

Megan is an artist currently based in Ōtepoti Dunedin. Working across sculpture, installation and sound she is particularly interested in the way we navigate sites — often responding to patterns and details in the environment. Selected recent exhibitions include Te Hā, The Physics Room, 2023; Paemanu: Tauraka Toi, Dunedin Public Art Gallery, 2021-22; Lay in measures with Ed Ritchie, Enjoy Contemporary Art Space, 2020; and A quiet corner where we can talk, Dunedin Public Art Gallery, 2018.

Toru (sea, spark, stone)

Megan Brady

Kai Tahu whānui, Kati Mamoe, Moriori, Ngati Mutunga, Te Ati Awa, Ngati Toa Rangatira

Hand-tufted wool carpet, latex backing, wool binding

Three lines of connection, representing various moments of overlap between my most recent mana wāhine tīpuna and myself. Depicted as flowing channels akin to those of Rakahuri awa, my tāua and I ebb and flow across the landscape we once knew, moved away from, and returned to.

We are the same body of water moving across time and place. Where each line or pathway connect is a visual imagining of the moments where our stories overlap, and there is exchange of mauri, kōrero, and care.

Running parallel to the flowing braids is a simplified pattern inspired by aramoana tāniko whakairo and acts as a gentle reminder of being wrapped in whakapapa and being wrapped in bodies of water. The zigzag is a recurring tohu for me which speaks to navigation and direction. In this case, I am navigating my way through reconnection to people and place. The patterning references our pathway to the sea, while simultaneously takes on the form of our surrounding volcanic mauka; Kā Tiritiri-o-te-Moana. These mauka are both the source of our braided awa and the various pōhatu that journey in their flow, scattering across our hills, riverbeds and seashores.

Throughout this rug are flecks of a pale green in reference to the agates I had recently connected with and collected from Wairewa coastline. Among many other pōhatu, agates are created from ahi kōmau, and begin to take on their own pathway towards the ocean; like the agate I found on the shore, traced around sharing its mauri into the walls of Te Whare Tapere, and now carry with me.

Travelling along awa and simmering in the sea, the spark within this volcanic pōhatu is reigniting our ahi kā and burning bright once again.

Ko Takaroa Makutu rāua ko Florence Aldridge ōku tāua. This work is a mihi to them.

My tāua is my ocean,
my tāua is my spark,
now I carry an agate in my pocket,
and we are toru.