Copyright is owned by the Author of the thesis. Permission is given for a copy to be downloaded by an individual for the purpose of research and private study only. The thesis may not be reproduced elsewhere without the permission of the Author.
Once More, With Feeling:
An enquiry into The Museum of New Zealand Te Papa Tongarewa’s exhibition *Gallipoli: The scale of our war*

A thesis presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of

Masters of Arts
in
Museum Studies

at Massey University, Palmerston North, New Zealand.

Nicholas Graham Haig
2016
Abstract

This thesis examines The Museum of New Zealand Te Papa Tongarewa’s exhibition *Gallipoli: The scale of our war*. Conceived in partnership with Weta Workshop and formulated during a period of institutional uncertainty, *Gallipoli* was ostensibly created to commemorate the centenary of the First World War. This research investigates what this exhibition and the methodologies and practices deployed in its development reveals about how Te Papa interprets its public service role, and concludes that *Gallipoli* signals an intensification of its hegemonic function.

Marked by a discursive engagement with critical museology and theoretical perspectives pertaining to the ethics of memorialisation and practices of governmentality, in this thesis a transdisciplinary approach is adopted. Employing a qualitative and grounded theory methodology and inductive processes, anchoring the research are interviews with Te Papa staff and *Gallipoli* visitors, documentary evidence, exhibition ‘text’ analysis and autoethnographic reflections.

This thesis suggests that *Gallipoli* is characterised by a distinctive ‘affective public pedagogy’. Further to this, it is argued that *Gallipoli* not only has significant implications for Te Papa’s pedagogical functions, but also for conceptions of subjectivity, citizenship and nationhood in New Zealand in the twenty-first century. It is contended that recent developments at Te Papa have further problematized its exogenous and endogenous relations of power, and that the ritualised practices of affect afforded by *Gallipoli* are ideologically prescribed. It is also determined that Te Papa’s legislative responsibility to be a ‘forum for the nation’ requires reconsidering.
Acknowledgements

In writing this thesis I was supported in all sorts of ways by all sorts of people, and was also the grateful recipient of a Masterate Scholarship from Massey. I would like to thank my supervisors, Dr Susan Abasa and Professor Michael Roche, for their humour, insights and big-heartedness. All my research participants – Te Papa staff, Sir Richard Taylor, Dr Christopher Pugsley and Gallipoli visitors – also need acknowledging. Gallipoli Lead Curator, Kirstie Ross, in particular, was hugely generous with her time and a great support. Fi Johnstone always came up trumps when things were looking dicey, while my Wellington family also need thanking for putting me up and spurring me on during my Te Papa forays. Finally, this thesis is dedicated to Clare North. It would have been impossible without you.
## Contents

Abstract iii
Acknowledgements v
Contents vii
List of illustrations xi
Prologue – Encountering *Gallipoli* xiii

### Introduction – Once More

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Section</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Introduction</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Background</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Museums, Pedagogy and Affect</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Objectives</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Theoretical Framework</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Research Ethics</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Methodology</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Research Methods</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Data collection</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Documents</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Interview participants and recruitment</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Interviews</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Visitor observations</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Autoethnography</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Data analysis</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Limitations</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Outline of Thesis</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Chapter One – The Past Is No Longer Another Country 17

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Section</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Prelude – It could be otherwise</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Introduction</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
I Old Museums, New Museums, Post Museums 19
Moralising, optimistic: old museums 19
Future tense: the arrival of the new museology 21
Past tense: the departure of the new museology? 25
II Memory, Trauma And The Museum 27
Memory and victimhood 27
Memorialisation and the museum 29
III Commemorating The First World War 31
Summary 35

Chapter Two – An Emotional Journey: Te Papa and
The Making of Gallipoli 37
Prelude - Argonaut/argonaut 37
Introduction 38
I Te Papa Tongarewa 1998 – 2016 38
II Te Papa’s First World War 44
Introducing Gallipoli 44
Aspirant, circuitous: the development of an exhibition 45
Outside-in: Weta Workshop takes control 49
Our story: exhibition objectives 51
The exhibition actualised 55
Summary 58

Chapter Three – Queuing For Gallipoli: Public Pedagogy
and Visitor Reception 59
Prelude – Being affected 59
Introduction 60
I Pedagogy In And Out Of The Museum 60
Corporate public pedagogy 60
Museological pedagogy 62
II Visitors 66
Welcome 66
How did it make you feel? 67
Never shall I forget the grandeur of the scene
What good we are doing I cannot say
For an hour or so matters were very lively
I also did not reign long
Some trick of the mind
We became unspeakably weary
Summary

