



CREDITS & ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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in association with the exhibition ***a kind of sleep***
4 December 2004 – 27 February 2005

a kind of sleep is an outcome of Ann Shelton's 2004 residency as a participant in the Taranaki artist in residence programme, a partnership between the Govett-Brewster Art Gallery and the Western Institute of Technology at Taranaki, Te Kura Matatini o Taranaki.

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Ann Shelton would like to thank

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Ann Shelton: a kind of sleep is a project produced as a result of the 2004 artist's residency as part of the Taranaki artist in residence programme. This programme brings at least one international artist from the Pacific Rim and one New Zealand artist to New Plymouth each year to produce a major new exhibition project, accompanied by a publication featuring new writing.

Ann Shelton spent 10 weeks in New Plymouth working on *a kind of sleep*, researching and taking photographs as well as speaking about her practice and the new project to local audiences. The work produced as part of the residency continued Shelton's examination of landscapes and their relationship to historical and fictional narratives.

Shelton is familiar to Govett-Brewster audiences, having presented work in exhibitions including *Lights>camera>action: critical moments from the Govett-Brewster collections 1969-2004* 2004; *Break: the Govett-Brewster Art Gallery biennial review of contemporary New Zealand art* 2002; and *Feature: art, life and cinema* 2001. Ann Shelton is a graduate of the prestigious MFA programme at the University of British Columbia, and is now Subject Coordinator and Senior Lecturer in Photography at the School of Visual Arts at Manukau Institute of Technology, The University of Auckland at Manukau.

As Director, I thank all the people who assisted the Gallery and Ann with the project, including Manukau Institute of Technology for releasing Ann to undertake the residency and for generously supporting this publication, Vincent Ward and the NZ Film Commission for the licence to use footage from the film *Vigil*, and Michael Morley and Absolute Heaven for the music on the video sound track and to Starkwhite for assistance with the exhibition. Thanks to Mary Zurakowski, Art Tutor and Residency Coordinator and Geraldine Guy, Head of School, Faculty of Arts and Humanities at the Western Institute of Technology at Taranaki for their support of the project, their fellow staff and the student body at WITT for making Ann so welcome on campus. The support of WITT in the residency programme is an ongoing partnership. Creative New Zealand Toi Aotearoa also continues to provide significant support to the artist in residence programme. Finally, I thank Ann for producing such strong new work and continuing the residency's contribution to significant new art practice in New Zealand.

^{fig 1} Installation view *a kind of sleep* Govett-Brewster Art Gallery, 2004-5.
Photo: Govett-Brewster Art Gallery



Ann Shelton
| a kind of sleep

fig 1

anna sanderson
IN THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW

I sleep in the Aro Valley. The man I share a bed with is a light sleeper. The tick of an alarm clock keeps him awake, a light in another room, a dripping tap. He rests in a fragile membrane of sleep, and the night is full of barbs, prickling him awake. Unidentified sounds generate high drama that I can't understand. Everything loses its proportion in the scalelessness of the night. Unknown sounds are intruders, and must be eliminated. His 'what was that?' comes out with a tense vigilance.

I, on the other hand, feel safe. I sleep with the same sense of protection I had as a child, when my parents' voices would be audible from my darkened bedroom. I felt pleasantly held by the murmuring voices, the intermittent clinks of dishes in the kitchen, and the light slivers through the crack of the door which affirmed the warmth of hessian and panelled wood outside, and the golden echoey mood of the house.

In Vincent Ward's *Vigil* 1984, Ethan describes what he sees when he thinks of hawks. 'I see them diving out of the sun, so that their prey can't see them, and racing just above the ground without moving their wings.' 'Now there you are!' Birdy declares. 'What you see depends on who you are!'

How slender our shared experience can be. I may be a solid sleeper, but I have my own unease; a different 'what was that?' What was it when the candle went on in the middle of the night, or a cool breeze comes across my face when the window is closed? What was the invisible darkness in the corner? What is it when I notice a foreign warmth on my hand but don't notice when another person walks into the room? What are the interpretations of the endless detective-work needed for my body? What is the pain in my back, the fist in my solar plexus, the scored lines going back in my breasts, the waves of love and waves of dread; so much the same.

Are there guardian angels? I was sitting on the top level of St. Vincent's hospital. There were about 50 chairs crammed into this small room, which offered a windowed view onto the roof of this 60's style building. Pigeons used the balcony, maybe smokers. The spire of the church over the street poked up from behind the roof edge, as if it had come over to have a look.

