

Organised by Roman Mitch

Mokopōpaki

Tortoiseshell Shades

There's a kind of cool guy with longer than average hair, wearing style sunglasses perched on the top of his head who catches the attention of everyone within telepathic range. The glasses tumble to the ground and while a numberless audience is following their fall, it seems he hasn't noticed yet. Or could it be he's moving way too fast riding a **Lime** scooter across **Grafton Bridge** to **Park Road**, toward the hospital. The tortoiseshell shades now sit perfectly on the white-glass-bead-painted strip of road marking a T at the section of the two straight-ahead lanes.

Here, immediately after the intersection, **Grafton Road** reduces to only one lane where once through the lights, it is customary to merge like a zip.

I am in a white **Mitsubishi L300** van during a hot cross-town drive. This work waka afforded a clear view of **6** cars, three in each lane ahead of me. I number them in a zigzag pattern. {I am thinking of the left car as **1**, right as **2**, second left as **3**, second right as **4**. Third left as **5**, third right as **6**. I am on the right as **7**.}

As the lights turn green, the style guy's hair flies forward,

alerting the wearer, now at pains to turn the scooter around, of the sunglasses' precarity. In heed of the silent pleas the first cars (**1** and **2**) avoid the frames. The second driver on the left (**3**) indicates a late left turn, and slowly changes into the left turning lane which automatically keeps the pair of now-identifiable \$530 **Saint Laurent** tortoiseshell rectangular shades safe. The second driver on the right (**4**) moves modestly away from the glasses, dutifully preserving all on-lookers' sense of community.

The third row of cars (**5** and **6**) are now the only potential threat to the glasses.

Number **5** wants to go straight up into the gap that number **3** has left and beat number **6** across the intersection. Number **6** lets number **5** go ahead, giving number **5** plenty of room to take the next space on the other side of the intersection.

Number **5**'s tyres crush the glasses and number **6** pauses, seemingly stunned at the broken eyewear, also missing an opportunity to cross the intersection.

What was number **5** driving?

Digital Breadcrumbs

I'm not a psychologist. But I did recently go on a binge of various online personality tests. First I filled them out with my own responses, then my whanau and friends', and as this became an integral part of the idea for the show, I started to think about how our manuhiri and visitors or those with their finger on the pulse, also known as the **Mokopopaki** gallery-goer and perhaps the gallery-no-goer would respond to statements like: "**I believe in the importance of art.**"

Of course, people who call themselves artists or go to galleries would probably be expected to 'agree' or 'strongly agree' with this statement. If you don't know what your attitude toward art has to do with your personality, don't worry I will tell you, because I am telling a story.

Just as a type of car can give shape to a type of person, a person's attitude toward art gives form to their openness. A measurement of someone's openness can be used to **predict** their character, including who they vote for, for instance.¹ What else is a proxy for what else?

Answering this last question is the business du jour of **Google**, facey, insta, et al. They make a meal by mapping your digital breadcrumbs like 'galleries visited' to opaque **hatepe** that gently nudge you toward a 'you' who is predictably responsive to adverts.²

Hatepe. Proceed in an orderly manner, follow in regular sequence, intercept, straight flush, procedure, algorithm.

We are not in a capitalism of work but also increasingly in a colonialism of our boredom, our disgust, our lust. If that old knave **Duchamp** were alive, fearing a hit to future relevance, he would redraw his **Malic Moulds**, replacing the workers' uniforms with personalities and detail them with eccentricities of costume and undress: tracksuits and **Crocs** and tactical wear and Docs. The way these are looked after could be hung or draped, folded or flung. Perhaps there'd be no need for an undressing of the insectoid Bride.

"So say if you're right, **Google** is bad, and **Facebook** is bad, and they're doing all this character forming, what's the actual problem? We have better ads?"

Manu Rau and the Origins of Panicky Provincialism

“Do you know the story of **Manu Rau**?”

