

Building reCollections

Curated by Gina Ferguson & Carly van Winkel

Exhibition Dates:

10th – 29th September, 2026

**Toi o
Wairaraka**

Gallery hours: Mon – Fri, 9.30am – 4.30pm

Email: gallery@unitec.ac.nz

Building 108, Unitec, Carrington Rd,
Mt Albert, Auckland.

Unitec

FORWARD

Like many of us, I still dream about homes from my childhood. Certain buildings carry stories and associations with people dear to us, and these connections live in our subconscious selves. Long after their original purpose has changed, traces of past lives remain embedded in corridors, windows, stairwells, and walls of the structures we spend our lives in. The buildings that have housed Design and Contemporary Art over the years from the late 1980s to 2023 - Buildings 1, 6, 48, 55, and 76 - are powerful reminders of the physical, spatial, spiritual, and temporal patina that our ancestors have left for us to co-exist with. Buildings are an essential part of what make us understand the world around us.

Before they became studios, workshops, galleries, and teaching spaces, these buildings formed part of the Carrington Hospital precinct. They were places of care, treatment, recuperation, isolation, and human experience. Over time, they have been reimagined by generations of artists, designers, filmmakers, staff, and students who brought new forms of creativity, inquiry, and expression into their rooms. The underlying themes of belonging - and longing to belong - continue to echo loud.

This exhibition celebrates not only the work produced within these spaces, but also the relationship between people and place. The memories gathered here, anecdotes, reflections, observations, and stories reveal how buildings become more than bricks and mortar. They become companions in the creative journey. They shape conversations, influence practices, foster communities, and provide the backdrop for countless moments of discovery.

For many, these buildings evoke vivid recollections: the smell of workshops, light falling across studio floors, chance encounters in hallways, exhibitions installed at the last minute, friendships formed, and ideas tested. Together, these experiences create a living history that extends far beyond the physical structures themselves.

In 2026 we also acknowledge the land we stand on, which has special significance due to its connection with Wairaka, daughter of the Chief Toroa. As Hohepa Renata (Ngāpuhi) has said, 'Our connection to the whenua and the wai invokes the spirit of Rakataura, who found the aquifer and Wairaka; she stamped her foot to bring forth the puna (spring) that is at the heart of Unitec.'



As Design and Contemporary Art continues to evolve, this collection reminds us that creativity is always situated in the locale it springs from. It emerges from particular places, communities, and histories. It is nourished by tributaries of knowledge and understanding.

By reflecting on the buildings that have housed us through the works in this exhibition, we honour not only our past, but also the generations of students and staff who have contributed to the rich cultural life of our School of Creative Industries. We also acknowledge and celebrate what can be described as the emergence of an era beyond Foucault's 'Modern' timeframe in Western discourse. More nuanced understandings of artistic knowledge-making and reframing 'outsider' confines are catching up to wiser Indigenous frameworks that embrace, challenge, and celebrate difference in order to move the culture forward.

Via a myriad of diverse practices, this exhibition seems to suggest that institutions and buildings are not places of confinement or hiding, but positive reinforcers of the power of art to carry cultural and personal memory, and to practically imagine something better.

My hope is that these recollections encourage us to look again at the spaces we inhabit and recognise the many stories they continue to hold, and to remind us of the power of transformation in relation to creative possibility, intergenerational mana, and belonging.

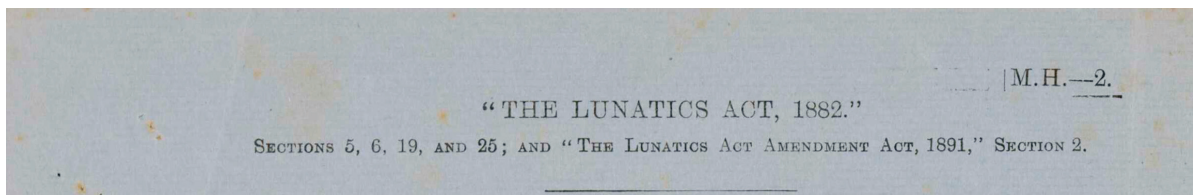
*Associate Professor Vanessa Byrnes
Head of School, Creative Industries*

Casebook – Auckland Mental Hospital
1903–1906
Detail from p.276
Record R1481804



nd
believe in God - (this appears to have troubled patient).
Aug 28 Still remains depressed and she is resistive. As a rule makes no reply to questions. She refused to have her photograph taken to-day, and rushed away from nurse. Ulcers are dressed with Ung. Zinc, and are improving. Physical condition fair.
Sept. 4 Quiet, agreeable and well-conducted as a rule, talking readily and freely on general subjects. Frequently becomes depressed and resistive. Ulcers still being dressed, and she is allowed to be out of bed. Ulcers healing. Bodily condition is fair.
Sept. 11 Ulcers on legs have almost healed and general physical condition is well improved. She is rather silent and solitary but expression is brighter and she does not seem so depressed. Converses readily when she is spoken to. Sleeps well.
Sept 18 Worked for a few days in kitchen, but does not work now. She is depressed, sulky, resistive, and solitary latterly, and is occasionally in tears. Sleeps badly and has a poor appetite. All ulcers except one healed. Physical condition fairly good.