The stress reduction clinic offered acupuncture and energy work. Participants would wait, seated and ears ready, looking out at the roof for the acupuncturists to come with their alcohol swabs and cellophane encased needles. There were also energy healing

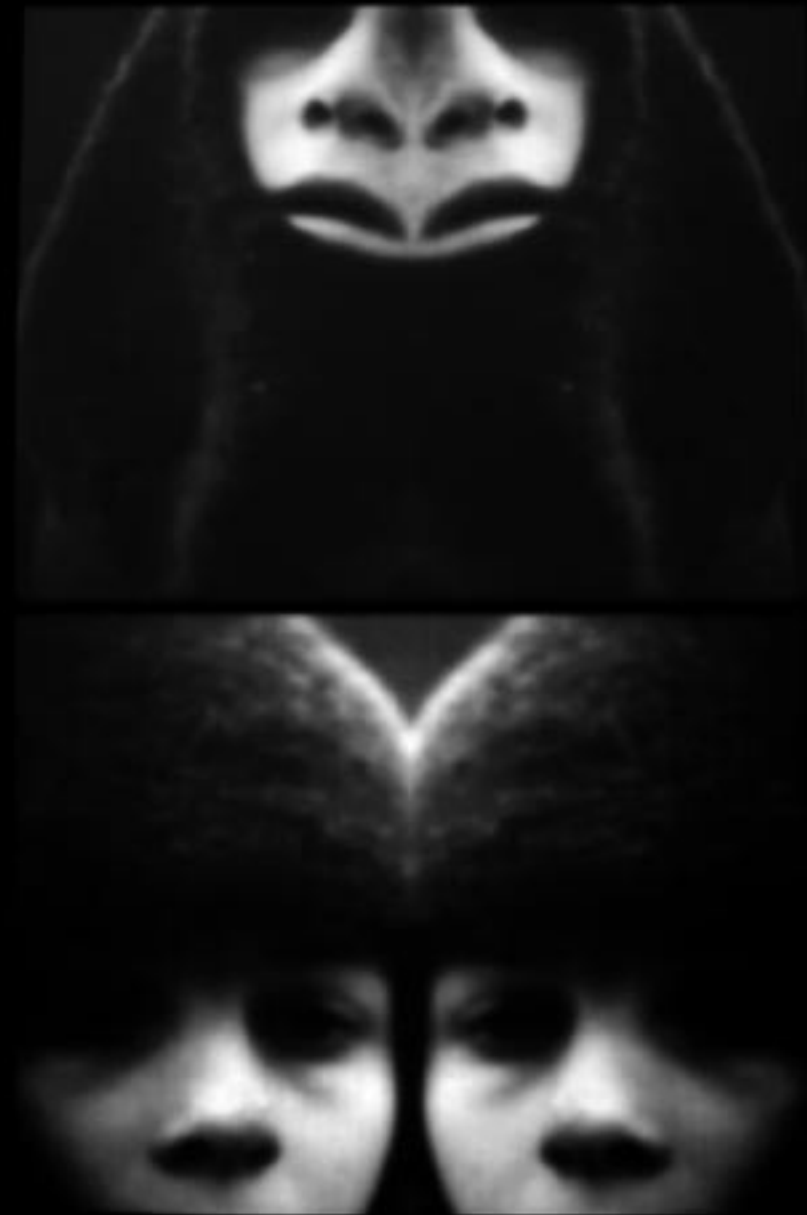


fig 1



fig2

people who would operate around the person without touching them, seeming to push and extrude whatever invisible substance they were present to. Often they had the air of a conductor, their movements were short and choppy, like polishing or dusting, or more fluid, or still.

It was a hushed environment. They played CDs of ambient new age music with natural sounds like water running, unless the harpist was there. The harpist was a blunt featured, masculine woman who sang like an angel. I don't think her songs had words. They were soothing and bell-like. They called to mind the music that would accompany the finding of an oasis in *Logan's Run*. I always tried to make eye contact with her as I got up to leave, to say thank you. She would nod and smile a tiny bit and always look slightly surprised.

At some point, sitting with my eyes closed, someone came up to me and gently put their hand on my head. A warm, electric fuzz seeped into it. They held their hands very even, not varying the position at all, although I felt waves humming differently into my body, trickling into different channels. I marvelled at the smoothly graduated power of the energy generated by such minimal intervention.

When they'd left, I sat for a while longer and then got up to thank the person and go. 'Were you working on me?' I asked the black pony-tailed healer I saw there every week. 'Do you know who was?' I asked when he said no. 'I don't think I saw anyone working on you', he said, 'It could have been me – I've been working with Egyptian energy rods and I can affect people up to twelve metres away'. In my own imagination it wasn't him or anyone there, but an Asian or Hispanic woman in a white nurse's uniform. Through the back of my head I had seen her white shoes.

There is a point in *Vigil* where something clicks. It is almost alchemical. Toss is inside the wrecked car assembling her makeshift shrine. The camera notices what she doesn't – a piece of hessian catches fire on the candle before it skims over her collection of pictures: St. George and the Dragon, the planet Saturn and others redolent with mystical Christian iconography. She holds up a biblical illustration in which one victorious angel saturated with light, has slain and cast down another angel. The vanquished angel sprawls on the top of a seething pile of angel corpses. 'Hunter, Hawk-Man, I know who you are. The Devil's Angel. Ethan ... Ethan ... Ethan Ruir.' Toss says, as she places this light-soaked bird-man

on top of a column of photographs descending from her father through her mother to her. With the transformative magic of her words and image alignments something is triggered or released. The sparks fly from the burning hessian and make a noise like tiny rockets, or air escaping out of a pressure cooker. It is as if an imp is angry. She wears a characteristic expression as she watches this – transfixed and uncomprehending.

