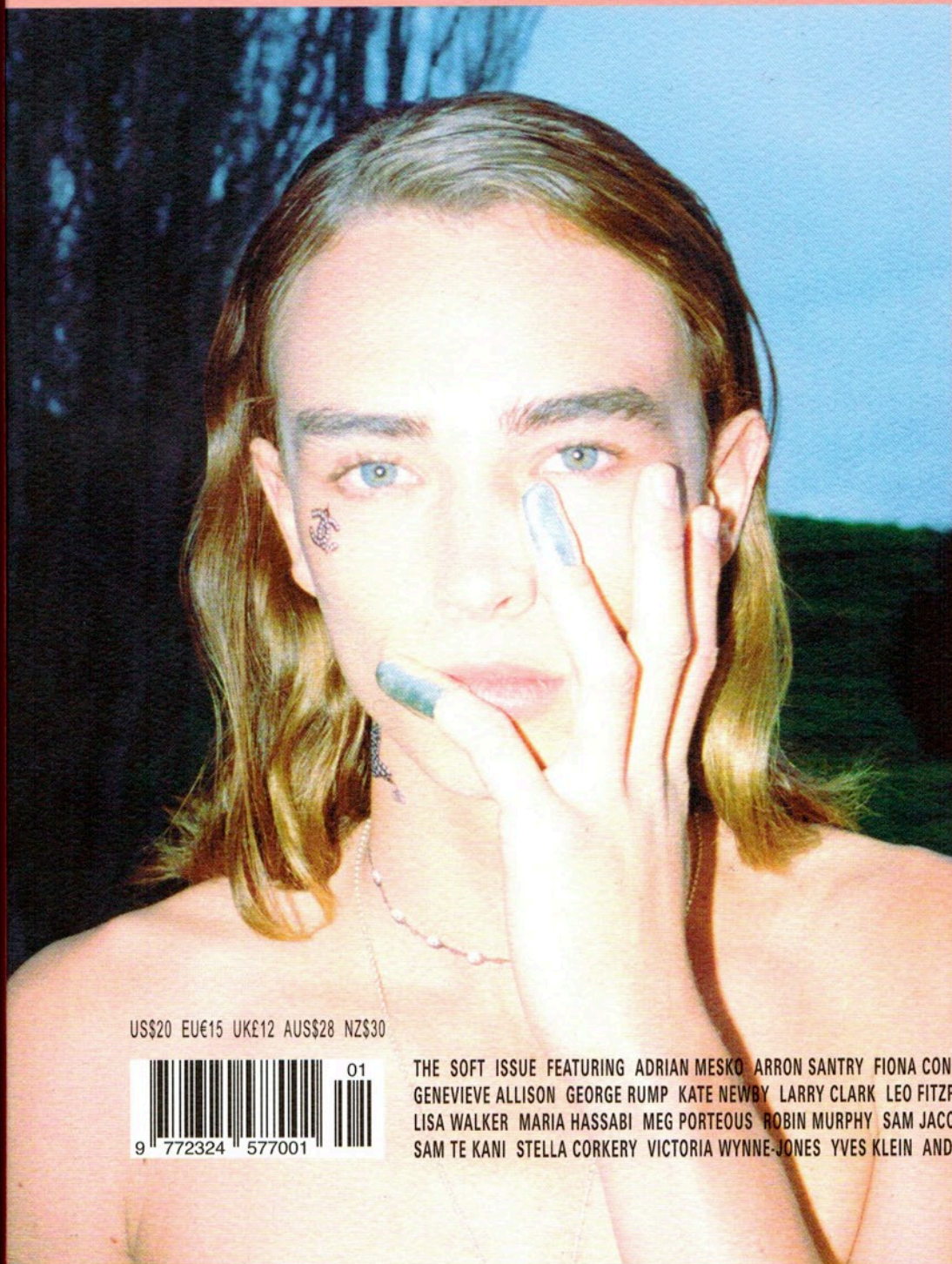


LE ROY ³



US\$20 EU€15 UK£12 AU\$28 NZ\$30



THE SOFT ISSUE FEATURING ADRIAN MESKO ARRON SANTRY FIONA CONNOR
GENEVIEVE ALLISON GEORGE RUMP KATE NEWBY LARRY CLARK LEO FITZPATRICK
LISA WALKER MARIA HASSABI MEG PORTEOUS ROBIN MURPHY SAM JACOBS
SAM TE KANI STELLA CORKERY VICTORIA WYNNE-JONES YVES KLEIN AND MORE

