

Celestial fragmentation of the everyday:  
a soft dialogue between my memories and domestic  
spaces through painting, moving image, and poetry

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## Abstract

This practice-led research explores the fluctuation and physicality of memories situated within my daily life's spaces and rituals using painting, moving image, and poetry. Through constant reminiscing I find myself returning to the domestic spaces in my life, such as bedrooms and kitchen windowsills, and how they flow alongside and throughout my memories. Memory is split into two modes: voluntary and involuntary. Involuntary embodied experiences are woven together with memories, and voluntary memory is prompted by personal images and videos. The fluctuating nature of memories emerges as its own mode of making alongside these two modes of recollection. How these two modes continuously layer and influence one another is the approach echoed throughout my practice, forming a non-linear body of work with no distinct beginning or end. I investigate how magical realism and celestial language and imagery can further enhance the sensations of my memories and disrupt linearity. A soft dialogue is crafted between my modes of making and installation methods, exploring how they continue to carry and fragment durational time through their fluid interactions.

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## Attestation of Authorship

I hereby declare that this submission is my own work and that, to the best of my knowledge and belief, it contains no material previously published or written by another person (except where explicitly defined in the Acknowledgements), nor material which to a substantial extent has been submitted for the award of any other degree or diploma of a university or other institution of higher learning.

Signed,

Teresa Martinovich

6 May 2024

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Thank you, Mum, for all your support and for driving me back and forth to the train station when I was in between flats and needed to stay home, I would not have been able to complete things otherwise. Thank you to my siblings for sending me cat photos on the messenger group chat when I needed to take a break from writing. I'm glad that I was able to grow up in such a creative family.

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Thank you to Julie Downer for your excellent job of proofreading this exegesis.

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## Introduction

This practice-led research project explores how my fluctuating memories are positioned and fragmented within my domestic spaces, held within a lens of magical realism. Painting, moving image, and poetic text unveil cherished memories and sensations of light and colour, whilst engaged in a soft dialogue with one another. Through observing and ruminating on my daily spaces and ideas of home, I gently build catalysts where I can revisit and restructure these sensations and experiences. Each part of this exegesis should be viewed as a fluid interaction with the soft dialogue between my modes of making. They are not meant to be linear indicators of progress but rather as interwoven fragments that continuously influence one another, with no clear beginning or end.

The first part addresses the two primary modes of memory, voluntary and involuntary, and how the process of layering between these modes is echoed throughout my practice. Painting is primarily worked from memory, whereas moving image is created within my domestic spaces, and poetry is written in tandem with these processes creating a different sense of energy and mark-making within these different modes. Memory is fluid and slippery and is layered upon itself every time it is recalled, this is furthered in the viewing of the work. Fragments of childhood memories and my daily life are recalled through physical sensation and prompting aids such as family photographs and videos.

The second part situates my everyday spaces and routines as a foundation for the recollection of my memories. The everyday within my practice is in the recollection of my experiences and emotions supported by my domestic areas and mundane routines; an ambiguous subject which I imbue with warmth. These domestic spaces and objects, such as the kitchen and the washing line, are given intimate attention as I unfold the sensations and emotions embedded within. The slipperiness and fluctuation of memory is mirrored through the everyday; it is something which will evade any grasp.

The third part introduces the entanglement of magical realism with my domesticity, and the soft dialogue that has emerged between painting, moving image, and poetry. Celestial language and imagery disrupts linearity and creates constellations throughout my work, unveiling stars within these mundane spaces. The fluidity and layering which is present throughout my practice is found through different layers of duration and time and through immersive installation methods. <sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Both terms of time and duration are used within this exegesis. When referring to duration I use it in the context of the viewing length of a work and while this has a more defined start and finish, it is still layered and fluctuating. Duration within painting differs from duration in moving image and can be influenced by the frame and how a viewer can move in and around it. Time is used in a broader sense as a continuous progression combined with my experiences; duration sits within time. Exploration of memory sits within both these terms. The time of these memories has already past and is irreversible but through my modes of making and recollection, they are given duration and can be looped back around.

## Part One

## Modes of memory

*“If we have retained an element of dream in our memories, if we have gone beyond merely assembling exact recollections, bit by bit the house that was lost in the mists of time will appear from out of the shadow. We do nothing to reorganise it, with intimacy it recovers its entity, in the mellowness and imprecision of the inner life. It is as though something fluid had collected our memories and we ourselves were dissolved in this fluid of the past.”<sup>2</sup>*

The recollection of a memory is a slippery task for me. I am a nostalgic person by nature, often to the point of rumination, therefore wrangling these memories into a more fixed form holds a strong allurement; however, a memory cannot be easily pinned down. Much like the fluidity of paint, it will shift and slide around, melting together and fragmenting different pockets of time until there is no apparent certainty of where the boundaries of each separate memory lie. I attempt to draw out the sensations and emotions within my memories through constant recall and intuitive gestural mark-making. The focus is not on creating an exact copy, a task that would fall short regardless, as you cannot bring forth the memory itself. I aim to allow fragments to emerge that embrace memory's fluctuating nature as its own method, utilising painting, moving image, and poetry.

Memory can be split into the two modes of involuntary and voluntary; an unsolicited reservoir of experiences recalled by physical sensations versus an archival mode that relies on physical aids such as recordings and images.<sup>3</sup> Marcel Proust coined the term ‘involuntary memory’, which first appeared in his fiction book *In Search of Lost Time*. The book describes memories triggered by the senses, where the smell of a madeleine cake brings back a specific childhood memory. My practice flicks not only between these two modes of memory, often relying on a mixture of both, but also between my two primary modes of making; painting and moving image. Painting tends to engage with the involuntary mode of memory and moving image with voluntary, both carrying time and engaging the viewer at different durations and speeds. When painting from memory, without any visual prompts, there will be a sensation that keeps demanding my

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<sup>2</sup> Gaston Bachelard, *Poetics of Space*, trans. Maria Jolas (New York: The Orion Press, 1958).

<sup>3</sup> Marcel Proust, *In Search of Lost Time* (France: Grasset and Gallimard, 1913). ; Joan Gibbons, *Contemporary Art and Memory* (London: IB Taurus, 2007).

attention: for instance, the way I remember morning light spreading itself across the kitchen floor. I must chew over the memory until it is pliable, filling in the gaps as I work.

Within the painting process there is often a more intense energy caused by the speed of the mark-making, as oil stick spreads quickly across the canvas and colours are mixed hurriedly on the glass tray. It is if I do not work fast enough, I will lose my grasp on the memory and its details, and I will be unable to pull it back again. Decisions are made on the canvas as I work, not before. Cloth is used to wipe away areas in a wide, sweeping motion and solvent blurs brushstrokes, the different layers resembling the fragments of different memories (see *fig 2&3*). The action of wiping away is a way to renegotiate with the memory, constantly re-shaping it while my previous efforts remain traceable.

Speed and energy within the painting marks are catalysed by intuitive gestural abstraction, my body seeming to know what marks to make when I allow its painterly memory to take control. Paint smears down my fingers and the paintbrush is caked with paint, while a mixture of oil medium and linseed oil act as perceptual conductors for this embodied knowledge, tools for extending myself onto the canvas.

Pierre Bonnard's paintings are derived from memory, formed from the moment (rather than an exact scene of a photograph) which help "convey the warmth, comfort, and quiet isolation of interior scenes".<sup>4</sup> He viewed the object as a hinderance and by painting from memory it allowed him a fluidity to focus on the emotions of the memory, and their saturation of the colours became entry points into the experience. Bonnard's painterly, soft marks and vibrant palettes of yellows, oranges, purples, blues, and creams build the scenes of his domestic life and the people who frequently inhabited them.



Figure 1. Pierre Bonnard, *The Bathroom*, 1932, oil on canvas, 121x118.2cm.

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<sup>4</sup> Pierre Bonnard, Dita Amory, Nicole R. Myers, and Allison Stielau, *Pierre Bonnard: The Late Still Life and Interiors* (New Haven: Metropolitan Museum of Art, 2009).

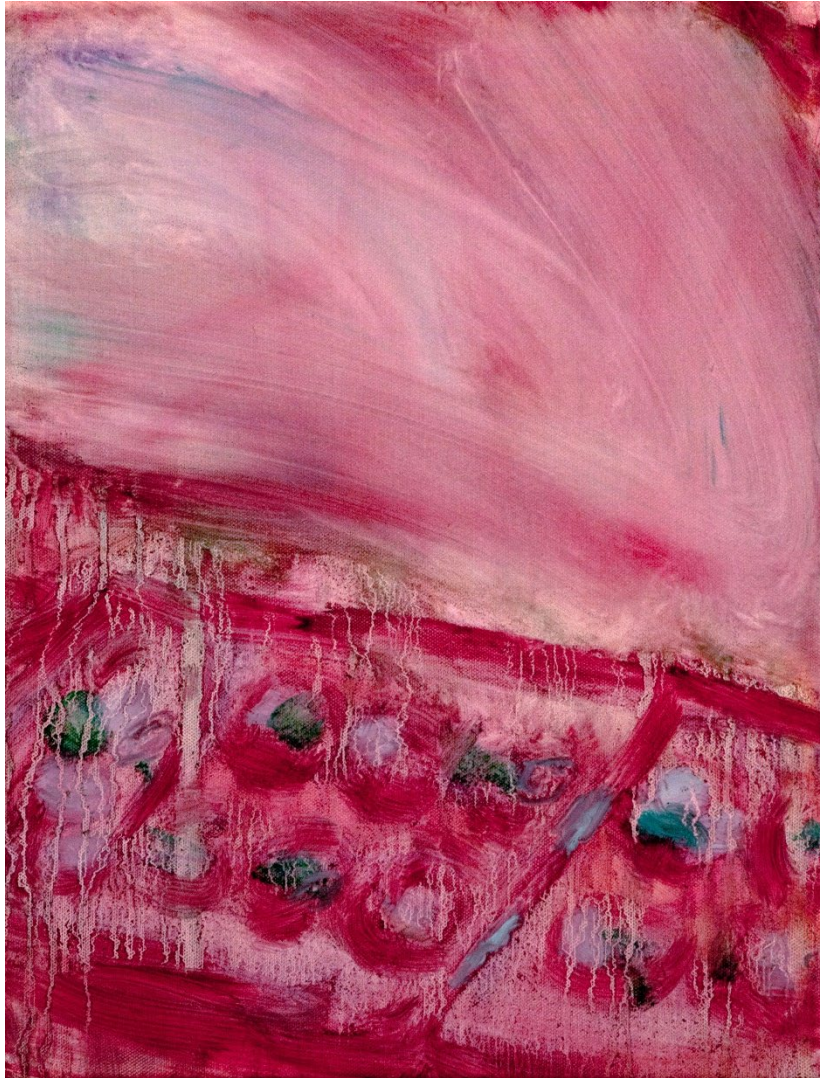


Figure 2. Teresa Martinovich, *mancala*, 2023, oil paint on canvas, 35cmx45cm.