Manu Rau, as he was named by Maori, described colonialist and artist **Gustavus Von Tempsky**’s **evasiveness** by invoking the sense in which he could be in one place and then another, like ‘**many birds**’. He was unpredictable. **Manu Rau** was infamous to Maori and famous to Pakeha. While he is something of a conflicted figure in our history, he is a figure in our history.

At certain points in his private writings he questioned the colonist’s perceived right to come here and take land.³ But outwardly he was the face of the land grab. Does the difference matter? It’s hard to do the **Manu Rau** story justice, and in trying to describe him to the **Keeper of the House** I reach for a **Tekken** reference.

Tekken is a video game with quite outrageous characters. In addition to being quite a nuanced and tactical game, the **Keeper of the House** and I use **Tekken** as a shorthand for character types; it’s a bit like our **Myers Briggs**.⁴

I like that **Tekken** characters are often innovated to the limit of recognition between editions. **Yoshimitsu** for instance

has been a **Humanitarian, Samurai, Space Ninja, Predator–esque Alien Robot, Insectoid, Squid or Shark** with a sword. Characters who are key to the game in one edition are joke characters in the next. It is as if fixating on one character is discouraged. Art historians take note.

Invoking **Tekken** is also a way of maintaining our **friendly fighter** ritual visit to **GameOn** arcade in which the **Keeper of the House** mashes the buttons with no perceivable skill, and yet prevails exactly because of said **imperceptibility of skill**. If this makes sense to you, let’s have a game. If this doesn’t make sense to you, let’s have a cup of tea.⁵

“**Manu Rau** is sort of **Miguel** but with a sword instead of a guitar. So... hot guy, **Garibaldi** shirt with a piratey kind of look, and weirdly a sword.”

The sword was a very attention-seeking weapon to carry around in the **1860s**, like perhaps riding a horse around the city now instead of a **Lime**. Guaranteed to draw attention. To be clear, **Manu Rau** is not a good person to like, or at least not without some modification. My guess would be that liking 1st edition **Von** would be a proxy for some bad sentiment toward Maori. His character needs

an update and a redesign for our time and purposes, as perhaps he needed for his own time too. Maybe he should have a guitar instead of a sword?

What **Manu Rau** did have and what I would keep in the character design brief is a sense of **a broad range of possible action** which is fundamentally different to the expectations (read: fantasies) of the provincial Pakeha mind and more importantly its enduring institutions and practices.

Use the Force

When I started learning **mau rakau**, one of the first surprises to me was that **mau rakau** is not only a fighting style of the individual. In this sense, our world-famous fighting art is not like **karate** or **boxing** or **judo** nor even **kendo**, **fencing** or the **bo staff**. Almost all of its movements seem to have developed under the logic that there could and should be friends close on the left and the right of you. Almost all of the training is done in close quarters in such a way that other **rakau** arts like the staff would not be able to be practised in the same space, at least not without the students whacking each other accidentally.

Sparring starts with going

1 for **1**, strike block strike block. Then **2** for **2**, **3** for **3**, and so on. I get to **15** for **15** with my sparring partner before the teacher cuts it off.

Some advanced students put their **taniko** over their eyes while they're sparring. My reaction is just "How?"

"They use the force," the teacher says laughing.

I laugh too, but learning what it means to listen to the **rakau** I do work something out. There are at least **16** possible strikes. If you try to account for this whole range of possibility each strike, anticipating, reacting, jumping from side to side with body and mind and raw intuition, you might be quite tired by the time the exchange is finished. But it is possible to block with a type of predictive agency that doesn't just block the current strike, but also limits the range of future strikes. If you perform this same type of move twice it's possible to limit the options to just two. You become like **Google**.

Subgroups of our class practise different moves in sync with the whole. Cool. In this it is obvious that what seems like a test ↳ on our memory and our concentration, because it's very easy to get distracted by the

different moves that everyone is doing ↳ is not only a test, but is also a key characteristic of the art itself.