Casebook — Auckland Mental Hospital
1908-1910
Detail from p.36
Record R1481805

SPOOKS IN THE NIGHT

I was a student at Unitec in 1997 and then again in 2000, when they upgraded the one year Certificate in Contemporary Photography course to Diploma status. I was lucky to get back in – first time around I was a less-than-stellar student, too interested in smoke breaks and my own point of view to give much credence to an academic approach to photography, let alone such trivial matters as regular attendance.

In reality, I spent more time on the campus at night than during the day, the drawcard being 24/7 access to the darkrooms housed in what, by all appearances, was the ramshackle janitor's wing of the infamous Carrington asylum. High on egoism and marijuana, the unrestricted access to what I considered at 2am on a Tuesday to be my own personal photography studio was a privilege I neither realised nor truly capitalised on.

With Ben Harper or the Pixies blasting loud on the tape deck I would print long into the night, losing all sense of time and self as the alchemic process of the developer tray brought captured pieces of the past back to life. I never saw another soul the whole time I was there during these late night bouts of creativity, but often I sensed I was not alone. The folklore of souls from Carrington's past and the slow entropy of its architecture conspired more than once into the reverberations of spooks in the night – manifest unexplained thumps from always the farthest corner breaking my meditations and sending me scurrying for the mains to flood the dark red-lit room with bright white light. My pulse would do backflips as I unlocked doors, methodically moving between the interconnected rooms asking with timid hope "is anyone there?"

My study at Unitec was a time of heightened emotions. I'd just lost my father, and life was not yet put back together right, so I cannot categorically say if there ever was, or was not, an unseen companion in those dark room times. But, as with all institutions concerned with the integrity of the mind, be it disturbed or flourishing, I am still aware that there are some recesses long in shadow, anticipating the light.

Rowan Klevstul.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTION

I started at Carrington Polytechnic Design School in September 1989 in Building 76, a brick edifice originally named M3 at the southern end of the campus.

The security fence at the rear was still in place, but the building had undergone refurbishment. Now students resided within the original cells whose doors opened outward into the corridors.

Working in Building 76 had its drawbacks. The outward studio 'cell' Kauri doors became a hazard and were recovered except in the jewellery department where security was necessary.

Possums were a problem. Some entered the building via the roof ventilation and slept in the roof space. These were often sick animals that occasionally 'walked the halls' and were extremely aggressive if cornered by staff.

One morning I attempted to enter a studio. It was full of flies; thousands of them. Studio class were cancelled, security and the pest control arrived to spray the room. This caused the cockroaches in the false ceiling to escape northwards running down the walls and across the floor in one of the tutor's offices on the ground floor.

... later and to my horror, [I] found the thick kauri door to [my] office smashed...

They boarded up my office door and replaced the lovely old kauri panelled door with a flush ply one.

I left Unitec December 2012 having on the whole an enjoyable 23 years. At the end of year party, I was presented with a small jewellery piece made by Ilse Marie Erl. A core bore of the kauri door frame from my office, silver surround and a tiny offset diamond.

John Laker
Staff 1989 - 2012



The New-Zealander.

DAILY.

AUCKLAND, TUESDAY, JULY 11, 1865.

Be just and fear not,
Thy God's, and Truth's.

THE NEW LUNATIC ASYLUM.

THE new Lunatic Asylum, at present in course of erection, is situated on the left-hand side of the Great North-road, about four miles from Somerville's corner, or two from the suburb of Newton. It stands on a hill, and commands a fine view of the Waitemata, and the distant hills on the North Shore. The building faces almost due north, and cuts one angle of the triangle of about twenty acres of ground in which it stands, this angle being formed by the main road and a by-road running from it to the Mount Smart Road. On leaving the town it is one of the first objects that strikes the eye in this portion of the view, being a large and massive edifice, 220 feet long, and consisting of a centre and two wings. The centre and the western wing are two stories high, and that portion of the eastern wing which faces the spectators at this side is three stories. The general aspect from a short distance is exceedingly plain, but closer inspection brings to view the different colored bricks which are used in the construction, and which take much from the heaviness of its appearance. The style of architecture is nondescript, being a mixture of various kinds, which in their combination have not an unpleasing effect. Thus much for the general appearance of the outside, to some of the minutiae of which we shall have again to refer. The grand entrance is in the northern front of the western wing, by a pointed arch door leading into an outer hall, 15 feet long by 7 wide, beyond which again is the space left for the staircase leading to the upper storey, which is not yet in its place. This open space breaks through the several floor and terminates at the roof in a pyramidal lantern, or skylight. Passing into the interior on the ground floor, we next come to the grand hall, which runs parallel to the north front for 45 feet, and is 11 feet broad; out of this and facing the grand entrance is the dining and recreation room, 49 feet 6 inches long by 20 feet broad, and lighted by circular-headed mullioned