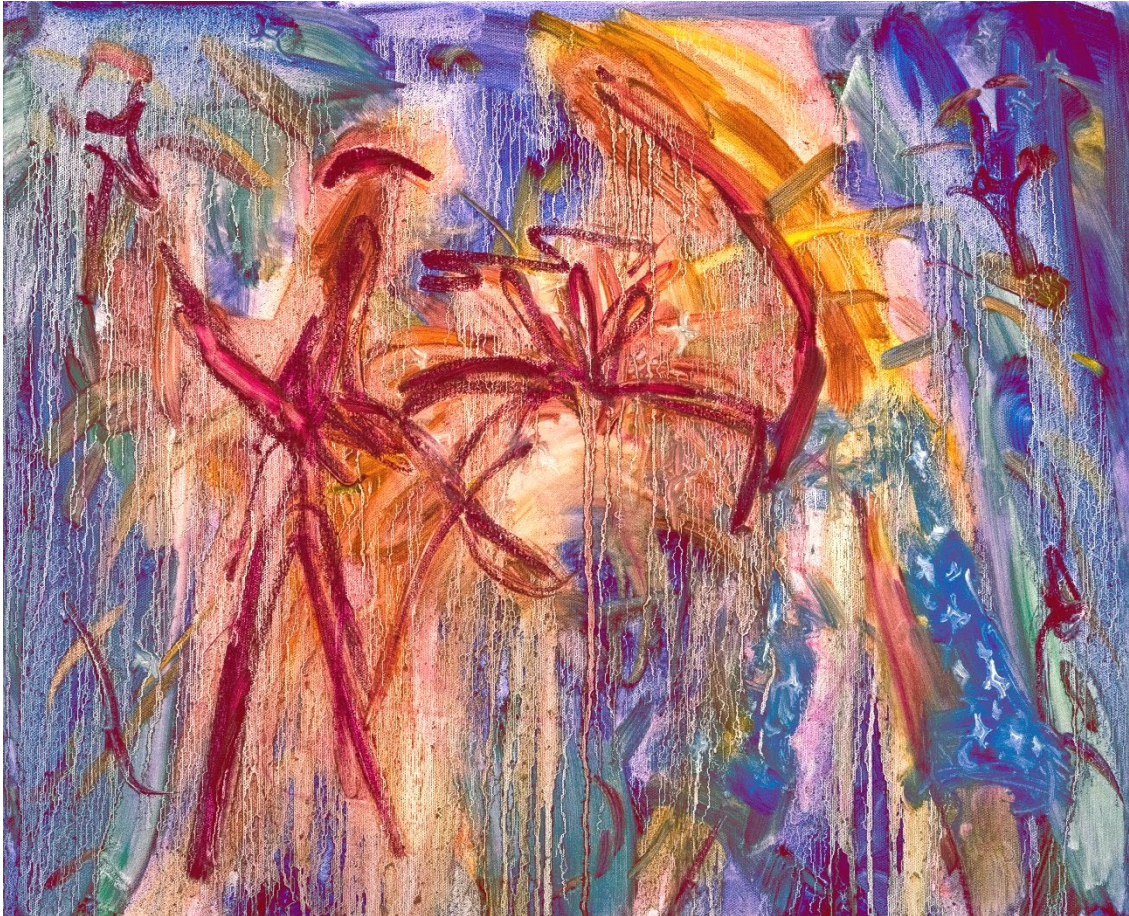


Figure 3. Teresa Martinovich, *night dancing*, 2023, oil paint and stick on canvas, 50 x 60 cm.



Figure 4. Teresa Martinovich, *Christmas morning in the brick house*, 2023, oil paint and stick, 1m x 1.6m.

The speed of making and movement within my practice slows down when working from archival aid or with moving image.<sup>5</sup> The vibrancy and gesture are still retained but there is more time to pause and soak in the memory. The painting *Christmas morning in the brick house* (see fig.4) responds to a photo I found from early childhood of my older sister and me unwrapping presents on a Christmas morning, light streaming in from behind. We are sat in our pyjamas (mine are pink with a yellow and blue monkey pattern) on the plush orangey-brown armchairs that we would eventually have to throw out years later after our puppies tore away the bottom fabric. The appearance of these pyjamas would have been lost without the prompting of the photo; however, as soon as I saw it, the fabric's soft, almost fuzzy sensation was drawn out. I could remember exactly how it felt to wear them. The background and figure in the painting are blurred from solvent, fast oil stick marks hinting at the curve of the armrest and the body of the figure, while enough of the pink pyjamas remain to carry the emotions I had fixated on.

When weaving together a memory with moving image, the energy of making and experiencing the work becomes more contemplative with a quieter but steady rhythm. There will often be a source of light within my domestic space that I am drawn to, a sensation that I take time to receive and will often alter with a pink colour filter held in front of the camcorder lens. This light source will trigger the urge to film as I walk past it, and this type of spontaneity extends to my painting and writing process. My body is present within and around the house during the filming process, so the spaces do not slip away as quickly from my memory as when I am away, compared to painting where I work in the studio, removed from the house. Poetic text incorporated within the moving image adds another stream of memory, blending storytelling with the physicality of where my body is situated. The text is written in conjunction with either filming or in the editing - usually by playing the clips repeatedly until a particular colour, movement, or phrase inspires me to begin writing. The writing process is not diaristic; it becomes another form of recollection and restructuring as I bring in another memory prompted by what I have filmed.

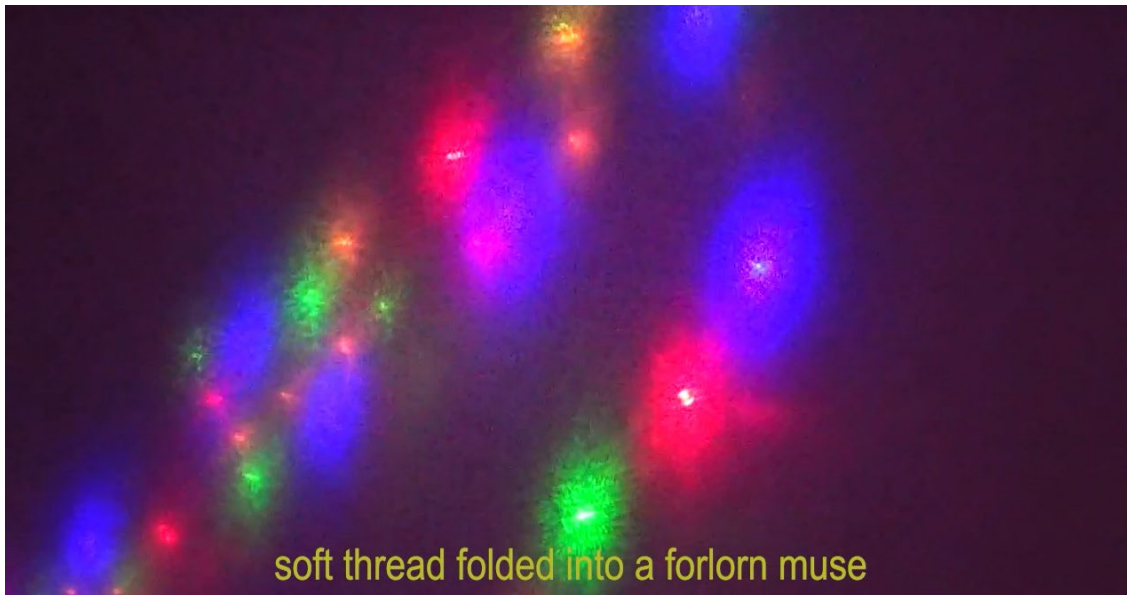
In the moving image work *celestial washing line* (see fig.5) the camera scans across blurred Christmas lights that reside in my flat's hallway all year-round, small soft beacons guiding me back to my room when the lights are off.

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<sup>5</sup> When referencing archival aids I am referring to personal items such as family photographs, taken with my phone, camcorder videos etc.



Figure 5. Teresa Martinovich, *celestial washing line*, 2023, moving image, 3 min duration.



Standing under them, observing their ebb and flow, feels reminiscent of being back in the family home, watching the lights which are strung-up, with quiet anticipation, with the low hum of a fan in the background. The fact that I am behind the lens is not hidden, the camera extending from my body just as a paintbrush would. It appears it is searching for something, lingering on each glowing saturated orb as it washes over the low-resolution frame before searching for the next. When returning to a previous area, the frames are layered over each other as the former fades into the next, as though one memory dissolves into another.

