



I Did Not Want to Be Mrs Colin

Annie Eleanor McCahon
née Hamblett

Linda Tyler, Curator of A Table of One's
Own: the creative life of Anne Hamblett for
Te Uru Waitakere Contemporary Art Gallery
19 November 2016 – 12 February 2017

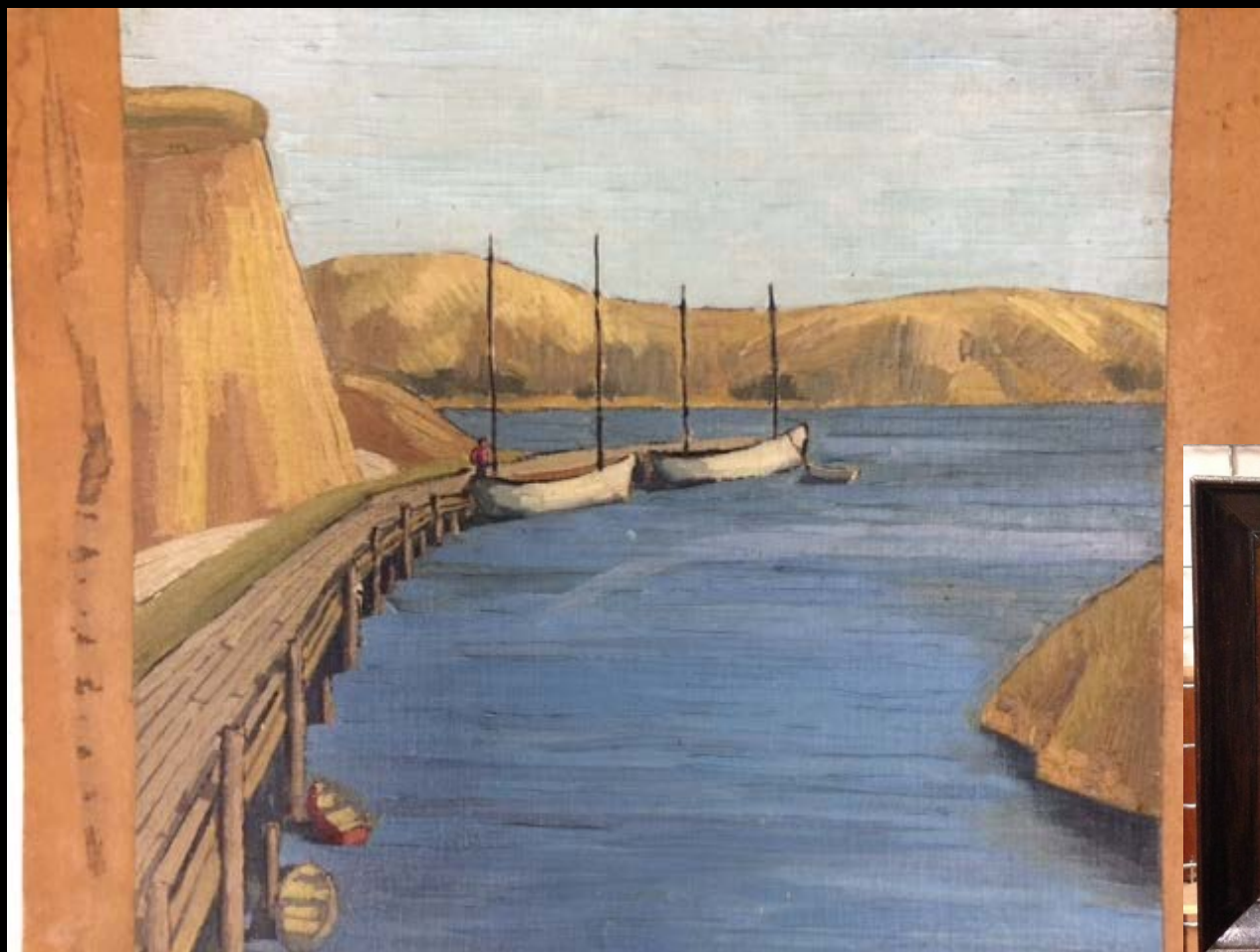
Diana Miller, Colin and Anne McCahon, Peter Tennant, Pat Hanly and Connie Larson on the deck of 67 Otitori Bay Road, Titirangi. Photographer Barry Miller October 1957



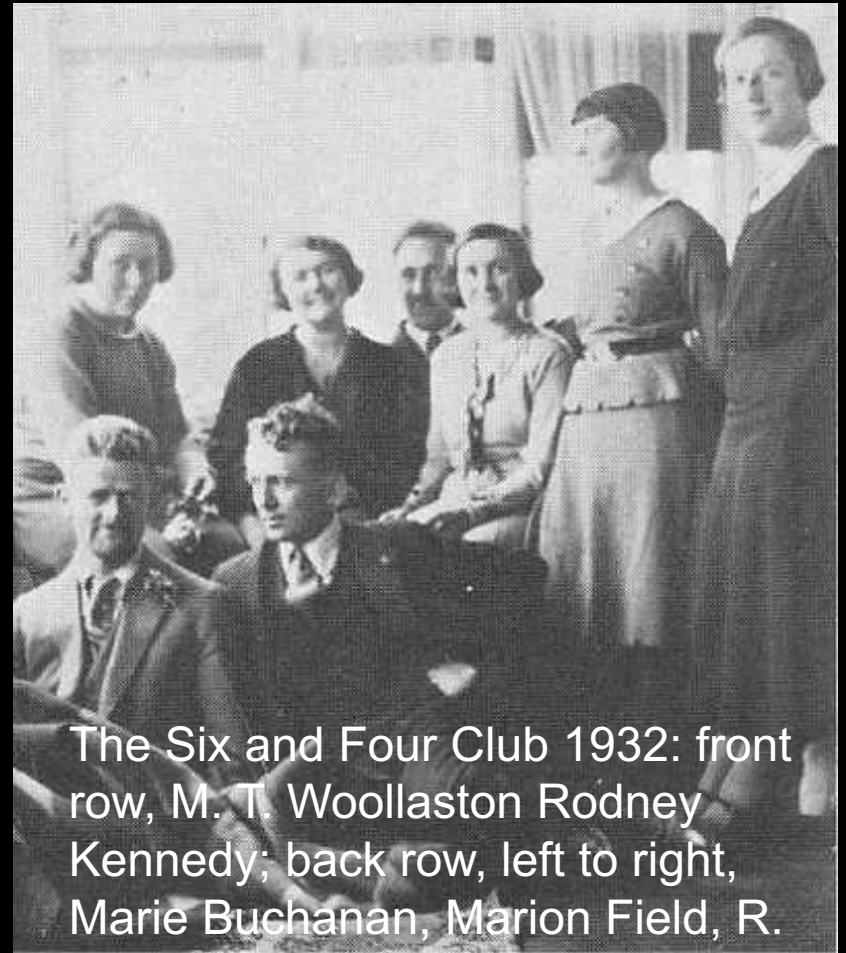
Archdeacon Hamblett with daughter Anne; St
Matthews (built in 1874) at the corner of Stafford
Street, Dunedin



Anne Hamblett, *Portobello*, c.1934, oil
on canvas on board.



“The painter's life to me was exemplified by the life and work of R.N. Field” – Colin McCahon



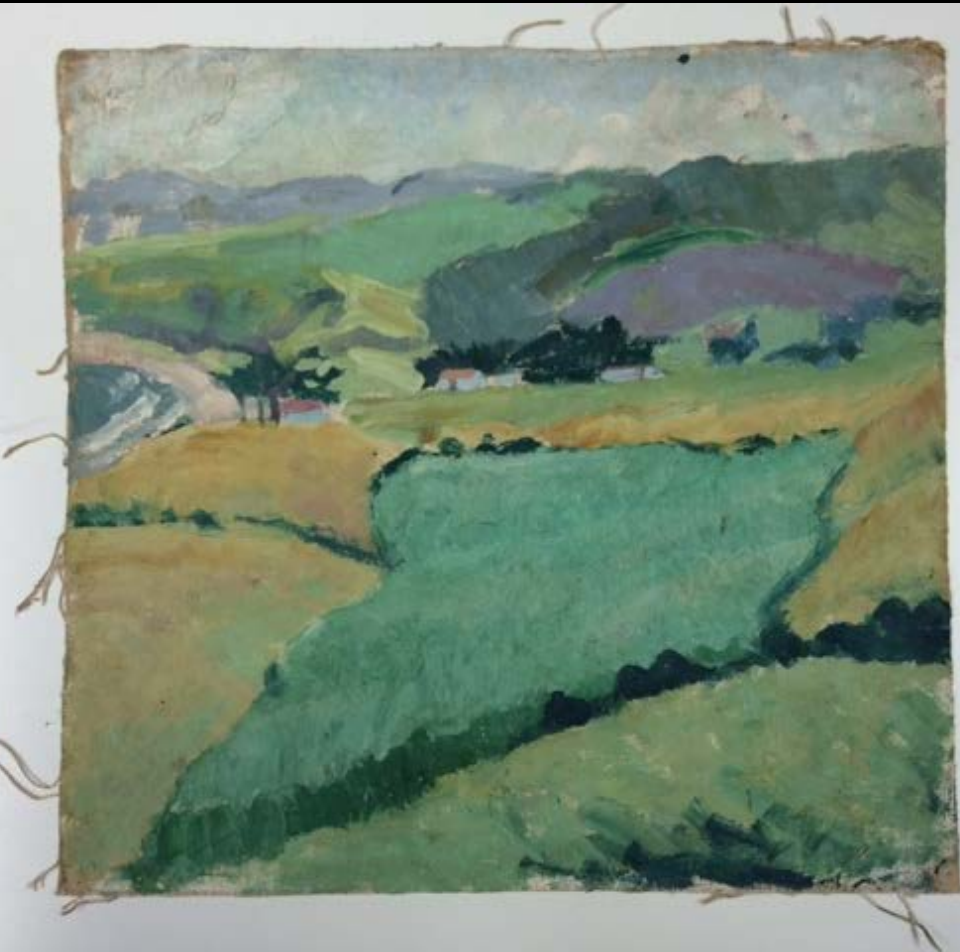
The Six and Four Club 1932: front row, M. T. Woollaston Rodney Kennedy; back row, left to right, Marie Buchanan, Marion Field, R. N. Field, Doreen Fraser, Mary Iverach and Doris Eberhardt

Anne Hamblett, *Portrait of Matthew Hamblett, aged 10 years*, 1934, oil on board (left)

R.N. Field, *Portrait of Ada Ryan*, oil on board (right)



Anne Hamblett, left, Robert Nettleton Field, right.



Anne Hamblett, Poppies, 1937, oil on board



Anne Hamblett, *Pisa Range from Bendigo* 1937,
oil on canvas, shown at Otago Art Society



Anne Hamblett, *Clutha River at Ettrick*, 1937, oil on board, Hocken Pictorial Collections.