broad, and the other at the rear of the wing for 7 beds, being 24 feet long by 13 feet. Between the two is a day-room 27 feet by 24, around which are bath-room, water-closets, lavatory, and other small rooms, the dimensions of which being unimportant we will not trouble our readers with. There are to be three broad staircases leading into the second storey, two of these of stone, and one—that which is situated in the western wing—of wood. The accommodation in this floor corresponds exactly with that on the ground floor with the exception, that the large room over the dining-room is to be fitted up as a chapel, with open roof varnished, and triple arched windows. Over the grand entrance there is a third storey divided into similar rooms with those below. Having thus described the dimensions of the numerous apartments into which the building is divided, as shortly as we could, it may be well to add a few words as to the general construction of the edifice and the defects which appear to exist in it. In the construction great attention has been paid to the requisite stability, and each floor, with the exception of the entrance portion of the west wing, is built on fireproof arches on which the iron girders that support the flooring rest. The flooring itself is to be formed in those places where extra security is deemed necessary of concrete on which bricks are to be laid. To give additional security against fire, the doors which communicate from the non-fireproof to the fireproof portion are of wrought iron, and slip into recesses in the solid masonry. For the same reason the only wooden staircase will be that in the entrance wings, and all the window sashes in the part appropriated to patients are to be of iron. All the outside walls are eighteen inches thick and a portion of the inside, the remainder being fourteen inches and the partitions nine. The bricks of which they are constructed are principally yellow, and have all been manufactured in the colony, some of them, as will be recollected from the evidence taken in the Provincial Council, by the late Mr. THOMAS, but the greater portion by DOCTOR POLLEN. Round each storey runs a course of red bricks, broken at the windows, the arches of which they also form. The grand entrance is tastefully decorated in yellow, white, black, and red bricks, the archway on the ground

for patients are even now very dark, though the sashes are not yet in the windows. A mistake has also been made in fronting the building due north, as the western wing thus shuts out from the whole centre the afternoon and evening sun, a bad arrangement, where, from the thickness of the walls and the cell-like construction of the rooms, as much sunlight as possible should have been caught to cheer the wretched inmates. But this, we understand, was not the fault of the architect, but of his Honor the Superintendent, who evidently without sufficient forethought fixed the situation of the building as it now stands, cutting the angle of the two roads that lead to it. The accommodation also is not at all as great as would be imagined from a cursory glance at the size of the building. The lower floor cannot certainly accommodate more than seventy patients, and the upper a like number, or say a hundred and fifty in all at the very outside, without crowding—a system which, in a Lunatic Asylum, of all institutions in the world, ought to be most particularly avoided. One hundred and fifty persons in a building that shows a front of two hundred and twenty feet, and with two wings running to a depth of one hundred feet and seventy feet respectively, evidences that sufficient thought has not been given in utilising the space at the disposal of the projectors. But there has been one fault committed, that is so glaring as to merit the highest censure. It is now as well known as some few years ago it was unknown, that the dreaded disease of lunacy will yield to skilful treatment, and that the harsh usage of the unfortunate beings who labored under this affliction which existed in days gone by was a cruel fallacy; for kindness, occupation, and recreation would bring about that which no other treatment could. For this purpose Lunatic Asylums are now universally fitted with workshops, pleasure grounds, and all such appurtenances as could conduce to the cheerful occupation or amusement of the inmates. In this asylum, also, it was intended to have a workshop, 100 feet long, built at the rear of the eastern wing, and on the plans such a building appears; but the fiat of his Honor the Superintendent went forth that lunatics in Auckland should not have the necessity of employment, and in

their remedy or employment applied to been constructed. We have here the padded cell for the dangerous lunatics, but not the cheerful occupation for the brooding mind. Again, the ground in which the building stands, which consists of twenty acres of good land, has not as yet been touched, not even fenced in; it is left, we presume, for the first inmates to till it, and they will have the cheerless prospect round them of a heathy moor instead of a cultivated garden. The plough should be used at once and the ground put in order at all events; but we doubt, with such a head to guide, if this will be allowed. There are three most essential points in which the master-mind (?) of Robert Graham has interfered, and spoiled them—light, cheerfulness, and occupation.

