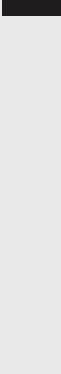


Band of Three



Grant Takle

Richard Reddaway

and Terry Urbahn

Exhibition: 1st – 27th September, 2022
Opening: 1st September, 5.00 – 7.00pm



Gallery One

Building 076
Unitec



Image purloined and manipulated from *All Mod Cons* by The Jam

Band of Three

Grant Takle, Richard Reddaway and Terry Urbahn

It is easy to imagine an artist in their studio applying paint to a canvas, working with clay, chipping away at some stone, or drawing on paper pondering the next move, deep in concentration with only the sound of charcoal scraping the paper surface.

The reality resides in a much noisier and responsive space for these three artists. Integral to their work is the love of music. It is gestural and relational. It informs their thinking—conceptual, formal, material, and spatial concerns, it is manifest in the content. It is embodied in the outcome. Grant Takle, Richard Reddaway and Terry Urbahn met at art school, listened to music together, partied together, made art, and then went their separate ways; each continuing to make art with an inherent sense of what they had been a part of. Such a background infused with live music, art school bands, discos, clubs, turntables and mix tapes—the format varied but the sentiment remained the same, enabling rich terrain for these artists. The early 80s was a time when Flying Nun was starting up, it felt like the underground music/art scene in Christchurch was coming up for air with the crossovers seen and heard with increasing conviction. This crossover is not uncommon to the art world, we saw it with Paul Klee, Andy Warhol and here, in Aotearoa New Zealand, Bill Hammond comes to mind.

A practicing musician himself, music has been a constant in Hammond's career and he speaks of his paintings as being like instrumentals "laid out flat" replete with choruses and rhythms.¹

Band of Three is a three-piece boy band reunion of a different kind. On the wall Takle's painted vinyl records offer compositions visually and aurally. Urbahn has selected corresponding key tracks, reworked the elements to generate new soundtracks. These are then transmitted through the speakers located within the sculptural objects constructed within the space by Reddaway. Each endearingly clumsy, slightly flat, misshapen, or out of tune but honest in its rendering—clinging to the wall and ambling into the space. These works retain the comical characteristics of the school dance, the shy wall flower, the over-enthusiastic groupie, the awkward dancer, the lead and bass guitarists determining syncopation between notes, tones and words with the backing vocalist chipping in. The spangle from the Takle's painted vinyl works operate as the percussion line, situated on the wall like symbols on a drum kit providing the intermittent tinkle.

Where has the punk gone? Perhaps it remains in the pressed vinyl grooves that are scratched and clogged with paint, the reconstructed use of cardboard with other materials, or the way in which the sound itself has been reworked and transmitted.

All punk is attitude. That's what makes it. The attitude.²

The punk is here, though not discordant for there is a sense of the ungainly yet an overarching elegance unifying the discretely separate parts. These boys have grown up, now operating as mature male artists bringing together a well-practiced set, without the need for arduous rehearsals the punk rock edges are softened and resulting harmony ensues... rock on!

Gina Ferguson

1. Hay, Jennifer: *Bill Hammond | Jingle Jangle Morning*, Christchurch Art Gallery – Te Puna o Waiwhetu. 2007.
2. Ramone, Joey: <https://www.idlehearts.com/2058536/>

On Remixing and Reinterpreting Noise

In his opening gambit for his 1977 work *Noise*,¹ Jacques Attali asserts that ‘nothing essential happens in the absence of noise’ (p. 3). I remember encountering this statement when I was a student grappling with his work for the first time; it seemed, at that point in my life, a deeply profound observation, tailor-made for nervy, music-obsessed students, and written with that blasé surety I often wish I had. For Attali, noise is the medium that structures our movements, our spaces, our relationships: the presence of noise, he says, makes sense, makes meaning. Those meanings, though, are as destructive as they are transformative. Noise attacks, it represses, and it orders. Music, for Attali, is the form through which that noise comes to infiltrate our daily lives, enshrouded in a veneer of pleasure. Music, too, can attack, repress, and order; for Attali, it is both a liberator and a menace. ‘The game of music,’ he tells us, ‘thus resembles the game of power’ (p. 28).

