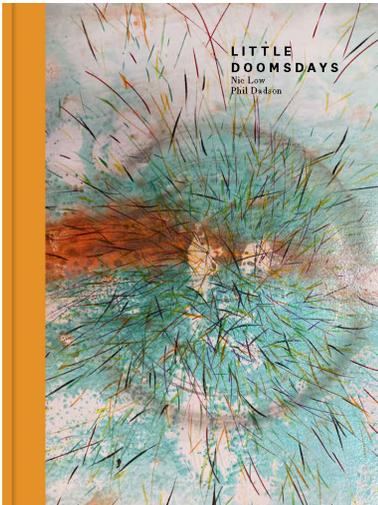




# Little Doomsdays

NIC LOW AND PHIL DADSON



\$45

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Makaurau Auckland and Ōtautahi  
Christchurch, Aotearoa New Zealand

## UNIQUE COLLABORATION IN WORDS AND ART

The fifth in the ground-breaking kōrero series conceived and edited by Lloyd Jones, *Little Doomsdays* is another rich collaboration between an artist and a writer. This time legendary musician and painter Phil Dadson responds to a wildly innovative text that's steeped in te ao Māori by Ngāi Tahu writer Nic Low. Together they play with the notion of ark and arc in a manner that is at once beguiling and challenging.

'The standard all university presses and publishers of literary works, artists' monographs and photobooks should aspire to' — *PhotoForum*

## ABOUT THE AUTHORS

**Phil Dadson** ONZM was founder of the acclaimed music group From Scratch. He lectured at the Elam School of Fine Arts from 1977, leaving in 2001 to take up full-time art practice. In 2010 the Wellington Sculpture Trust commissioned his *Akau Tangi*, a wind-powered sculpture on Cobham Drive. In 2015, the feature film *Sonicsfromscratch*, documenting Dadson's career, premiered at the New Zealand International Film Festival. He is a 2001 Arts Foundation Laureate, and is a recipient of a New Zealand Antarctic Artist Fellowship and a Fulbright-Wallace Arts Trust Awards. Dadson is represented by Trish Clark Gallery in Auckland. He lives in Tamaki Makaurau Auckland.

**Nic Low** (Ngāi Tahu) is the partnerships editor at *NZ Geographic* magazine and the former co-director of WORD Christchurch. An author of short fiction, essays and criticism, his writing on wilderness, technology and race has been widely published and anthologised on both sides of the Tasman. He received the 2018 CLNZ Writers' Award, and his story collection *Arms Race* was named a *New Zealand Listener* and *Australian Book Review* Book of the Year. His 2021 book, *Uprising*, detailed nine walking expeditions into the Ngāi Tahu history of Kā Tiritiri-o-te-moana, the Southern Alps. He lives in Ōtautahi Christchurch.

## SALES POINTS

- The fifth in Massey University Press's lauded kōrero series of gorgeous 'picture books for grownups', edited by Lloyd Jones
- Beautifully written and superbly illustrated by two of New Zealand's finest practitioners
- A beautiful, collectable hardback

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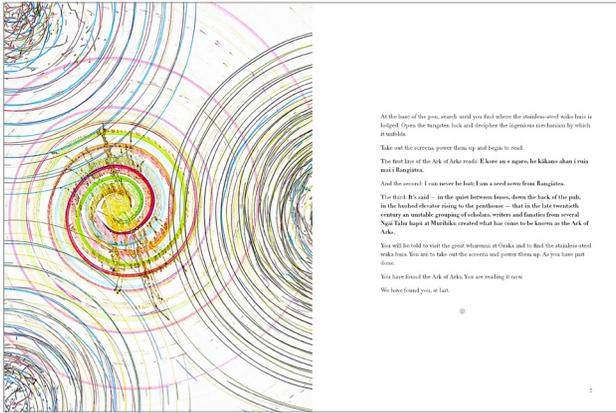


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At the base of the page, search until you find where the stabilised work has been  
 helped. Open the magazine link and discover the techniques and houses by which  
 it is built.

Take out the screen, press them up and begin to read.