The building was to have been completed on the first of the present month, but owing to the delays in supplying the material, the work has been thrown back so much that it will scarcely be finished before Christmas next. The Provincial Government had to supply the bricks, but were not able to keep the supply up sufficiently to enable Mr. White, the contractor, to go on with the work, and the consequence was the building was left uncovered through a great part of the winter, and the wet has penetrated through the walls in many places, so as to retard the work on the inside very much, and even to cause some doubt as to the stability of the building itself. Mr. White has now about twenty-five men at work, and has had as many as forty; but with all his endeavors it will take him until Christmas, or very near it, before he can hand over the building. The eastern wing, the centre, and the chapel in the western wing are slated, and the front of this latter wing is now being roofed in, but a great deal still remains to be done on the inside. Iron gutters have been laid round the eaves of the roof which carry off the water, taking some of it into cisterns inside the building, and conducting the surplus into drains which run from the building to some distance into a neighboring gully.

The plans for the building were drawn in England, and are being carried out by Mr. Wrigley, architect of this town, under the immediate supervision of Mr. J. Derrom, Clerk of Works for the Provincial Government. The estimated cost will be £23,000.

floor being painted, and above it, under the triple arched window of the second floor, being an unapproachable balcony—unapproachable because the window that leans on it is divided by columns, so that it would be next to impossible to squeeze through it, and it is furthermore two feet higher than the floor of the room from which it looks. This wing terminates in a handsome cornice, which rests on dentils, and is formed of bricks serrated at each end and standing upright, above which again are moulded stones and bricks, the whole being finished off with tiles sloping into the waterway. This portion of the roof is closed in with a parapet. It was originally intended to have formed the entire front of pressed bricks, but as this could not be procured the ordinary kind had to be used, and the workmen thus lost much time in having to point the work afterwards, besides which it was necessary to cut and gauge those used for the arches—a process that costs them much extra work. The entrance hall is to be floored with Minton tiles, which will give it a very pleasing appearance. The whole building is laid on a foundation of scoria, and that portion of it which appears above the ground is dressed. The appliances for ventilation seem to be very good; tubes being carried up through the walls and opening at the roof, while arches are conducted through the flues of the chimneys. The height of the rooms also, being twelve feet on every floor, will of course materially assist this, and in each sash of the iron windows there is a pane that opens on hinges. In the matter of light the interior seems decidedly deficient; the windows are narrow, and many of the rooms intended for patients are even now very dark, though the sashes are not yet in the windows. A mistake has also been made in fronting the building due north, as the western wing thus shuts out from the whole centre the afternoon and evening sun, a bad arrangement, where, from the thickness of the walls and the cell-like construction of the rooms, as much sunlight as possible should have been caught to cheer the wretched inmates. But this, we understand, was not the fault of the architect, but of his Honor the Superintendent, who evidently without sufficient forethought fixed the situation of the building as it now stands, cutting the angle of windows on the eastern and western sides. Behind this, again, are the pantry, larder, cutting room, bread-room, kitchen, scullion, and butter and milk room, all of suitable dimensions, and to be fitted plainly but substantially—the kitchen, which is 20 feet by 18, the cutting room, and the butter and milk room having slate shelves placed round them. A small porch leads into the back. Before proceeding to the other portions of this floor, it may be as well to give here the manner in which the basement storey that runs under this wing is to be disposed of. A passage 6 feet wide and 48 feet long runs down the centre of it, and at either side are placed the coal and wood room, bakehouse 23 feet by 18 and fitted with ovens, beer and wine cellars, and boiler house; the whole being lighted by an area 3 feet 6 inches wide, running along the eastern and western sides—the south end, into which a flight of stone steps will lead. Returning again to the entrance hall, we find on either side of it four rooms about 19 feet by 15, each with strong room, lavatory, &c., attached; these are intended for the governor's quarters. A pair of fireproof doors lead from the grand hall into a corridor 63 feet long and 6 feet wide, one side of which is lighted by windows looking to the north, and the other is occupied by five rooms for patients, 13 feet broad by 17 long, and lighted by apertures high up in the walls, which give them very much the aspect of prison cells. At the eastern end of this corridor is a small lobby and staircase, and beyond them again is a day-room 54 feet by 13 feet, lighted in the same manner as the corridor, and having six smaller cells on its opposite side. Two of these cells are to be padded, as receptacles for the most dangerous patients. The dimensions of these cells are 9 feet 6 inches by 7 feet, and they are intended to receive one patient each, those previously mentioned being meant for two, three, or more at discretion. A bath-room 9 feet 6 inches by 7 feet 6 inches, with water-closets and urinal, terminates this portion of the building. In the east wing are two large sleeping rooms—one facing the north intended for 12 beds, being 35 feet long by 16 feet