Blurriness is present in both my moving image and painting works through usage of low resolution and filters for the former, and cloth and solvent for the latter. These manipulations of mediums create sensations that go deeper than a purely aesthetic appreciation for the image and draws on the sensory memory to create an experience for the viewer. In her text *Dream Screen*, film theorist Martine Beugnet discusses how the effect of purposefully turning works away from legibility, through the usage of blurring creates an encounter between painting and cinema. According to Beugnet:

In the hybrid zone where art and experimental cinema meet, filmmakers frequently elect to foreground the process of filming over the legibility of the figurative content, and to treat the human form as the manifestation of an intensity or sensation- in this cinema, the human figure often seems on the brink of fusing with its surrounds. <sup>6</sup>

The true representation of the figure and its environment is not important, but rather representing the intensity and sensation of it; the embodied experience of the figure in flux is what I aim to convey. Figures within my paintings fuse with their surroundings, their slippery presence like the figures in memories from several years ago; blurry and just out of touch but the sensation and warmth of their encounter still vivid.

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<sup>6</sup> Martine Beugnet, "Dream Screen: On Cinema and Painting, Blur and Absorption," in *Cinematic Intermediality: Theory and Practice*, ed. Kim Knowles and Marion Schmid (Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 2021) 62.



Figure 6. Teresa Martinovich, *colliding*, 2023, oil paint and stick on unstretched canvas, approx. 80m x 110cm.

## Piecemeal memory

When I was seven years old my mum met my sister and I at the end of the driveway after the school bus had dropped us off to tell us that her father, our papa, had died. I can only recall a few fleeting moments of him as a person and the rest is built up from photos and the stories that mum would tell us; however, I can still remember the spaces around him. Before he came to live with us, us younger ones would sit in the garage and watch this dinosaur show on VHS, and then we would linger over the toys that sat in another room - there was a small metal crane sitting on top of a truck. I can't remember fully what the room looked like, or even exactly what that metal toy looked like, but I remember the way the dust would float inside the streams of sunlight and how the cool metal felt in my hands as I extended the crane part out. There was this feeling of novelty being in this space, in this house that seems to sit outside of everything - in the way that early childhood memories do.

Through his text *Realms of Memory*, French Historian Pierre Nora argues how true memory creates scarcity and unpredictability from which precious moments will be saved, so we use archival tools in an attempt to prevent all of these moments from slipping away. He writes:

The trace negates the sacred but retains its aura. We cannot know in advance what should be remembered; hence, we refrain from destroying anything and put everything in the archives instead. <sup>7</sup>

Thereby even smaller, mundane moments are considered for their potential of being archived. My first instinct is to hold onto everything, to collect every scrap of paper that will remind me of something when it is dug out from whatever shoebox it is crammed into. However, the reality of moving flat each year means that physical items must run the risk of being culled, and instead, I must turn to pouring these memories into my work. Each brushstroke and mark on the canvas will retain the aura of the memories I am trying to pull forth, creating more pockets of emotions from the original 'true' memory to reside in, even if it puts it at risk of dilution.

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<sup>7</sup> Pierre Nora, *Between Memory and History*. Vol. I. (New York: Columbia University Press, 1996).

These processes become a form of mending for me, a way of weaving together memories into something more fixed yet still utterly fluid. These works will continue to carry durational time, and the memories will continue to flip over themselves, slathered across the pinks and purples and yellows that I adore so much (see *fig 6*), but they will remain access points for me to re-enter. My practice appeals to 'piecemeal memory by offering shards that [swim] together to form another whole.'<sup>8</sup> I cannot achieve an exact copy even through archival aids, nor do I want to, so I embrace the fluctuating nature of piecemeal memory. I pull out my memories from their small pots and squish and knead them together until they are pliable enough to be stretched out, revealing the new kaleidoscope that has been created.

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<sup>8</sup> Joanna Margaret Paul. 'A Passionate Pilgrimage in Time'. In *Brief #32*, edited by Jack Ross, 6–12, 2005. <https://www.nzepc.auckland.ac.nz/features/paul/pilgrimage.asp>.

## Traces and slippage

Recalling memory is like playing with playdough as a child. It is dug out of its small plastic container, stretched out between warm hands, and continuously folded over itself. Small bits crumble off into the carpet or grass, either forgotten about or unable to be retrieved. A new colour is kneaded into the mix, and at first, the separate colours will remain vivid, a gummy kaleidoscope to be cut into with miniature cookie cutters. Despite best efforts, it will eventually be turned into a muddy amalgamation of the various pots with traces of individual colours peeking through, and attempts to isolate them will be almost futile.

It is not in memory's nature to become fixed and rigid and to remain impregnable to the influences of time and nostalgia. Yet we still try to do the impossible, to fix down something that cannot be fixed, to separate the muddy colours in the hope that we can preserve the moments that hold so much intimacy and warmth for us. Every time we recall a memory and entangle it with the rest of all our experiences and emotions, the more removed it becomes from the original memory, raising the question of how diluted memories I work from are. This entanglement is echoed through the viewing process of artworks. Art critic and curator Daniel Birnbaum writes:

An artwork- be it a poem, painting, or musical composition, continues to be because it is continuously viewed, heard and read anew. It is read, re-read, misread, and thus given birth to retroactively over and over again. This retroactive rewriting is sometimes so powerful that the original meaning- if such a concept still has any validity- disappears in favour of the new rendering. ... Was there ever such a thing as an 'original' sense, or is it rather a question of continuous rewritings, each one contributing to the retroactive production of an 'origin' that appears as such only belatedly?<sup>9</sup>

The process of labouring over a work, taking a break, viewing it, and repeating, continues this cycle of the memory being continuously chewed over and altered; both the artwork and memory are in perpetual state of alteration, each influencing the other.

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<sup>9</sup> Daniel Birnbaum. 'Late Arrivals,' in *Painting at the Edge of the World*, ed. Douglas Fogle (Minneapolis: Walker Art Center, 2001), 79.

The painter Maja Ruznic immerses her works and memories into this state of slippage and dilution. She employs a method of staining the canvas with paint diluted with turpentine and allows forms to emerge from these washes, turning the canvas as she works. The figures in her paintings intermittently flow through the stains of paint, seemingly only a moment away from slipping through the veil of the canvas. Starting with colour and intuitive mark-making allows for small pockets of slipperiness and motion to emanate from the memory that is being pulled out, diluting, and enhancing it at the same time. Ruznic submerges her paintings in a “state of constant and inevitable change,” a state which my practice continuously resides in (see *fig 9*).<sup>10</sup> I navigate through the slippage of memory to pull out the vivid, gummy pieces that remain while allowing myself to revel in the nostalgia in which it is saturated (see *fig 8*).



Figure 7. Maja Ruznic, *The Called*, 2020. Acrylic and oil on canvas, 171.5 × 136 cm. Copyright © Maja Ruznic. Courtesy: Karma, New York and Los Angeles.

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<sup>10</sup> Matthew Bourbon, “Maja Ruznic,” *Artforum* (1 July 2020). <https://www.artforum.com/events/maja-ruznic-247303/>.



Figure 8. Teresa Martinovich, *duvet*, 2023, oil paint and stick on canvas, 89cm x 158cm.

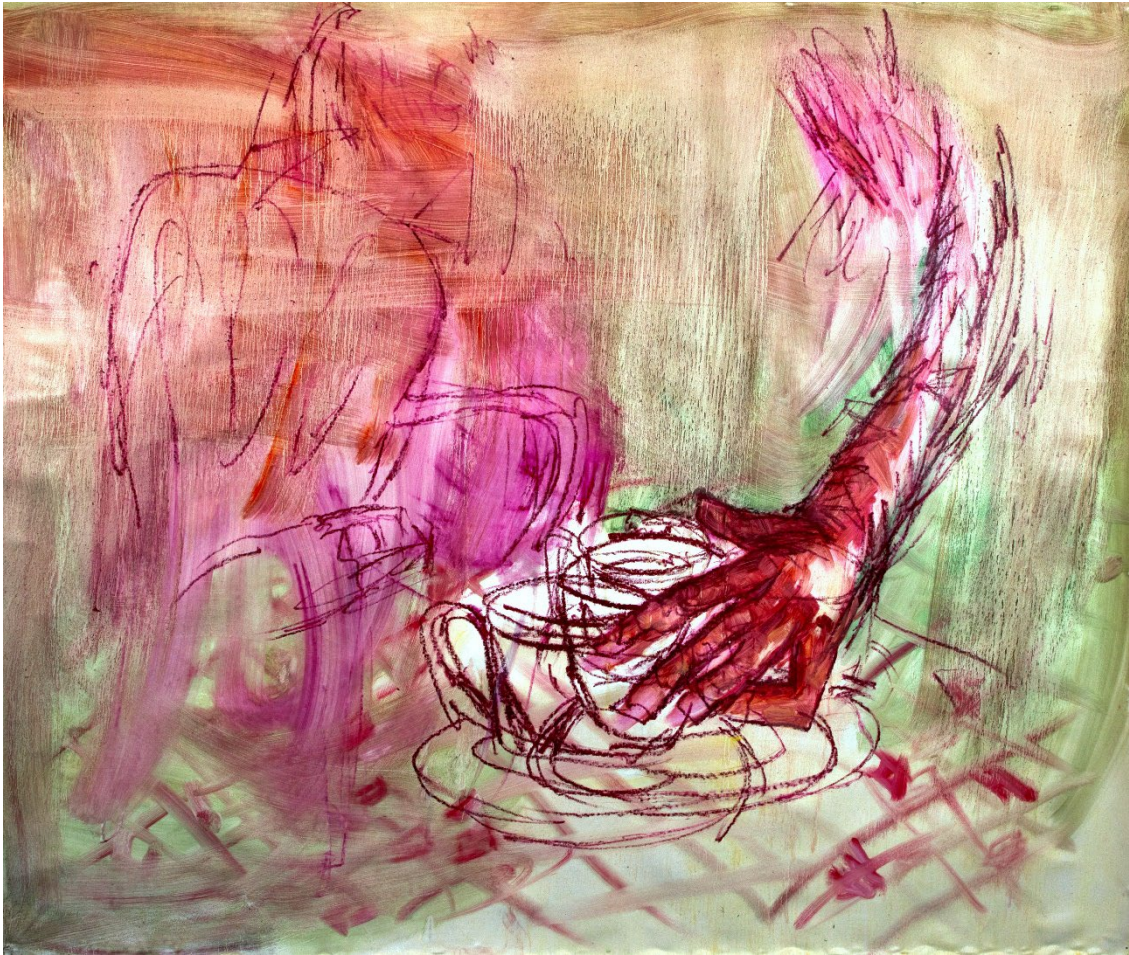


Figure 9. Teresa Martinovich, *afternoon tea*, 2023, oil paint and stick on unstretched canvas, 1.6m x 1.86m.