Rodney Kennedy, Doris Lusk, Anne Hamblett,
Colin McCahon and Elespie Prior, north of Mapua
in 1938



Doris Lusk seated on the couch in the all-woman studio



Anne Hamblett, *View up Otago Harbour*, c.1939,
oil on board, Hocken Pictorial Collections and
Otago Landscape, c.1939, oil on canvas



Anne Hamblett, *Roses*, 1939, oil on board and *Rose*, 1939 linocut on paper



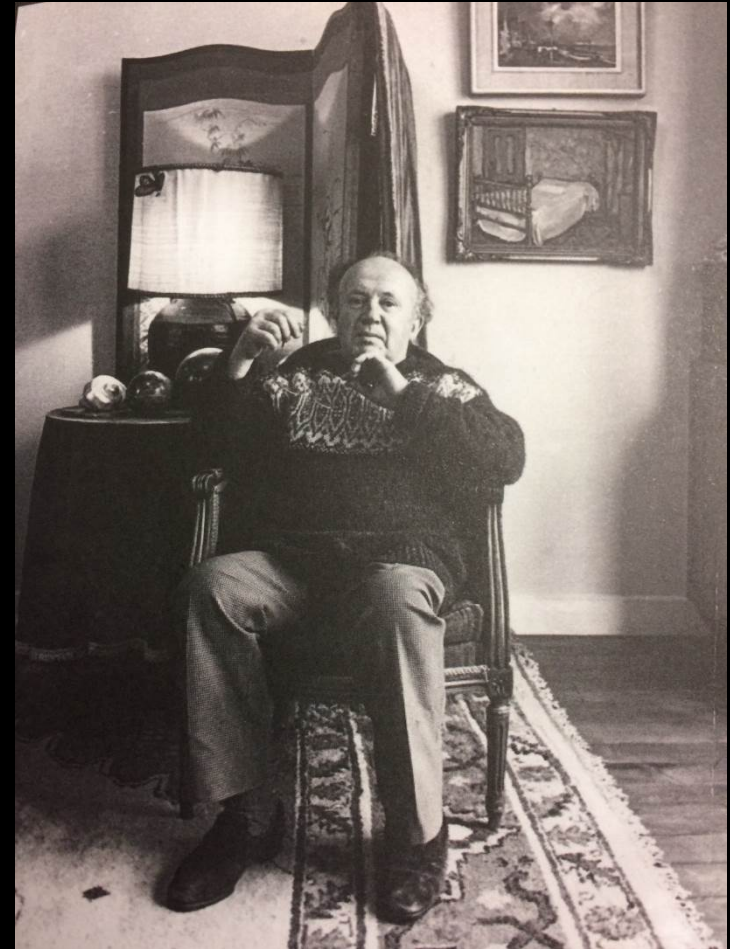
Anne Hamblett, *Still Life*, c.1937, oil on canvas and
Gloxinias c.1937 oil on board, Hocken Pictorial Collections



Anne Hamblett, *The Vicarage Bed*, c.1937, oil on board.



Rodney Kennedy with *Vicarage Bed*, watercolour by Doris Lusk and photographed in Alma Street



Anne Hamblett, *Waimate Street Scene*, c.1939, oil on board, exhibited at the Otago Art Society 1941



Anne Hamblett, *Waimate Street Scene*, c.1939, oil on board, exhibited at the Otago Art Society 1941



Anne Hamblett, *East Taieri*,
1940, oil on canvas



Anne Hamblett, *Floating Jug*, 1941, oil on board,
exhibited at the Otago Art Society 1941



Anne Hamblett, *Blossom*, 1939, oil on board, (sold for £5 at the Otago Art Society in 1940) left and *Still Life*, 1941, oil on board on right.



Colin and Anne McCahon on their wedding day, 21 September 1942: she was 27 years old and he was 23 years old.



Anne Hamblett, *Pangatotara*, 1942, pen and ink on paper



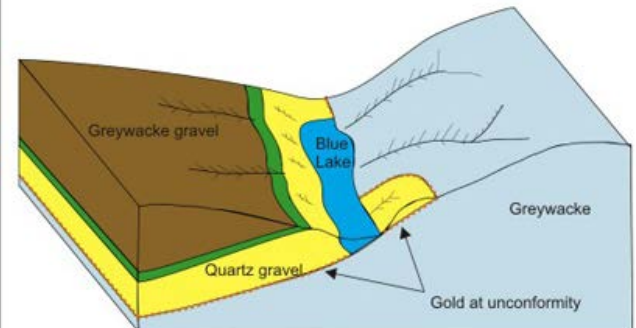
Anne Hamblett, *Landscape St Bathans*, oil on board, 1942, and linocut on paper, 1942.



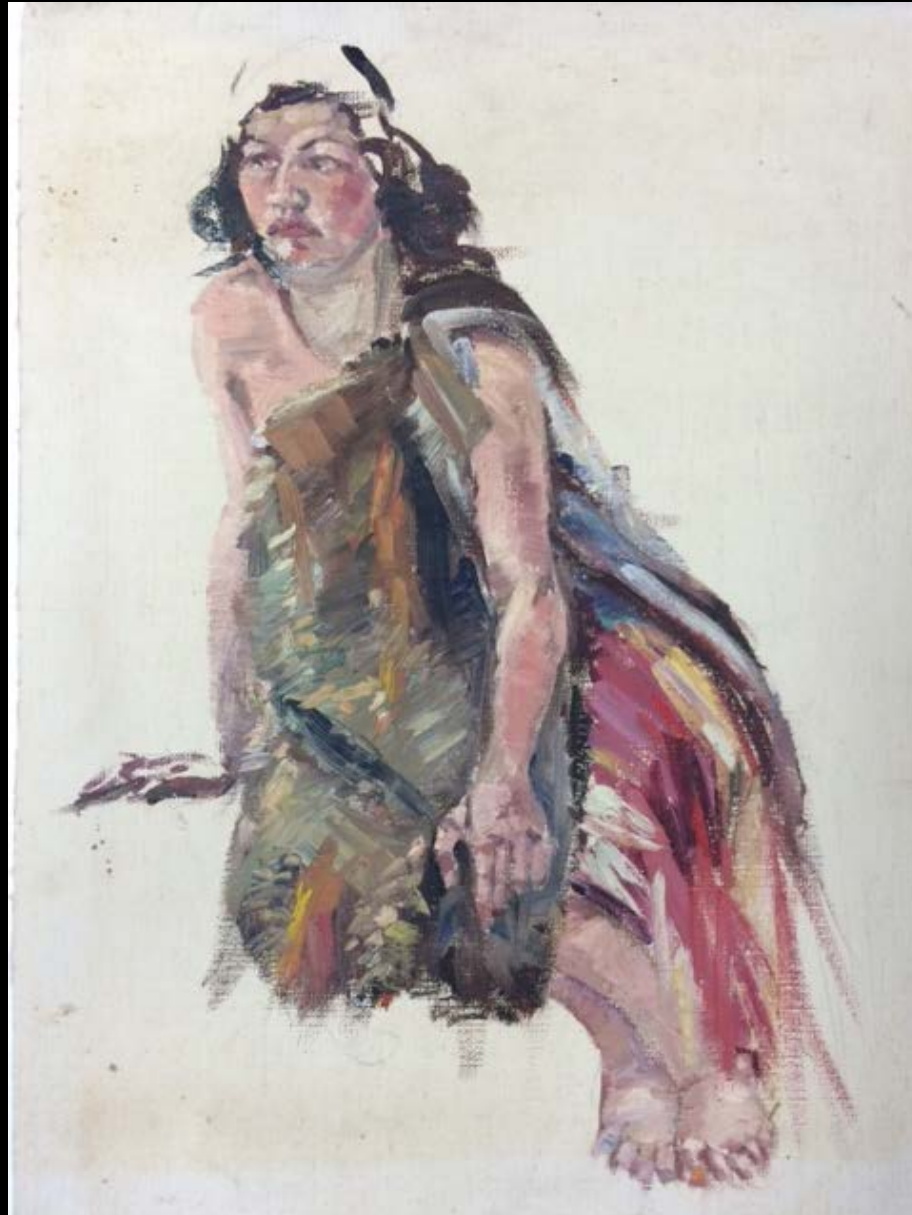
St Bathans



Present day geology at St Bathans



Anne Hamblett, *Mihi Parata "Airforce Miss Victory"*
c.1944, oil on canvas





60,000
60,000
60,000
60,000
60,000

NEW ZEALANDERS OVERSEAS
NEW ZEALANDERS OVERSEAS
NEW ZEALANDERS OVERSEAS
NEW ZEALANDERS OVERSEAS
NEW ZEALANDERS OVERSEAS

Are fighting for Victory. Fighting for us. Would your grudge them a few comforts that make their lives a little more bearable? Of course you wouldn't—you'd be proud to give according to your means. Here's an opportunity for you.

MISS MIHI PARATA
WILL APPEAL TO CITIZENS OF
CHRISTCHURCH FOR A
MILE OF SHILLINGS
MILE OF SHILLINGS
MILE OF SHILLINGS
MILE OF SHILLINGS
MILE OF SHILLINGS

WATCH FOR FURTHER DETAILS
WATCH FOR FURTHER DETAILS
WATCH FOR FURTHER DETAILS

AUCTION SALE IN SUPPORT OF AIR
FORCE MISS VICTORY.

Valuable Antiques, China, Crystal, Jewellery, Silver Plate, Pewter, etc.

TO-DAY. AT 2 P.M.
TO-DAY. AT 2 P.M.

IN THE AUCTION ROOMS OF
H. C. LIVINGSTONE and CO.

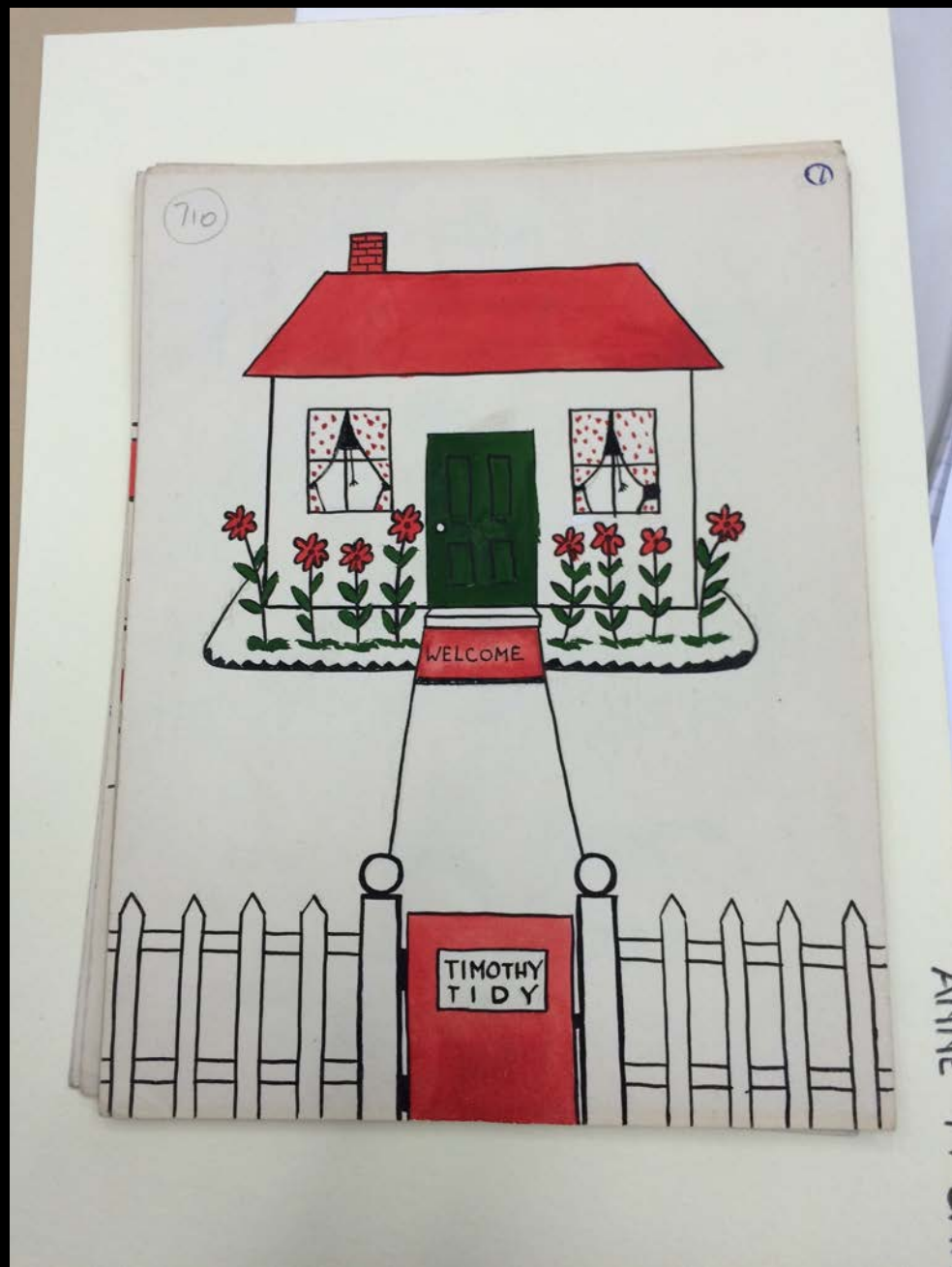
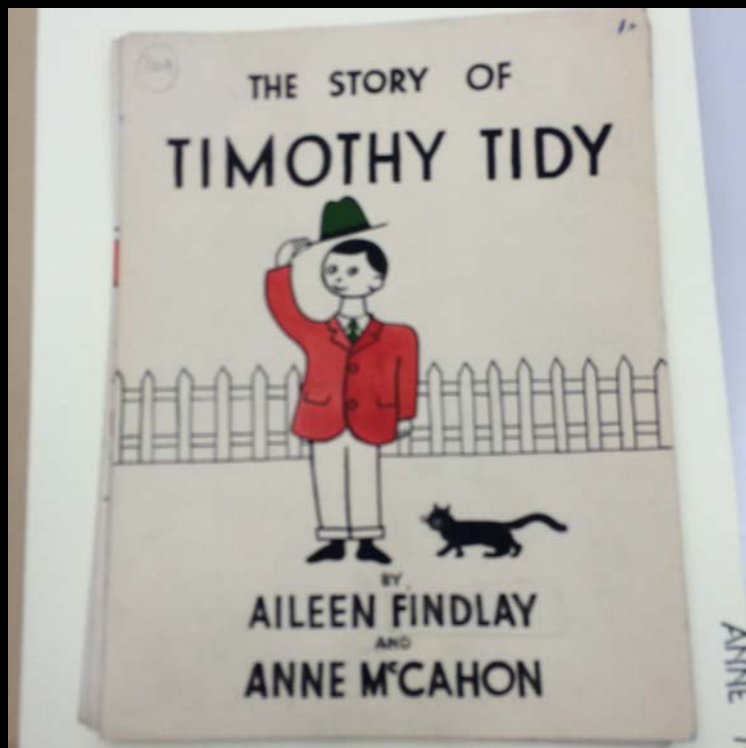