I have been within these walls for a long time
I came from another hospital
Story has it I pushed a nurse over a balcony
What is truth
"Once I was happy, rosey and plump
Then I got married and went off my trump"

get me the radio darling dance to the music
rage and leap across the day room
to big windows i see trees in the rain
rain on the windows

have you got a cigarette darling

throw the Women's Own magazine in the rubbish bin
eat the chocolate bar and smoke the cigarettes
who is the parcel from
i don't know darling

They will throw you to the sharks
A gun to the head pull the trigger a bullet to the head bang you're dead

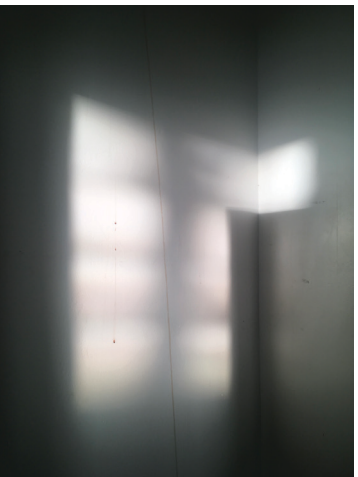
They will feed you to the sharks

I came to this old brick castle so long ago now
My brother visited me
I tried to push him in the Whau Valley stream
He stopped coming to see me

Do you know how babies are made and where they come from
Did you know my brother and I are children from an older man

Nurse do you like apple pie with custard and ice-cream
Do you like fresh oranges nurse
Do you like apricots with whipped cream nurse
Do you like steak with gravy nurse.

Excerpts from the poems What is Truth, Rain on the Windows, and Thrown to the Sharks, selected for this publication by Carly van Winkel.



THE IVY TOWER

Follow me down the road the highway at dusk with its car lights
like faces with eyes staring ahead marking their way and deciding their direction
follow me down the road as I walk with my blue suitcase in hand
with its pale blue straps across it like braces on a shirt

Follow me down the road to the building a century old of brick covered in green ivy
crawling up around the window ledges
all the narrow windows sometimes with faces appearing
real life figures with eyes staring out blankly searching through the streets
for a memory or a hand to lead them home
At nights the lamps all lit, the faces still come to the windows
some passing by and others stopping to look out
When the lights go out the lamps dim, the darkness masks all the windows.
Ghosts with their delusions screaming through the locked doors and barred windows
wail, moan and haunt the deserted corridors.

Follow me down the road
my suitcase lies behind the door slightly ajar
I walk the corridors my white uniform somehow incongruous with the ragged dreams
of people trapped in the whirlpools of their minds
I pass them by or stay and talk or sit with them like a stranger
a visitor or an intruder in a domain not mine in reality.

Follow me down the road
my suitcase stands forgotten under the bed of thoughts
my uniform flung over the sheets of memories as a shell of a ghost.
I stare at the old brick building with its captives and shadows
and I hear the sighing of the long past-over echoing down the corridors
and I hear the sharp clack of a key turning in the locks

My new friends clasp my hands and shower sudden smiles on me
there is laughter and merriment as the new friends dress for a fancy costume competition
the winner is the wizard with her pointed black hat and wide red lip-stick grin
the losers wipe the tears from their bright clown clothes and eat the lollies
I follow my friend and they follow me down the roads surrounding the islands of bricks
to the green fields among the yellow buttercups, the white daisies with their small faces
to the waterfall at the back of the farm to rest under beautiful oak trees
beneath pine trees and pretty poplar trees
The seasons come and go, the winters find us indoors while the rain rushes up outside

Follow me down the road to the corner of the ivy tower as I leave here today
my blue suitcase looks faded and its straps hang idle
I stop at the gate and breathe in the warm summer afternoon air
I say farewell to a chapter in my life, my friends who sleep under a full moon

Where I am now there are still fields of buttercups, daisies and waterfalls
but no brick walls or locked doors
I wake from sleep and imagine I hear a faint cry, a distant click and a hollow voice
and I remember those friends, the ghosts, the ivy and the whirling leaves
I recall a special kind of Christmas, a white bearded man in red wearing black gumboots
standing beside deep boxes of wrapped gifts in a room with concrete walls
and an enormous space ceiling lofty like a barn
Father Christmas calling out each person's name and giving presents of talcum powder
blue beads, lemon perfumed soaps, bags of pink and white marshmallows
and balloons and streamers floating drifting down around the delighted beaming faces

I turn on my bedside lamp
listen to the wind in the palm tree outside my window and I try to recall
what happened to the blue suitcase I carried with me into the ivy tower parade
I seem to have misplaced it somewhere down the road

Chris Feeney
June 1976

Chris Feeney worked as a nurse from 1969 – 1975 in Building 6 when it formed part of Oakley Carrington Hospital. It was originally known as Park House, the Female Security Ward. Drawing on her experiences as a nurse, Chris Feeney wrote this collection of poems, at times incorporating patients' own words and conversations alongside imagined perspectives.