KATE



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If it's necessary I don't see why not, 2013, quilted silk, wool, cotton, dyed with onion peels, rhubarb, spinach, blueberries, turmeric, beetroot, backed with flannel sheeting, hand-stitched trim (with assistance of Linda Osmond), Fogo Island

All images courtesy the artist

NEWBY

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OUTSIDE

“Kate Newby’s titles are scraps of language borrowed from a range of sources (conversations with friends, motivational slogans from supermarket products, thoughts, songs, poetry) that, collected together, assert the artist’s commitment to openness, construction, mobility, improvisation, and self-sufficiency; to everyday practices and the ephemeral vitality of a life lived outside. The artist’s approach, marked by an ‘adaptive mobility’ or ‘improvisational materiality’, is echoed in the fluidity of her forms and media. Newby’s works range from large-scale spatial interventions, to publications of compiled ephemera, to photographs, text works and, more recently, itinerant sets of handmade rocks and sticks. Her materials are typically drawn from the built environment—‘primary materials’ such as concrete, timber, bricks, rocks, clay and wire—and materials associated with inhabitation: carpet, fabric, clay and plants. The forms these materials take in Newby’s work tend to allude directly to their functional properties: cotton is hung as a curtain, bricks used to build walls, concrete and carpet laid as floor coverings etc. Once inside the gallery, these forms are repurposed to construct a series of rich traversable ambiances that serve to both bring the ‘outside’ in, and lead the viewer from the inside out. Newby’s practice offers multiple narratives for escape. The most apparent escape routes are physical—pathways through an interior space that leads to a geographical location that is outside, but proximal to the ‘institution’. Sometimes works are sited outside—in the street, public parks, community gardens or disused lots in the city. In both instances, Newby’s interventions work to alter the experience of everyday by altering the spatial determinants of the built environment. The visitor is invited to meander from prescribed paths, to be diverted, to pay a different kind of attention to his or her surroundings. Other works are directed towards spheres of possibility.” – Sarah Hopkinson

This essay includes “eyewitness” accounts of interactions with Newby’s work in public space by Celia Archer, Matthew Harris, Heather Phelps-Lipton, Sriwhana Spong, Nick Waterson and Sue-Li Tasker Yeo.

MUNN



cotton, dyed with onion
sked with flannel sheeting,
Island

All images courtesy the artist and Hopkinson Mossman, Auckland, unless otherwise noted



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When I think about offsite projects I take Andy Goldsworthy's land art as a point of reference, his simple operation of doing something outside of the gallery, and outside of infrastructure and the built environment, and then bringing it back to the gallery, making a return, through photography.

In Kate's skim stone works, invited persons throw a flat ceramic rock away, into a pond, pool, the ocean, etc. There's a good chance it's not coming back. I've never thrown one of these, but I imagine that I would want the water to be completely flat. To give an artwork only a few seconds to live, bouncing across the water to its doom; that's a lot of pressure. Some of the most famous, and perhaps important, artworks today were rediscovered or were fortunate enough to be reappraised due to some political, curatorial or editorial turn outside of the work, sometimes hundreds of years later. This just doesn't happen for a 2cm ceramic rock at the bottom of a lake. Photos of people caught midway through their casting of the stone make their way into Kate's publications and shows. I recognise a few of these people and it seems to work at least partly like an acknowledgement of those involved in her projects.

Sriwhana: She gave me this skimming stone, I can't remember the occasion, in white clay that has been fired with a soft green glaze like moss, rough but shiny where the glaze is, the size of a thumb and forefinger held together. I was meant to skim it, but I decided that I would rather keep it. I had it in the front pocket of my jacket, which is by a favourite designer of ours from New York, Built By Wendy. The jacket pockets are square and quite big, and I would walk around with my hand in my pocket, playing with this skimming stone. One day I parked the car just off K Road. I was walking down the street, and when I put my hand in my pocket it wasn't there, and I was in a total panic. I went back to the car and found it lying in the grass. When I came to Rotterdam I could only bring 23 kg, so I just brought clothes, books, and this skimming stone, which now sits on my windowsill at home, where other Newby works have collected around it over time.