show our great appreciation of what they are enduring for us by giving generously to funds which will bring a little comfort into their lives?

Miss Mihi Parata, Air Force Miss Victory, appeals to Christchurch for a mile of shillings. Some of those who read these words cannot afford more than a shilling or two, but every shilling means an inch towards the mile. Everybody can afford an inch—some a foot (12 shillings), some a yard (£1 16s), and some will, undoubtedly, give many yards. How much will you give? Remember that there are 60,000 New Zealanders still overseas; and 60,000 shillings laid edge to edge would make a row nearly a mile long; what we're really asking for is one shilling for each of our folks overseas. Is that too much?

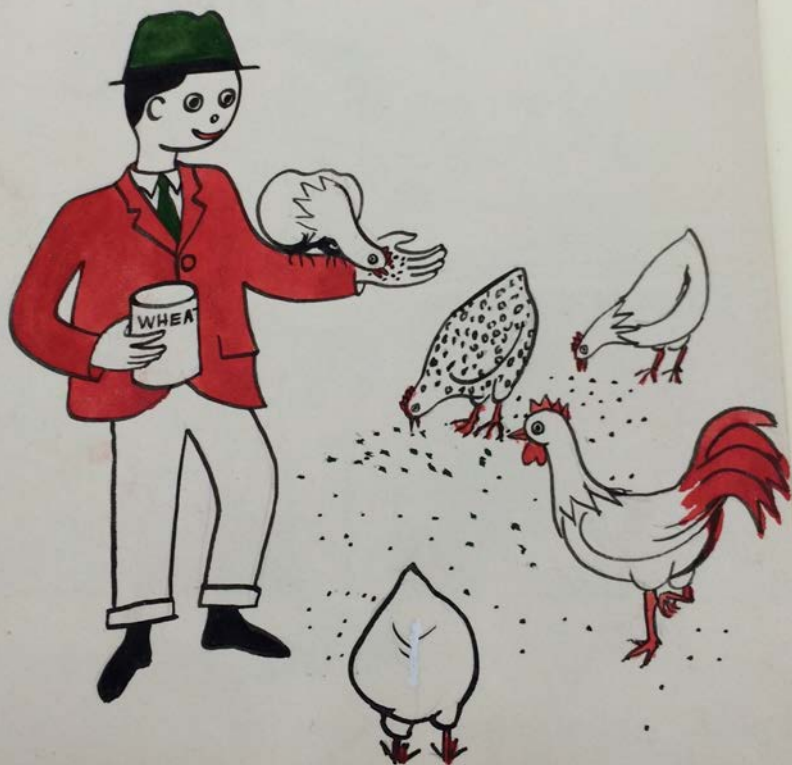
Anne Hamblett, c.1945, in Dunedin





711

2



ANNE M



713

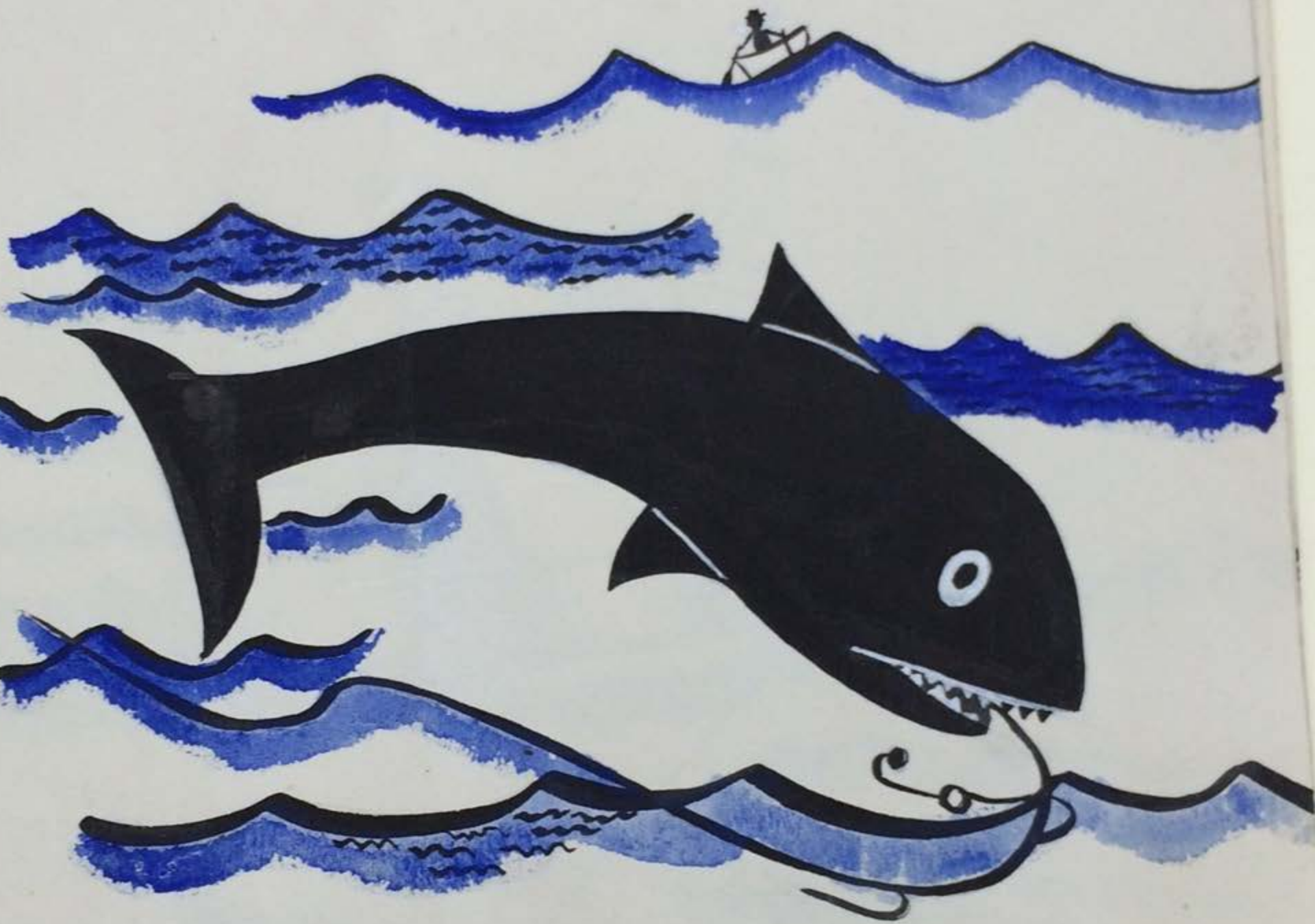
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716



6





make ~~about~~ $1\frac{3}{4}$ mile by 6" deep

715

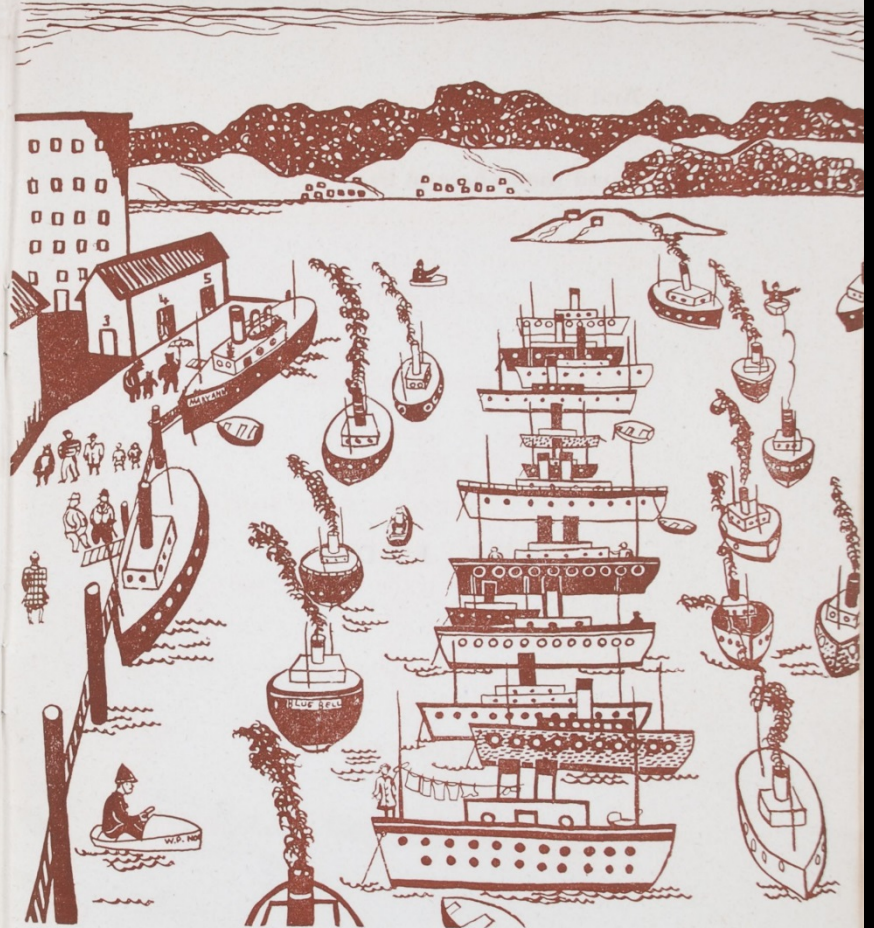


Margaret Mathie Dunningham and Anne McCahon, *The Three Brown Bears and the Manpower Man* 1945, Pauls Book Arcade, Hamilton