## Part Two

## Unearthing the mundane

The everyday serves as a veil between my memories and my practice, a threshold for my experiences to emerge and dissolve, unfurling within a domesticity. French philosopher Henri Lefebvre defines the everyday through the elimination of specialised events, using the everyday and its totality to seek political dis-alienation, while French writer and philosopher Maurice Blanchot argues that its key trait is its ability to escape any attempt of a hold; “an agent of disorder.”<sup>11</sup> The everyday is ambiguous and fluid, its state of ‘inbetweenness’ leaving it “at once empty and miraculously full”.<sup>12</sup> My work does not attempt to pin the everyday down or to historize it but to instead embrace its ‘inbetweenness’ as I tangle it with the ambiguousness of memory.

In his chapter *Approaches to What?* French historian Georges Perec urges the reader to question and redefine the mundane and the ubiquitous, calling attention to the moments that seem trivial but are just as, if not more, essential than the large dramas and scandals of life. He speaks to the phrases ‘endotic’ (as opposed to exotic) and ‘infra-ordinary’, terms which invite for everyday occurrences and spaces that have been so worn down into our rhythms of our daily lives that they seemingly have “ceased forever to astonish us.”<sup>13</sup> To be able to speak about and understand ourselves we must first dig up and investigate the common items and routines, giving them their deserved attention, alongside the more ‘flashy’ moments without placing a novelty onto them.

The term infra-ordinary has become a key foundation in how I approach my domestic spaces (see *fig 10*) and practice. I find myself continuously drawn back to these intimate domestic spaces, both out of habit and because there always seems to be something more to unearth, something that is both completely magical and utterly mundane. There is nothing innately special about how the washing line droops with the weight of clothes pinned to it, the dishes lying in soapy water, the way the duvet folds over itself as I get out of bed; yet I cannot escape them.

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<sup>11</sup> Jen Hui Bon Hoa. “Totality and the Common: Henri Lefebvre and Maurice Blanchot on Everyday Life” *Cultural Critique* 88 (2014): 54–78.

<sup>12</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>13</sup> Georges Perec, *Species of Spaces and Other Pieces*, trans. John Sturrock (London: Penguin, 1997).



Figure 10. Teresa Martinovich, *uncovering the home*, 2023, moving image, 5min 40 sec duration.





Figure 11. Teresa Martinovich, *i've already forgotten the rules ur gonna have to tell me again*, 2023, oil stick on brown paper, 58cm x 84cm.

The memories I recall with making always seem to be embedded in these infra-ordinary spaces, which become pockets of warmth and familiarity. The more I purposefully immerse myself in these spaces the more sensitive I become to their shifting nature.

When I went to briefly stay with a friend in Wellington, I slept in the living room that was surprisingly long with mustard yellow walls, on a burgundy couch that was about as wide and long as a single bed. We played board games (see *fig 11*) and sat curled up with blankets on the floor near to this couch, with a pot of pasta teetering on the low coffee table that we could not be bothered distributing onto plates. Every time I return to the memory of this trip, one that holds so much intimate warmth for me, I find myself returning to this couch, remembering rubbing my fingers against its velvety texture and listening to the rest of the house waking up. There are moments that were grander, fuller of excitement and novelty, but instead I find myself fixated on what makes up the everyday.<sup>14</sup>

Tāmaki Makaurau artist Brunelle Dias tenderly uncovers and archives her home and her intimate relationships. Family photo albums and smart phone photos are fluidly reworked onto the canvas, fragmenting childhood moments and family celebrations with the routines of her daily life.<sup>15</sup> In the painting *i'm not taking down the veil, i realise now, it was hung for a reason* (see *fig 12*) sunlight breaks through the veil of tea towels and bed sheets pegged to the washing line and envelops the viewer into the warmth and familiarity of this domestic setting. The sensation of the setting sun (or perhaps rising sun for this painting?) stretching out across the lawn and checkered tea towels is one that I often seek and feels reminiscent of my family home; a washing line (see *fig 13*) and back lawn is not a given when renting each year.



Figure 12. Brunelle Dias, *i'm not taking down the veil, i realise now, it was hung for a reason*, 2023, oil on unstretched canvas, 161 x 171 cm.

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<sup>14</sup> When referring to the everyday I mean both the concept of the everyday, while also being specific to my own everyday. What I consider to be my everyday will vary greatly to someone in a different culture, age group etc.

<sup>15</sup> Amy Weng, "the way things are," *The Physics Room*, 2022.  
<https://physicsroom.org.nz/exhibitions/the-way-things-are>

Like Dias's my practice pours over the intimacy found through the mundane and threads it through my works, unveiling pockets of sensations of light and colour.



Figure 13. Teresa Martinovich, *cascade*, 2023, oil paint and stick on canvas, 1m x 1.6m.



Figure 14. Teresa Martinovich, *let these pearl bodies swap and weep*, oil paint and stick on unstretched canvas, 100x160cm, 2023.

## Domestic palpability

“So where is memory? Is memory a pact with place? Do we leave traces of ourselves in places loved or frequented, at sites of feeling unregarded at the time?”<sup>16</sup>

My idea of home is fluid, split between the family home I grew up in and the several places I have flatted. There is not enough time for all the subtleties of these houses to blend away and because I know that my time spent in them is limited and I have no actual ownership over them, I become more eager to archive them in my own way. What I consider to be my everyday spaces expands to include the spaces of the people closest to me, even if I inhabited them briefly; my friend’s burgundy couch, my sister’s frayed round rug that her cats like to sunbathe on, all the dishes I have washed and dried in the kitchens inhabited by the people I love. These traces of their bodies and their frequent routines, as well as my own, are held in these spaces, fleeting in and out of palpability (see *fig 14*).


Multi-disciplinary artist Joanna Margaret Paul gives attention to her mundane by offering a ‘snapshot’ of her domestic spaces and the experiences and routines that have been lived out within them.<sup>17</sup> Her practice spans across several media including painting, moving image, and poetry, and she utilises these methods as fluid subjects that “exist on a sliding scale, rather than as firmly distinct mediums”.<sup>18</sup> These modes of making exist within the same poetic rhythm and sense of framing, and each work could easily be re-imagined into a different mode.

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<sup>16</sup> Joanna Margaret Paul, “A Passionate Pilgrimage in Time.”


<sup>17</sup> Lauren Gutsell, Lucy Hammonds, and Greg Donson, *Joanna Margaret Paul: Imagined in the Context of a Room* (Dunedin: Dunedin Public Art Gallery, 2021).

<sup>18</sup> Peter Todd. ‘Through a Different Lens: Film Work by Joanna Margaret Paul’. *CIRCUIT*, 18 November 2015. <https://www.circuit.org.nz/writing-and-podcast/through-a-different-lensfilm-work-by-joanna-margaret-paul>.



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Figure 15. Joanna Margaret Paul, *Untitled, 22 Royal Terrace*, Acrylic on board, 1971.



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Figure 16. Joanna Margaret Paul, *Napkins*, 1975, 8mm film.

In an excerpt from the poem *The city sky at night is not black* the description of light, and its methodical ebb and flow onto bedroom walls and furniture, features the same domestic familiarity and melancholic sensation that could have been found within the frames of one of Paul's 8mm film's moving images. Her handheld camera "seems to 'flow' over a place or within a time and her thoughts," an ability which extends to her painting and poetry, quietly and steadily capturing her mundane interiors and routines. <sup>19</sup>

ii.

Angel of childhood fat dove  
wooden mother  
you open to a dim bedroom  
where light under door or a night light  
sharpens an edge  
of effaced furniture  
angle of wardrobe patch of carpet  
or the arc of homecoming carlights  
discovers the pattern of walls<sup>20</sup>

This ability to flow between spaces with no clear distinction extends to how Paul approaches her home and creative practice. The two have a reciprocal relationship; the washing line is as much a tool as the paintbrush, and is as equally evocative. To Paul:

As a woman painting is not a job, not even a vocation. It is a part of life, subject to the strains, and joys, of domestic life. I cannot paint unless the house is in order. Unless I paint I don't function well in my domestic roles. Each thing is important... I don't wish to separate the significant and everyday actions but to bring them together [as] close as possible together. <sup>21</sup>

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<sup>19</sup> Peter Todd, *Through a Different Lens: Film Work by Joanna Margaret Paul*.

