







**MASTERS
GRAD SHOW**

5-22/06/12



PREFACE

By Stephen Inggs

One of art's central functions is to communicate ideas and show us new ways of looking at and thinking about the world we inhabit. But it also produces and offers several kinds of usefulness - aesthetic pleasure, social critique and therapeutic release. As such art, and more particularly art in the previous and current century, has served to chronicle, comment upon and confront the cultural, social and political issues of its time.

The recent controversy and violence provoked by 1989 MFA alumnus Brett Murray's artwork and the actions taken to classify and prohibit its exhibition - including its display in public media - is a case in point. It indicates the power of art to elicit polemical intellectual discourse and provoke wide ranging emotional response.

Contemporary art is about pushing boundaries and norms, about being critical and subversive, which brings into question the role of the artist and issues of legitimation, qualification, recognition and consumption. How does an art school prepare an artist to enter the professionalised world of art? To succeed critically and commercially, to become part of public discourse, as well as how to adapt their skills in other fields?

The programme of study for an MFA at the Michaelis School of Fine Art, which incidentally has seen significant growth over the last five years, is not unlike an internship, where candidates are supervised but free from the constraints of the commercial marketplace. It is an essential aspect of the programme that Masters students have the freedom to experiment and test ideas in the studio as researchers; developing methodologies for their concepts and integrating theory with practice in ways that will result in a sustained and coherent body of work.

Studying for an MFA is a time consuming and reflexive process requiring hours of serious,

PREFACE

Continued

engaged struggle with ideas and materials – creating work, reading, writing and presenting papers, and being nourished by the complexity and diversity of art. Success and failure can often be two sides of the same coin as William Kentridge noted in his recent Harvard Norton Lecture series *Drawing Lesson Six: Anti Entropy* in which he says:

“I can make my art that fails, most of the time, as all art must, because that is my fate and because my fate includes how I must resist it.”

Ultimately, for MFA candidates the success or failure of their research projects has to be determined, after submission, by external examiners. It is also expected that following examination the work should be exhibited publically.

In previous years, when there were fewer Masters students, it was possible to include their work in the end-of-year 4th year graduate exhibition. However, this is no longer logistically feasible. MFA graduates are now showcased and distinguished in a separate annual exhibition held in the middle of the year.

This year's exhibition includes the work of twelve recent MFA graduates from the 2011 and 2012 cohort and exemplifies the range and diversity of projects undertaken. It is testimony not only to the quality of the students' research projects, but also to the quality of supervision. These graduates join a long and illustrious line of Michaelis MFA alumni who have gone on to make significant contributions to the fabric and history of South African contemporary art.

MASTERS GRAD SHOW

A selection of work from participating MFA graduates



ATKV Pretpark

The ATKV (Afrikaans Language and Culture Association) still owns a substantial part of Hartenbos today.

The facilities were reserved for the exclusive use of the 'white' population during apartheid.

Archival Pigment Ink Print on Cotton Paper, 2011

VINCENT BEZUIDENHOUT

Separate Amenities

A whole history remains to be written of spaces – which would at the same time be the history of powers. - Michel Foucault

This body of photographs examines the way in which the landscape was constructed to enforce separation in the form of *separate amenities* during the time of apartheid in South Africa. The recreational spaces I have focused on, previously functioned as separate facilities for different racial groups on every level of society; including separate beaches, parks, walkways and swimming pools.

By exploring this recreational landscape constructed through political, social and psychological factors, a view can be obtained of how the physical structuring of the landscape has been altered to implement control and separation. It reflects a level of social engineering, through a flawed political system of racial segregation, which has led to spaces of ambiguity, incongruity and ultimate failure.

This reveals the many ways in which ideology has shaped our landscape. It comments on the fact that despite the failure of apartheid, the structuring of the landscape in South Africa has had a lasting affect which, as Okwui Enwezor said, is 'an entirely unique specimen of the historical failure of moral imagination' in South Africa.