Vincent Ward searched a long time to find the horseshoe-shaped valley in Taranaki that became the *Vigil* set: 'I remembered sitting in front of our gramophone listening to a recording of Charles Laughton describing in long, succulent sentences the extraordinary beauty of [the Chartres Cathedral] stained glass windows. The light and colours were exquisite as I anticipated, but more profound was the impact of the cathedral's acoustics, which were strongly reminiscent of those in my valley. Characteristically noises were soft and muted, but certain sounds became amplified, and those close by were extraordinarily clear, like drops of water falling into a still pool. This was how I wanted Toss to hear the world: muffled, unclear, then suddenly rent by the scream of a hawk or the thud of a knife into wood, sharp and lucid, reverberating down the valley like the echoes at Chartres.'¹

'At the funeral, the priest talked about a valley...' Toss pesters her grandfather in the film. 'Where is the valley? *Where is it?!*' I feel a shared, faint hysteria.

In Jane Campion's movie *An Angel at My Table* 1990, the Janet Frame character is in solitary confinement. There is the glossy sound of pencil on paint as she scrawls in a hurry up the green wall. *The Lord is my Shepherd I shall not want...* She writes like she is chewing the phrase up with her hand. She is not leaving a souvenir, but writing it to be able to read it, writing and reading simultaneously. *This* is a reason to write, I now see. Pull something out of you to look at it. When in *The Valley*.

After that I tried to ingrain that psalm in me, for a rainy day or perhaps for every day. I wrote it down over and over, thinking it would wear its tracks into me. It didn't take. Trying to write it down months later, I can recall laying down beside the calm waters, and can remember walking in the valley of the shadow of death. I know that he keepeth me something, and that he leadeth me – he *leadeth* me through the valley of the shadow of death. It comes in fits and starts but it's really no good. I won't remember it in an emergency, as the filmic Janet Frame did. If that is not



fig 3

there for me then what will be? 'You can feel the wind' someone said to me once, and that is true.

Ann sends me pictures of places. I pin *Theatre*, the image of the Valley to the wall. It looks like a set, with a flat of tussocky grass as stage and a backdrop of dark green bush. Light hits dark bush in a sheeny dusty way, the way it might hit silk or blonde hair. If I walked straight over the tussocky paddock towards that bush and the vanishing point, I would find a little opening in the trees which would bend off to the left. A path may continue into the valley.

I pin its mirror underneath it, the edges not quite touching. The two together enact a repeat which makes the whole a pattern. Now it is a pattern it is different. I look at it differently. I keep my focus broadened and diffuse and seek its rules. Not 'what is it like in there?' anymore, but 'what does it do?'

It is a silk watermark kind of pattern. It echoes rhythmically around within its own closed circuit. A pocked central band is trimmed with a darker band on each side with an undulating pattern. The pattern recedes in the centre. It radiates in an outward direction in the central band, and flows and pours in the outward band. It plays in two tones which reverse – dark green with light green accents, and light green with dark green accents.

Where the symmetry becomes less intense, the attraction weakens. The two closest mirrored edges have the strongest attraction. The reflected clumps of grasses corresponding casually, at these edges become a cylindrical centrifuge, spinning magical etched out forms in space, like grass seen through cut crystal, or as if complex fractal patterns in the air are a glass through which you see the grass. Some other order of intricate symmetry has become visible. The patterning created at the centre has a dual nature, demonic and decorative at once.

The image singly presents a perspectival world which seems enchanting, but in a certain way comprehensible. The mirroring generates a pattern world in which different types of volume are indistinguishable. I wonder, is the pattern in the trees and grass, or is it in the air between the camera and it. I can't tell, so the air and trees and grass become one. The grass might have been distorted by the air. This air can be bent and chipped and carved; this air is a material.

Double images mean your looking vacillates between two types of looking; the pattern type and the window view type. I am

not able to settle into a perceptual mode. This mirroring takes the gravitational pull out of the strata. Which way to the centre of the earth? Up? No. Down? No. It is an ordering which I don't recognise. What kind of mutations would have to take place in me before I could inhabit it? I feel a hint of other orders beyond the grasp of the machine of my mind, but perhaps not beyond me.

When the storm comes, Toss tries to hold it in the ground, but the wind is too strong. The gale uproots the sapling she has planted. The tree comes up out of the earth and the sounds come in. They are alarming and splendid, like female angels ascending, the tones of their voices twining together up and up. There is no ceiling to these noises, as there is no ceiling for the sapling, pulled into the sky root over branches. The ether is extruding this thing from the earth. There is no tension in the shot at all. The frame holds the flying tree in its centre as if a cage followed its captured bird as it flew, keeping it in the centre. The last we see of it, is its weird stubborn upside-downness, the branches spreading towards us on the ground as the roots tip up to the sky.

¹ Vincent Ward 'Making Vigil' in *Edge of the Earth: Stories and Images from the Antipodes*, Heinemann Reed, Auckland 1990, p. 71-72.

^{fig 1} Still from *Sisters* 2004, *Vigil* film clip courtesy of Vincent Ward and The New Zealand Film Commission.

^{fig 2} Fiona Kay as Toss in Vincent Ward's *Vigil*, still courtesy of Vincent Ward and The New Zealand Film Commission.