<sup>20</sup> Joanna Margaret Paul, *Like Love Poems: Selected Poems*, ed. Bernadette Hall (Wellington: Victoria University Press, 2006).

<sup>21</sup> Lauren Gutsell and Lucy Hammonds, *Joanna Margaret Paul: Imagined in the context of a room*.

This sentiment is echoed throughout my practice where I feel as though I cannot separate the way I live with the way I make art and an imbalance between the two usually brings a low period of stagnancy. The boundaries between how I approach my everyday spaces and routines and creative practice are blurred, and my body moving through my domestic areas becomes another mode of making. This blurring of boundaries has spread to my modes of making as I explore how they continuously influence each other, with no clear distinction of whether the painting was inspired by the poetry I wrote the night before or the moving image created alongside the writing process.



Figure 17. Teresa Martinovich, *Dishes*, 2023, oil paint and stick on unstretched canvas, 1 m x 1.6m.

## Slipperiness of the everyday

Just as memory weaves in around itself with no apparent head or tail, so does the everyday. Academic (Professor of Cultural Studies) Ben Highmore argues that the flowing nature of the everyday cannot be apprehended or arrested and any attempt to do so will be exceeded.<sup>22</sup> The concept of everyday life through my practice cannot be whittled down to binary definitions, it is a fluctuating collection of experiences, relationships, and senses that I share with those around me. Anthropologist Kathleen Stewart analyses this flowing nature of the everyday in the chapter “Things” in the essay *The Perfectly Ordinary Life*, she writes:

Ordinary life, too, draws its charge from rhythms of flow and arrest. We go along with ways of sensing and feeling...Then something happens to cull things into a form both more potent and suddenly tentative. Then things get vague and diffuse again or drop back onto a track that makes, unhesitating, sense of them.<sup>23</sup>

When recalling my domestic spaces through painting and poetry, or working directly in the spaces with moving image, there is no attempt to confine the everyday into a linear structure. Just as the everyday oscillates so does my work, fixating “on the fluid space where emerging and submerging forces continuously meet.”<sup>24</sup>

In the painting *Dishes* (see *fig. 17*) painted loosely from a moving image still of me washing dishes in front of the kitchen window, the pink and yellow gestural marks cradle together the slipping image of this mundane chore. The fluidity of the paint allows for a space where the everyday can continuously dissolve and flow into itself, squirming away from any attempt of pin it down. Certain areas only contain a thin amount of paint or none, with the white ground of the canvas gleaming through, and the gestural mark-making merely hints at the rest of the space. There is no attempt to pull forth every small detail of the kitchen’s structure and the focus is on the sensation of the bright sunlight pouring in from the window, softening itself across my body and the sink.

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<sup>22</sup> Ben Highmore, “Everyday Life and Cultural Theory,” in *The Everyday: Documents of Contemporary Art*, ed. Stephen Johnstone (London: Whitechapel Gallery and The MIT Press, 2008), 80.

<sup>23</sup> Kathleen Stewart, “The Perfectly Ordinary Life,” *The Scholar and Feminist Online* 2, no. 1 (2003):

8, <http://sfoonline.barnard.edu/ps/stewart8.htm>

<sup>24</sup> *Ibid*

## Part Three

## Revelling in a magical inbetweenness

My practice, and the mundane space which support it, often finds itself subject to the magical. German art critic Franz Roh coined 'magic realism' in 1925 to define paintings that use detailed realism to draw out the object and interior's essence rather than imbue evident magical or fairytale-like qualities.<sup>25</sup> To Roh, realism is at the forefront compared to magic, and he uses the word magic as opposed to mystic in hopes of indicating "that the mystery does not descend to the represented world, but rather hides and palpitates behind it."<sup>26</sup> The objects and interiors of my everyday are significant in my practice; however, I am not concerned with a close, realistic rendition. The magical qualities palpitate within my works, but due to the looseness and slipperiness of the everyday and my portrayal of it, the fragments of the magical are allowed to gleam in the forefront. It is still not a flashy, bold magic that I work with but rather more akin to the glow-in-the-dark plastic star stickers stuck to the bedroom ceiling or to mixing fairy potions in one of the kitchen pots with my siblings; petals and bark all bringing us one step closer to the fairy world. The academic (Modernism and World cinema) writer Felicity Gee writes that magic(al) realism

"invites us to consider what lies beyond, or deep within, the exterior world apprehended through our senses. Magic realism is equally interested in subjects and objects, blurring the division between them. It rejects the commodification and slick structures of capitalism, interrupting its flows with intense, affective events that exceed or arrest the arrow of linear time, and the boundaries of space. Magic realism revels in its inbetweenness."<sup>27</sup>.

This flow between spaces and structure can be seen in the practice of Ngāti Wai, Ngāti Ruanui artist Star Gossage. Her paintings feature dreamlike figures that often elongate into her gentle, undefined backgrounds of colour, fluctuating suggestions of what exists in the real world. Sheer

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<sup>25</sup> The evolved term of magical realism was later introduced in 1955 by critic Angel Flores's essay *Magical Realism in Spanish American Fiction*.

<sup>26</sup> Franz Roh, "Magic Realism: Post-Expressionism (1925)," in *Magical Realism: Theory, History, Community*, eds. Lois Parkinson Zamora and Wendy B. Faris, 15-32. (New York: Duke University Press, 1995). <https://doi.org/10.1515/9780822397212-003>

<sup>27</sup> Felicity Gee, *Magic Realism, World Cinema, and the Avant-Garde* (Milton: Taylor & Francis Group, 2019). *ProQuest Ebook Central*, <http://ebookcentral.proquest.com/lib/aut/detail.action?docID=6504045>.

layers and painterly marks are built up to create an “expressive, painterly, poetic form that focuses on the various states between the tangible”.<sup>28</sup>



Figure 18. Star Gossage, *Pah Paintings 1, 2, 3, 4*, 2015, oil and clay pigments on linen, 2790mm H x 110mm W (each of 4 panels).

My paintings are gestural and often only hint at the tangible objects from the memory I am working from, and even though my moving image works are filmed with a fixed, tangible object, the light sources I search across are blurred with no distinct indicators of the space they exist in.

In the moving image *new year new washing new stars* (see *fig. 19*) silver foil streamer backdrops (typically used for birthdays or celebrations) are pegged to the washing line, the breeze softly tangling the streamers over themselves. The foil and background are softened from the clear pink plastic held in front of the lens, causing the light to glitter and dance across the streamers, transforming a space that is typically reserved for the mundane realm. When planning for this work, it was important to film just before sunset, rushing to capture the moment where golden light melts over everything before retreating behind the neighbour’s house. The magical becomes another layered stream that flows between different points of the everyday in a non-linear trajectory, fixing a point in time while still unable to fully arrest its fluid nature.

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<sup>28</sup> Grant Hall. ‘A State of (in)Betweenness’. *Tim Melville*, 2017. <https://www.timmelville.com/exhibition/i-saw-you-in-my-garden/>.



Figure 19. Teresa Martinovich, *new year new washing new stars*, 2023, 7 min 58 sec duration.





Figure 20. Teresa Martinovich, *weaving celestial playdough*, oil paint and stick on unstretched canvas, 160 x 220cm, 2024.

## Celestial intervention

*we knelt in the sand and stone  
warm salt water soaked into grown out roots and cotton shorts  
gently wrapped in the last of Februarys temperament  
heavenly silver deftly woven into seeping sky  
cut through by the scurrying of golden street lights  
chasing itself through glinting water and red polka dot togs  
we fretted over sea lice creeping over skin  
yet we remained  
laughing as the softest of tides caught us off balance  
cheap cordial waited in an op shop glass pitcher  
kept company by marigold paisleys  
the bus timetable grew more gaps as the night persisted  
and the celestial body bid farewell as her inhabitants slowly emptied* <sup>29</sup>

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<sup>29</sup> Teresa Martinovich, *shooting stars at mission bay*, 2023.

When casting magical spells in my work, I always seem to find myself immersed in the language of the celeste, opening a space for the ethereal to interject itself into the mundane and the domestic. Stars often appear in my works as bright, colourful auras bursting across the paintings in the form of shooting stars or as soft, dreamy sources of light waxing and waning through the camera lens. By bringing the heavens down into my bedroom and onto my washing machine, it elevates them, placing a magical quality, while also bringing the everyday up to the same level as the celeste. Through my work the mundane holds as equal importance as the silver sky which glitters with its magic stars. The magical and the celestial can be easily found in the common spaces that no longer garner a second glance due to their ubiquitousness.

The painting *weaving celestial playdough* (see fig.20) began as a response to a cushion I bought from an op-shop. It was star-shaped with several smaller stars embroidered in the centre, nestled inside the pink and green borders. The cushions and its surrounding pillows and hinting curve of a blanket melt away into dark blue, adorned by creamy stars and small round marks. The blue paint creates a border which is almost reminiscent of old fairy tale book borders, the canvas and its large scale immersing the viewer into a magical story of shooting stars.

The painter Emma McIntyre creates shifting constellations within her paintings with her use of gestural mark-making and abstracted, unbridled forms. Writer Lucinda Bennett poetically writes in response: “With no one focal point, your eyes scan the heavens, rove from pattern to constellation. The canvas is boundless, woven with secrets.”<sup>30</sup> An energy is catalysed by her mark-making and vibrant colours (which include the pinks and purples that frequent my works), which gives way for this night sky to expand across her canvas and means that more time must be spent with the work so that every star is given sufficient attention.