Attali has an often mournful, sometimes optimistic, and, I often think now, not-so-quietly spiteful relationship with music. For him, music was emblematic of how capitalism functioned as a whole—‘fetishised as a commodity, music is illustrative of the evolution of our entire society: deritualise a social form, repress an activity of the body, specialise its practice, sell it as a spectacle, generalise its consumption, then see to it that it is stockpiled until it loses all meaning’ (p. 5). His disdain for ‘stockpiling’ was nothing new for academia—Walter Benjamin had some decades before, in his 1935 essay ‘The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction’,² ruminated on the mass reproduction of texts that he theorised took away ‘cult’ value and in its place instilled ‘celebrity’ value. With mechanical reproduction, the aura was lost, and in its place, we are left with a plurality of copies.

These questions of power, form, copies, reproductions, and stockpiles have seeped in to my mind as I have encountered the works in *Band of Three*, particularly as they reflect on what it means to read the parts-as-a-whole, and where we find and meld the seams between musical text, mediums, and affect. What we can miss in our reading of Attali—and indeed Benjamin, who had perhaps a more cheerful approach to the destruction of ‘aura’ than he is often given credit for—is how copies themselves function as individual textual objects that become imbued with meaning, and the new codes and structures this can then signify. What does it mean to see a mass-produced form as a unique piece in itself, a container of lives and histories? How do these texts, as sound(less) objects, exist in an interconnected ecology with the generation of noise, and the objects we then use to play it? What new codes, orders, and meanings emerge in the interstices of remixing and reinterpreting noise as both sonic and sculptural material? Such work speaks again to the capacity of noise to both destroy and transform; to liquidate tradition. With music is born power, as Attali asserts, but also, its opposite: subversion.

Catherine Hoad

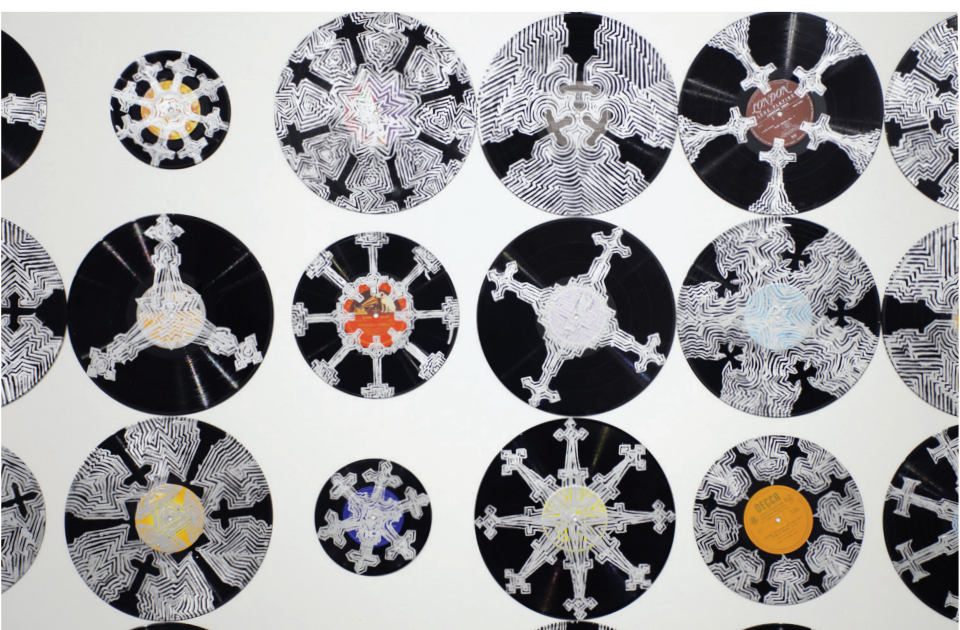
1. Attali, J. ([1977] 1985). *Noise: The Political Economy of Music*, trans, Brian Massumi. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press
2. Benjamin, W. ([1935] 2013). ‘The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction.’ In L. Ouellette (Ed.), *The Media Studies Reader* (pp.105-116). Oxford: Routledge.