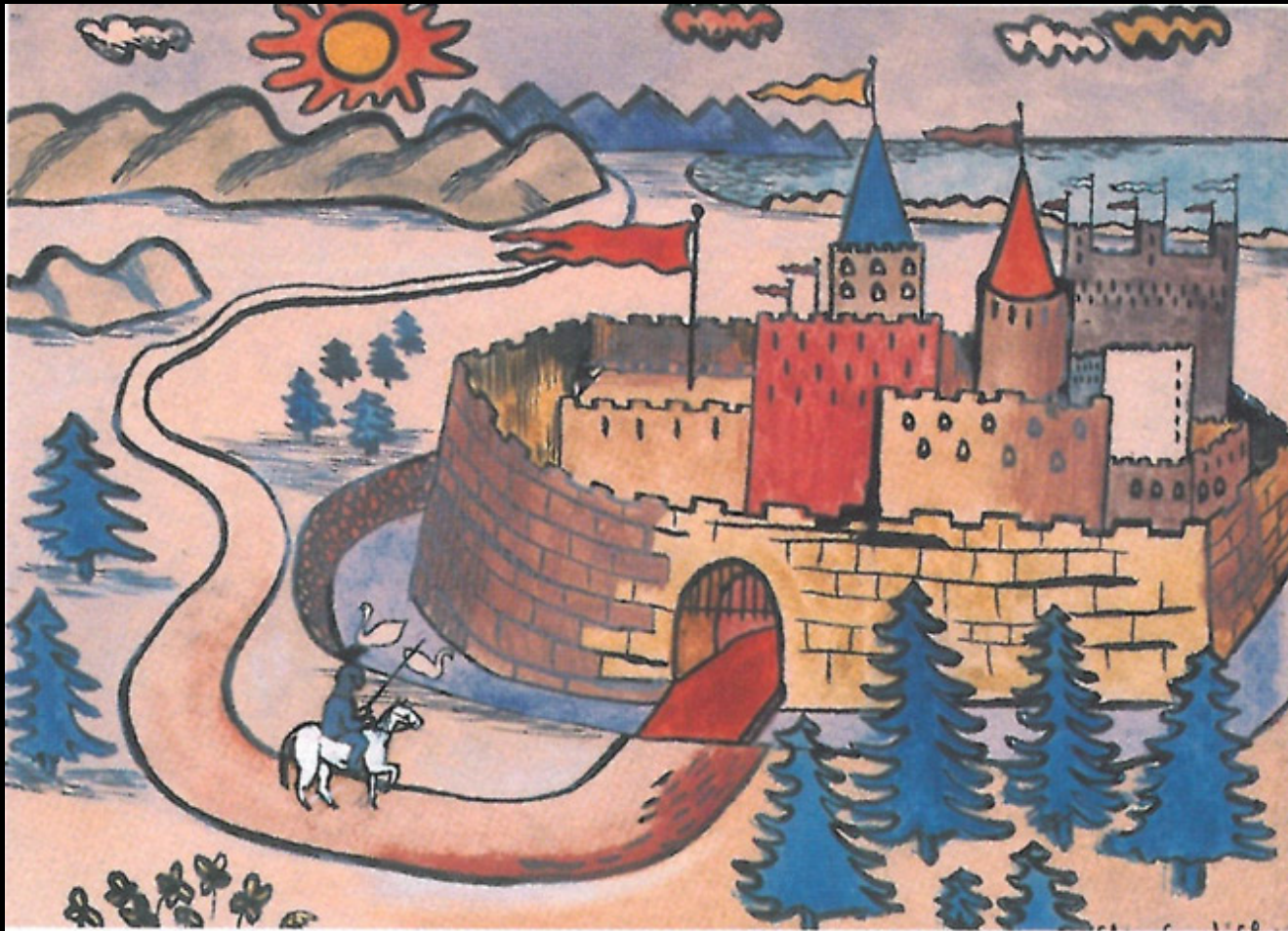
And all the Mummies
and all the Daddies
and all the boys and girls
and the babies in the perambulators
who had been walking
and walking and walking
in the rain
looking for somewhere to live
said

WHAT A GOOD IDEA

and some of them found other boats
old boats like the Mary Ann
and went to live in the harbour too
and pretty soon
there was a traffic problem
and they had to have
THREE water-policemen.



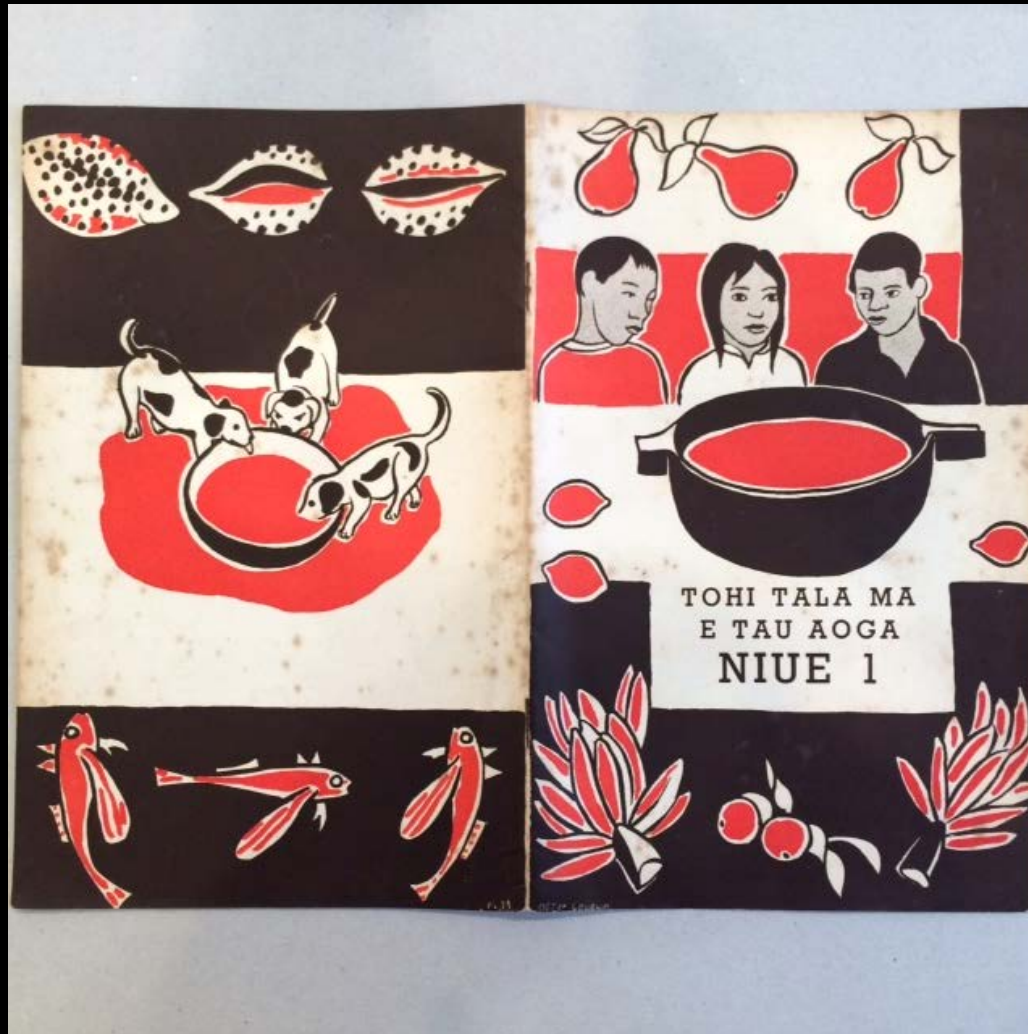
Colin and Anne McCahon, *Pictures for Children*,
1944, gouache on paper.



Anne in the kitchen at 9 Barbour Street, Christchurch with William (b. 1943), Catherine (b.1945), Victoria (b.1947) and Matthew (b.1949)



Cover for H. Nemaia, Tohi Tala Ma E Tau Aoga 1953



67 Otitori Bay Road, Titirangi



Kitchen at 67 Otitori Bay Road, Titirangi



Garden at 67 Otitori Bay Road, Titirangi



Noah's Ark

by RACHEL HUSON

A STORY TO ACT



help Mrs. Noah in the kitchen for a week with you now."

ear shambled off, looking very ashamed of himself. From that day on he was as good as gold.



6



But Bear did not move. He just snored. Then they all shouted at him, "Get up, Bear! Shoo!"

Bear opened the other eye. "Won't," he said again. "Oh, dear," squeaked Rabbit, "he won't get up. And look what he's doing to my bed!"

"I'll fix him," said Elephant. He dipped his trunk

VOLUME 47 NUMBER 1

FEBRUARY 1953

PART I SCHOOL JOURNAL

But Bear did not move. He just snored.

Then they all leaned over and shouted in his ear, "Get up, Bear! Shoo!"

P.H. Connor's Ding Dong Dell, April 1953, pt 2.

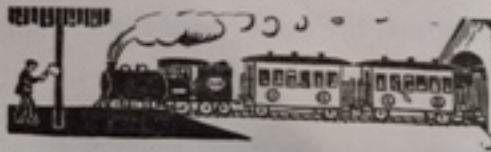


Illustration for Elizabeth Fleming poem “The Passenger Train”

The Passenger Train

The passenger train says, ‘Off we go—
Tiddle-de-doh, tiddle-de-doh.
Into the country, and on our way—
Tiddle-de-day, tiddle-de-day.
Taking the crossings and arches high—
Tiddle-de-dy, tiddle-de-dy.
Bridges and tunnels rushing through—
Tiddle-de-doo, tiddle-de-doo.
Faster and faster to reach the sea—
Tiddle-de-dee, tiddle-de-dee.
Hurrying, hurrying, here we come—
Tiddle-de-dum, tiddle-de-dum.
Into the station, and that’s enough—
Tiddle-de-puff, tiddle-de-puff-f-f.’

