

Carla Donson

GONE TO THE DOGS

"The greatness of a nation and its moral progress can be judged by the way its animals are treated." — Mahatma Gandhi

Anyone who has ever had a puppy will understand the symbiotic relationship that is once pure love and sheer exasperation. The enthusiasm of a small dog is such that it will render any chewable object into almost unrecognisable forms. It struck me that the way in which these "play items" are deconstructed acts as a remarkable allegory for the state of the world, notably the human relationship with the environment. The animal forms represented here remind us that all life is precious. The choice is ours. Continue as we are. Or make a fresh start. Now that's something for us all to chew on.

Artistic credit goes to Mr Russell for his vital role in providing the objects for this installation piece.

Vanessa Edwards

Nga Hine o te Po – Women of the night

These works are a direct homage to Te Pō as the space in which Ranginui and Papatuanuku combined in a tight embrace. Their union created life and their separation created Te Ao Marama – the world of light that we reside in today.

The collaged images and woven aspect reflect female energies within Te Po. By creating these images I reflect on my connection to the female tupuna who have gone before me and their ability to innovate, to evolve the norm, to refine tikanga and to challenge the injustices that we endure through action.

MB Stoneman

Pleurotus djamor, commonly known as the pink oyster mushroom, is a species of fungus in the family Pleurotaceae.

I have a friend who grow these beauties in Taranaki - they are otherworldly and beautiful.

Oyster mushrooms are so robust in their growth. They express an inherently feminine structure and form - fiercely strong and delicate all at once.

We need to tap into the feminine

Sincerely look at

The frills of the oyster mushroom

The bush drenched valley

The velvet antler

M.B.S

Lynn Hurst

The Hydrangea, ubiquitous in New Zealand, is, like so many things, an invader to this land. Originally native to eastern Asia and to the Americas, the plant was introduced to Aotearoa by early European settlers. As a species, Hydrangeas were relatively harmless immigrants—they didn't overrun indigenous plant life or harm native fauna and they quietly assimilated into their new environment. These hardy plants even modify their appearance according to their surroundings; the earth in which they are planted alters the colour of the bloom. The hues of the specific Hydrangeas used in my work are dictated by the soil from my garden on the banks of the Whanganui River. As a transplant myself, I feel an affinity with the Hydrangea. I too have happily adapted to a new land, absorbing a culture far different from that of my native America and, in New Zealand, found a home.

Catherine Macdonald

We humans are creatures of habit and as you know, we all have good habits and bad.

As I get older I've start to see some of the longer-term repetitions in life happen, I've see those I care about travel down paths that they have gone down before. I've also had moments of self-realisation that I'm repeating actions as well, some positive some not so.

There is a Maori proverb - *Ka Mua, Ka Muri* – which translates as - *Walking backwards into the future*.

I think it is a beautiful reminder that we can look to our past as a way of learning about our future.

Sarah Williams

"You are a garden, filled with flowers and fruits and climbing vines.

Your depression is a drought sucking the life out of your garden; your anxiety is the storm whipping winds and pounding rain.

When it passes, take solace in the dew drenched leaves. Return to your garden, bring your gloves, shears and watering can.

Weed out the people and thoughts that take from you, pull them out from the dirt and replace them with the beauty you deserve.

Tend to your garden, this drought will pass, this storm will pass and when it does get ready to flourish; when it does know you'll be more than ready for the next."

-The Artidote

Emma Cunningham

Comes a time
when you're driftin'
Comes a time
when you settle down
Comes a light,
feelin's liftin'
Lift that baby
right up off the ground.

Oh, this old world
keeps spinning round
It's a wonder tall trees
ain't layin' down
There comes a time.

You and I, we were captured
We took our souls
and we flew away
We were right,
we were giving
That's how we kept
what we gave away.

Oh, this old world
keeps spinning round
It's a wonder tall trees
ain't layin' down
There comes a time.

-Neil Young