Exhibition images

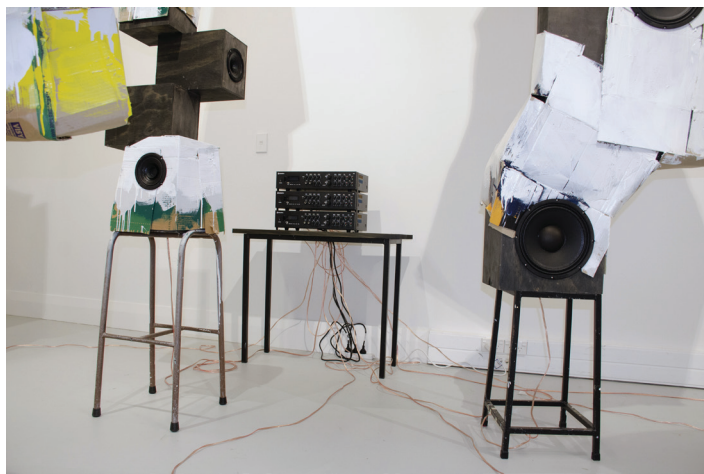




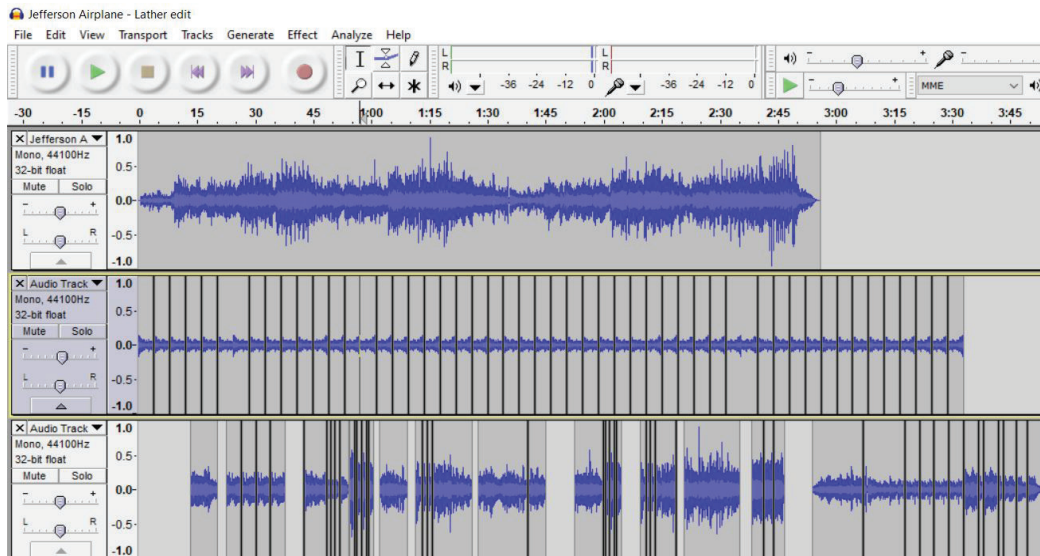
Band of Three (Variant 2, Cluster series)
galvanised enamel on vinyl records hung on pins



Band of Three (Audience)
paint, cardboard, wood, recycled furniture and audio components



Band of Three (Set List)
audio: Alright In The City, Come to the Sabbath, Delilah, Lather, Melting Pot, Ring Of Fire



List of Works

Grant Takle

Band of Three (Variant 2, Cluster series)

galvanised enamel on vinyl records hung on pins

Richard Reddaway

Band of Three (Audience)

paint, cardboard, wood, recycled furniture and audio components

Terry Urbahn

Band of Three (Set List)

audio: *Alright In The City, Come to the Sabbath, Delilah, Lather, Melting Pot, Ring Of Fire*



Cover of 'Come to the Sabbath' single by *Timberjack*.

Image sourced from New Zealand History website:

<https://nzhistory.govt.nz/media/photo/timberjack-come-to-the-sabbat>

Grant Takle

I have been working with records on and off for over 25 years. To me, music and art act as a societal mirror of evolution and revolution creating reverberation and feedback.