ELIZABETH FLEMING



Cover of *School Journal* June 1953 and mural in kitchen



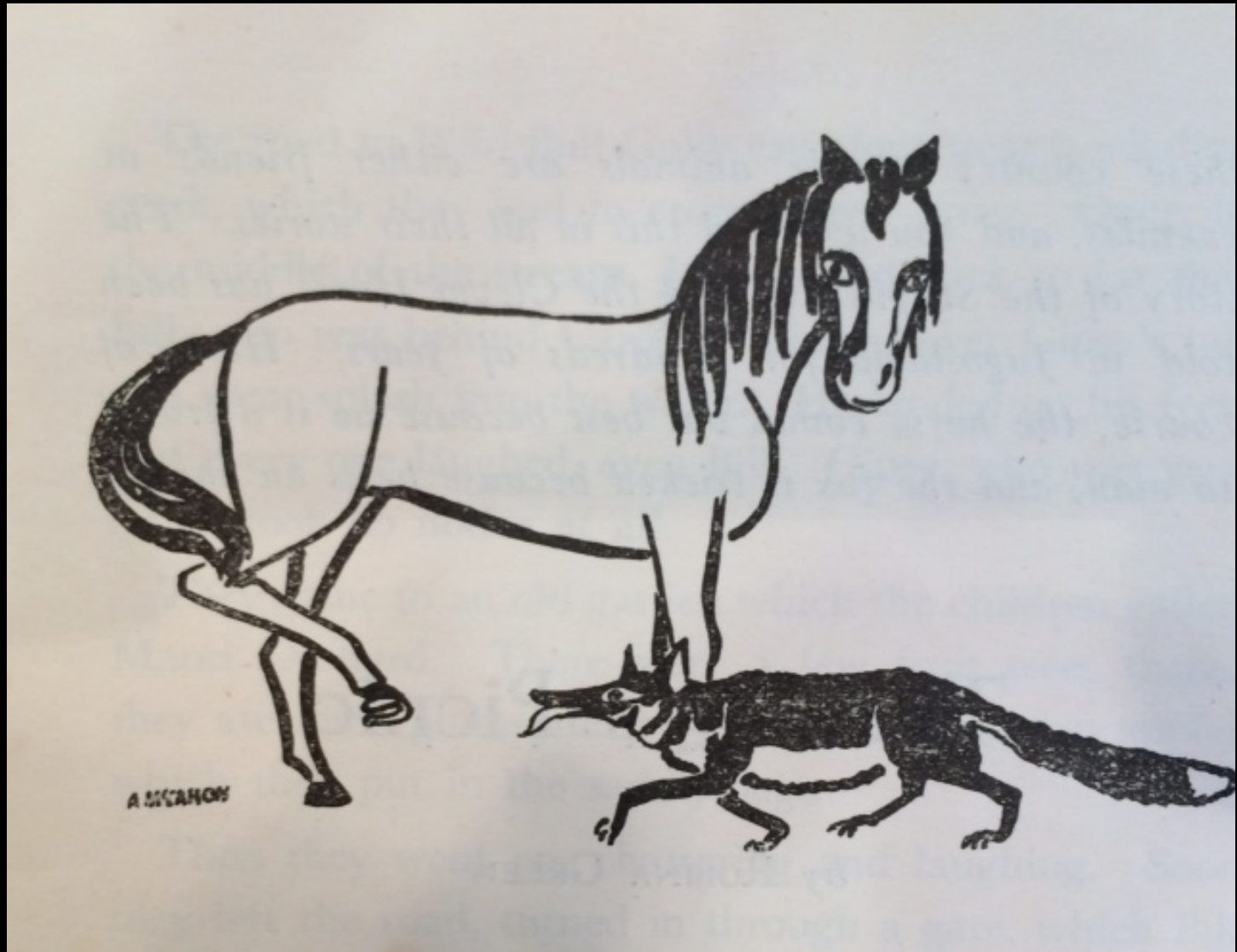


PART
VOLUME 47 NUMBER 6 I JULY 1953

SCHOOL JOURNAL



Amelia Batistich, The Stupid Fox and Clever Horse, September 1953.



G.A. Lennie, *A New Dress for the Farmer's Wife*, October 1953



became sleepy. At forty she fell asleep beside her husband. The sheep trotted merrily on.

That evening when the couple awoke they knew what had happened.

"Counting sheep puts folk to sleep," said the farmer.

"Then what shall we do?" asked his wife. "We must find out how many sheep there are or we shall never

price of a dress."

The farmer's wife looked very sad.

"If I were you," said the wise man, "I should shear a sheep myself. I should spin the wool and weave some cloth. Then I should make a dress out of the cloth."

And that is exactly what they did. And that is how the farmer's wife got her new dress.





PART

VOLUME 47 NUMBER 9

2

OCTOBER 1953

SCHOOL JOURNAL

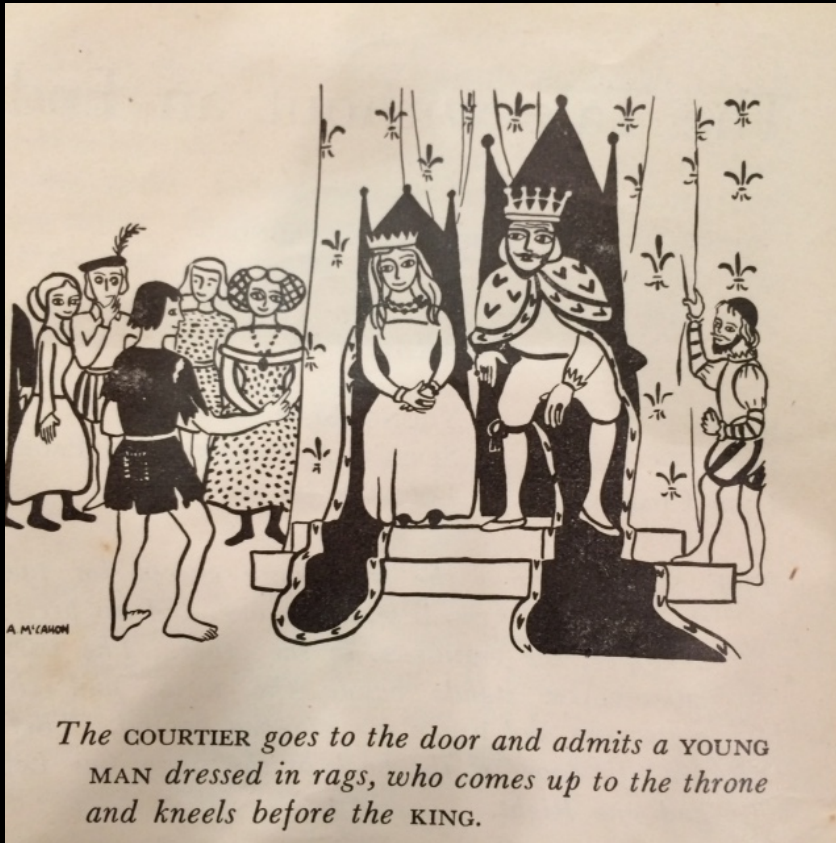


March Part 2 1954
 School
 Journal

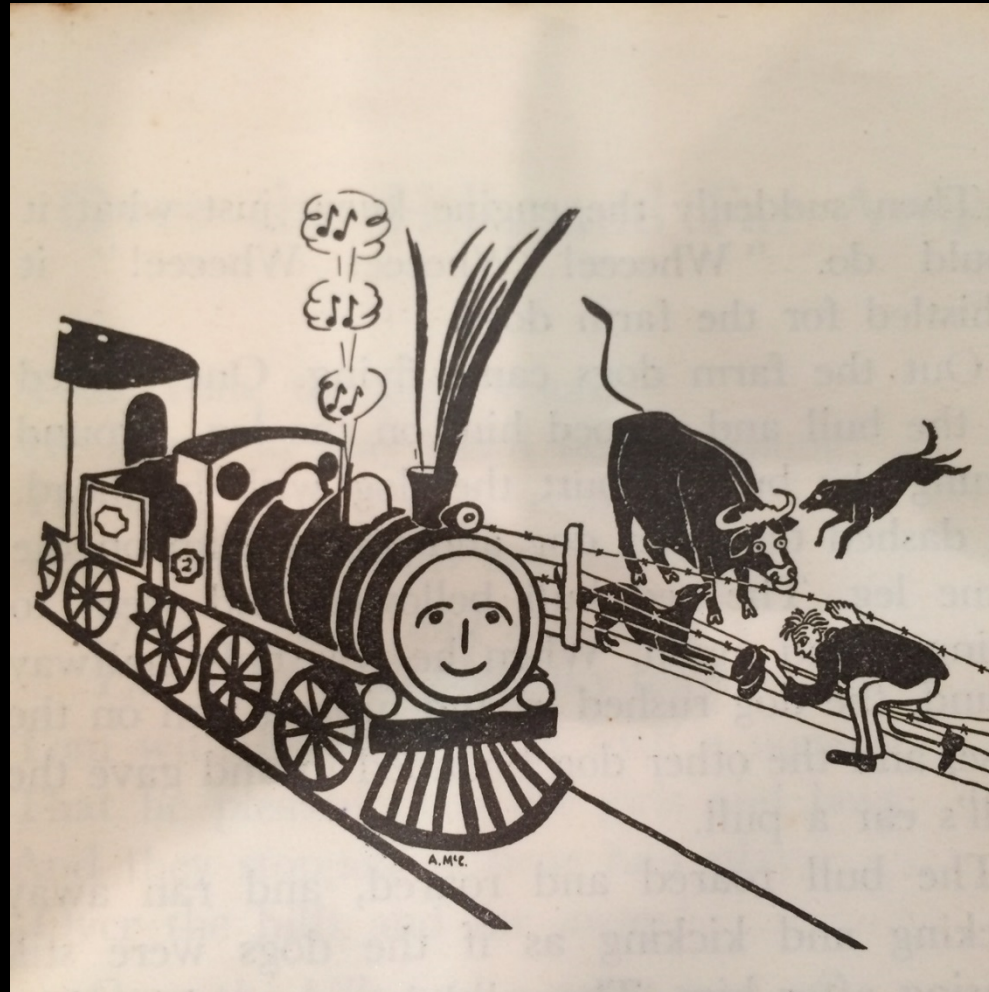


May Part 2 1954
 School
 Journal

Elizabeth Fleming's *The Tale without End*, pt 2, March 1954

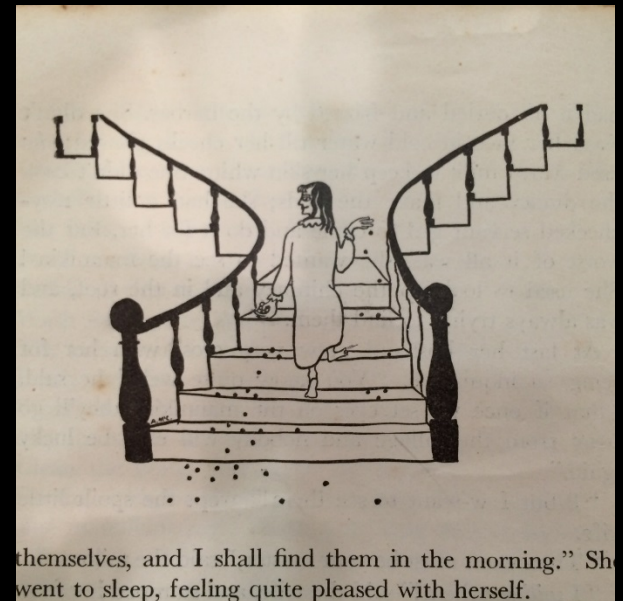


Henry Brennan, *The Engine with the Wrong Whistle*, pt.1, April 1954



Rhoda Power, *The Mannikin and the Green Peas*, pt.2, May 1954

If they had had a good time, they were willing to pay for it. At twelve o'clock at night all the fun stopped, and the mannikins began to pay for their good time. And how do you suppose they did that? By work. They simply



themselves, and I shall find them in the morning." She went to sleep, feeling quite pleased with herself.

English Folk Tale, Lazy Jack, pt.1, October 1954

into his hair, and the rest had been lost on the

"You stupid boy!" said his mother, "you should have carried it very carefully in your hands."