I start to think of this in contrast with the **phalanx**. These are those spear-wielding groups of soldiers on which the annoyingly intransigent **Unsullied** were based, and that inexplicably we were taught about in high school history. The word **phalanx** invokes the medical descriptor **phalanges** for the bones of the toes or fingers. With this in mind, the right way to imagine **mau rakau** at a high level is to think of **Art Tatum's** fingers on the piano, or perhaps better, think of the tricky, agile, expressive and intelligent fingers of Maori women like **Aunty Dianne**, expert in the abstract language of **taniko** or needlework. In comparison to this, a **phalanx** is like paper, scissors, rock.



Motion of the Ocean

The first problem with the online personality tests that I've filled out so far is that I have to answer temperately to statements which should reveal my strongest orientations.

For instance, I answered 'slightly disagree' with statements like 'I enjoy going to art museums'. It does not matter to psychometrics why I slightly disagree with this statement, but it does matter. The reason I have to disagree, as you might predict is exactly because most art museums and galleries are cold without being cool and exhibit an insularity which is the exact opposite of their ostensible job. And also, their suitability to map 'openness' itself.

One friend of the whanau takes a surprised interest in the game of playing with psychology tests as an art material:

"So you're using like the **Myers Briggs** or something and coming up with artworks that fit the various types like **ENFJ**?"

"Not exactly."

What happens when one is measured to fit within those personality types? For instance, do the tests crystallise the personalities they purport to measure? Maybe. Then why act as

if we are discovering truth, not making it? Are the tests an act of discovery, or are they a creative act?

The friend of the whanau now looks ghostly, and less than excited by the new angle of my critique.

Rather than accept the found logic of existing tests, I am attempting to build a set of statements from scratch that play with the proxies around the local context of **Mokopopaki**.

One popular personality test is called the **OCEAN** which is an acronym for:

- Openness
- Conscientiousness
- Extraversion
- Agreeableness
- Neuroticism

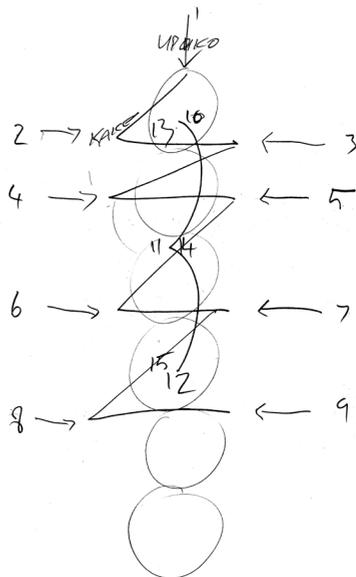
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I would like to use the exhibition as a means of building up some speculative test statements that could put some **MOTION** in the **OCEAN**.

3 Weeks

It's not working. Coming up with these 'statements' is too much for me alone. And even for those sentences which do emerge intuitively, I need some help figuring out the form they take. I am reminded of something I read once claiming that the simplest working diagram of a complex system is the system. I need the community itself to make these statements.

I come to this realisation after a visit to the research library at **Toi o Tamaki Auckland Art Gallery**.



Random Acts

It's a Wednesday, and since the tamariki are getting picked up by their koroua today, I don't need to do a cross-town rush back out west by **2.45**. Today is the only day the research library's cushy **1pm** opening time fit my schedule.

1:05pm. (I'm a geek)

2pm.

3pm.

4.

I have had a decent go. As far as I can see, I am the only person who uses the library.

Unfortunately, I didn't find many things that are useful to my purposes, and it's time to think about picking up **Soph**. I repark te waka whanau under a **pohutukawa** on the ridge of **Shortland Street**, next to **Emily Place Reserve** which used to be the waterfront.

16.33

She: "Beep when you're here I'll come down."

He: "Oh no, te waka is not starting."