OUTSIDE

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NEWBY:

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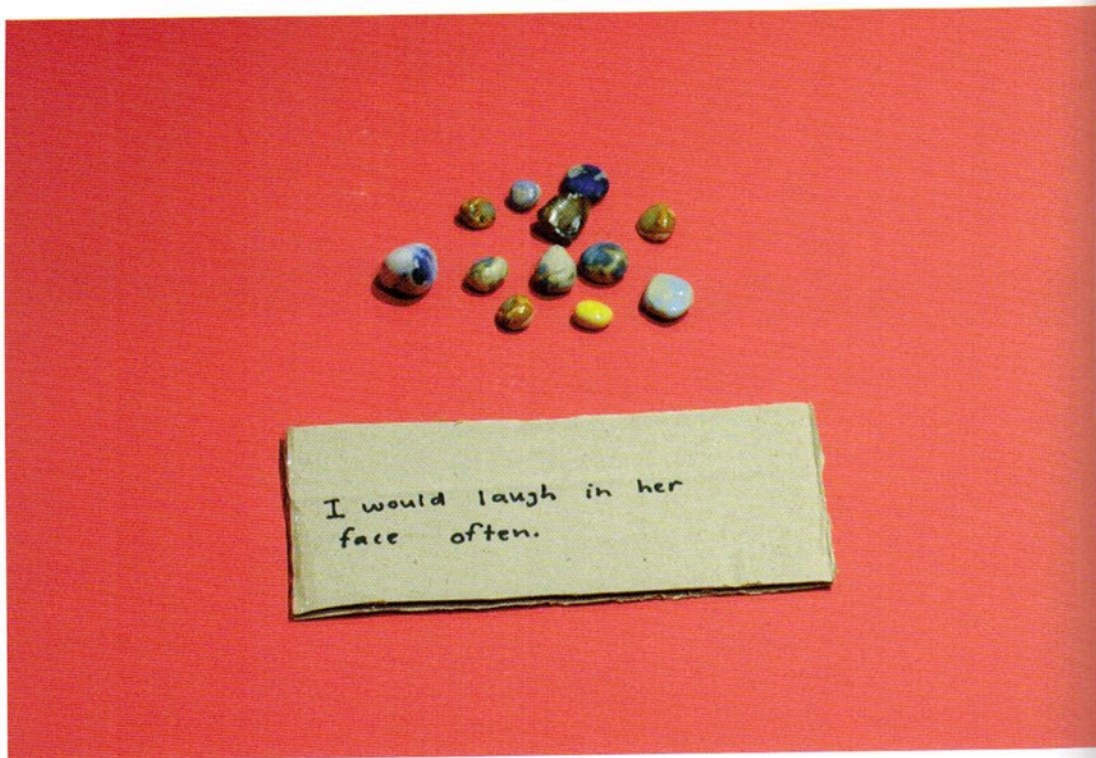


Sue-Li: In 2003, during my first year at the Elam School of Fine Arts, while wandering around that funny studio building on Mount Street, I found a brightly coloured strip of Duraseal with the words “there’s gotta be something more” written on it. I peeled it off the wall and put it on the cover of my scrapbook along with other stolen stickers such as a “Do not stand behind this line” sticker from the bus. I didn’t know it was an artwork until near the end of that year, and looking back I really like that I didn’t know this when I first encountered it, and I like that about all artworks where you might be protected from knowing that they are art. “there’s gotta be something more”, I remember at the time it resonated with me ... teenage ennui but also excitement. To me it was, there’s gotta be something more to life, or to everything, you know? I liked that it was open ended. Not once did I think about it in terms of there’s gotta be something more to art. Maybe because in my first year of art school I knew there was definitely plenty more from my point of view! I remember often glancing at it and thinking about it in terms of a question I had about myself: there’s gotta be something more to me. I think it resonated with some kind of fear I had about that. I think it also just struck me as being a delightful element in this new environment that I was enjoying. At the end of the year the scrapbook went into a cupboard at my dad’s house and, since then, whenever I see a Kate Newby work I feel a faint but special connection to it.



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Top: *Maybe I won't go to sleep at all.*, 2013, ceramic rocks, labels, fuchsia paint, La Loge, Brussels. Photo: Isabelle Arthuis. Bottom: *Walks with Men*, 2011, mortar, glazed ceramic rock, bronze, silver pebbles, installation view, City Gallery, Wellington

Top: *Legs. Legs.*
Bottom: *Crawl*
für aktuelle Kun



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Top: *Legs. Legs.*, 2013, cast silver, bronze, ceramic. Photo: Alex North
Bottom: *Crawl out your window*, 2010, installation view, Gesellschaft
für aktuelle Kunst GAK, Bremen. Photo: Peter Podkowiak