^{fig 3} Installation view, *Sisters* 2004, *Vigil* film clip courtesy of Vincent Ward and The New Zealand Film Commission.

PLATES

**13 Theatre, Uruti Valley,
Taranaki** 2004

black and white photographs
diptych 1150 x 1450 mm each
courtesy the artist

**15 Villa 11, formerly Lake Alice Hospital,
Wanganui** 2004

c-type photograph
diptych 1150 x 1450 mm each
courtesy the artist

**16 Sleeper, Lucy's Gully,
South Taranaki** 2004

black and white photographs
diptych 1450 x 1150 mm each
courtesy the artist

**18 Vault, Lovers' Leap,
Otago Peninsula** 2003

c-type photograph
diptych 1150 x 1450 mm each
courtesy the artist

**19 Arena, Te Ngutu O Te Manu/Beak of the Bird,
South Taranaki** 2004

c-type photograph
diptych 1150 x 1450 mm each
collection of the Govett-Brewster Art Gallery

20 Sisters 2004

dvd 9"10" looped
twin-channel projection
courtesy the artist

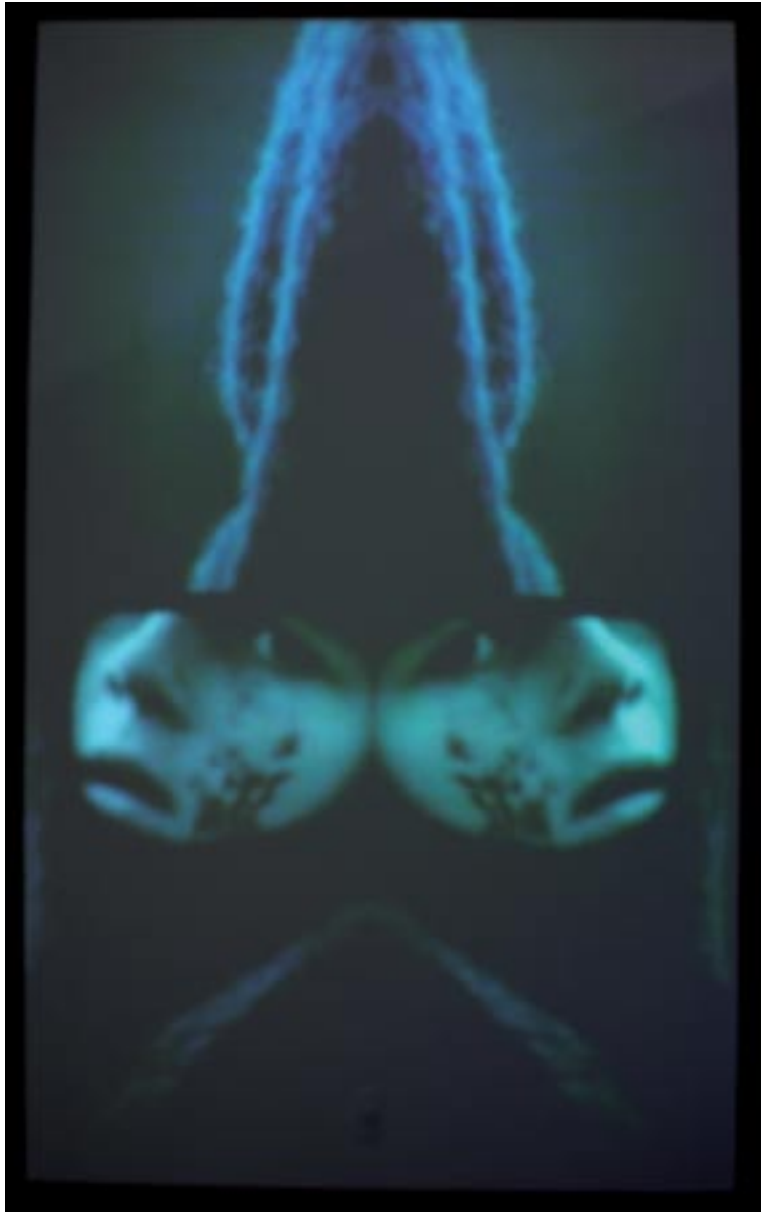
Dedicated to Giovanni Intra (1968–2002)
Vigil film clip courtesy of Vincent Ward and The
New Zealand Film Commission.
Soundtrack by Michael Morley *Gate the Lavender head v3.3*,
recorded at The Driving Range, Absolute Heaven 2001











charlotte huddleston
WORD REACHES US FROM THE DISTANCE

For a long time photographs were the official site of memory; memory shifts, but a photograph is fixed. And for a long time this fixity stood for truth. As we know, under the influence of swathes of reproductive photo-based imagery dealing in altered realities, the relationship between photography and truth underwent radical changes. In the wake of this inundation it was natural that the authority of photography would be questioned. But even before this, after the effect of writing on memory we knew well that any medium that transcribes has an embedded sense of loss.