I call **Alex** my brother who's a mechanic. I'm guessing it must be the starter motor.

Teina: "Are you sure you didn't just leave the lights on?"

He: "Yeah of course..."

I did."

It's on 'Auto'. I silently vow to not use this **convenient** setting where if the keys are in, the lights turn on automatically in response to the light conditions. It's still light, but the **pohutukawa** provided a little too much shade. I figure the lawyery passers by are not keen to give me a jump start, and I'm right.

Soph has arrived.

She: "I walked up the hill to meet **Roman** under the **pohutukawa** trees, where he'd parked the car. The bonnet was up. I got in and we sat there for a while, unsure what to do. It was pretty much already dark. In a way it was lucky we found ourselves stranded when we did because the kids were with my parents, and if we were late, we were late. We tried turning the car over again, but no point. **R** had the keys in the ignition for too long and the battery had drained. I tend to feel a bit useless in moments like these so **R** got on the phone to **Alex** and I called my **mum**."

He: "**Alex** reckons the cheapest option is probably to do a roadside join with the **AA**, mostly because of the peak-hour traffic but he's gotta go. Call him back if we need. Sweet, thanks lil bro. **\$195?** Bah! Signing up with the **AA** has to come straight out of

the show budget. Less printing, I guess. There's no other buffer. OK. I shake off the joining fee pang.

She: "After a long conversation with **Alex, Roman** decided that we needed to call the **AA**. We weren't members so this involved another long conversation with an operator down the phone who laughed at all **Roman's** jokes.

He: "The lady from the **AA** is actually fairly nice and it's easy to join. **Soph's** rolling her eyes as I finish the phone call, because, like a proper Maori I'm providing much peripheral information about the **pohutukawa** when I describe where the car was parked."⁶

She: "**Roman**, still in research mode, wanted to be clear about options so he rang a towie, got a less enticing offer, rang back the **AA**, said let's do it, signed up, gave some lengthy descriptions about the **pohutukawa** trees, a few more jokes, then hot damn we had an **AA** on the way, in **15** minutes to an hour."

He: "**Soph** goes to hunt down some food while I wait for the roadside rescue."

She: "Seeing an opportunity for a date hour with my babe, I went for a walk to look for some wine. Somewhat selfishly I know (**Roman** would be driving home, all things going well), but I wanted to

indulge in my hour of freedom.

He: "All the while, show details are rushing to me, I'm downloading as much as I can, and I know that from the outside looking in I appear to be confused. I keep the car bonnet up to stop the awkward exchange with would-be parkers. I can't communicate with them clearly because I'm assembling a show.

A station wagon moves in parallel to the car. I gesture that I'm waiting for some help.

Tauiwi: "I know, I'm help."

The **AA** mustn't be doing too well these days, because this guy's wagon is in worse condition than my car.

Crrrrack! Lightning? No, but the owner of the station wagon seems to be enjoying the sparks flying out from the jumper leads.

Tauiwi: "Ergo esezer azoon ofya gon. Areh?"

He gestures that I should try to start the car now, and it takes me until I turn the key to register that perhaps he said that he needs "to go as soon as I'm going. Alright?"

The engine turns over, and of course I rev it a little bit more than needed. I flick the headlights on, illuminating his overly stickered bumper and only as he pulls away do I fully realise that the guy in the

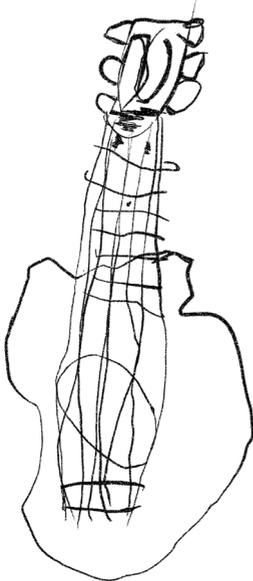
station wagon isn't the **AA** at all. He's just helping me for the good vibes.