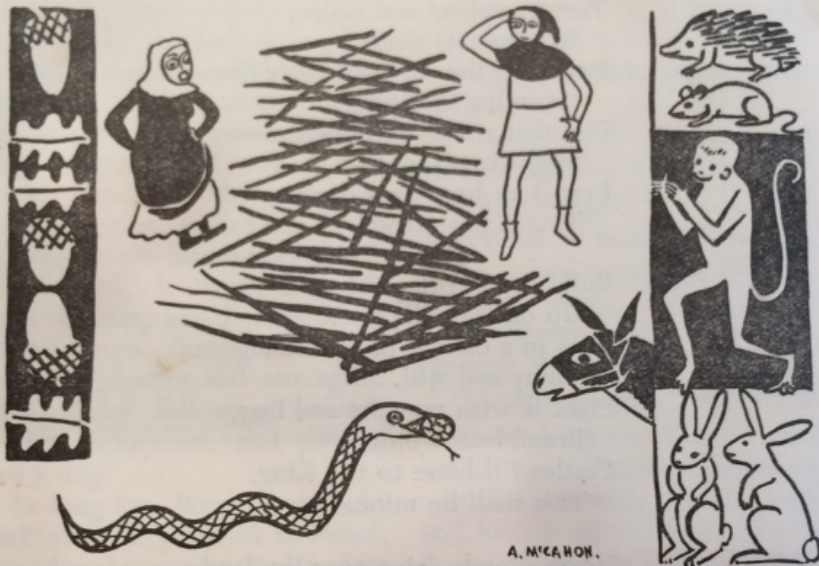
"I'll do so another time," said Jack.

On Friday Lazy Jack went out and worked for the baker, who would give him nothing for his work but a large tom-cat. Jack took the cat, and began



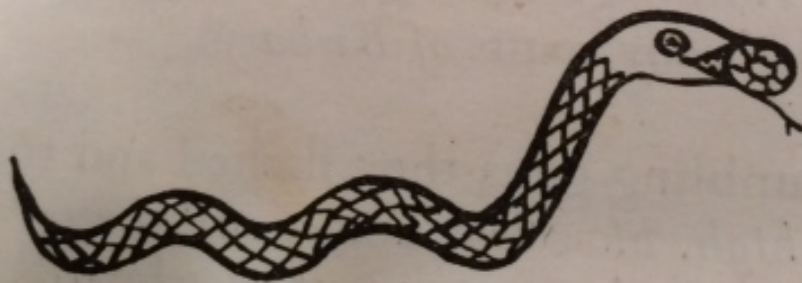
Still no one was found who could make

7.



ADRIAN and BARDUS

Dramatized by R. A. COPLAND



C. IlIan, The Nut Tree, pt.3, Summer 1954

good, Your Majesty. [He bows,
made up a little poem about your nut

tree,
bear

my boy!

L.

as a footman]. The King of Spain
Your Majesties!

ected! Show them in this instant.
d goes out L. QUEEN hastily runs to
straightens hair.] Just look at the
our crown, Algernon, and— Oh
ppers on!

my dear.

feet under your chair.

s daughter from L. KING ALGERNON
both rise. The men bow, the women

urprise. Won't you sit down?

u. [He looks around.] I'm afraid I

ng cleaning at the moment. Every-
ave my seat.

F SPAIN to his throne. He stands R.

He goes to the throne and sits.] I
e footman.



PRINCESS. Is it true that silver nutmegs and golden pears grow on it?
PRINCE. Why, yes! See, they have just been gathered.

He walks across to the table and takes the nutmeg and pear to
show PRINCESS.

PRINCESS. Oh, how lovely! Father, do buy it for me!

QUEEN. I'm sorry, it's not for sale.

KING OF SPAIN } Not for sale?
PRINCESS }

QUEEN. No! You see, my father gave it to us on condition that it
should never leave our family.

CURTAIN



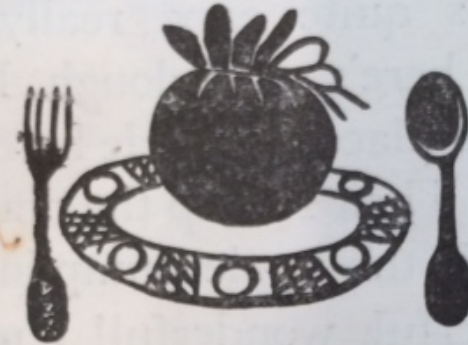
From *Time for a Play* by C. ILIAN. Reprinted by permission
of Blackie and Son Limited.

Philip Walsh, Apple Dumplings, February 1955



KING. Your pardon, Granny.

GRANNY. I've lived in this cottage for many



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from *Seventeen Younger Plays*. The play is adapted from a
poem by DR JOHN WOLCOT.

Published by School Publications Branch, Education Department, New Zealand.

R. E. OWEN, Government Printer, Wellington—1955

[56,500/12/54—41223

Brothers Grimm, The Golden Goose, May-June 1955, pt.1



Frank Carpenter, The Dumb Prince, Winter 1955, pt.3



THE DUMB PRINCE

by FRANK CARPENTER

CHARACTERS

Three Magicians, EINS, ZWEI, and DREI

A KING

A BOY

A PRINCE

A LORD CHANCELLOR

CROWD OF CHILDREN

THE SCENE is the Town Market Place. On one side is a set of old-fashioned stocks, crude and very uncomfortable. The three Magicians, EINS, ZWEI, and DREI are in the stocks, with their legs and arms sticking through. A crowd of children is booing from a safe distance.

CROWD. Boo! Boooo! Booooo! Cheats, humbugs! Yah!

EINS. Go away, you horrible boys! Go away!

ZWEI. If I could reach them, I'd turn them all into toads.



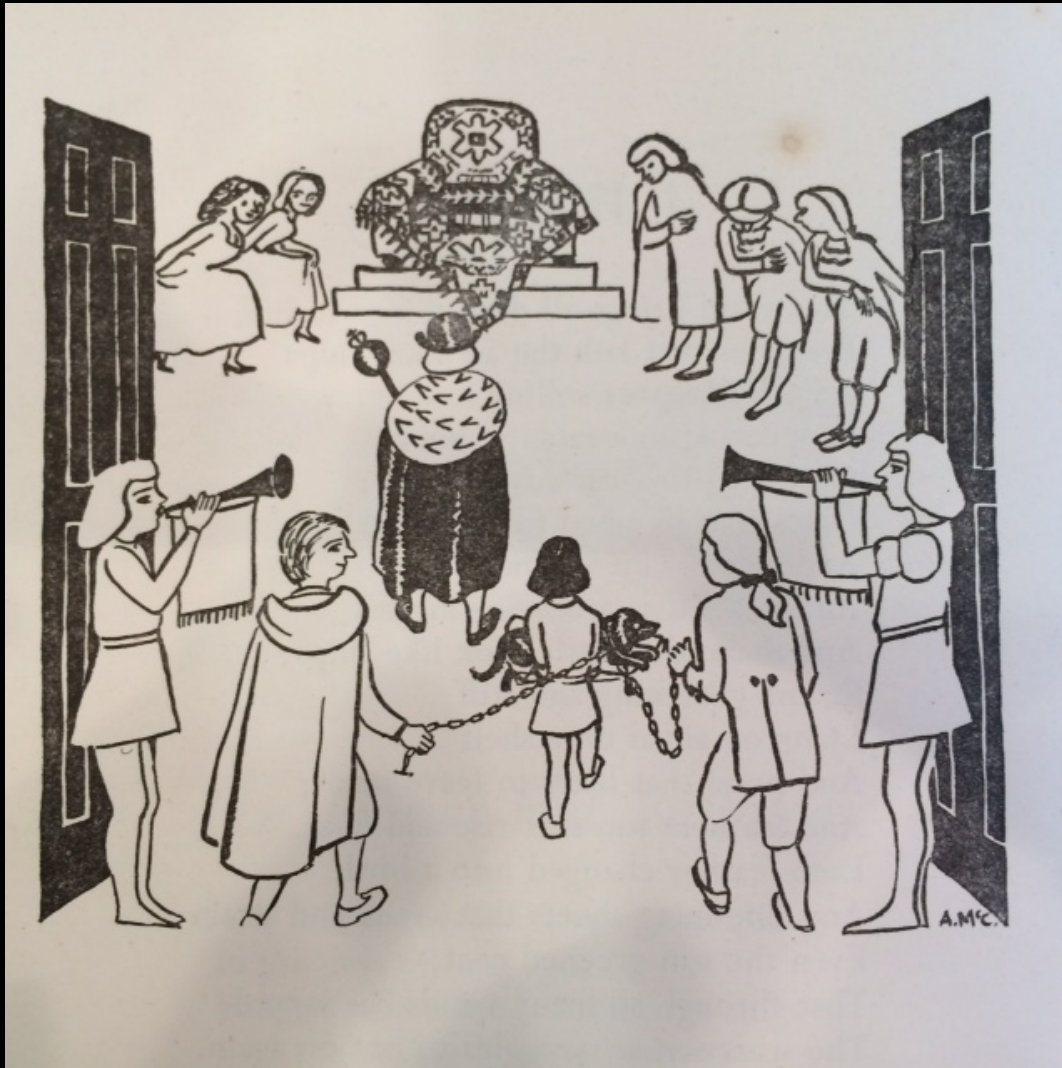
KING. One more word from you, Lord Chancellor, and you'll be a head short. Everything must be tried. Are you ready, boy?

BOY. Yes, sir.

While everybody watches, the BOY goes up to the PRINCE.

BOY. Can you play marbles? You know, on the ground. Want to play? You've got to say yes. I won't let you, if you don't. You've got to say yes.

Monica Thorne, The King Who Limped, Spring 1955



the bowler hats. The others remain staring, as the curtain falls.

CURTAIN





PART

OCTOBER

I

1955

School Journal

Gifts for the King (Rudolf and Karl) October 1955

pt.1



castles! he thought. But whatever my reward is, I shall now be rich indeed."

He was still rubbing his hands in glee when at last they arrived in the courtyard.

"There is your reward," said the King. "It's the finest in all the world," and he pointed to Karl's turnip!





PART

OCTOBER

2

1935

School Journal

November 1955



King Jackal

PEOPLE IN THE PLAY
JACKAL BUFFALO
LIZARD

SCENE. Beside a stream. JACKAL is crawling around and sniffing at everything he finds. Suddenly he picks up a rusty old tin.

JACKAL. Ha! What have we here? A crown! Kings wear crowns, and so I shall be the new King of the Animals. I shall build a throne right here, and

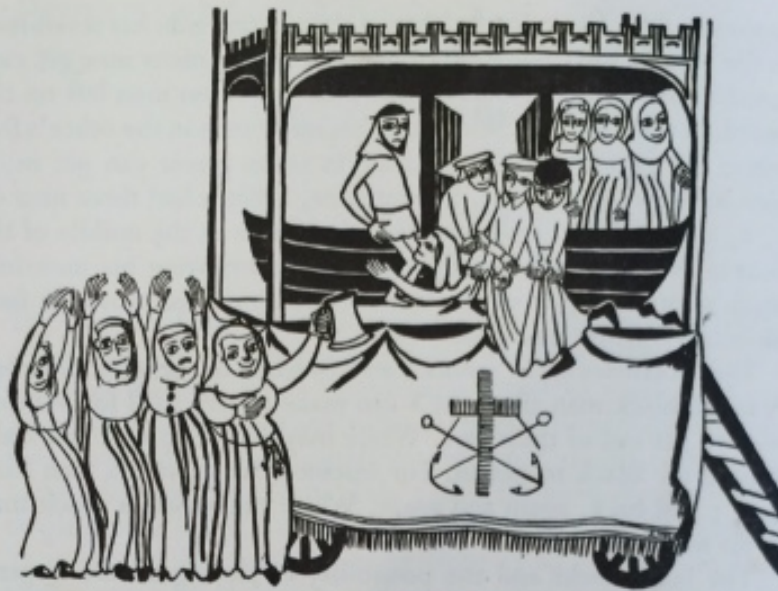
I've a lot of work to do at home.
So I must be on my way.'
How's that for poetry, old King? Ha ha ha!



The LIZARD scuttles off to his burrow with the furious JACKAL chasing after him. Just as the LIZARD reaches the hole, the JACKAL grabs his tail with his teeth.