Gifted to Dale Leyland

AUCKLAND LUNATIC ASYLUM AS ERECTED



— FLOOR —

As per original plans including of the Right Wing have not been erected

Ground Floor
Accommodation in Single Rooms 72
Dissolved

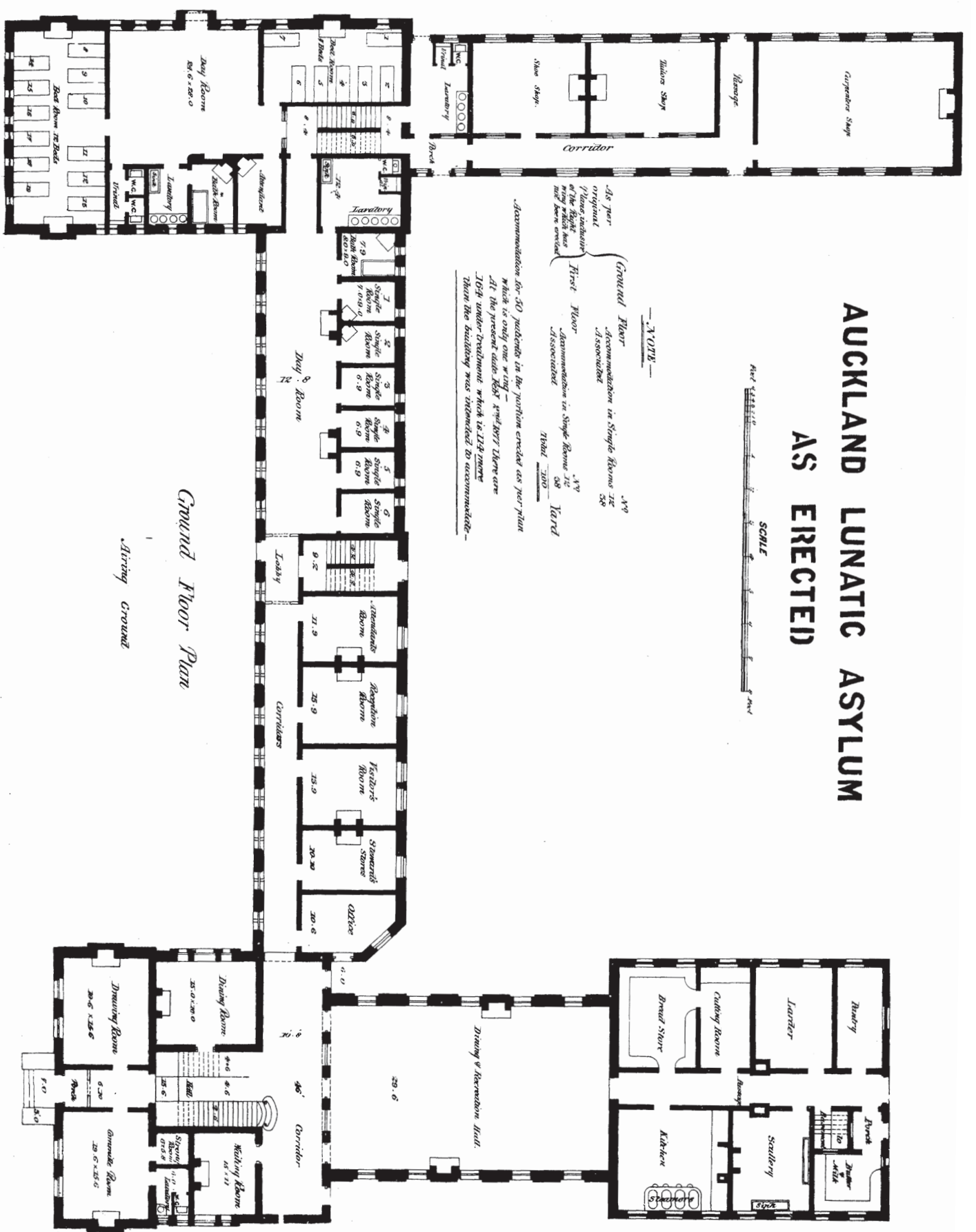
First Floor
Accommodation in Single Rooms 72
Dissolved