The first line of the Ask of Ash reads: *There are a sign, he knows when I'm  
 not!*

And the second: *I can never be back I am a seed some from Rangitikei.*

The third: *It's said – in the quiet between lines, from the back of the path,  
 in the hand that is not using the penholder – that in the late twentieth  
 century an unstable grouping of scholars, writers and fictionists from around  
 Ngāi Tahu began at Waitohika created what has come to be known as the Ask of  
 Ash.*

You will be told to visit the great wharangi at Otake and to find the stabilised sheet  
 work here. You are to take out the screen and press them up. As you have just  
 done.

You have found the Ask of Ash. You are reading it now.  
 We have found you, at last.



**Item 20013: Green blank book, 1255 CE**

It's said that the House of Wisdom, sometimes called the Great Library of  
 Baghdad, was, by the thirteenth century the largest library in the world.  
 It is said that in the preceding centuries the Caliphs passed funds into  
 writing and translating texts from Greek, Chinese, Sanskrit, Persian  
 and Latin texts. They patronised and made the knowledge of those  
 civilisations into their own.

It is said that in a scholar's shop in 1255, the knowledge contained within  
 the House of Wisdom reached its peak, when began to decline the Mongols  
 were brought to war in Baghdad and began writing the city.

The attack was a bridge across the Tigris by dumping the House of  
 Wisdom's books into the river and riding their horses across.

It is said that the paper that did the river, dipping, crossing the river bank.  
 By the night the ink was gone. What remained was a bridge of reeds of  
 thousands of blank books.

Our ink contains some of these blank books.  
 We say it is worth remembering what has been lost.



**possible overlay onto opaque paper**

It is said that the Ask of Ash was once mostly recognised but because  
 considered that we could have. Making one that should be preserved. Now it  
 is a collection of fragments making only passing sense.

When someone on the other side of the world asks... though some  
 legends say that someone we believe.

It is said that we are to read. They think but quickly descended into history.  
 It is said that our future could be what found in history.  
 Do not believe anything, people say.



**possible overlay**

Do you think in the fact two words we discussed whether we should collect more than  
 the records of other people's work.

We talked long into the night about how to collect the screen.

What if I think and what to preserve the end.

We wanted to preserve the one. Our ink most certain that which we must weep.

We talked until dawn about how to collect the wind.

One of our number built and large. We spent nights on the bench below the where  
 Otake listening to his stories to the gods.

He wanted to build a monument to himself in the past. He wanted to  
 record the end.

We spent days discussing how to preserve the names of those who and the mapping  
 they brought to the future.

In history we wanted out to the something describing the pattern of the wind. In  
 return we photographed themselves of doing through the fields beside the where.

To see it printed, the saying your. In the end, some from the.

The message the wind were changing. Old weather patterns were disappearing month  
 by month.

It is said that when our eyes first rolled from the earth, the wind asked their presence  
 to answer. When the lines rolled on the twentieth century the wind words  
 changed, showing the respiratory control.

How many who are not but are forced to return?



Think tried to protect his message from the weather.  
 We are trying to protect the message from us.



It is said that on ash is an admission that the worst has happened, and that during  
 cannot be removed. To build as well as to show the future you believed in to the  
 water. You must have everything behind and out of.

It is said that on ash is a gesture of hope in the future. Pushing your feet out into a  
 desert, create the opposite alone.

It is said that the water you are drinking you have behind.

It is said that on the first morning comes from the earth, the white, chestnut  
 banks, moving where beyond the horizon, as Ash to be used in towards the  
 land.

It is said that those of us fascinated by geographic extension, a history of our own  
 nature, we never imagine being left behind.

It is said that those of us fascinated by geographic have a secret desire to have  
 everything behind.

The more our Ask of Ash assembly required our world, the more we were  
 used by themselves and just for a place we had not yet left.

It is said that if I think beyond the ink, why do not the words would be  
 interpreted by the Australian Defense Force and turned to an offshore processing  
 facility. The message would be heard. Such would be held in indefinite detention.

It is said that today we respond to the choice of words by remembering who.



**Item DMFJ2022: Carved alabaster disk, 2300 BCE**

It is said that a carved alabaster disk, shaped like the full moon, unearthed  
 from the tomb of Ankhaf IV, contains the names of the first named ruler:  
 Khufu, the greatest of the ancient pharaohs.

It is said that around 2300 BCE, Khufu's priests, the Khufu Temple  
 Priests.

The names were easy to the temple, acknowledging those whose we bring things,  
 we do.

O Disk like body Ankhaf  
 made a carved disk and deep  
 your name never can  
 off.