Chapter Four – The Sacred Real: Analysis

Prelude – Out of reach but touching
Introduction

I Reading It
We were in Egypt
Like a labyrinth
Larger than life

II Feeling It

III Selling It, Making It – What Wags What

IV Reading It Again
Bottom-up
Difficult and lovely
Making it real
Gallipoli’s enigmas
Summary

Chapter Five – Lest We Forget: Discussion and Conclusion

Prelude – Paper poppies
Introduction

I Affective Public Pedagogy In The Museum
You must feel, you will remember
To be moved (through) and to feel witness:
Gallipoli’s subjects

II Te Papa Now
The vanishing pedagogue
List of Illustrations

All images collection of the author unless otherwise stated.

1.1 Lieutenant Spencer Westmacott, 2015. xiii
2.1 Gallipoli’s Chunuk Bair mural, 2015. 33
3.1 Te Papa’s entrance. Image courtesy Te Papa, 2015. 38
3.2 Gallipoli map. Image courtesy Te Papa, 2015. 44
3.3 Graphic pictogram. Image courtesy Te Papa, 2015. 54
3.4 Private Rikihana Carkeek, Corporal Friday Hawkins and Private Colin Warden. Image courtesy Te Papa, 2015. 58
4.1 Lieutenant Colonel Percival Fenwick. Image courtesy Te Papa, 2015. 59
4.2 Queuing for Gallipoli, 2015. 67
4.3 Poppy Interactive instructions, 2015. 70
4.4 ‘Digging In’, 2015. 74
5.1 Private Jack Dunn. Image courtesy Te Papa, 2015. 79
5.2 ‘Out of Egypt’, 2015. 82
5.3 ‘Exposed Wounds’ and ‘Have a Shot’ interactives, 2015. 85
5.4 Kemal Atatürk, 2015. 98
6.1 Sergeant Cecil Malthus. Image courtesy Te Papa, 2015. 101
6.2 Gallipoli gift-store counter, 2015. 103
6.3 Graphic text, 2015. 106
6.4 Gallipoli merchandise, 2016. 116
6.5 Staff Nurse Lottie Le Gallais, 2015. 119
Wellington’s harbour sits under a lowering sky. It’s mid-morning in mid-winter and the sea is the colour of lead. In front of me, as if risen from the water – like some sort of space-age Atlantis – is the hulk of Te Papa Tongarewa.

I enter the Museum. Stepping from the escalator, I’m confronted by a hundred or so murmurous visitors stretched out in a snaking queue before the silhouette cut-out of a New Zealand soldier and beneath *Gallipoli: The scale of our war* spelled out in massive sans-serif font.

With a wave of ten or so others I step across *Gallipoli’s* threshold and am immediately greeted by a giant khaki-clad figure, lying prone, and pointing a pistol over my head, a dramatic Hollywood score, sounds of battle and a voice proclaiming “Good boys. I felt a glow of pride”. It almost feels carnivalesque, but I’m on guard, painfully conscious of ‘what I’m doing here’ and knowing full-well that the story has a tragic
ending. Within minutes, my ‘companions’ are increasingly hushed and I begin to feel
the closeness of their bodies. Every time I look up I seem to catch someone’s eye. It’s
oppressive, claustrophobic.

I’m propelled through the labyrinth, through the chronologically unfurling tale of New
Zealand’s Gallipoli campaign. In each ‘bell-jar’ I am met by a giant or huddle of giants,
and in each ‘annexe’ – which seem sepulchral but sci-fi – I find wall texts, touch-
screen kiosks, photographs, military paraphernalia, videos: a cornucopia of dates,
battles, deaths.

While certain that their suffering was real – the care with which each hyper-real giant
has been fashioned confirms this – and while equally certain of what it was they
suffered from – the text catalogues precisely the methods of death or ailment – I am
given little insight into the bigger “why” of their suffering.

Part way through, I stop and take down a few hurried notes. When I looked over them
later two stood out. The first read: why are they telling me this? And the second: why
do they want me to feel like this?

An hour after entering, I descend down and around a horse-shoe basin holding one last
giant figure in a sea of paper poppies strewn by visitors on their way out and exit
through the gift-store.