

*vampire eyes**prelude*

the tenor of forgetting how to write the
the problems of address
failed slippage

tonality is fading...my clothes are all wrong in this city—or I am wrong—when fingers slammed
in the

Oh, she sees herself in you

every act irrevocably bound to and sliced and marked by mythic time—so ends—the timing and
sequence of events as graceful as a set of tumbling dominoes

conception of the self is stories yet we act in ways that contradict these stories < the quest for
the divine is the loss of the self > *she was a wicked slip of a girl < I love my murderer, but yours,
how can I?*

in the way that every moment fails to fully catch a self— rendered as a faint impression— in the
way that language is excavated and in the way that *history is a series of contingencies* and in the
way that you go through your wardrobe and toss out everything you owned and in the way that
you flip the script in the way that if it's true there is no address then words are just rag-dolls to
beat you with

green glow of the window out the pane. woke up on the first day of the new year. hard to recall
what I did. the month has gone by slowly, slower than usual

act one

something like the middle of a thought, the middle of being, the middle of several relationships
occurring at once—how to exist in middle states of being—it was a type of insanity that gripped
her to the earth—it was the type of insanity that without which she would have tipped off into
insanity—negative capability of language—lug around a corpus or see it as a trace self that
sometimes you slip into or that which revisits you like a ghostly outline...

Maybe i just like discarded things

scraps of paper soaked napkins scrawled stuffed in pockets for years carried around calcified—
nothing btwn i and thou u are an object—a person can conjure a person out of the other—when
that person leaves they kill that person—they exist no longer they only bore existence by
the encounter with the other—gilded mirrors—shadowy fog—it's a handful of smoke—short
circuited

trading selves located within borrowed time—compounded secrets become a world you can
retreat into

associational thinking—makes you feel alien to the self you've worked hard to take care of, I
said. yes, he said. He wanted to make art as a hobby, not to construct an identity. yes ok, I said.

may have to write in a dialectic, might take the form of a few dead selves talking. i can't see any
other way. the i is too crowded the she is obviously me or at least a version of me but somehow
it's not elastic enough and i she is a mode of mirrors

words frozen within might suddenly come out

act two

she was helping her with her hopelessly disorganised archives. boxes stacked with letters,
journals, endless reams of paper, endless correspondence. *You remind me of her*, she said,
slowly,

to make sense of anything she has to travel to the beginning—is it to do with indirect absence...
we say no to monuments it is monuments that let us forget... the violence of representation the
exultation of seeing your self...

she thought, ritual becomes important when you are a stranger in a strange place. you come
to rely on episodic time and scene to bind you to a self that is not otherwise cast as entirely
fractured, approximate plot

maybe some things can only be cast as objects...can psychic power transmute inside an object
reeking of time and decay into a becoming *mirrors not to catch a reflection of self but of what's
invisible, irreducible* embodied scattered objects in a state of becoming; half an eye, a wayward
hand, imbued with latent displacement, reconfiguration....

writers cited or referenced;

fanny howe, emily brontë, kerri hulme, simone weil, erin mouré, ariana reines, martin buber

Paperdwellers Susan Te Kahurangi King Works 1967 - 1980

June 01 - July 28

Exhibition Design by Anto Yeldejian

Curated by Bridget Riggir-Cuddy

With texts by:

Shiraz Sadikeen

Kuini Campbell-Behar

Anna Rankin

Public Programme:

Saturday 16 June Writing workshop with Anna Rankin

Saturday 30 June Drawing workshop with Shiraz Sadikeen

Saturday 14 July Drawing with Susan

Emerging from a selection of work by Susan Te Kahurangi King from 1967 to 1980, Paperdwellers proposes the convergence of exhibition and personal practice. Prompted by King's work, Paperdwellers advocates for drawing as a self-forming and world-building technology.