Roland Barthes has written about the anxiety of the gaze in relation to the photographic image, suggesting that an aspect of this anxiety is derived from the aura of lost past attached to all photographs. Writing in *The photographic message* in 1961 Barthes discussed the idea that the structure of the photograph contains two elements. The first was the denotative capacity of photography to imitate the world, the second the connotative power of signification: the cultural resonances activated by a photograph. It is the denotative aspect of the photograph which can be identified with emotional trauma and loss. In a later essay *Rhetoric of the image* Barthes expanded upon his earlier distinction between the denotative and connotative dimensions of photography.¹ Stating that denotation established “a new space-time category: spatial immediacy and temporal anteriority, the photograph being an illogical conjunction between the *here-now* and the *there-then*.”²

If Barthes’s here-now refers to the moment of viewing the photograph and there-then refers specifically to the moment the photograph is taken, then Ann Shelton’s ongoing series of doubled photographs suggest other moments of pause. As Barthes describes they contain the spatially immediate here-now of viewing and the anterior there-then of image making. However, they also contain a further layer of temporality; that is the earlier event Shelton is memorialising with the photograph. Shelton is manipulating the temporal anteriority by re-memorialising the past. But it doesn’t end there; Shelton has also altered the realm of spatial immediacy by reversing and doubling the image. In turn the doubling creates a dual there-then: the taking of the photograph and the creation of its mirror image.

The doubling of images in Shelton’s work has predominantly been discussed in relation to interplay of fiction and reality and the creation of myth, “marking out the relationship between the projected desire and the conception of events that is central to



fig 1



fig 2

our fascination with cinema and photography.”³ The image and its reverse not only reinforce the similarities of fiction and reality, together they outline a rich territory of their own as both a point of rupture and of hyphenation. Just as seeing one’s self between two mirrors is seeing the true self, the space between Shelton’s images allows for a reflection on the apparent dichotomies of truth and fiction and the influence of memory on both.

In the same way that philosopher Maurice Merleau-Ponty sought to rearticulate the Cartesian approaches of philosophers like Jean-Paul Sartre to the relationships between the dualisms of subject and object, self and world, Shelton’s reversed photographs also reassess binaries. The photographs put the viewer between two mirrors, in a “reflection which turns back over the density of the world in order to clarify it, but which, coming second, reflects back to it only its own light.”⁴

What the reflected light illuminates is a matter of perception. According to Merleau-Ponty ambiguity prevails both in our perception of things and in our knowledge of ourselves. This occurs primarily due to our temporal situation, which cannot be anything but ambiguous. He suggests: “My hold on the past and the future is precarious and my possession of my own time is always postponed until a stage when I may fully understand it, yet this stage can never be reached, since it would be one more moment bounded by the horizon of its future, and requiring in its turn, further developments in order to be understood.”⁵

Similarly Shelton’s photographs are cognisant of the ambiguity of temporality and perception. The deliberate focus on the ‘polarities’ of truth and fiction brings the ambiguity of the difference between the two into focus. Shelton’s front on documentary style of photography has the authority of truth and many of her photographs are of places that have seen real events, often of historic importance. However, the true location of the past action often remains unconfirmed. Shelton relies on the uncertain reflection of memory, recognising that our precarious hold on the past often denies us full understanding of what took place.

Shelton’s photographs in *a kind of sleep*, and others taken during her residency, are a continuation of her documentation of, often marginal, sites of historic significance.⁶ Memory and collective consciousness play a vital part in the realisation of Shelton’s photographs. During her residency Shelton photographed locations of historic significance in the Taranaki region. One site

in particular Te Ngutu O Te Manu/The Beak of the Bird is a well known landmark. It was once a village built by Riwha Titokowaru. However, between June and September 1868 battles were fought between southern Taranaki iwi led by Titokowaru and colonial forces. It was a time of conflict brought on by what is known as the creeping confiscation of Māori land by Pakeha. Today the site features a white stone cross, marking the place where British commander Major Gustavus Ferdinand von Tempsky fell in a battle on 7 September.⁷ However, it is generally accepted by those who have some knowledge of the area that the cross is in the wrong place. The site remains one of discord even now with divergent views creating histories with different emphasis. As a site of history and memory, and particularly a site marking a chapter in the conflict over land, Te Ngutu O Te Manu is a rich location for Shelton’s conceptual exploration of the shifting ground of history and memory.

The 7 September battle at Te Ngutu O Te Manu is memorable for several reasons: the humiliating defeat of colonial forces by Titokowaru, the death of von Tempsky and the capture and kidnap of a Māori boy named Ngatau Omahuru. Within the first week of contact between Māori and English in 1769, children were snatched by both races. This continued on and off for many years. The story of the Ngatau Omahuru/William Fox is distinctive amongst the stories of kidnap due to the political implications of his subsequent adoption by Premier William Fox and because of a photograph taken of the boy. A few days after he was taken Ngatau Omahuru was photographed in English garb in a Wanganui studio, fixing a point in his life, the course of which had been irreversibly changed. The photograph of the Fox Boy, as he came to be known, is one of the few fixed points in the story of Omahuru and it reminds us that truth is still a cousin of photography. Shelton’s doubled image of Te Ngutu O Te Manu reflects the disorienting effects of a dual identity experienced by Ngatau Omahuru/William Fox.