LIZARD [struggling to get down into his burrow]. I say, Jackal, steady on there; that's my tail you're biting!

JACKAL. You just wait till I pull you out. Then it



The Chester Pageant of NOAH'S FLOOD

Adapted from the Middle English by ALEXANDER FRANKLIN

This is a very early play which was first performed, appropriately enough, by the watermen of the town of Chester. It is a miracle play, one of many such plays dealing with religious as well as everyday topics which were immensely popular in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Miracle plays were performed by the various guilds, the trade unions of medieval England. Performances were staged on 'pageants' or two-storied carts which were wheeled from one street to another.

NOAH goes into the ark. His family carry to him stores, food, and pictures of the animals and birds they speak of, and place them round the ark. When this is done they go aboard. NOAH'S WIFE stays out and joins a group of GOSSIPS at some distance from the ark.

SHEM

Sir, here are lions, strong and fine,
Leopards, horses, oxen, swine;

HAM

Camels, asses, sheep, and kine
Now at this ship do meet.

JAPHET

Otters, foxes, hopping hares,
And beasts of all kinds in their pairs;

NOAH'S WIFE

Here are squirrels, apes, and bears,
And food that they shall eat.



SHEM'S WIFE

Here are more beasts for this house,
Here a rat, and here a mouse;

HAM'S WIFE

Peacocks, herons, cranes, and grouse
Enter all together.

JAPHET'S WIFE

And here are redshanks, kites and crows,
Rooks and ravens in their rows.
All kinds of birds, both friends and foes,



This version of *The Chester Pageant of Noah's Flood* may be performed publicly without permission. Applications for permission and details of the moderate royalty should be made to Alexander Franklin, c/o THE USE OF ENGLISH, 42 William IV Street, London, W.C.2.



School Publications Branch, Department of Education 1955





IN HAWAIIKI, which lies far over the great Ocean of Kiwa, there are three countries—Tawhiti-nui, Rangiatea, and Rarotonga. In these countries lived the forefathers of the Maori in stages of their migration here to Aotearoa, the Land of the Long White Cloud.

In Rangiatea, in Hawaiki, is the village of Awarua. In that village, in the times of the ariki Uenuku, the young boy Patu lived with the old man Maru, his grandfather.

In these times, troubles were spreading all over Hawaiki. Patu's father was dead, fallen in Tawhiti-nui during the wars against the dreaded high chief, Uenuku. Patu's mother, too, had perished when a village in Rangiatea, where she was visiting relatives, was over-run by Uenuku's warriors. But now the boy was happy living with this old man.



young. As for me, I think of the stars I know so
above the mountains at Awarua."

agerly scanned the horizons, which looked so different
y to day. There was the horizon that seemed to draw
ugh to touch, the horizon that darkened with storms
ch was fearful to voyage towards, the horizon of
unshine that seemed to beckon them to a land of light.
re the horizons of the unknown spirits of the deep.

day, standing upright in the prow of the canoe, the
atoroirangi looked towards the distant horizon and
Trust in Rehua, and with his help reach the Land
O, Rongo and Tane, we raise our offerings!"

s the offering, a token of the devotion and trust
earts, would be a small fish which Maru had been
ough to catch, perhaps one of the flying fish that
tricked with lights at night into leaping aboard the
e people on the *Arawa* were thankful for the fish.
g so many of their provisions in the whirlpool, they
or the rest of the voyage; and they had not sighted
ask for a share of her food-stores. Without letting
e him do it, Maru would drop a portion of his
ried kumara and taro into Patu's food bowl as he
o him. "Old men do not need a great deal to eat,"
ay to anyone who noticed how quickly his food
still they are tough when it comes to paddling."
ld with a grin.

nted other fish, fish too large to catch for food.
the whales, mighty as small islands, shearing the
ending up their plume-like fountains to the sky.
e *Arawa* was making towards the island in mid
d, as Ngahue had told them, Rangitahua, they
amatea in the *Takitimu*. That vessel was being
playful whales which the Ocean-god had sent
on her way to the new land.

er this that the *Arawa* sailed into the region of
where her seamen could catch not a glimpse of



That was true. Kumara and taro, hue, and uwhi grew well enough, and the settlers took to making a floury paste of the fern root that they found everywhere. Fish teemed in the seas, and shellfish of all kinds could be gathered in kitfuls. In autumn they stored kumara in pits, and preserved birds in fat for winter food.

Thus the people readily adapted themselves to the new ways of the new land. They thrived and grew in numbers, but as their numbers grew so did jealousies between the tribes, and between the tribes and the older inhabitants of the country. Even the Tainui people grew jealous of their relatives of the Arawa, although it was because of such disputes, and the wars

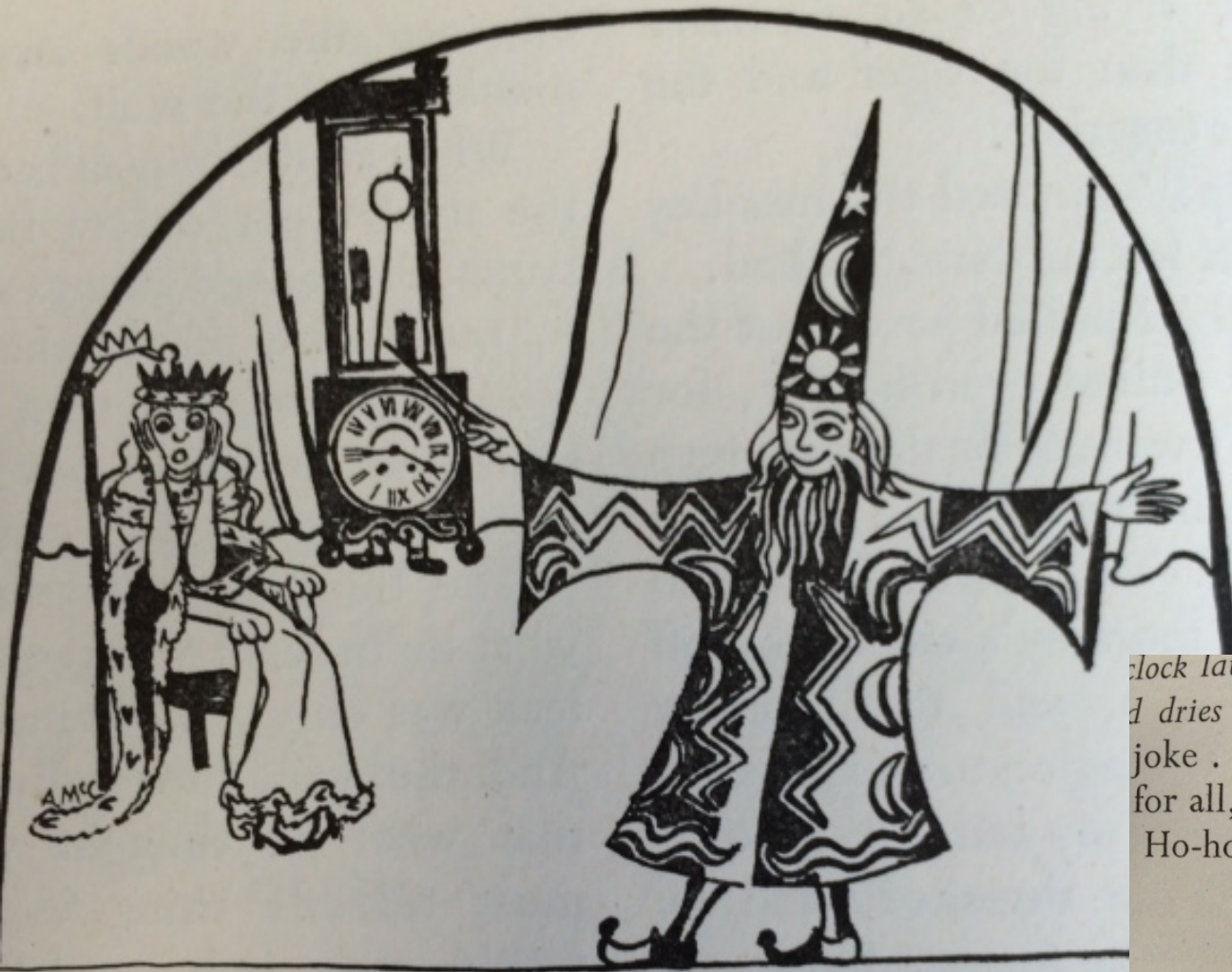


which had followed them, that both people had deserted their homeland, braved the wide ocean, and come here to Aotearoa. Nevertheless, a Tainui chief named Raumati crossed over from Kawhia to Maketu with his followers, and one night when the Arawa were away inland, he burnt the *Arawa* canoe where she rested under a shelter of dry thatch. Thus began, so soon in the new land, the war that was waged between those who had arrived in the *Arawa* and those who arrived in the *Tainui*.

War was not the whole life of the people, however. In this new land they made new songs and dances and poems, and recited the old legends too. They built great houses, and carved



1956



clock laughs . . . they all laugh . . . She flo
d dries her eyes, laughing.] A fine joke, a
joke . . . Dear, clever fool! Send for my
for all, and a feast tonight. . . . Oh, dear
Ho-ho-ho-ho-ho-ho-ho!

CURTAIN

The Jester, the Queen
and the Hen



the mouse, to help us. [*She goes to BRIGHT-EYES.*]

MRS TABBY [*mewing*]. Will you help us to pull up the turnip?



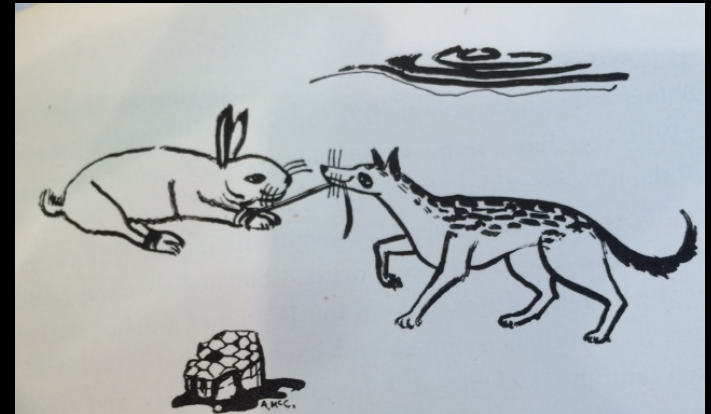
A McCANON.

Traditional African folk tale, the jackal who wouldn't work, 1959



The Jackal who Wouldn't Work

Once upon a time in Africa there was no rain for a whole year. The sun shone every day, the pools and rivers dried up, and the animals were very thirsty. All the animals were very thirsty.