Within King's work, the relationship between figure and ground is often porous; inside and outside perform dual roles. Boundaries between bodies, scapes, and objects are depicted in an act of eternal collapse: fingers into what they hold; limbs into negative spaces, blooming into open topographies. Informed by this relationship, Paperdwellers evolves from an understanding that there is no distinction between self and ecology. This logic operates across multiple scales within the exhibition.

As an open proposition, Paperdwellers has the capacity to account for its viewers, their images, and their words. Viewers are invited into this space as collaborators, with a programme of public workshops, and spaces for these outcomes to become permanent fixtures. Integrated working spaces allow the viewer to become a student of King's artwork: a mutually informing exchange, via drawing or writing.

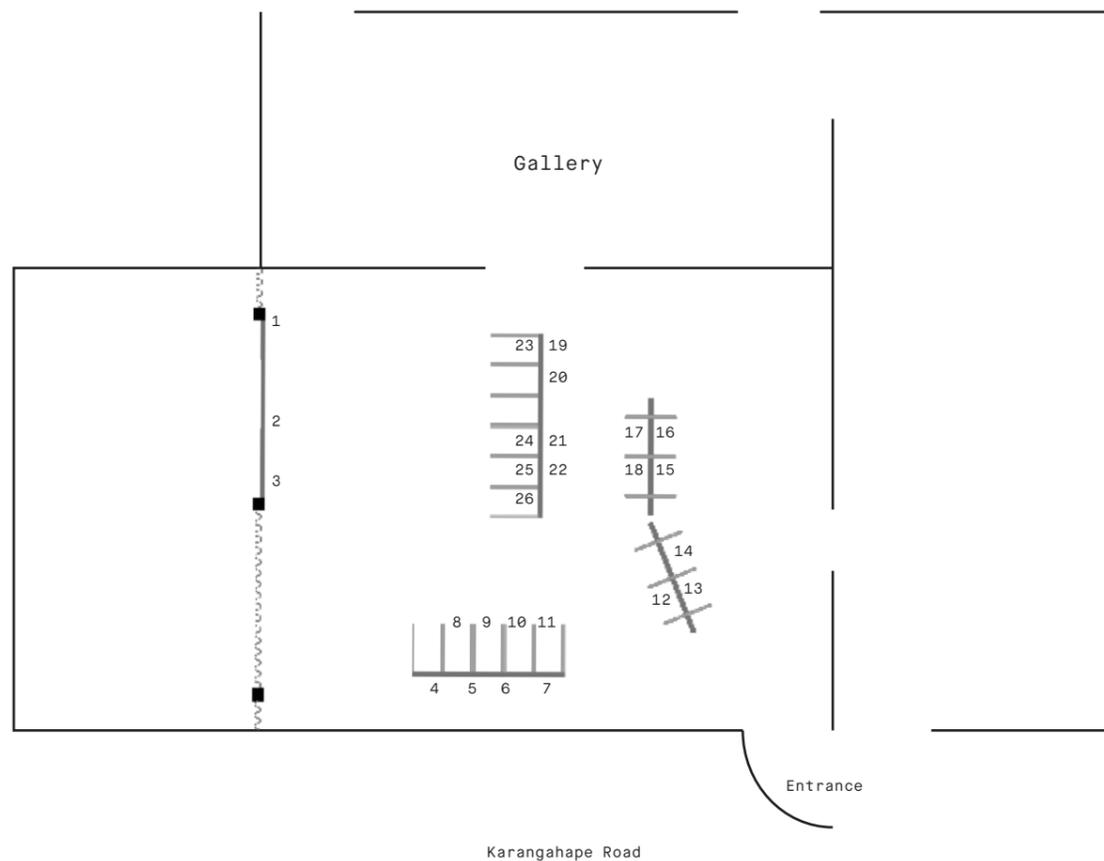
Just as King's works from this period toy with impulses of human nature and movement, the exhibition's structural interventions challenge the function of the gallery space. The outside world is drawn into the institutional space, animating it with semblances of the private. This utilitarian environment, by exhibition designer Anto Yeldejian, proposes a democratic relationship between viewer and work.