OUTSIDE

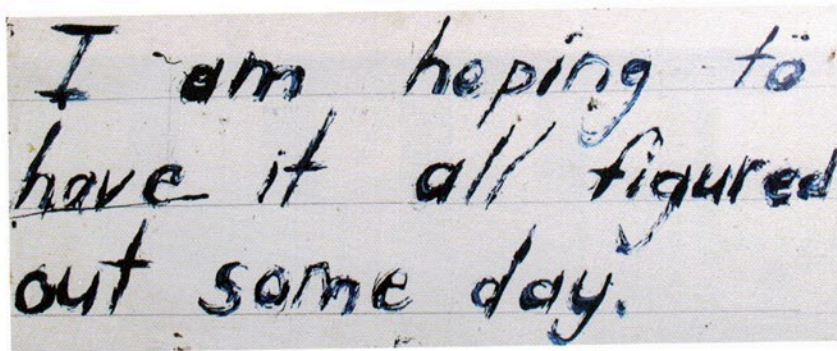
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NEWBY:

KATE

Matthew: *I am hoping to have it all figured out some day* (oil on hardboard) is probably one of Kate's first self-exhibited works—in 2001 she went and hung a few pieces of her work out on a temporary building fence for the public to take—I can't remember whether it was Saint Benedicts Street or Stable Lane. Anyway, what struck me about the piece—and it's the same thought I have about all of Kate's text work—is that the statement "I am hoping to have it all figured out some day" is like a misplaced caption. Or a cartoon thought-bubble where the image itself is missing. Or like a meme without an image. For me, it implies any number of contexts or images: an 18th century philosopher at his desk, a 15 year-old girl writing in her diary about her first breakup, myself staring at my ceiling, a Leunig character gazing at his pet duck, the artist herself at work. Whatever. There's just the right amount of concreteness to the phrase to situate it within experience, but enough abstraction to keep it away from being dictatorial. It's through the way she carefully provides her abstractions with just enough detail to glue them to experience, or our knowledge of others' experiences. The same balance applies to other texts and phrases I've seen in her work, like "feel it forever", "you want something to happen and nothing does", "I'm so ready", "holding onto it only makes you sick" and "try, try again". If they have something in common in terms of content I think it's a unique sort of pathos for personal dubiety. There's a slight self-doubt to a lot of the phrases, which I relate to.



Sriwhana: I think it would have been when Kate was living off Symonds Street, around 2000 or 2001. Behind her apartment block was a wooden fence running along the driveway into a back carpark. She would pin up posters and hang paintings along this fence. The space was quite ambiguous, and I assumed you could take them from what Kate was telling people. One night I walked past and took one (there were around five pieces hung at the time, and she would restock them). It was an old bit of found wood, about 30 x 30 cm, with a little star painted on it, and in red it said, "I always knew you had it in you." It hung in my bedroom for years, and I always wonder who she wrote that about. At the same time Kate was producing posters and stickers around where we lived. The posters were glossy A3, black with white writing and said something like, "a story about a girl and a movement".

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One of the most memorable (in a good way) aspects of going to primary school in Minnesota was Show and Tell. You would bring something to show from home. I think maybe I brought a mole that had fallen into our basement window, or maybe my unicycle, and you would tell a story, usually about the weekend. It was, I suppose, a way of reintegrating you back into the school week in a way that made your weekend activities part of the program.

Nick: When Kate was near completion of her Doctorate, she said she would like to swap me something. I ended up receiving two of her ceramic rocks. The rocks live on my desk, on top of a University magazine with a beautifully photoshopped image of her in New York. Kevin Roberts has his arm around her saying, "Wazzup Newbs," and she is saying, "Get ya hands off me." This is my shrine to Kate Newby, which I see every day at work and it makes me smile. Kate chose a ceramic piece of mine, as you can see from my office there are quite a few. I have no idea who did the photoshop.



At Hell Gallery, Melbourne, I saw Andrew and Kristine in the line for the bathrooms: Kristine, who's clothing line I was later fortunate enough to exhibit, Andrew, who I accidentally pushed in front of. I also saw Kate, who asked me what I thought about Australian art. It was a group show with a lot of people crammed into Hell's really small space. Part of the vibe of Hell was the BBQ just outside the door of the gallery and taking up just as much space. Kate's work was a little hard to find, and I think I might have asked her where it was. She had made a piece that was either a doorstep or just outside the door, and she had also placed some t-shirts or fabric in a tree near the door. I remember at the time being a little surprised that she had been given this artistic platform, a place in this white cube space, and had chosen not to participate or compete within that space at all.