I feel bad and kick myself for not seeing this random act of kindness for what it is.

Then the **AA** phones. I thank the mobile mechanic on the other end and tell him he's fixed the car just by calling me back. "You're off the hook for another 35 minutes," I say.

She: I see I'd missed a call from **Roman**. Apparently the car is back on the road and he is coming to pick me up. Damn, the **AA** was quicker than I'd thought.

He: **Soph** is surprised the **AA** was that fast and efficient. I simply agree.



Dianne Rereina Potaka-Wade

HATEPE (2019)

Cartoon for screenprint and taniko

Once upon a time in the east, when the star cluster **Matariki** twinkled in a frosted, ice crystal sky, there were **4** female mountains. These female mountains grew up and had **4** more female mountains. So it was, in the deep mid-winter, as the cold winds blew, all the female mountains gathered under the cloak of the mother mountain and sat together warm and protected, while the swift and turbulent rills of a glacial alpine stream ran laughing at their feet.

—Mokopopaki

Dianne Rereina Potaka-Wade is of **Te Ariuru** hapu from **Ngati Porou**. She has **4** daughters and **4** granddaughters. She lives in **Paraparaumu** on the **Kapiti Coast** and is self-taught.

Marian Evans

An End of Season's Diaries (2012)

In 1977 Joanna Margaret Paul (1945–2003) decided to document the month of October and invited a group of women to join her: Allie Eagle, Anna Keir, Bridie Lonie, Gladys Gurney, Heather McPherson and me. She called the project **A Season's Diaries**. The diaries were exhibited at **Victoria University, Waikato University** and in **Christchurch**. I've been exhibiting diaries ever since, about my domestic world and about my work to help diverse women's stories and images to appear more often in public spaces than they do now. From **1978–2004** I worked within collectives like **Kidsarus 2** (counter-sexist and counter-racist children's picture books), **The Women's Gallery Inc.** (arts and women's issues) and **Spiral** (women's writing and film), often with women from **A Season's Diaries**. Now I write and podcast on my weekly **Wellywood Woman** blog as part of my Development project, "for women who make movies and for the people who love them". And I write scripts and other stories. Whatever they're 'about' they usually draw on the experiences that followed **Joanna's** invitation. But I don't

often notice this until I'm finished. Here are some of these diaries: my **Mouse** comic and a tiny entry about **Te Papa Tongarewa Museum of New Zealand's** contribution to **Google Art**.



In April 2012 **Te Papa Tongarewa Museum of New Zealand** added images from its collections to **Google Art**.

This collection includes **166** artworks, many by unknown artists. **78** artists are named and only **2** are still alive (both men). Of the named artists **8** were women and **7** were New Zealand women, around **10%**. About the same proportion of feature films written and directed by women in New Zealand and around the world. None of the named artists were Maori women although the anonymous works include **20** fabric works which Maori or Pasifika women probably created and **45** anonymous carvings any of which a Maori or Pasifika woman might have created. The collection offers **19** images of women including five of Maori women (possibly another within **1** of the carvings). A single image **of** a woman is **by** a woman: **Mina Arndt's** painting **Red Hat** (c. **1914**).

This is how **Te Papa** describes itself:

Te Papa is New Zealand's national museum, renowned for being bi-cultural, scholarly, innovative and fun. Our success is built on our relationships with and our ability to represent our community.

Who benefits from **Te Papa's** minimal representation of women artists and their work, and of its images' (mis)representations of women? Why? And how? Did the women's art movement have no effect at all?

1 July 2019

I'd forgotten the texts I included with **Mouse**, when I made ten copies for gifts. And I laughed when **Dr P** read them to me over the phone.

What's changed? I asked myself. Anything at all?