Throughout any investigation of Omahuru’s life we encounter breaks in the narrative, points where time and loss cause a cleaving of facts. The points of rupture provide easy apertures for speculation about the life of Omahuru. Just as a hyphen simultaneously divides and connects so the fixed points of photography and other records of first hand knowledge hyphenate the story of Omahuru. Comparatively, the gaps between Shelton’s

mirrored images hyphenate memory and location. Although the images themselves are un-peopled they are occupied by the aura of past events. Shelton chooses places resonant with presence, hyphenating the relationships between the measurements of space and the events of the past much like Italo Calvino's Zaira, the city of memory, holds the past in its architecture. Her images depict places bearing the marks of habitation that contain the past, they are filled with invisible but somehow tangible information and, of course, they are filled with loss.

The threat of loss generates a desire to record and collect. Collecting is an act which orders the past, keeping it visible, holding loss at bay. As Walter Benjamin revealed in *Unpacking my library: a talk about book collecting*, the collector's deepest desire is to renew the old world by gathering things that hold meaning.⁸ Through selecting, arranging and displaying the collector imposes order on a disordered world. The dialectic of order and disorder surrounds both the collector and the collection, positioning us once again in that ambiguous state between binaries. Another of Shelton's photographs taken during her residency depicts part of a collection that clearly reflects notions of order and chaos. The Fred Butler collection comprised a vast array of items: books, pianos, china, paintings, furniture, clothing, lanterns, muskets, letters, negatives from the 1860s, patchwork quilts, historical records from the Taranaki region and more. Butler was a self confessed obsessive collector; his collection represented 60 years of dedicated collecting that really only stopped when he died.⁹ Shelton photographed a small part of the collection, housed at Puke Ariki in New Plymouth, of some hundreds of Butler's carefully compiled scrapbooks. The scrapbooks contain newspaper clippings of news stories, births, deaths and marriages from the Taranaki region, which Butler pasted into old books that he had turned upside down. He covered the books with wallpaper, labelling each volume with the type of information and time period it covered. Butler's collecting contains a sense of pathos engendered by the material he collected and what seems to be a compulsion to protect against loss of local memories.

It seems that Butler knew well the precariousness of memory. Like Benjamin he recognised that the counterpart to the confusion of a library is the order of its catalogue. To bring order to the somewhat idiosyncratic collection Butler meticulously recorded and cross referenced each entry on a total of 20,000 index cards.¹⁰

His assiduous collecting and cataloguing of newsworthy stories may have been driven by a need to organise the world, but as in all collecting there is the notion of defence against the anxiety of loss. A collector like Butler is not a holder of commodities but a custodian of history and memory. Butler took his self appointed role of custodian seriously, during his lifetime he went to great lengths attempting to ensure that his collection would remain together and cared for. Inevitably the collection was dispersed. Not much is known about Butler the person, a search through the scrapbook index cards reveals an entry for Butler, however, the scrapbook it refers to is lost. Butler himself may be as shadowy as the Fox Boy, yet memory of Butler survives in his collection, for a collection is a reflection of the collector. The scrapbook collection holds off the chaos of memory by fixing points in time. The clippings themselves are akin to the photograph of the Fox Boy; they hold a connotative and denotative capacity comparable to that of a photograph. They also adhere to Barthes's concept of temporal layering, the immediate here-now and anterior there-then. In turn, Shelton's doubled image of the collection presents further moments of pause.

As a series Shelton's doubled images restate sites of trauma and history, operating as two mirrors between which we can gain an inkling of the construction of truth. If any medium that transcribes contains a sense of loss, it is also important to remember that the act of transcribing is in itself an attempt to ward off loss. The taking of a photograph, the recording of a story and the collection of newspaper clippings are all moves to record and preserve sites of memory. If memory is reflection then Shelton's images are about the anxiety of what is able to be really known and kept.

¹ See Martin Jay *Downcast eyes: the denigration of vision in twentieth-century French thought* University of California Press, California and London, 1994, p. 441-445.

² Roland Barthes 'Rhetoric of the image' in *Image, Music, Text* trans. and ed. Stephen Heath, Noonday Press, USA, 1978, p. 44.

³ Ann Shelton *Public places*, Rim Publishing, New Zealand 2003, p. 7.

⁴ Maurice Merleau-Ponty *The Visible and the Invisible* trans. Alphonso Lingis, Northwestern University Press, Evanston, 1968, p. 35.

⁵ Maurice Merleau-Ponty *Phenomenology of Perception* trans. Colin Smith, Routledge and Kegan Paul, London, 1962, p. 346.

⁶ During her residency Shelton also photographed the empty villas at Lake Alice and part of the Brewster house at Frankley Road. The residency series of images followed on from earlier works Shelton had done including *Vault, Lovers' Leap, Otago Peninsula* which was included in *a kind of sleep*.

⁷ For further information on Titokowaru and von Tempsky see *Dictionary of New Zealand Biography* <http://www.dnz.b.govt.nz/> and <http://www.pukeariki.com/en/>

⁸ Walter Benjamin 'Unpacking my library: a talk about book collecting' 1931, in *Illuminations* trans. Harry Zohn, ed. Hannah Arendt. New York: Schocken, 1968.

