

Katrina Beekhuis was born in Ōtautahi and lives and works in Tāmaki Makaurau. Her work is concerned with the perceptual processes through which we understand, measure and interpret the world. She frequently re-presents incidental, everyday objects and features of her environment by expanding, contracting, revealing and concealing, seeking to unsettle our experience of them from single, unreflective conceptions.

Beekhuis is currently a Doctoral candidate at Elam School of Fine Arts and works as a teaching assistant in the Critical Studies Programme led by Jon Bywater. Recent exhibitions include *Walking backwards*, Enjoy Contemporary Art Space, Wellington (2019); *Pensieri*, SOFA Gallery, Ilam School of Fine Arts, The University of Canterbury (2018); *Things i know*, Open studios Gasworks, London (2017); *Potters pink*, Te Tuhi Centre For The Arts, Auckland (2016); *grammars*, Dunedin Public Art Gallery (2016); *Soft Architecture*, Malcolm Smith Gallery, Howick, Auckland (2016). In 2017 she was the New Zealand Artist in Residence at Gasworks, London.

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9 October —
14 November 2020

Iwa Hiringa-ā-nuku —
tekau mā whā Whiringa-ā-rangi

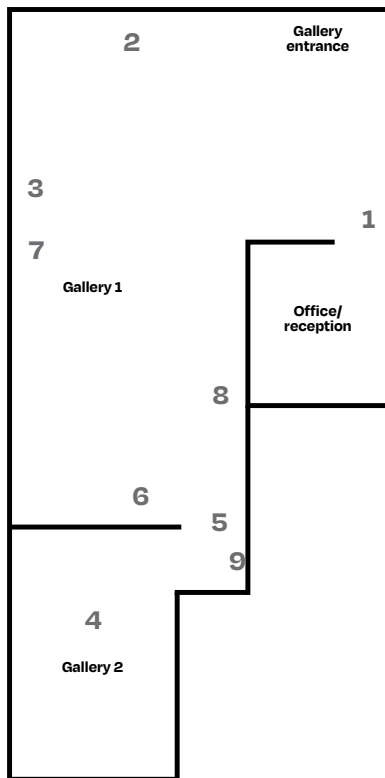
Katrina Beekhuis

Windows

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- 1. Research image** (Sunlight through window onto wall), 2020
- 2. Drying rack assemblage**
Welding wire, mild steel, printed Viscose challis, PEVA shower curtain, thread, linoleum, 2020
- 3. Temporary Fence piece**
Mild steel, brazed welding wired, debris netting, 2020
- 4. radio/rain**, 2020
(collaborative work with Torben Tilly)
- 5. MDF wall/door insert**, 2020
- 6. Ghost of 2020 (Wall planner)**
sunlight on newsprint, removed tape, 2020
- 7. Sand chair** mild steel, plastic end fittings, sand, adhesive, 2020
- 8. Wire drawing (wall vent)**
brazed welding wire, 2020
- 9. Sunlight bleaching newsprint (Georgian glass)**
sunlight on newsprint, removed tape, 2020



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Sitting in a parked car outside my house, a friend and I were discussing why I was interested in making *Temporary Fence piece*. In view were several sections of temporary fence on the neighbours' lawn.

These fences were deployed in different ways. One described a rough square, three upright sections joined to create an enclosure with an opening on one side providing access to a table and chairs. It was possibly constructed in summer as a place for potting plants and resting outdoors, and contained crates of various succulents. A roll of brush fencing was attached to the exterior, this had now peeled away from the frame, drooping and re-curling on one side; as though the memory of its rolled shape were embedded in its fibres. A second area of fencing consisted of two sections, again affixed side by side, but hinged forward to form a winged angle, carefully placed at the bottom of the lawn on the footpath to demarcate and protect passers-by from loose soil, crumbling due to the removal of a large tree.

Temporary fences are ubiquitous, shrouded at times with blue, orange, white or red 'debris', or 'scaffold' netting, predominantly seen at building sites, road works

and, as in this instance, residential homes. Temporary fences skirt the bottom of commercial buildings, debris netting often covering these towering forms in a coloured haze, a thin veil that shrouds the world.

Things get pulled into a bracket, taking a ... we love to align something with what we know, to take one aspect or similarity and lump it with something we may know, we may grasp, something that might seem familiar How to break free of this, how to escape, even if momentarily? How to make holes in this veil that shrouds the world, that shrouds activity, behaviour and action, to sit for a moment outside of this ... which gets mixed with the capitalist ethic of ... ownership, rush to know and utilise? I wonder, is it possible, however fleeting, that in this moment, through tuning, material pitch and frequency, to somehow shift this immediate unconscious rush to codify, to know, or at least to somehow suspend it, to hold it reverberating in the air, questioning this lens through which we see the world, this process of perception that is so central to human movement, to consumption, what might that do? How might that be held, sustained, kept close? What might that offer, even if momentarily?