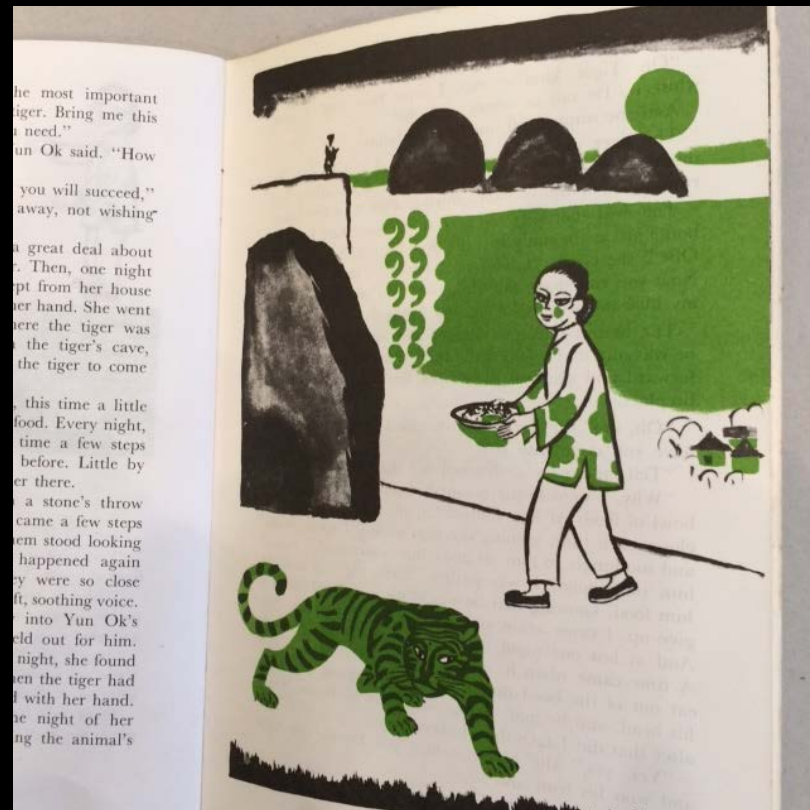
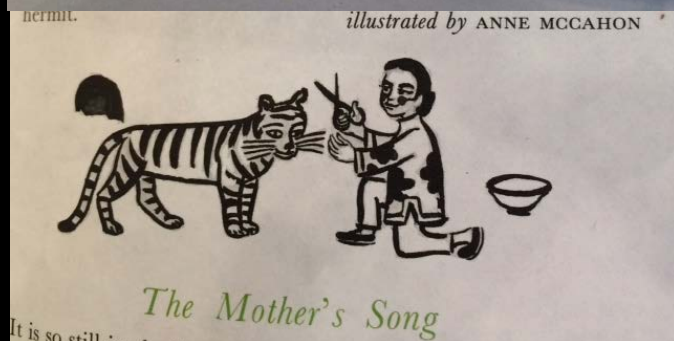
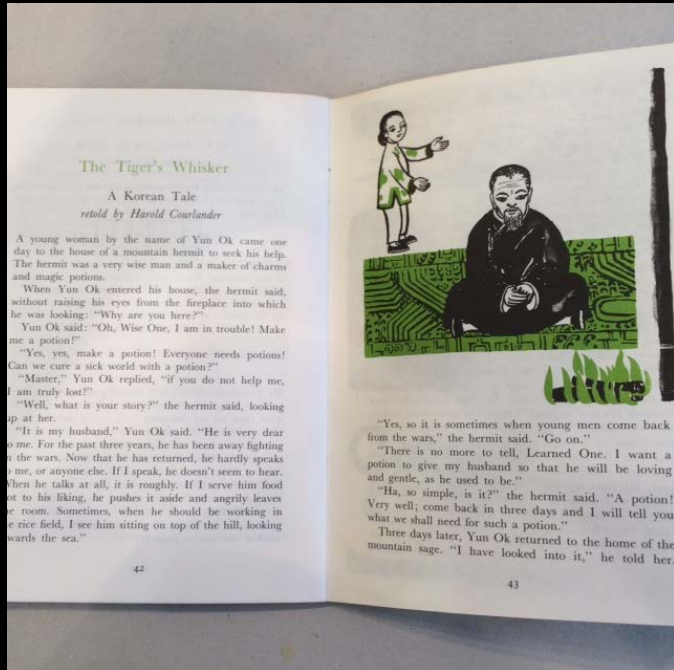


...the jackal
they laughed.
"Could he give one last kick and he was free. He raced away
"Well, as fast as he could go – and to this day he has
and give back again.
"Well, he
"u?"

AFRICAN FOLK TALE



The Tiger's Whisker: A Korean Tale retold by Harold Courlander, 1971, pt.3



Diana Valk, The Racehorse and the Cat, pt.4, 1971.

THE RACEHORSE AND THE CAT

BY DIANA VALK

BRIT was a racehorse. He was beautiful, bad-tempered and lonely. He often bit the stable boys, and fought with the other horses. Even his owner was afraid of being bitten. But Brit's owner kept him because Brit won all his races.

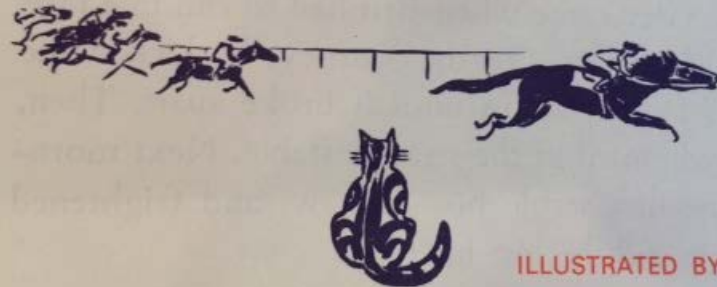
One evening, Brit stood alone in his stable, feeling sad. He was eating hay from the rack above his feed box. He pulled at the hay with his strong teeth, and did not see the stable cat curled up in the feed box. Pieces of hay fell down, but the cat just twitched and went on sleeping, until a small piece of hay fell in her ear. That woke her. She shook her head and sat up. Then she sneezed. It was just a small cat-sneeze, but it was enough to make Brit wild.

He pulled his ears back, showed his teeth and stood



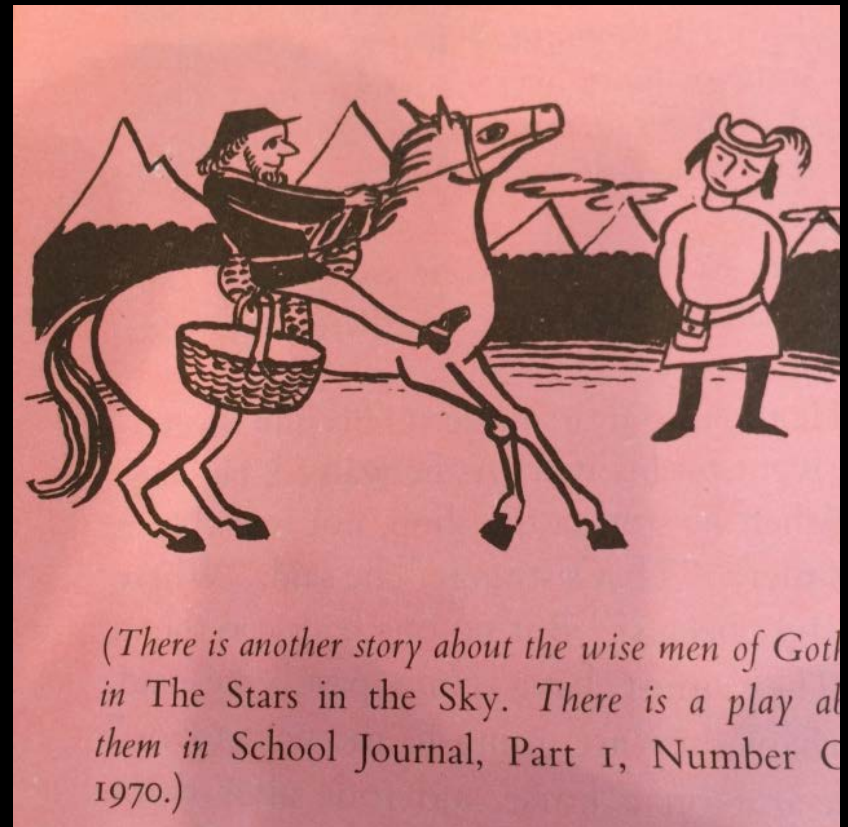
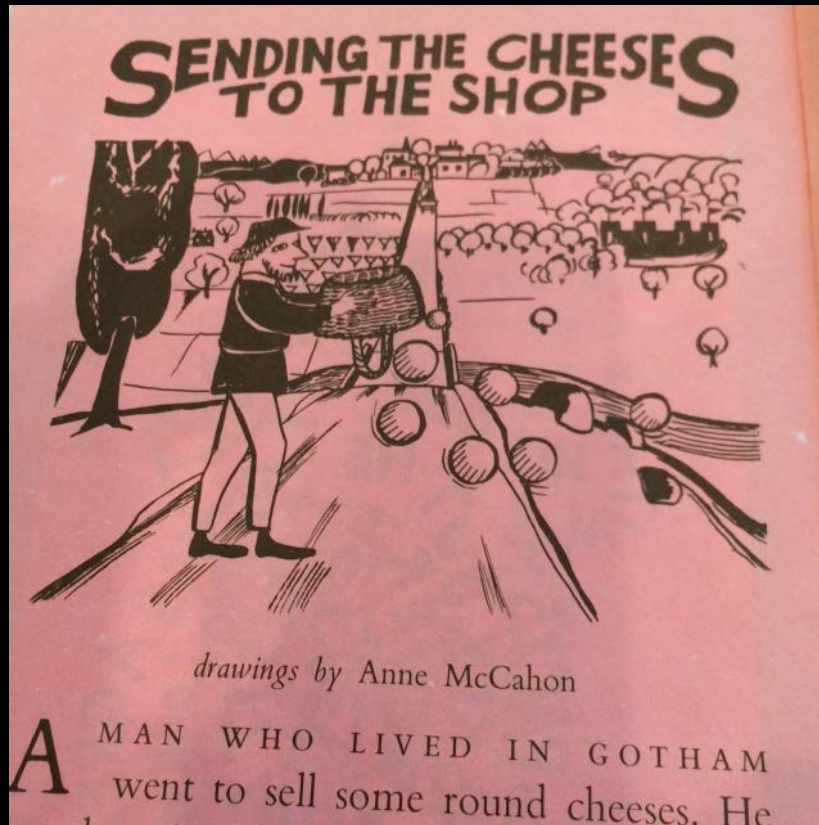
and out of the stable door stepped a stable cat. She picked her way across the yard, taking her time. She sniffed at the ramp, leading up into the horse-float. Then, quickly, she led the way in, her tail held high. She jumped into the small box at the driver's end of the truck, and sat there, purring. Brit made a little noise, as if he was laughing. Then he followed his friend up into the float.

The journey was pleasant, and the night in the strange stable was quiet. Brit won his race the next day, and his owner thought it was wonderful. From that day on, wherever he went, Brit always travelled with his cat.



ILLUSTRATED BY ANN McCAHON

Traditional Nottinghamshire story, Sending Cheese to the Shop, 1972



S.C. George's The Three Thieves, pt.2, 1972.



drawings by ANNE McCaHON

CHARACTERS



While you are all going to the wine you re'll be bread and water for you



the other thief's, the one who

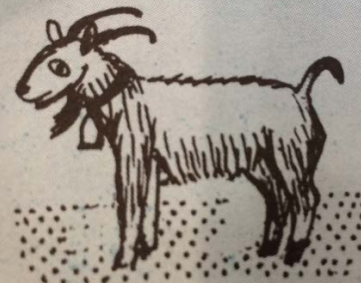
y story! I arrest you, too.
e had enough.

a fight.

dragging LOB.



CURTAIN



Anne McCahon in Partridge Street, Arch Hill, 1962
with Colin McCahon Ken Carr in the background



Anne McCahon ceramics 1978-1982



*A Table of One's Own: the creative life of
Anne Hamblett* at Te Uru Waitakere
Contemporary Art Gallery, opens 4pm on
19 November 2016 – 12 February 2017



Thanks to:

Diane Blomfield, Executive Director, McCahon House

Victoria Carr, daughter of Anne and Colin McCahon

Andrew Clifford, Director, Te Uru: Waitakere Contemporary Art
Gallery, Titirangi

Jessica Douglas, MA student, Art History, The University of
Auckland, and Researcher, A Table of One's Own Exhibition

William McCahon, son of Anne and Colin McCahon

Finn McCahon-Jones, grandson of Anne and Colin McCahon

Stephanie McGill, niece of Anne McCahon

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