My interest focuses on the residual not only the information that is inherent in these “ARTIFACT” The records deny their designed “form and function” the substrate hold and withhold sound and its music silenced, but the potential remains. It is in this gap that the commerce of materials and idea generate new invention while playing with modernisms continual succession plan. These clusters of vinyl mandala have been infected with tombstone imagery in response to our society’s exposure to Covid 19. They are symptomatic memento mori reflecting the malignant communal spread of the virus and the saturation of social media sources. The hand painted Gravestone imagery, contaminate, these pressed and engraved platters of consumption.

In this case these records are subjugated and act as support both physically and metaphorically functioning as reliquary, a store of acts, songs, lyrics, titles and subtexts. These containers of lives and histories are a graveyard of humanity’s emotional down loads, a viral product communally shared. Their individual voice and legacy subsumed into a larger entity a symbiotic organism growing in painted mass. Here the record is rescued re-animated and given new context a testament and monument of remembrance.

Born Christchurch, New Zealand, 1962

Diploma in Fine Arts, University of Canterbury, Christchurch, 1985

Richard Reddaway

My father-in-law has given me his collection of jazz records and that makes me think music is a gift tied to the people who give it; I listen to Mike’s records and think of him, and him as a student in Dunedin in the 1960s with a passion for this cool, sophisticated artform. Just as I share Pavement with Catherine, K-Tel’s Greatest House Hits with George, Dione Warwick reminds me of Grant Lingard and Kate got me listening to the *Mountain Goats*. If music makes up my personal history, it’s also about this place: *The Clean* play “Point That Thing” at the Gladstone in 1981 and then again in 2014 at Chicks Hotel. We have our own rock’n’roll history in Aotearoa New Zealand, and I can’t put my finger on what makes it so specific, in the same way that I struggle to say what makes art from here particular. Perhaps one aspect of it can be heard in the lyrics, when Hamish sings “don’t point me out in a crowd” or Aldous Harding “I’ll never be in charge of anything...”. The oft-derided self-effacing quality of our social culture that along with the rising inflection at the end of our sentences expresses an aspiration to not put oneself above, but rather towards an equality with, others. I think music means these things to me because I’m not at all “musical”. But listening to music has always made me want to make art, to try to capture these elusive qualities in sculptural object(s).

Born Lower Hutt, New Zealand, 1962

Diploma in Fine Arts with Honours in Sculpture, University of Canterbury, Christchurch, 1986

MFA, RMIT University, Melbourne, 2000
































Terry Urbahn

Since the early 1990’s I have been quite deliberate in incorporating and referencing (through titles) sound and music in both my installation and video production artwork. This is borne out of my long-term interest in music, particularly rock, and performing in bands.

My ambition was to somehow impart on the viewer/listener/audience the same sort of emotional/physical experiences I have had when witnessing really, really good live musical performances, that “hairs standing up on the back of your neck” feeling. Some of my installations have had an interactive element i.e. *The Karaoke*s (1998) to further enhance audience immersion in the visual, aural, spatial experience.

In creating the sound tracks I tend to delve into my own record collection, take samples, chop, paste, and mangle, sometimes to the point where the tune is hardly discernible but hinting at something you might have once heard. I don’t have a pre-set methodology, the process is random, intuitive and the music can become noise.

Born New Plymouth, New Zealand, 1961
BFA (Painting), University of Canterbury, Christchurch, 1985

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 Movin' N Groovin by Duane Eddy	 Quincy Conserve - Alright In The City	 Spencer Davis Group - High Time Baby - 1965 ...
 Spencer Davis Group - High Time Baby - 1965 ...	 The Fire Down Below	 The New Seekers - Melting Pot
 The Pretty Things - Raining in My Heart (1966)	 The Pretty Things _Sittin' All Alone_	 The Shangri-Las -Leader Of The Pack Video wit...
 Timberjack - Come To The Sabbath, 1971 (New ...	 Tom Jones - Delilah - 1967-68	 Tom Jones - Green Green Grass Of Home (1966)
 Tom Jones-Proud Mary 1970	 Track 1 and 2 Alright City plus Ring of Fire	 Track 3 and 4 Satan plus Melting
 Yello Blazing Saddles 1989	 Yello - Of Course I'm Lying	 Yello - Tied Up In Gear

Band of Three: Grant Takle, Richard Reddaway and Terry Urbahn, 2022

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