⁹ For more information about the Butler Collection go to: <http://www.pukeariki.com/en/stories/entertainmentandleisure/butler.asp>

¹⁰ A search of Butler's index cards reveals references to Te Ngutu O Te Manu, Titokowaru, von Tempsky and to Sir William Fox but no mention of Ngatau Omahuru.

^{ns1} Installation view *a kind of sleep* Govett-Brewster Art Gallery, 2004-5. Photo: Govett-Brewster Art Gallery .

^{ns2} Portrait of Ngatau Omahuru (1863-1918) also known as William Fox. Son of Te Karere and Hinewai Omahuru of the Nga Ruahine Iwi. Photographer: William James Harding (1826-1899). PA2-2494. Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington.

ann shelton
THE PALIMPSEST IS BLACK
NOTES ON A SURFACE

I've been looking at a photograph of a daguerreotype, it's a portrait of a lady. Regal and parcelled in Victorian costume, everything about her is hidden to me. But I imagine I see her, even through her, in and around her life. I bring what I think I know about her time to bear on her photograph.

An aspect of my project has been an attempt to make images that oppose this impression of surety. This sense that knowledge has been attained when looking at a photograph. Instead I have sought to make images that embrace the speculative and mobile nature of history and memory, images that are empty of people and of dramatic events in progress. The photographs taken during the Govett-Brewster residency are vacant in that they are unpopulated, but they are occupied by histories and stories, by the variable accounts that are narrated in relation to them.

I wanted these images to read as a kind of monument, but in doing that to present a pause, a space to fill, a clue to information held only as fragments or strata sitting beneath the surface of the image. I wanted the images to reflect the shifting status of any historical account alongside its spatial and temporal revolutions. Taken after the fact, silent, these photographs deny specific depictions of events in favour of a changed presentation of space, of place.

Ann Shelton, 2005

^{fig 1} Ann Shelton, *The Norian (No Right Angles) Wall, Frankley Road, New Plymouth, Part of the Edgar Roy Brewster House originally at Sanders Ave*, black and white prints, diptych 910 x 720 mm each, courtesy the artist, 2005.



ANN SHELTON ARTIST'S BIOGRAPHY

1967 Born in Timaru, lives and works in Auckland

EDUCATION

2002 Masters in Fine Arts, University of British Columbia, Vancouver, Canada.

1995 Bachelor of Fine Arts, Elam School of Fine Arts, University of Auckland.

SOLO EXHIBITIONS

2005 Excerpts *a kind of sleep* Starkwhite, Auckland.

2004 *a kind of sleep* Govett-Brewster Art Gallery, New Plymouth.

Once more from the street Starkwhite, Auckland.

Vacant possession McNamara Gallery, Wanganui.

Works by Ann Shelton Starkwhite, Auckland.

2003 *Nine lives* 1.6 Gallery, Vancouver, Canada.

Erewhon Starkwhite, Auckland.

K hole Lopdell House Gallery, Auckland.

2002 *Erewhon* Ramp Gallery, Hamilton.

2000 *A girl in every port* Ivan Anthony Gallery, Auckland.

The strip Experimental Art Foundation, Adelaide, Australia.

Abigail's party Adam Art Gallery, Wellington.

1998 *Cabin fever* an installation for Fiat Lux Gallery, Auckland.

1996–1998 *REDEYE* touring exhibition, May 1996 – January 1998.

1995 *The intrigue of my evening* Teststrip Gallery, Auckland.

SELECTED GROUP EXHIBITIONS

2005 *Verbatim: In so many words* Lopdell House, Auckland, curated by Paul McNamara.

Sharp shooting St Paul Street Gallery, Auckland, curated by Heather Gailbraith.

2004 *Coming home in the dark* Christchurch Art Gallery, curated by Felicity Milburn.

Lights >camera >action: critical moments from the Govett-Brewster collections 1969-2004 Govett-Brewster Art Gallery, New Plymouth, curated by Simon Rees.

Hollyweird: art from Los Angeles Starkwhite, Auckland, curated by Ann Shelton.

2003 *Deep-vein psychosis* rm 103, Auckland, curated by Anthony Byrt.

Pressing flesh: skin, touch, intimacy Auckland Art Gallery, curated by Robert Leonard.

Put out more flags a Cuckoo project, Moving Image Centre Gallery, Auckland.

Dead ringer Gus Fisher Gallery, Auckland, curated by Robin Stoney.

Slow release: recent photography from New Zealand Adam Art Gallery, Wellington, curated by Zara Stanhope.

No direct line from my heart to my brain The Physics Room, Christchurch, curated by Violet Faigan.

2002 *Break: the Govett-Brewster Art Gallery biennial review of contemporary New Zealand art* Govett-Brewster Art Gallery, New Plymouth, curated by Simon Rees.

Dogwood Morris and Helen Belkin Art Gallery, Vancouver, Canada.

Slow Release: recent photography from New Zealand Heide Museum of Modern Art, Melbourne, Australia, touring to Sale Art Gallery, Canberra, Australia, curated by Zara Stanhope.

Suite The Belkin Satellite Gallery, Vancouver, Canada.

2001 *Feature: art, life & cinema* Govett-Brewster Art Gallery, New Plymouth, curated by Gregory Burke.

