD 3,400

25

**The Hard Drives of Seven Famous
New Zealand Artists** (2018)

Palladium coated aluminium platters,
bonding agent
Overall dimensions variable

NZD 1,800

26

Te Rākau Mod (2018)

Red oak
139 x 2 x 2cm

NZD 1,800

27

Manako-tea: Small Magellanic Cloud
(2018)

For Yllwbro
Plated rare earth magnets, cylindrical
roller bearings, chrome plated ball
bearings
Overall dimensions variable

NZD 2,800

WORKS IN THE EXHIBITION

28

Poupou-Mod (2018)

Modified tennis ball, flocked coralloid ceramic form, electroplated coralloid cluster, heat-welded plastic, ceramic form, terracotta and calcium sulfate mineral paint

197.5 x 15 x 12cm

NZD 3,800

CABINET

32

Loins Mod (2017)

Customised steel computer case, spray paint, rubber

42 x 18.5 x 42cm

NZD 3,800

29

E Ngunguru Neigh! ... Nf2xQ#:

Chequered Floor Tour (2018)

For Ursula Christel

Vinyl flooring, tape, **Hikurangi** (2018)

Overall dimensions variable

30

Hikurangi (2018)

Chromed bronze

16 x 12 x 10cm

NZD 4,500

31

Alexander (2018)

35mm photos, Sony Xplod car amp, PSU, customised steel computer case, automotive paint, concrete, speaker, 10" subwoofer speaker, hot press cotton paper

Overall dimensions variable

NZD 5,400

2060

2030

2020

The studio as a public benefit entity (Artist's Book)

2018

Girls! Hit Your Hallelujah, Mokopōpaki, Auckland
(solo exhibition)

The Artwork is Always Right,

The University of Auckland (DocFA thesis)

Stop the World from Spinning, Knulp, Sydney
(group exhibition co-curated with Sean Kerr)

2017

Antithesis, Research Pavilion, Venice Biennale, 2017
(exhibition, performance)

Weak Links, Elam School of Fine Arts, The University
of Auckland (lecture)

Bitcoin, The Term, Elam School of Fine Arts,
The University of Auckland (lecture)

Sound Sculpture with Wall and Car, Barracks Wall
(performance with Rebecca Hobbs and Gone Deaf):
played 150dB from car audio system

2016

RoBot, 3edcft6.com (bot): failed to teach a computer
to write thesis

Junktime, Physics Room, Christchurch (text)
Dell XPS 13, Huawei P9 Plus

2015

He tamaiti wahine, ko Ngaroma Natalia
I whānau ia 26 Hakihea
Ko **Sophia** tōna kōkā

2014

Specific Logics, Elam Project Space (Studio Project):
exhibited blockchain sculptures and case mods

I tīmatatanga tāku whānau, he tamaiti tāne,
ko **Marcel Tautahi**
I whānau ia i 8 Hereturikōkā
Ko **Sophia** tōna kōkā

2012

OONST oonst Oonst OONST Ooonst,

St Paul Street, Gallery 3, Auckland (with Tahī Moore)

Running on Pebbles, Snakepit (group exhibition,
curated by Allan Smith)

**The studio, the whole studio and nothing but the
studio**, Waikato Contemporary Art Award (merit award)

Studied sculpture, Elam School of Fine Arts (MFA),
The University of Auckland

Started teaching at Elam, The University of Auckland

2011

Blockchain sculpture

Prospect, City Gallery, Wellington
(group exhibition, curated by Kate Montgomery)

2010

Caraway Downs, Artspace, Auckland

Curated exhibition with registered company as
exhibition framework

2009

obstructions, Patrick Lundberg and Richard Frater,
Window, Auckland (curatorial)

post-Office, Artspace, Auckland (group exhibition)

Chasers, Jonathan Smart Gallery, Christchurch (group
exhibition)

2007

Carried folded paper in pocket for 1000 hours
Poured 6000 ball bearings in Stapelbäddsparken
Skatepark, Malmö
Picked up approximately 6000 ball bearings with a
magnet

2006

Drawn from Painting, Starkwhite, Auckland
(solo exhibition)

2005

Studied painting
(Julian Dashper and Simon Ingram, AUT, Auckland)

1994

PC case mod

1988

Macintosh System 1
(a few years old but decent for drawing)

1987

Dropped the school flagpole

1979

I whānau ahau i 11 Hakihea

I noho au i Papakura

Hélio Oiticica's **topological readymades**

Isa Genzken's **Technical Research**

1959

First ZERO group exhibition

c.1934

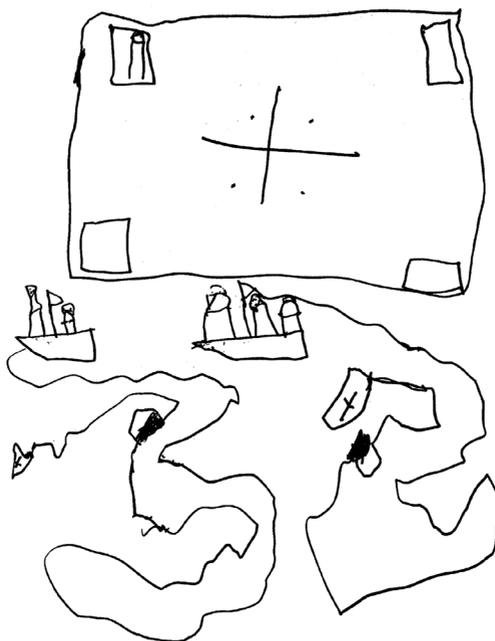
Ko tāku kuia ko Ngaroma Kingi i iriiringa, i muri atu,
ko te ingoa ko Mary Kingi

1929

Ko Ngaroma Kingi nō Ngā Puhi me Ngāti Kahu

tāku kuia

I whānau ia i 6 Hakihea



Sources

- 1 songfacts.com
- 2 Noel Hilliard, **Maori Girl**, Auckland: Heinemann (1960), p. 131
- 3 folksong.org.nz/hine, nzonscreen.com/title/goodnight-kiwi-1981

P. 18: Drawing by **Marcel Tautahi**

Mokopōpaki

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454 Karangahape Road
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New Zealand

Wednesday to Friday

11am–5pm

Saturday

11am–3pm

or by appointment

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@mokopopaki

Titles: Girls! Hit Your Hallelujah,
E Ngunguru Neigh! ... Nf2xQ#,
Rūaumoko, Hikurangi, Manako-tea:
Small Magellanic Cloud and all text
by Mokopōpaki unless otherwise
attributed

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24 October–15 December 2018,
Mokopōpaki, Auckland

Ngā mihi nui ki a: Te Whānau Ngā
Mitch, Sophia, Marcel, Ngaroma,
Rangitauninihi, Raniera, Kohine,
Dr. E., Pam Doidge, Ursula Christel,
Yllwbro, Eva Morunga, A.A.M. Bos,
IMO Group Ltd., p.mule et al.

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