As per original plans including of the Right Wing have not been erected

Second Floor
Accommodation in Single Rooms 72
Dissolved

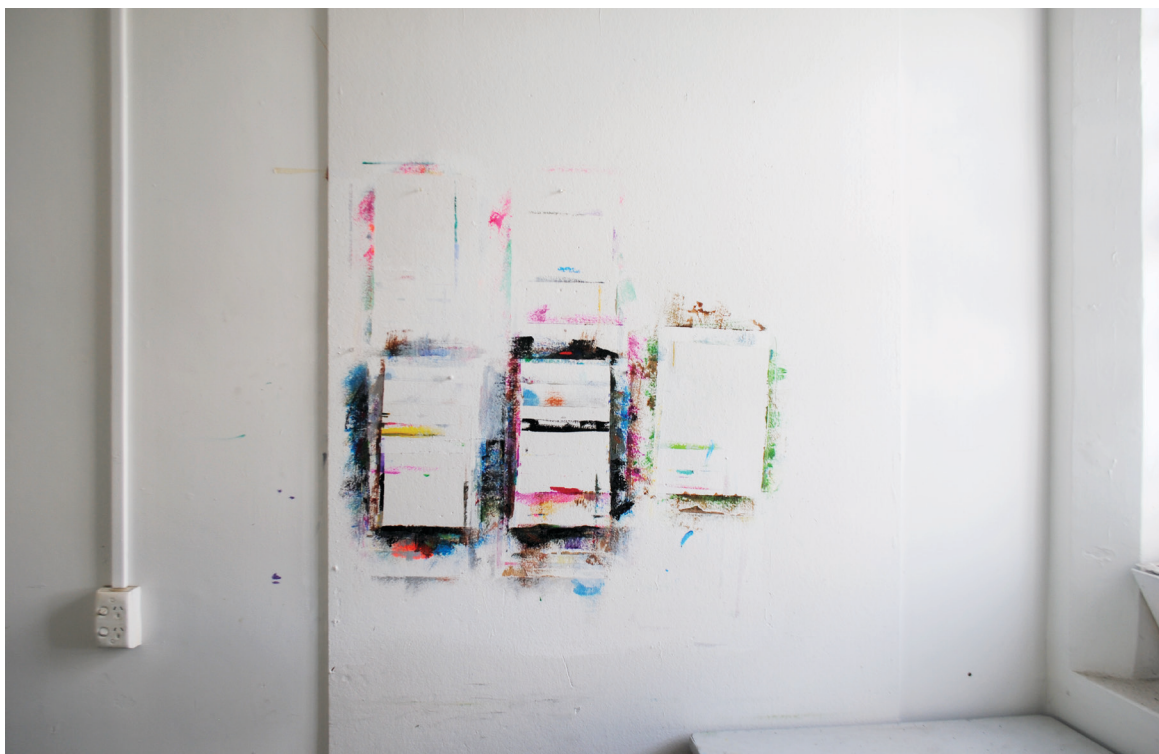
Total 216

Accommodation for 50 patients in the portion erected as per plan which is only one wing —
At the present date 1887 there are 164 under treatment which is 114 more than the building was intended to accommodate —



Ground Floor Plan

Living Ground



Sylvie Morrison
Building 76, 2025

FRAGMENTS

Selected drawings from *The Decision to Drift*
Kristy Gorman

I met Kristy Gorman on a bright afternoon, outside the compound. We walk and talk. There is something in her disposition that speaks directly to my own nervous and anxious nature. She leads me through a labyrinthine network of corridors and alcoves, outside and across the road, into another building, another labyrinthine network of corridors and alcoves. I have visited these buildings many times and yet, every time I return here, I again lose my bearings: I lose any sense of where I am within the cardinal points of the city. We passed through heavy fire-safety doors, through other doors that beep and open when Gorman swipes her ID card across a flashing scanner. As we move, I am conscious of both the natural and artificial light sources in the building, how they seem to be in conflict with one another. The warm spectral light of the outside world pours in through arched and shuttered windows into hard, cold spaces already occupied by the near-audible droning of fluorescent molecules, strobing down from chain-mounted tube fittings. The two light sources wrestle and tear at each other, one hoping to obfuscate and overpower the other. We finally come to the two rooms that make up her studio. Where she works is right at the nexus of this conflict - Michael Steven, from *Containers of The Ineffable*, 2019

If These Walls Could Talk

These posters represent the site-based typochoreographic installation in Building 76 for The Space Between Us (exhibition & symposium)
2020 - Jonty Valentine and Becca Wood

Wheelchair

As we left building 76 (M3) I noticed this wheelchair in a corner of a cell that once supported students studying furniture design; I subsequently rescued it from being tossed into the skip. With one flat tyre, and one tyre completely adrift of its rim it spoke to me of loss and abandonment, incarceration, immobility and sickness. For over 4 years it sat in the corner of my studio amidst my books, tools and materials waiting and watching - a ghost of a past and a grim reminder of mortality and the need to continue to move, make and create. I finally moved it from the corner to the middle of my studio and started to make. Transformed through materials, traces of the building and the infirmed remain within its encrusted skeletal form - it no longer speaks to creative potential but rather reiterates a narrative where the weight and fear associated with moments of pain, suffering and loss can now be considered as referential, memory and shared - Gina Ferguson

