



KristyGormanStringLine
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Contact

Wellington harbour: everything slides sometimes faster sometimes slower but always, and steady and strong. Apart from the canals of Amsterdam, at night pumped out to sea in a slow suck and back into the city for day, I've never been exposed to so huge and fluid a mass as this, every day, every night.

On Easter weekend swells whipped from the south, ploughed across the fetch, fanned up against the sea wall, and flung aquaplaning sheets onto the ribbon road and seaweed onto the garden.
From the house, my new framed view splinters. A million more come tripping in, tripping over, dovetailing, my vision perforated by continual and sublime light displays hobbit rocks popping cliffs the steel hulled tanker sliding around its axis spearheading birds

I drive home around the rim of the harbour. In 1857 an earthquake gifted this inner ring of land to the settlements. Across the mighty basin of sea, the house is visible. Eyes back on the road and it slips behind Matiu Island and then there it is again hovering above Seaview pier. And the opaline city, with its cake tin and museum, a sweet transitional form between the water and the land as ephemeral as a virtually generated three dimensional white lace, effaceable by a forward shaft of light or a screen of drops or a swing in orientation, the shifting of plates or the melting of icecaps.

I went with Helen to the Wairapa on Monday in the southerlies. It was desolate and not at all pacific. By that strange skewing of the North Island, it lies further south than Wellington. The wind was so strong I had to cling to the stair rail of the lighthouse to stop being lifted out to sea. Rebecca said that I should see it when the sun is shining and then it looks like vineyard country.

Helen thinks that road markings look like Maori forms - fish tails and tukutuku, woven head bands and bodices.

Ned Kelly's in Middle Earth. There I am, like a tailor at a mannequin, taking a pattern from his fake armour with its fake bullet dents. Poor, clever Ned Kelly.

When Kristy was in Paris she also performed great feats. In French to her French host she told the story of Maui fishing up the North Island from the sea with his grandfather's jawbone and a line of harakeke.

At night the tugs' engines hum deeply through the water and a solitary thumping log makes you think there's someone downstairs.

Karin van Roosmalen

Artist

Art Educator