OUTSIDE

LIVED

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NEWBY:

KATE

Heather: My husband and I have recently moved to the Catskills from Brooklyn, and it's a bit of culture shock; he's a playwright and I'm a photographer, and we're living in this tiny village. So having this art event out here in the middle of winter was really exciting. Jennifer had put together this *January February* walk. We'd never been snowshoeing; they had snowshoes for everyone. It had been an incredibly cold couple of weeks (I'm making this up completely, but it could have even gotten below zero) so we'd been stuck in the house all the time. It was about a 45 min drive to Jennifer's house and a little drive from there. I don't think it was officially a park; it might be private land, but it ran into the watershed owned by New York City. There were a few other people doing the walk out there and that was all. There were flags to mark where it started, and they gave us audio walks and trail guides; you were basically listening to a talk about the land as you walked. And there was this subtle, fantastic installation of Kate's work. I don't mean to be silly, but it almost seemed like a planting. It had just snowed, and it was so austere, really beautiful, and these wonderful ceramics dangling in the trees caught my attention and made a magnificent sound. The ceramics had hard edges and were still wintry, like icicles, or even like the crystalline shape of the snow, but they were definitely warmer musically, and incredibly natural, as if it had always been there and perhaps should also be in my house. They were a subtle discovery; you would be tromping up the hill in your snowshoes and hoping they weren't falling off and listening to the audio, which was separate, about the watershed. And then you'd be like, "Waa what?" and there was this really elegant little string of dangling ceramics.



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Writing on Kate's show in Brussels I bumped into Ben who was living in Germany at the time. It turns out that a lot of the people visiting this show had made some kind of pilgrimage. Kate's show was in a former Masonic lodge, and there was an internal window with decorative lattice in a corner of the main hall from which traditionally the elders or whoever could look down on the goings on in the hall, but Kate had put up a piece of fabric halfway up the walls, a sheer material, which blocked this view. There was a stairway that was built to Masonic dimensions, which left a piece of each floor empty. Kate had made a carpet piece for this left-over-space that said, "oh hi" like she had just come across the space, or the building design had just realised what it had done to the vernacular construction. I had a tutor in Maori and Pacific art history at university who I remember vividly for two instances. The first was when he brought in a cologne to teach us that there were some things in art that ran behind the surface as an underlying tone. The second was when he couldn't get his PowerPoint presentation to work and so proceeded to walk us through, in verbal descriptions, exactly what we would have seen on each slide.



Maybe I won't go to sleep at all., 2013, cotton, silk, pigment,
installation detail: La Loge, Brussels. Photo, Isabelle Arthuis

DAN

MUNN

OUTSIDE

Celia: The first work of Kate's that I encountered was *I'm just like a pile of leaves*, her large-scale intervention on the North Terrace of the Auckland Art Gallery. The title draws from the large oak tree which shades the North Terrace, and which, throughout the duration of the installation, would shed its leaves onto Newby's work. The tree itself was physically tied to the work by two long, bright yellow ropes, which ran from the top of the tree to the terrace. It is also a line from the poem "Meditations in an Emergency" by Frank O'Hara, whose irreverent and almost compulsive style of observation greatly influenced Newby. Her work feels calmer though. The viewer is quietly invited to observe their surroundings. Focal points are subtly suggested. The red painted surface of the terrace floor glows in your periphery, calling you out as you make your way through the rest of the gallery; Newby's signature crafted rocks glint in the ground, drawing your gaze down, and the rope sends your eye upward and outward to the surrounding world. You're encouraged to take your time, to notice things and the absence of things.

LIVED

Around 2005, the Auckland City Council decided that its roads and sidewalks, paved in red volcanic scoria, were visually too loud. In an effort to make them invisible, all new paving was carried out in a dark grey. Some of Kate's works, such as her red concrete slab leading from the Auckland Art Gallery onto Albert Park, or a similar piece for a school in Rotterdam (that had ropes hanging from existing structures which I heard were removed the day before the work opened to the public due to safety concerns), reintroduce this ambiguity of attention. I showed a work of Kate's in London a few years ago at a project space on a train platform. It was a wall piece produced on site by spilling liquid ceramic glaze onto the wall and floor and then wiping most of it off. The process of application was obvious, and the coverage was varied. The colour, which went powdery when dry, seeped into the cracks. The more of it that came off, the more of what was left appeared completely ingrained.

LIFE

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