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<sup>30</sup> Lucinda Bennett, *scratched flowers*, Hopkins Mossman, 2019. <https://hopkinsonmossman.com/exhibitions/emma-mcintyre-3/>

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Figure 21. Emma McIntyre, *Arcadia*, oil and oil stick on linen, 45.5 x 51 cm, 2021.

My painting methods reflect this purposeful lack of in-depth tonal range, and I want my works to create constellations where the viewer stays spell-bound by unpicking every sheer layer alizarin crimson paint and oil stick stars scrawled on the canvas. Celestial intervention in my everyday is continued through use of poetry and evocative language, often referring to searching among the stars or comparing domestic tasks or items to celestial beings. When used in my moving image work, the poetry is formatted in golden yellow, a colour that feels reminiscent of early 2000's subtitles I would have seen growing up and the colour that children typically use to colour stars.<sup>31</sup> The text placement has evolved from just sitting in the bottom centre of the screen to at times cascading down in sequence, a technique found in the work of 19th century French poet Stéphane Mallarmé (see fig 22). Each line of text dissolves as the next grows visible, creating a sense of glistening stars woven through a blurred field of colour.

Embracing domestic contexts in celestial and romantic language can be seen in the work of New Zealand visual artist and writer Jo Bragg. Their poem *Heaven is a Blue Room* is a response to the painting *Untitled, 22 Royal Terrace* (see fig.15), a work included in the *Joanna Margaret Paul: Imagined in the Context of a Room* exhibition at City Gallery Te Whare Toi. While similar evocative language is used in both of our writing, each line in Braggs' poem is shorter and creates a quicker sense of rhythm, whereas my poetry features a softer, longer flow. The celeste in *Heaven is a Blue Room* is ruminated within curtains and hallways, and my poem *shooting stars at mission bay* extends this celestial musing to also include the broad night sky; both starlight and streetlight are imbued with magic through their descriptions.

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<sup>31</sup> While I have briefly tested using sound in my moving images, I decided it was not a necessity for the viewer to be enveloped in the desired sensations. This was partly because the idea of having sound alongside the text seemed like it would reduce the poetry to subtitles, something to read while listening to the voiceover, and I want the text to exist as its own mode, not as a supplementary method.

*Heaven is a Blue Room*

After all

For play

A pale landscape

Of substance over mere subsistence

I see

It doesn't just fall from the sky

This Brilliance

And so

It's my celestial dial tone

and I'm on hold

Because it's not that it is

It is that it ends

With all these sunbeams

Everywhere

Everytime<sup>32</sup>

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<sup>32</sup> Excerpt from *Heaven is a Blue Room* by Jo Bragg, commissioned for the *Joanna Margaret Paul: Imagined in the Context of a Room* exhibition at City Gallery Te Whare Toi, 2023, <https://badapple.gay/2023/08/25/heave-is-a-blue-room/>.

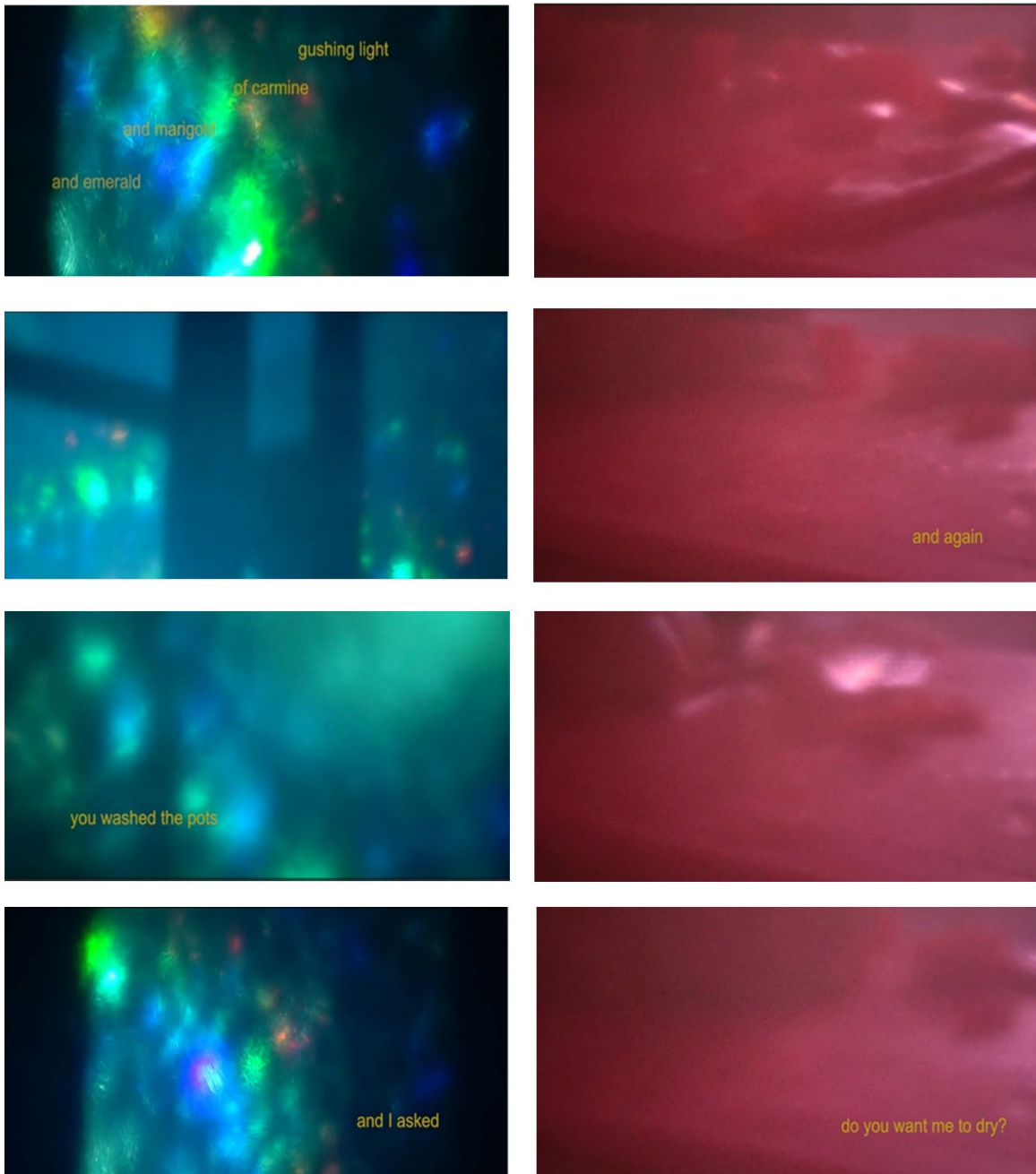


Figure 22. Teresa Martinovich, *Do you want me to dry?* I & 2, 2024, moving image, 5min 15 sec duration.



Figure 24. Installation practice in studio, November 2023.

33

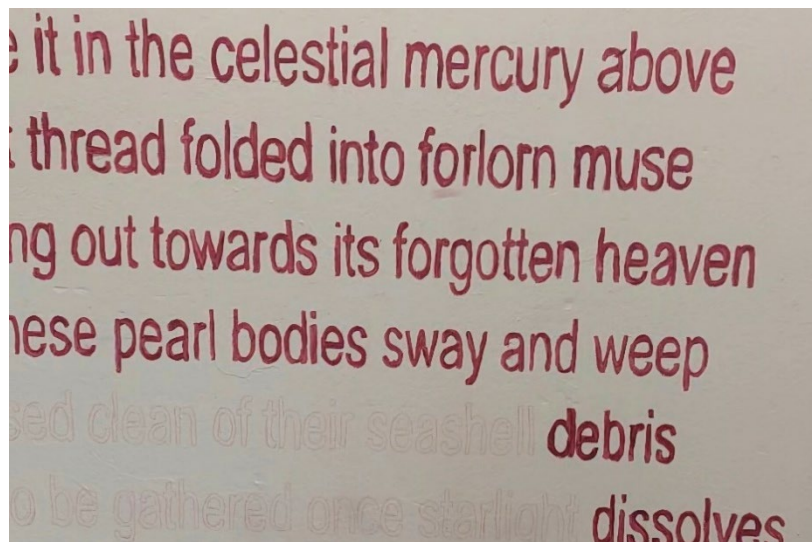


Figure 25. Detail view of installation test.

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<sup>33</sup> The poetry is taken from a moving image produced beforehand and not all the words are filled in, leaving the lines of poetry partially fragmented. Just as my body is evident behind the camera, it is clear the text was hand-painted, with paint going over the pencilled-on stencil or small drips from where the paint was too watered down. These signs of messiness are embraced; they create a connection between the gestural and embodied marks I make on the canvas and my poetry which usually resides within a moving image.

## Carrying time

Time and duration are quicksilver, and painting, moving image, and poetry carry it throughout my practice in different ways. These modes of making must remain fluid to do this task, to carry through something “which is never static, which is always moving toward or away from a moment of crystallization, and to present this movement, this arriving or moving on, as a new perception.”<sup>34</sup> The time within the memories I draw from has already passed through, but it continues to unfold through my works, keeping my practice in and out of time at the same time and in a state of temporary and permanency simultaneously.<sup>35</sup>

A softer sense of duration and searching can be found in the painting *Fleeting Capricornus on Haverstock Road* (see fig.27). This painting was created as a sort of ode to the flat I lived in from March 2023- 2024, and to the hallway and its coloured lights which I have filmed and written about several times. The oil stick that is typically used to renegotiate forms and redefine them after they have been partially concealed by layers of paint is much more subdued here, with a few gestural marks creating the perspective of the painting. The space I am drawing from is one that I walked through almost everyday, one that was deeply embedded into my daily routine for a year, so the desire to define it hurriedly before I lose my grasp on it, is not as strong compared to when I am working from a childhood memory. The moment of passing by the mirror and watching the different stages of light melt through the kitchen window before entering my room is deeply familiar and from this comes a stronger confidence and ease.