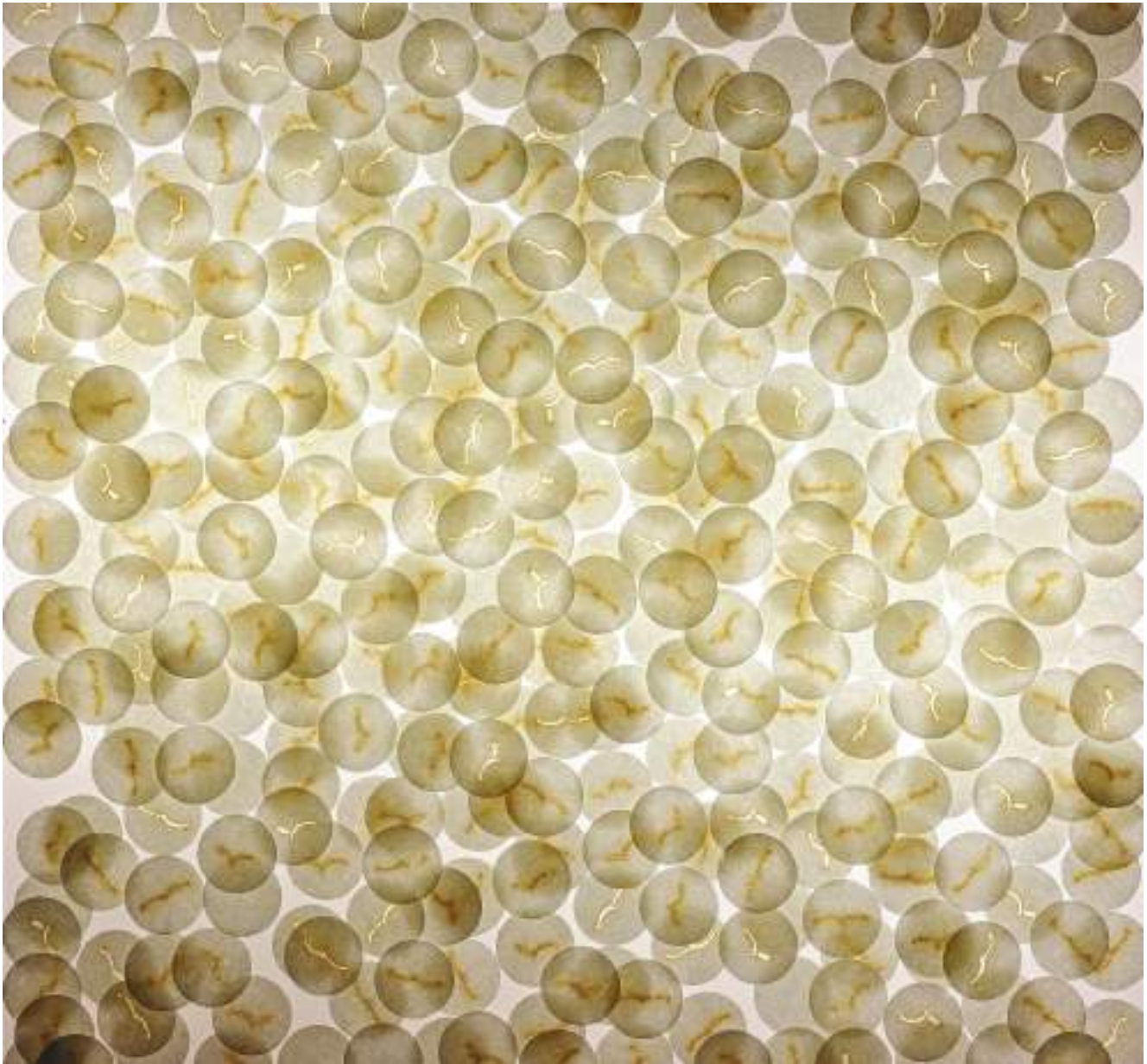
My practice is situated within the notion of the landscape as a construct and I view my images as photographic constructs which foreground the ideologies of those who created these spaces. The philosophy of segregation inherent in these apartheid structures reflects elements of control, fear and power: elements which today acts as evidence of a time and modus operandi of the creators of that system.