Glass Vase

This vase appeared one day in Building 6. Like an object inherited from a favourite great-aunt. Nobody really wanted it, but no one wanted to be responsible for throwing it away. For several years it was kept in an alcove in the corridor in the hope someone might steal it, but no-one ever did - Dale Leyland

M3 Master Key

Late one afternoon while teaching in Building 76 (previously known as M3), I was given this master key by a man who had been the fitness supervisor and pool maintenance / caretaker for M3 and the Mason Clinic. He said it would open every door... - *Gina Ferguson*.

Restraining Straps

These straps were found under the floor in the old smithing room in Building 76. It was when the floors were being ripped up in 2010 I believe. They were very dirty and just lying in the debris under the floor - *Mandy Flood*

Father of the Mothers

Samuel Montgomery's work *Father of the Mothers, Burnout, sound*, 2018 pays homage to the artist's late father. James Montgomery was the founder of the 1970s Palmerston North chapter of the motorcycle gang, The Mothers. *Father of the Mothers* consists of a dark burnout graze on the concrete floor of an old cell, two membership cards carefully window mounted together in a silver frame, rubber splattered up the wall, the intense smell of burning tyres and the blaring sound of motorbikes circling that is terrifying and exhilarating in equal measure. Plumes of thick slow smoke filled the air as burnout tests and supporting works were made. *Father of the Mothers* is a powerful amalgam of reverence and high-spirited disregard for authority. It calls up the tyranny of loss, and looks it up and down - *Emma Smith*

Father of the Mothers

Rubber turns against concrete. Heat, smoke and friction build until the surface gives way to a dark trace. The burnout is both gesture and mark - a moment of force held in the ground.

Performed within a space already layered with time, the action adds another trace to its surface. The mark is immediate, physical and partly beyond control; a record of movement, pressure and duration.

What remains is the residue of an action. A temporary act becomes a permanent trace, holding the energy of the moment within the material. The work is not an image of the burnout, but the burnout itself: an act, a mark, a memory - *Samuel Montgomery*

Casting Off

A series of small boats made from bricks reclaimed from Building 1 - acknowledging the safe harbour that the various Art & Design programs provided to the many youthful creatives who would subsequently set sail on new journeys - *Cris de Groot*

THE BUILDINGS AND THE LAND OF ŌWAIKAKA

Over a thousand years ago, the Tainui waka arrived in Tāmaki Makaurau. They would settle here, identify places where they would build their homes and establish their communities. The Māori people would look at the waterways, where one could source fresh running water for the day to day needs of the community. Other necessities included the fertility of the land, where they would prepare their gardens and orchards. Waterways would also be the paths providing good access to the moana, to the oceans. A lot of work would be given to preparing the whenua, so everything was available for those that lived within the community to live and work in harmony. Everyone, including the children, had key responsibilities that needed to be done to ensure a thriving community.

About 200 years later, the Mataatua waka arrived with its people, including Wairaka, from whom our Māori name is derived. They settled within what is now our campus before eventually moving on to the Whakatāne district. The springs, waterways, proximity to the moana, the richness of the land, its fruits made life and living perfect. Our Ancestors would build and sometimes rebuild homes and structures that maximized good health and wellbeing.

With the arrival of colonial communities into Tāmaki Makaurau, things were also going to evolve and change.

In 1867, the Auckland Provincial Lunatic Asylum was opened, known as the Auckland Lunatic Asylum from 1877, then as the Auckland Mental Hospital from 1905, following that the hospital was renamed The Oakley Hospital, then it was changed again to the Carrington Psychiatric Hospital. Through this exhibition, we have the opportunity not only to celebrate 50 years of Unitec's history, but also to acknowledge the many histories that came before it. We acknowledge not only our connection to these narratives and the buildings that were ours for so long, but also the whenua, which has continually changed over time. The land evolved to meet the needs of each era. Landscaping and planting was crucial to creating a state of being, and in the case of the Hospital, the focus on creating a space of tranquillity and peace for the patients.

So let's not forget the history and the contribution the land played in our history.

Tēnā koutou, tēnā koutou, kia ora tātou.

Hohepa Renata



Auckland Lunatic Asylum, Point Chevalier [Photograph]. (1870–1879). John Webster Collection (Record ID 108388). Auckland Libraries Heritage Collections. <https://kura.aucklandlibraries.govt.nz/digital/collection/photos/id/108388/>

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