I don't know about **Te Papa**. But **Spiral** returned in 2018, for **This Joyous Chaotic Place: He Waiata Tangi-a-Tahu**, here at **Mokopopaki**; and as publisher of **Spiral's** founder **Heather McPherson's This Joyous, Chaotic Place: Garden Poems**; perhaps with more to come. There's more and more public discussion of discrimination against women who write and direct

feature films and television; some institutional changes and some increase in women writers' and directors' participation. There's accelerated inclusive and 'by and about' representation onscreen thanks to the hard work of women who make webseries and others. And the **Screen Women's Action Group's** recent initiatives will make women safer from harassment and bullying.

But the latest research into artist incomes, albeit from within a problematic framework, highlights artist poverty and an income gap between women and men. Where there's discrimination, positive change is always fragile, takes time to embed. For women artists, it seems, it takes generations.

—**Marian Evans**

References: Creative New Zealand and New Zealand on Air, **A Profile of Creative Professionals: A Colmar Brunton Report** (2019)

↳

Marian Evans, **Whose Wellbeing? Spiral Collectives** (2019)

↳

medium.com/spiral-collectives/whose-wellbeing-53d7f9fe5992

Footnotes

1

The idea that behavioural surpluses such as **Facebook** likes are being mined for the prediction and control of something as influential as democratic processes, was a very marginal position that I was at a stretch to convince my friends of in **2016**. By now, less than **3** years later, with **Brexit** and the **Make America Great Again** campaign scandalously driven by surveillance outcomes, this is the grumpily accepted status quo.

2

The push toward predictability and certainty is no longer simply about mapping out personality in order to increase advertisement relevance in aggregate. If you're interested in more about this, I recommend **Shoshana Zuboff's The Age of Surveillance Capitalism** as a primer. But don't stop there. She makes a few parallels between various colonialisms and even draws on encroachments upon sovereignty to describe the current situation. As someone Māori, I would aim to push this further. It is reasonable to think of the term **digital natives** as non-metaphorical, and following from this, that we would be better to name the present as a **Computational Colonialism** to contend with.

3

For instance consider: "It makes me laugh to read the home twaddle. Vainly struggling with political data, and trying to make out a case of outrage on the part of the colonists." Rough translation: "The settler media is a joke. It is in search of a fact in order to prove to itself of its right to outrage in order to justify its obvious and yet unacknowledged land confiscation goals." See: [rnz.co.nz/programmes/black-sheep/story/2018674585/soldier-of-fortune-the-story-of-gustavus-von-tempsky-part-2](https://www.rnz.co.nz/programmes/black-sheep/story/2018674585/soldier-of-fortune-the-story-of-gustavus-von-tempsky-part-2)

4

There are a few attempts to transpose the **Myers Briggs Personality Type Indicator** to **Tekken** characters. This takes the recognisable ipurangi form, "Which **Tekken 7** character are you?" I do tend to come out as **Yoshimitsu** who is definitely one of my favourite characters and, not insignificantly, straight up the most erratic character and the primary "rule breaker". Along with his wacky, distracting outfits and brazen battle screams, he carries an unrivalled collection of unique abilities in the series such as healing, health siphoning, flying, self-harm, weaponry (gas, bionic limbs, and his trademark sword), and teleportation.

5

In my whānau at least, we share this "cup of tea" joke as shorthand for "needing to talk about something". Especially with a show at **Mokopōpaki**, this is a genuine invitation.

6

Taihoa e hoa! What do I mean "proper Māori?" Proposed test using menu items from inner-city Chinese restaurants, **Spotify** playlists, description of events where a peripherality score maps to a Māori percentage.