Vincent Bezuidenhout (above left to right) *Maiden's Cove*, Situated between Clifton and Camps Bay, Maiden's Cove was one of the few beaches on the Atlantic seaboard reserved for the exclusive use of the 'coloured' population. During apartheid, a fence was erected between Maiden's Cove and Bachelor's Cove (a beach used by the homosexual community) as a means of keeping these two groups separate. Archival Pigment Ink Print on Cotton Paper, 2011. *Strandfontein Pavilion*, The largest tidal pool in the southern hemisphere was reserved for the use of the 'coloured' population and under apartheid was designed to service the populations of Mitchells Plain and Strandfontein. Archival Pigment Ink Print on Cotton Paper, 2011.



Vincent Bezuidenhout (above) *King's Beach*, The industrial port of Port Elizabeth was used as a buffer zone between the beach reserved for the 'black' population to the north, and all beaches south of the coal depot which were previously reserved for the exclusive use of 'white' people under apartheid. Archival Pigment Ink Print on Cotton Paper, 2011.



Spirit of None (detail)

Laser-inscribed communion wafers on light box

2012

NICOLA DEANE

A HERITAGE OF SECRETS: in confessional mode

My MFA project sought to weigh the desires, expectations and reception of the confessional mode of communication. I draw from the backdrop of socio-cultural codes set up by confession and its ensuing associations with *spiritual, moral, or psychological* matters of self-examination. I explore matters of secrecy, intimacy, complicity and exposure while considering the private and personal in relation to one's public, social identity and the collective experience. In view of this, my body of work navigates the challenges of representing confession outside of its expected context - in the absence of a representative of God, or the Law - while being critically aware of the alternative forms of public confession in the mass-media (televised reality or chat shows).

The usual codes associated with confession were therefore disrupted throughout my final installation with unexpected mediations of my minor, silenced or absent confessions via encoded percussion, text and video works as well as a mini-museum displaying fabricated relics of the curiously banal.



Nicola Deane (above left to right) *Altar to Naught II* (Detail), Middle panel of triptych display - candle & beeswax casts, and found objects on light box, 2011. *A Pleasure Avalanche* (detail), Ink-stamped sugar cubes arranged on light box, 2011.



Nicola Deane (above) *Altar to Naught I*, Left panel of triptych display - candle & beeswax casts, and found objects on light box, 2011.



Burst
Video still
2011

DOMINIQUE EDWARDS

The Distance between Us

My practice has emerged from an interest in place, mortal time and embodied experience subject to the perceptual orientation of the human body. The extended scope of my research has materialised from an acknowledgement that I am in the world because of my body, which in turn has established ideas concerning place and time, with reference to landscape, as areas of study that I return to – human existence and place are for me inextricably linked.

The work I produced for my MFA, titled *The Distance between Us*, was made in response to an exploration of landscape, mapping, surface and soil. I worked with paper, precision drawing tools, firearms, weather balloons, sound and installation. My method was informed by the materiality of the surfaces I worked with and the subsequent residue or trace of the tools I incorporated into my making. A recurring phenomenon throughout this process was the production of a void – the black dot that seeps from the tip of a Rotring pen onto a sheet of paper or the hole produced by a bullet ripping through its surface.



Dominique Edwards (above left to right) *Waking*, video stills, 2011.



Dominique Edwards (above) *Oblivion*, process work, the Noon Gun firing onto paper, 2011.



Wine into Water

Rotary evaporator; 2 round bottom flasks, 2 beakers, chilling system, test tubes, magnetic mixer; vacuum pump, activated carbon. 2010