Duration held within a domestic space can also be seen in Jo Bragg’s 2021 video work *And in everything there is a double edged sword (A thorn in my side)*, (see fig.26) which was shown alongside a poem of the same title during installation. The video is compiled of several short clips of Bragg walking outside, scanning across powerlines, and reflected sources of light, cutting intermittently back to them in their bedroom, the frame blurred as their face looks at the camera.

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<sup>34</sup> Michelangelo Antonioni, *The Architecture of Vision: Writings and Interviews on Cinema* (New York: Marsilio Publishers, 1996).

<sup>35</sup> Philip Le Brun, “T.S. Eliot and Henry Bergson,” *The Review of English Studies*, vol. 18, no. 70 (May 1967): 153, JSTOR, [www.jstor.org/stable/512880](http://www.jstor.org/stable/512880). Web. 10 June 2017.

Their camera is an extension of their body, just as mine is within my own work, with the shaky hand-held quality embraced; the camera often pulled along quickly or spun around, going in and out of focus. However, similarly in comparison of the two poems *Heaven is a Blue Room* and *shooting stars at mission bay*, the duration and rhythm within my works flows at a slower pace. My camera searches across each source of light, matching its rhythmic motion, content to reside in one place for a while.

In her text *Shit Happens* Amy Sillman writes of the tension between time and abstraction: “In abstraction, time goes by in fits and starts, with resistance of materials being part of that time.”<sup>36</sup> This sense of time jumping in fits is held through Bragg’s work as well as a sense of solitude, which is echoed through the choice of not including sound. The viewer is kept in both a state of motion and inertia, moving through layers of Bragg’s daily spaces with no clear sense of linearity, just as the viewer themselves moves through mine (see fig 28).



Figure 26. Jo Bragg, *And in everything there is a double edged sword (A thorn in my side)*, 2021, digital video, 5min 43 sec.

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<sup>36</sup> Amy Sillman, “Notes on Awkwardness: Shit Happens,” *Frieze*, December, 2015.



Figure 27. Teresa Martinovich, *Fleeting Capricornus on Haverstock Road*, oil paint and stick on unstretched canvas, 2024.



Figure 28. Teresa Martinovich, *toothache*, 2024, oil paint and stick on unstretched canvas, 1.32m x 1.6m.

## Soft dialogue

The process of making within my practice is intuitive; a fluid cycle of overlapping and reworking dispenses with the boundaries of how each work has influenced the other. A soft dialogue between painting, moving image, and poetry is fostered from this fluid cycle, and installation methods give these methods the space to be softly intertwined. The dialogue consists of these methods overlapping and influencing one another; a star drawn on the canvas with oil stick influences the imagery used in a poem and moving image, which in turn influences the next painting and so forth. This practice is not about how painting, moving image, and poetry can be compared, but rather how the three can be tenderly brought together while still allowing these methods to remain their own entity.

This dialogue between painting, moving image, and poetry can be seen in an installation where the works *Dishes* (painting) and *celestial washing line* (moving image), (see *fig.29*) were installed together in a low light setting. The moving image was projected over the painting and the poetry broke through the frames of both the painting and moving image, bringing together the continuous layering of duration within the moving image with the more fixed expansion of time within the painting. Framing furthers this layering; the canvas size mimics the 16:9 aspect ratio of the video work. The different memories of the domestic spaces that these works are situated within, and the way that my body has moved through them, are fused together.

In *celestial washing line* my body is moving through the hallway, and the camera, an extension of my body, follows my eyeline as I search across the space. There is a level of clumsiness and shakiness that I embrace in my moving images, each intake of breath behind the camera making it clear that I have no desire to remove the evidence of my body tied to the camera. While *Dishes* does not feature the same sense of active movement, my body within the painting is fluid and flows through the typically static space. The body is not as prevalent in the poetry featured in the moving image but the sense of looking in tandem with physical sensation, feeling the space, is.



Figure 29. Teresa Martinovich, *Installation view of celestial washing line and Dishes*, 2023.



Figure 30. Teresa Martinovich, *Installation view of shrouded in the waxing light*, 2023.



Combining the sense of looking with embodied recollection of spaces is continued throughout my work using immersive installation methods. These methods can be seen in an installation which had two projected videos overlapping (see fig. 30). In the projected videos, the camera scans across blurred, colourful lights strewn over my illegible bed, with several delayed layers of video with lowered opacity playing over each other. The camera enlists the same sense of searching and lingering present in many of my moving images, and the use of delayed layering creates mercurial constellations, soft stars floating across the screen as the camera zooms out to reveal the entire night sky.

The left projector was tilted so the moving image would overflow around the corner onto the adjacent wall, breaking the rigidity of the frame. The projectors were angled to fill the testing space wall, which created complete body immersion, and having the door shut meant the video reflected onto the ground, furthering this immersion and imagery of fluctuating stars dancing across the space. The text and video warped around the left corner, and the pooling reflection on the ground brings the moving image out of the confines of static screen borders and brings the viewer into the intimate space of my bedroom. Creating an immersive installation unfolds the two-dimensional image into a physical, three-dimensional space, bringing another layer of embodiment to the one already present through hand-held motion when filming.

The use of colour to immerse the viewer in a moving image can be seen in Diana Thater's 2003 installation *Pink Daisies, Amber Room* (see fig.31). In the 2014 exhibition *Cinema and Painting* at Adam Art Gallery, the projection fills up the gallery space and stretches the imagery of the daisies across the wall, creating an immersive field of colour to envelop viewers. Projecting the video work across the gallery spaces deliberately extends "the sphere of painterly effect

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Figure 31. Diana Thater, installation view of *Pink Daisies, Amber Room*, 2003. Two video projectors, two Blu-Ray players, two Blu-Ray discs, Lee filters, existing architecture. Installation dimensions variable. Courtesy of the artist. Photo: Shaun Waugh.

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Figure 32. Pipilotti Rist, Installation view of *Pour Your Body Out (7354 Cubic Meters)*, Nov 19, 2008-Feb 2, 2009. Photograph by Thomas Griesel.

beyond the limits of the video monitor or projection frame and engulf[s] the viewer in the visceral materiality of a tonal intensity that is intended to act as an analogy for the transformative mediations of aesthetic perception.”<sup>37</sup>

Similarly engulfing the viewer in a tonal intensity is Pipilotti Rist’s installation *Pour Your Body Out (7354 Cubic Meters)* (see fig32) pouring over the Museum of Modern Art’s atrium encouraging the viewer to touch and engage whilst their body is bathed in colour. While my installations do not extend to such a large scale as Rist’s, they still create a space which immerses the viewer in an experience of light and colour, drawing them into the unveiling of my memories and domestic spaces. They can bask in the vivid colours and marks just as one would in the glow of the afternoon sun pouring in through the door.

In the “Painting” chapter of the text *Installation and the Moving Image*, Catherine Elwes claims that “an installation that includes the moving image replays the game of oscillating perceptions inherent to painting.”<sup>38</sup> Both painting and moving image move beyond their frame as they develop a spatial relationship with each other, allowing for the fragmented durations of each mode to seep together.<sup>39</sup> In my work this movement is continued as the viewer’s body moves around and in front of these frames, layering their sensational understanding of the previous work into the next. The viewer takes the imagery of the installation with them as they leave the space, combining all the works into a memory which will continue the oscillation and fragmentation present throughout my practice. A soft dialogue is continuously fostered through the making and viewing of the work, each embodied mark and magical intervention cascading over one another.

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<sup>37</sup> Michelle Menzies and Daniel Morgan, “Cinema & Painting,” *Adam Art Gallery*, 2014.

<sup>38</sup> Catherine Elwes, *Installation and the Moving Image* (New York: Columbia University Press, 2015). <http://ebookcentral.proquest.com/lib/aut/detail.action?docID=1922326>.

<sup>39</sup> Elwes, *Installation*. 21.

## Conclusion

My practice exists in a fluid state where each mode of making and stream of duration flow through each other. Memory, embodied sensation, the everyday, the methods of making; all fluid subjects which fold over one another until I am unable to pick out the separate threads. The daily encounters of my domestic spaces become tender points of recollections for my memories to reside in, unearthed as glowing thresholds of light and intimacy. The temporality of flattening and the experience of maturing as a young adult are fluidly layered alongside nostalgic musings on my childhood memories and spaces. Mundane routines and sensations of lights and colour are entangled in celestial and magical imagery as tea towels become equal receptors for silver starlight and soapy water gliding off dishes.

All my works exist within the same poetic rhythm, bound together by my desire to hold on just a little bit longer to my memories, and through installation methods I unveil this poetic overlapping. While these works can be viewed separately, they also exist as one, shifting kaleidoscopic body. I can no longer directly point to which work came first, as all three modes now exist simultaneously alongside each other; moving image and poetry are no longer supplementary practices as they used to be in the beginning of this body of work. By combining painting, moving image, and poetry into an installation I have created an opportunity to continue the overlapping influences of duration, memory, and space, whilst retaining them as separate modes. These modes of making continue their soft dialogue as the bodies of viewers move in and around, submersed in the magical constellations.

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Exhibition documentation



Installation shot from gallery foyer.



Photo taken by Paul Chapman.