Taking cue from King's imagery, Paperdwellers experiments with malleable and plastic natures, reimagining ourselves as writable, drawable, and erasable. It offers a domain for the act of making and thinking as modes that shape both the world and the self.

Thanks to:

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Guide



Susan Te Kahurangi King was born in 1951 in Te Aroha, a small rural town in the Waikato, New Zealand. She is the second eldest in a family of twelve children. Her father, Doug King, also known as Takarangi King, though a copy editor by profession, was a passionate advocate and teacher of Māori language and culture. Therefore, it is no wonder most of the children's middle names are Māori. "Te Kahurangi" translates as "the treasured one." At the age of three, King loved to talk, sing, and imitate anything she saw or heard. By the age of four, her ability to speak was in decline, and by the age of eight, it was a thing of the past. Occasionally she would sing in bed at night, but before long, that too had stopped. At the age of five, King started school. Though her stay was short, her teacher reported that Susan displayed remarkable mental activity in the creation of complicated figures drawn on paper, and that she was able to concentrate on drawing for hours at a time. As King's inability to speak set in, so too did her heightened ability and commitment to draw. Even at the tender age of seven, she was prolific and showed signs of talent as a young artist. In 1960 the family moved to Auckland to meet King's educational needs. She now lives in the family home of one of her sisters in Hamilton. At some stage in the very early 1990s, coinciding with a period where she was evidently feeling low, King left drawing completely. However, in 2008, fueled by renewed interest shown in her work, during the filming of Pictures of Susan (directed by Dan Salmon, Octopus Pictures Limited, 2012), she picked up the pencil and began to draw, continuing where she had left off almost two decades prior. As one becomes acquainted with her work, the rigorousness of her visual vocabulary—which shows a disregard for and indifference to time and medium—is evident. In spite of King's "isolation" from verbal and written communication, she has methodically created an entire analogous world through her work. After spending time reviewing the drawings and their chronology, the viewer will begin to discover visual lists, catalogs, or indexes of certain objects, which get reconfigured and distorted beyond recognition in subsequent pictures.

Biography courtesy of <http://susanking.com/biography/>

Monster's stomach⁸
this is a monster's stomach inside there are bad germs which are fighting the good germ's there's. there is a monster's mouth also some people who were slowed and stuck in the stomach.

Sport fight⁹

Synchronized swimming³
these people, animals, and maybe even aliens are doing synchronize swimming and it looks like they have a beach to.

A world show¹³
a world show it looks like to me because it has a shape like a country and everyone is watching it.

Graveyard tour¹⁵
this is a grave yard tour as well as it looks like there are zombies.

A swamp of junk⁷

The sea of people

A trolls home²²
this is a sea of people there is

a person who is in watch chair and is trying to get out with his or her blue leg.

Toe hill¹⁶

A picnic at a river

The standing animal circus⁵
This is A picnic there's felid of flowers a colourful river people eating that look like Pokémon.

School assembly

Bug invasion²³

Flying waterfall⁶
Here is a flying waterfall because the swimmers they have flying hats

Peter Rabbit²⁵
this is like peter rabbit because there are a lot of bugs bunny and it's about getting a new home.

Long leg life

Morning shoes²⁶

Arm sea
Long leg life 2

A picnic

Little guys²⁴

Planting heads²⁵
Long empty conversations²⁴

Light keeper catchers⁴
here are some light catchers they are light catchers because they have light heads and there are stick people who are getting away from the light heads.

Sailor bodies¹¹

Donald Duck¹⁹

The kettle kingdom¹⁸

Muumm hi

I won \$100,000

The grass sea

The laughing circus¹

This text is Kuini's initial response to a collection of works by Susan Te Kahurangi King which she titles and describes. Not all of the works referenced here are present in the exhibition. Those that are have been signalled by their floorsheet number.