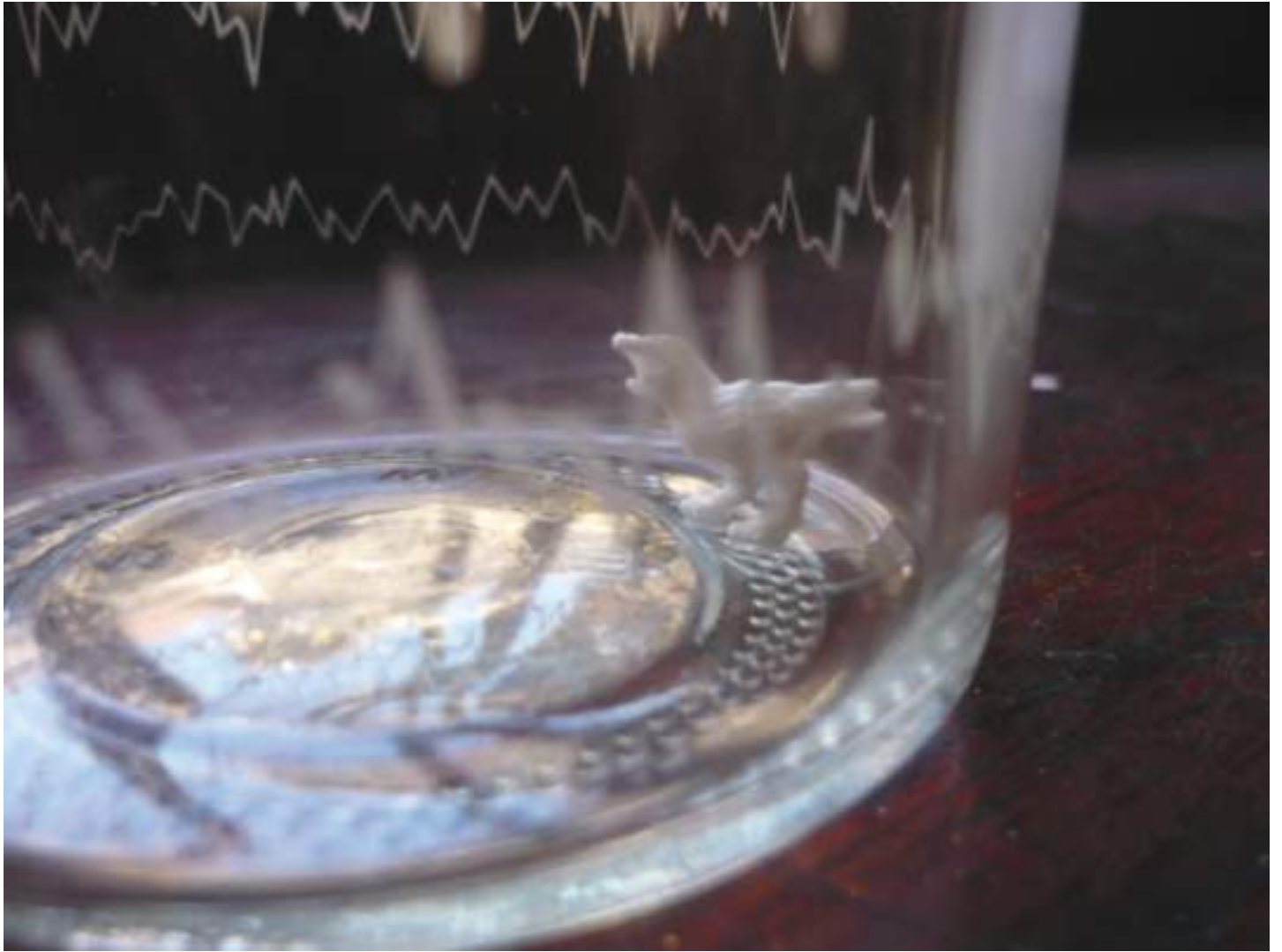
NINA LIEBENBERG

Point Counter Point

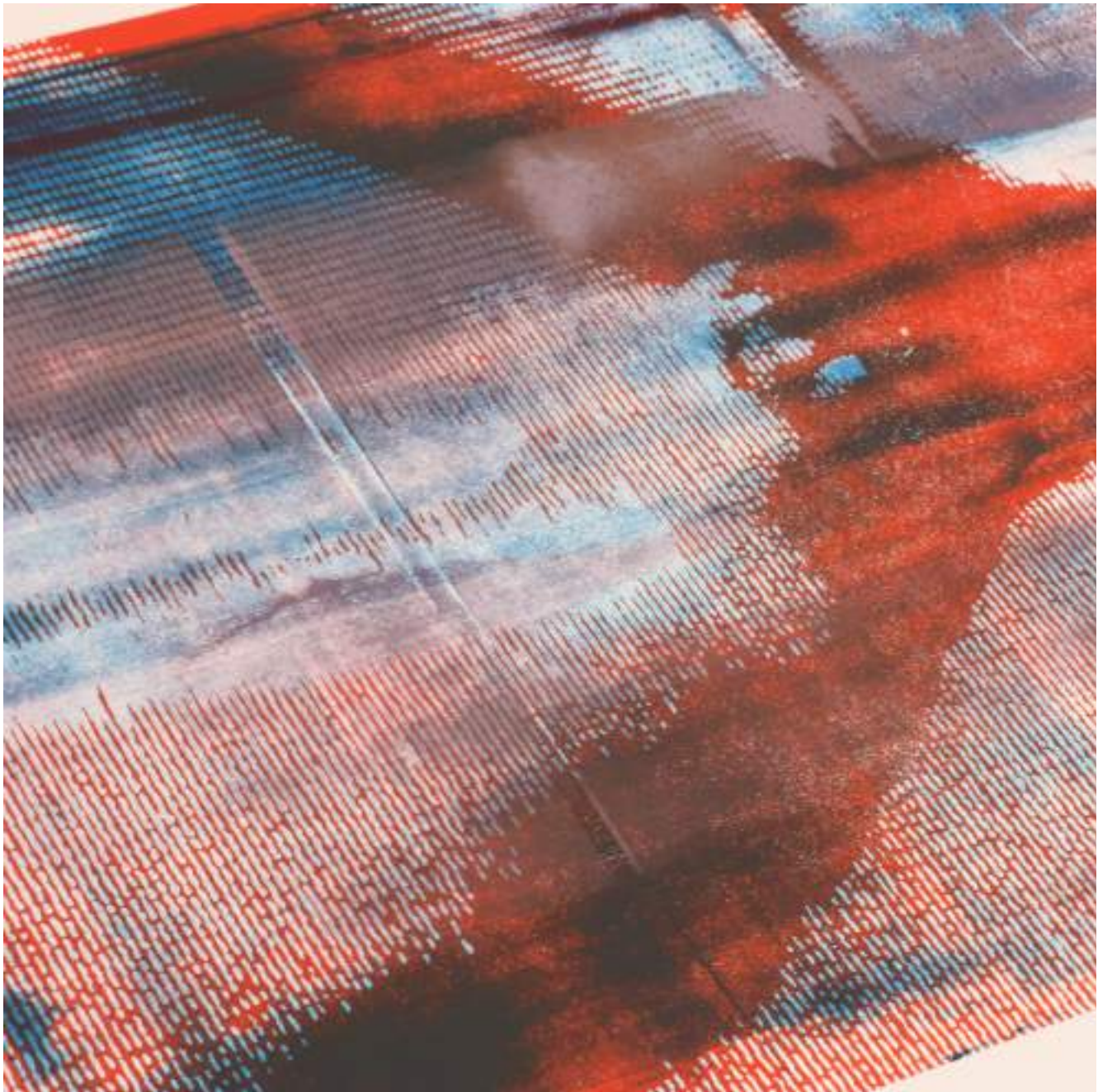
My interests lie in the intersection between the quantifiable and the poetic. For *Point Counter Point*, I drew on the expertise of individuals from a myriad of disciplines ranging from chemistry, medical imaging, physics, chemical engineering and botany – using these scientific vocabularies to evoke feelings of ‘what might have been’, ‘if only’ and other yearnings of the heart.



Nina Liebenberg (above left to right) *Forest* (detail), *Echinacea angustifolia* tea, 2010. *The Lovers*, sprockets, chain, windshield wiper, syringes, rose wood, sea water, 2009.



Nina Liebenberg (above) *The White Crow*, Melatonin sleeping pills, laboratory bottle with EKG of artist's dream cycle, 2010.