WORKS IN THE EXHIBITION

SHOP WINDOW

1

Roman Mitch
Last Night, 2019
Festoon LED lights, transformer
Overall dimensions variable
Edition of three

GREY ROOM

2

Julian Hooper
Delta Sunrise, 2019
Sumi ink on rice paper
600 x 21cm
Courtesy the artist and Ivan Anthony,
Auckland

3

Ronan Lee
Ideological Drift, 2019
Archival print on paper, resin on glass
and frame
51.5 x 67cm

4

Krystina Kaza
Roots in the ground and in the air,
2019
Wire, epoxy, rope chain, jump rings
115 x 41 x 1.8cm

5

Roman Mitch
No title, 2019
Die-cut polyethylene foam, found box
34.5 x 26 x 12cm

6

Te Maari
Te Kererū Māui, 2018
Felt, yarn, wool with mohair (knitted
and crocheted elements), hand-
embroidered details
36 x 10 x 6cm

7

Te Maari
Te Kōkako, 2018
Felt, wool with mohair (knitted
elements), hand-embroidered details
36 x 10 x 6cm

8

Ursula Christel
Reshuffle the Deck: Kōtuku Queen,
2019
Engraving, recycled acrylic plates,
barbed wire, scallop shell, digital print
on metal, acrylic, spray paint on board
Diameter 60/40cm

9

Roman Mitch
Freedom & Dignity, 2019
Found card, archival adhesive, inkjet
print, tape, fasteners
Overall dimensions variable

WORKS IN THE EXHIBITION

10

Marian Evans

An End of Season's Diaries, 2012

Reproduced excerpt from artist's book
33.5 x 42cm

11

Noel Mitch

Marker Drawing for Proposed Shelf,
2019

Permanent marker on paper
21 x 29.5cm

12

Tewi

Untitled, 1981

Graphite on paper
29.5 x 21cm

13

Finley Lazurek

Pick a number from 1–10, 2019

Permanent marker on paper
Three pieces, 29.5 x 21cm each

14

Cale Kaza

**Notes on algorithms for solving the
Rubik's Cube**, 2019

Graphite on paper
21 x 11cm

TE POHO

15

Krystina Kaza

Openhands, 2019

Oxidised silver chain, oxidised copper
wire
50.5 x 8cm

16

Dianne Rereina Potaka-Wade

Te Maunga Tuatoru, 2009

Tāniko, cotton
12 x 20 x 4.5cm
Collection of the artist

SHOWER

17

Marcel Tautahi

Decision-Making Bucket, 2019

Plastic bucket, tape, water, toys
Overall dimensions variable

BROWN ROOM

18

Penelope Sue

Untitled, 2019

Colour marker, highlighter, permanent
marker on archival tape, string, ribbon
466 x 1.8 x 0.2cm

19

Ursula Christel

Reshuffle the Deck: Kōtare King,
2019

Engraving, recycled acrylic plates,
barbed wire, scallop shell, digital print
on metal, acrylic, spray paint on board
Diameter 60/40cm

20

Richard Shortland Cooper

Unknown Māori Wahine, 2018

Graphite on paper
70 x 50cm

WORKS IN THE EXHIBITION

21

p.mule
am I still alive?, 2019
Mixed media on *New York Times*
newspaper (May 16, 2019)
56 x 29.5cm

22

Ursula Christel, Roman Mitch
HĀTEPE, 2019
Mixed media on framed mesh panel
180 x 90 x 11cm (aperture 5 x 5cm)

23

Patrick Lundberg
No title, 2018
Acrylic on fabric, enamel on pin
117.2 x 0.8cm
Courtesy the artist and Ivan Anthony,
Auckland

24

Richard Shortland Cooper
Unnamed Tupuna, 2018
Graphite on paper
70 x 50cm

25

Tiffany Thornley
**From the scraps of the patriarchy I
made myself anew**, 2016
Embroidery, stitching on textile
99 x 110cm

26

Dianne Rereina Potaka-Wade
HĀTEPE, 2019
Screenprint on paper
42 x 59.4cm

27

Ngaroma Natalia
Phalanges, 2019
Inkjet print on paper
28.6 x 15.5cm

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Sophia, Marcel, Ngaroma, Kohine,
Struan Hamilton, Ivan Anthony, The Fairy
Light Shop

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