New work three artists Ivan Anthony Gallery, Auckland.

Bright paradise the inaugural New Zealand triennial, Auckland City Art Gallery, curated by Allan Smith.

Looking back Peter McLeavey Gallery, Wellington.

2000 *In glorious dreams* Govett-Brewster Art Gallery, New Plymouth, curated by Gregory Burke and Hanna Scott.

Multiples Ivan Anthony Gallery, Auckland.

The Waikato art award 2000 Merit Award, Hamilton.

The new acquisitions The Museum of New Zealand/Te Papa Tongarewa, Wellington.

Mobile The Australian Centre For Photography, Sydney, Australia, curated by Francisco Fisher.

Drive: power >progress >desire Govett-Brewster Art Gallery, New Plymouth, curated by Gregory Burke and Hanna Scott.

1999 *Wonderlands* Govett-Brewster Art Gallery, New Plymouth, curated by Gregory Burke and Hanna Scott.

The collected works Govett-Brewster Art Gallery, New Plymouth, curated by Jim and Mary Barr.

We really care rm 3 Gallery, Auckland.

In art we trust Fiat Lux fund raiser, Fiat Lux Gallery, Auckland.

1998 *Necessary protection* Govett-Brewster Art Gallery, New Plymouth.

Folklore: the New Zealander's Artspace, Auckland, touring to Sargeant Art Gallery, Wanganui, curated by Gavin Hipkins.

1997 *fotofeis, REDEYE* The Arches, Glasgow, Scotland.

Sharp and shiny Govett-Brewster Art Gallery, New Plymouth, curated by John Hurrell.

Kisser Fiat Lux Gallery, Auckland.

1996 *100 bucks* Teststrip, Auckland.

Laying it on thick Artspace, Auckland, curated by Delia Browne, Judy Millar and Peter Shand.

1995 *Please give generously* Teststrip, Auckland.

Terminal Ambassador Theatre, Auckland.

Stamina Ambassador Theatre, Auckland.

1994 *Open the shutter: Auckland photographers now* Auckland Museum, curated by Ron Brownson.

One hundred and fifty ways of loving co-curated by Paul Booth, Kirsty Cameron and Ann Shelton, Artspace, Auckland.

Knight Landesman at Teststrip Teststrip, Auckland.

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Jennifer French 'a kind of sleep' *Natural Selection* Issue 4, p. 16.

2004 Ann Shelton 'Mystical nesian photographs' *Public/private – the second Auckland triennial* Auckland Art Gallery, Auckland, p. 92-94.

2003 Anthony Byrt *Deep-vein psychosis* rm 103, Auckland (cat.)

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Gwynneth Porter 'A Girl in Every Port, Ann Shelton and LACE 2, Yvonne Todd.' *Like* no.13, p. 55-56.

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A KIND OF SLEEP CONTRIBUTORS NOTES

gregory burke

Editor of Ann Shelton: ***a kind of sleep*** Gregory Burke was Director of the Govett-Brewster Art Gallery from 1998 – 2005. In August 2005 Burke took up the position of Director at the Power Plant in Toronto, Canada. During his time at the Govett-Brewster Burke was the commissioning curator of the Govett-Brewster's international artist in residence programme that brings artists from the Pacific rim to the Govett-Brewster Art Gallery including Jessica Bronson, Pae White, and Sam Durant from Los Angeles, Noboru Tsubaki from Japan, and Lee Bul from Korea.

te miringa hohaia

Research Advisor Te Miringa Hohaia (Taranaki Iwi is a traditional kaitiaki/custodian of Parihaka meeting house Te Pae pae o Te Raukura). As a musician, activist and historian, Hohaia is a prominent figure in the political and cultural affairs of the Taranaki tribes. For decades he has been a passionate advocate for Māori land rights. He lives on the Taranaki coast, close to Parihaka Pa. He jointly edited *Parihaka: the art of passive resistance* VUP 2001 with Gregory O'Brien and Lara Strongman and played a significant part in curating the exhibition of the same name at the City Gallery, Wellington 2000/2001.

charlotte huddleston

Catalogue essayist Charlotte Huddleston is Assistant Curator at the Govett-Brewster Art Gallery. Prior to this she was Gallery Manager at Wellington project space Enjoy Public Art Gallery. Huddleston is also essayist for the forthcoming Govett-Brewster Art Gallery publications for 2005 international artist in residence Lee Bul and 2005 New Zealand artist in residence Saskia Leek.

anna sanderson

Catalogue essayist Anna Sanderson is currently writing and living in Wellington. Sanderson studied Creative Writing at the New School University, New York during 2002 and 2003. Sanderson has written for publications such as *New Zealand Journal of Photography*, *Art and Text* and *Art New Zealand*.

GOVETT-BREWSTER ART GALLERY

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Detail *Arena, Te Ngutu O Te Mamu/Beak of the Bird, South Taranaki* 2004
c-type photograph, diptych 1150 x 1450 mm each, collection of the Govett-Brewster Art Gallery.

Inside Cover Image:

Detail *Crime Section, F.A. Butler collection Puke Ariki, Taranaki* 2004
c-type photograph, diptych 910 x 720 mm each, courtesy the artist



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