Ground Resonance (detail)

Woodcut and monotype with lithographic inks on Rives paper
2010

NATASHA NORMAN

Further Fictions

Further Fictions mediates a particular visual system – that of the screen. I have tried to unravel and grant materiality to this contemporary virtual coding of images using a process of translation: by evoking the inherent nature of the cinematic image in the medium of print.

We live in an analogue reality. There is always a shift between an idea and its translation into a model, between the photograph and the reality of the event it references, between the drawing on a matrix and the print of that drawing on paper. In this project I have set myself the task of the translator by grappling with the elements of an image that defy translation from one medium to another.

The task of the translator is derived from Walter Benjamin's text of the same name (1923) and is defined as the self-conscious communication of the sense of an original text by innovation in a new language. This 'new' language for the cinematic image in my project is the medium of print.

I have sought to grapple with the mysterious qualities of a cinematic image and the way the proliferation of screen technology - identified by the visual matrix of the screen - has become such a dominant syntax in the way we perceive the world.



Natasha Norman (above) *Catalyst*, Woodcut and monotype with lithographic inks on Rives paper; 2010.



Natasha Norman (above left to right) The artist's studio with work in progress. *Jack O'Lantern* (detail) Woodcut and monotype with lithographic inks on Rives paper, 2010.



The Wedding Bouquet (detail)

Oil on canvas
2009-10

LAUREN PALTE

A Wounded surface

In this project I am concerned with the translation of personal experiences to painting. The experiences engage memories and stories mined from my family photographs and those located in an experience of illness in my own body. Rather than directly illustrate these events, I have engaged with associated emotional states: such as feelings of loss, fear and uncertainty. My concerns are expressed either through fragmented painted figures or are engaged through the medium's materiality; explored and evoked through the visual and visceral qualities of a painted surface.

The surfaces are disrupted, transgressed, broken and discoloured. They show the residue of what once appeared whole - the family photograph, the familial unit and the body.



Lauren Palte (above left to right) *Family* (two of eight canvases which constitutes this work), Oil on canvas, 2009-11.



Lauren Palte (above) *She Could not be There* (detail), Oil on canvas, 2010-11.



Women in White I
Hahnemühle prints
2011

MONIQUE PRINSLOO

Falling into Gentle Ruin

I have always followed a photographic-based production in my artistic practice working with found images that I have been collecting for the last seven to eight years. Each object in my collection is charged with an ethereal quality – at once delicate and unsettling – a place of stimulation and inspiration that has many parallels with and influences upon past, present, and future. My attempt to imaginatively manipulate and transform these images allows the images to speak for themselves rather than divulge the didactic function of photography. It is not my intention to over-interpret, but to prompt questions rather than give answers. I aim to arouse the viewer's imagination, allowing them to construct imaginative accounts of what has taken place or possibly to relive my experience of coming across these images: each moment an enchanted discovery. My MFA exhibition comprised of photographic images and artist's books along with lightbox installations and video pieces that resonate with my feelings regarding loss and the passage of time.



Monique Prinsloo (above left to right) *Hand on hand; on a cold hand iii*, Photographic prints, 2011. *Hand on hand; on a cold hand ii*, Photographic prints, 2011.



Monique Prinsloo (above left to right) *Winter garden photograph II*, Photographic prints, 2011. *Winter garden photograph III*, Photographic prints, 2011.