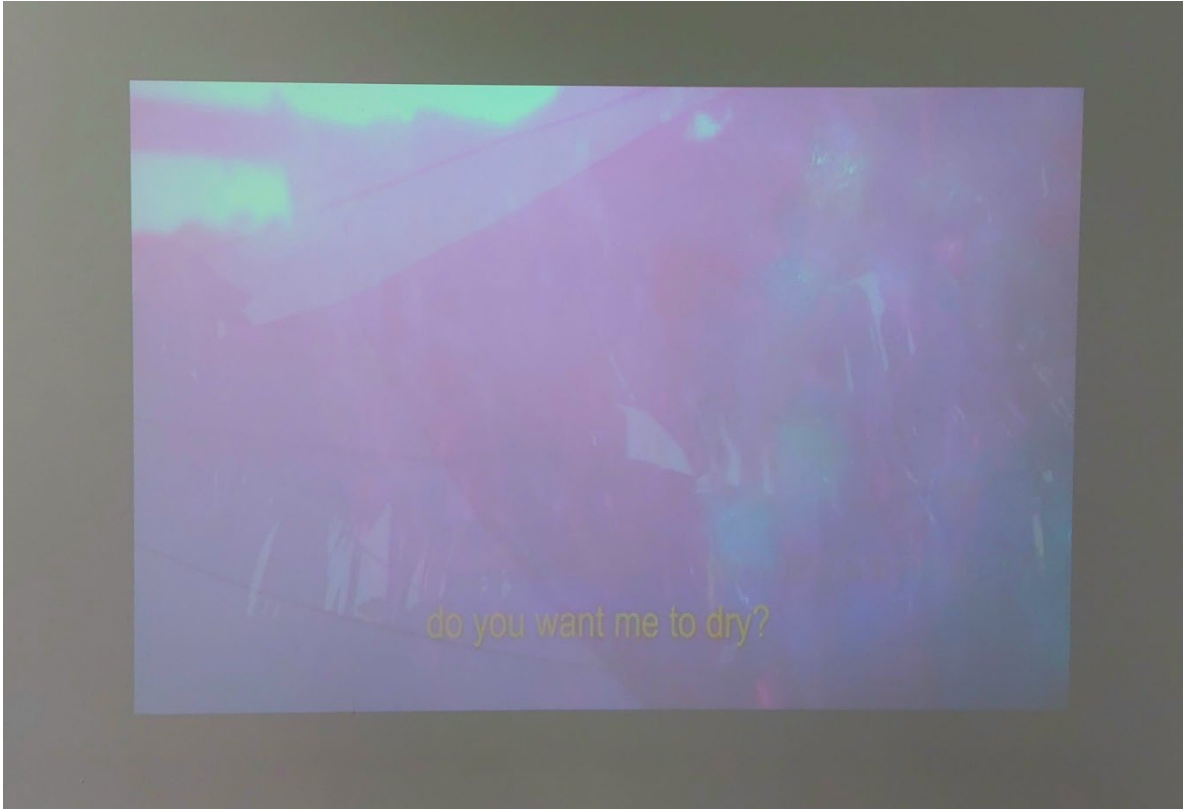
Installation shot of *weaving celestial playdough* in outside gallery lightbox. Image by Paul Chapman.



Teresa Martinovich, *six thirty am*, 2024. Oil paint and stick on unstretched canvas, 1580mm x 2140mm.



Photo taken by Paul Chapman.



Installation shot of *pearl streamers*, 2024, moving image, 5min 10 sec duration.



Teresa Martinovich, *endlessly bound by tender starlight*, 2024. Oil stick and paint on unstretched canvas, 1600mm x 2090mm.



Image taken by Paul Chapman.



Installation shot of *lifting the veil*, 2024, moving image. 4min 20 sec duration.  
Photo taken by Paul Chapman.



Photo taken by Paul Chapman.

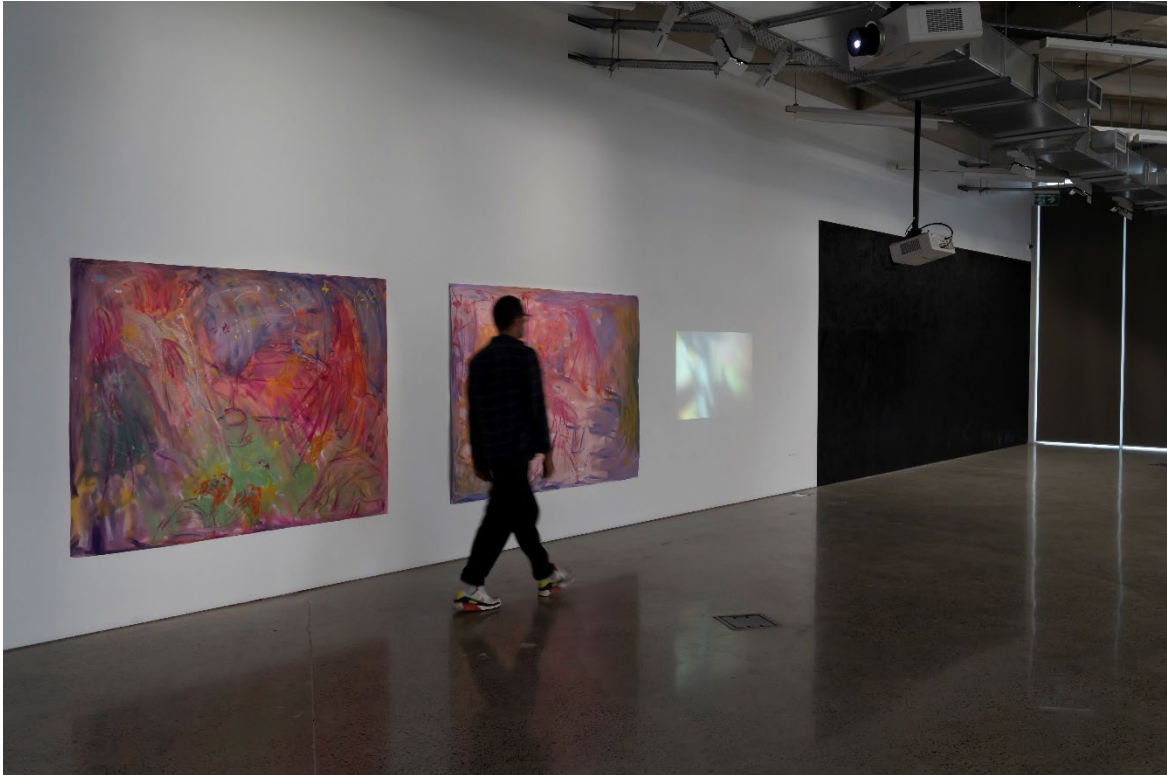
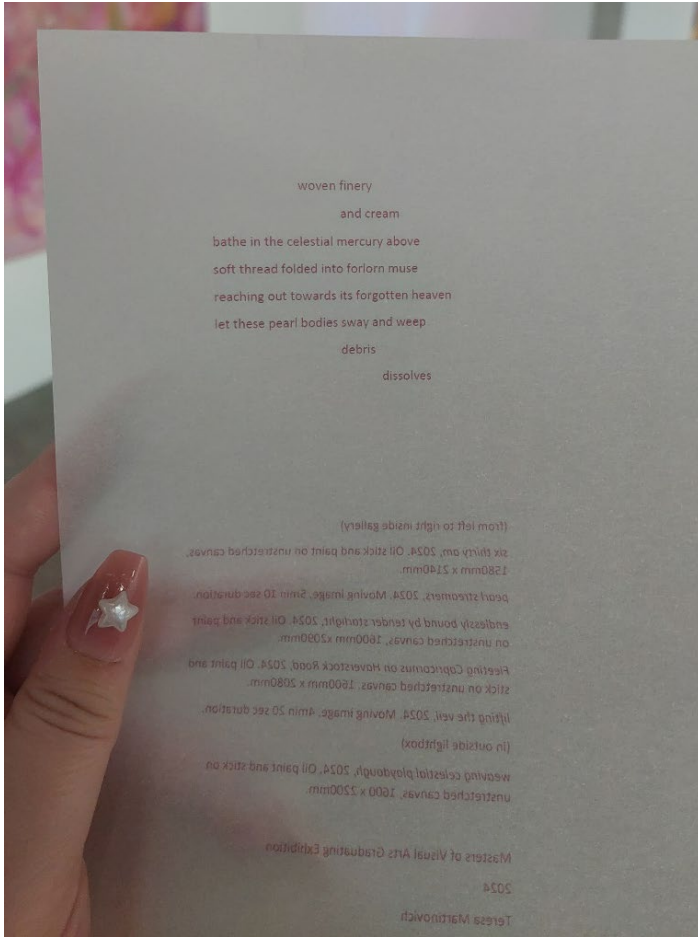


Image taken by Paul Chapman.



Gallery room sheet.

woven finery  
 and cream  
 bathe in the celestial mercury above  
 soft thread folded into forlorn muse  
 reaching out towards its forgotten heaven  
 let these pearl bodies sway and weep  
 debris  
 dissolves

(from left to right inside gallery)

*six thirty am*, 2024. Oil stick and paint on unstretched canvas, 1580mm x 2140mm.

*pearl streamers*, 2024. Moving image, 5min 10 sec duration.

*endlessly bound by tender starlight*, 2024. Oil stick and paint on unstretched canvas, 1600mm x 2090mm.

*Fleeting Capricornus on Haverstock Road*, 2024. Oil paint and stick on unstretched canvas. 1600mm x 2080mm.

*lifting the veil*, 2024. Moving image, 4min 20 sec duration.

(in outside lightbox)

*weaving celestial playdough*, 2024. Oil paint and stick on unstretched canvas, 1600 x 2200mm.

Masters of Visual Arts Graduating Exhibition  
 2024

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Link to moving images on Vimeo: <https://vimeo.com/user227698139>