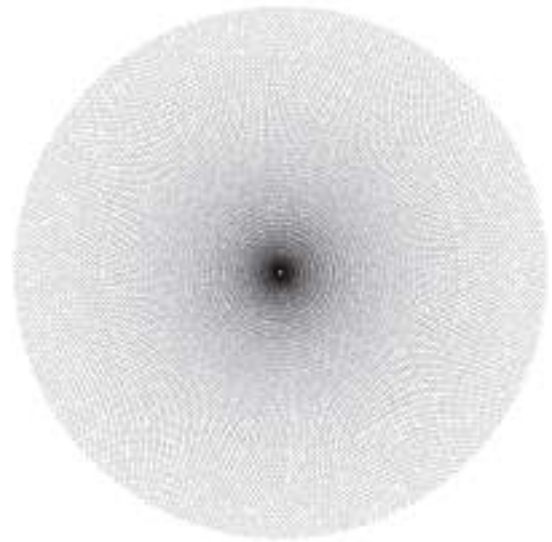
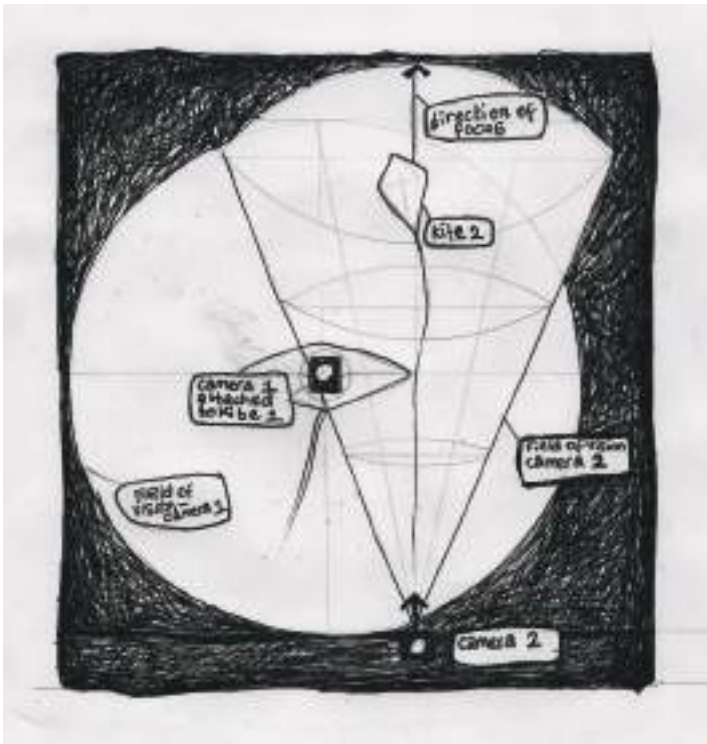
Lingering Between Places (location)

in collaboration with Ilze Hugo. Google Earth. 2011. Flower Market, Adderley Street, Cape Town
-33.923634 N, 18.421218 W. 3D Buildings data layer; Google Earth. 2011.

BRYONY PURVIS

Between Echoes - an experiment in creative collaboration

I had been living in South Africa for almost a year by the end of 2010 when I instigated a series of creative collaborations with seven individuals, symbolically understood to represent the heterogeneous assortment of relationships that make up real-life social worlds. The people I began working with comprised those closest to me, those I live with, friends living in distant parts of the world and others that I have never met but whose work or labour I have so greatly admired that I consider them to be an integral part of my world. I extended seven invitations to join me in a dialogue from which we could produce a visual artefact together. I asked that this dialogue address experiences and thoughts on the relationship between *the* individual and another; what makes us feel intimate and what causes us to feel estranged.



Bryony Jayne Purvis (above left to right) Bryony Jayne Purvis and Nick Jones, *Methods of Teaching the Eyes and Mind to Move* (drawing preparation), Ink on paper; 2011. Bryony Jayne Purvis and Jack Nazwisko, *A History of Belonging and Other Chapters: Chapter Two*, Digital Lithograph on Archival Paper; 2010-2011.



Bryony Jayne Purvis (above) Bryony Jayne Purvis and Ilze Hugo, *Lingering Between Places* (visual of audio recording), Flower Market, Adderley St. (-33.923634, 18.421218). taken between: 3:05PM – 3:06PM, Apr 3, 2011.



Cenotaph (detail)
MDF, Jelutong, Pine and Oil Paint
2011

CHAD ROSSOUW

A History of Failure

Cenotaph appears to be a stone memorial, a large carved pedestal with a statue on top. It is rectangular, imposing and in a state of ruin. The statue is suggested by two broken legs and the pedestal is crumbling. The work as a whole is entirely *faux*, made of various woods and paint effects.

On the front is an epitaph that reads:

In Memoriam:

'Let all the souls here rest in peace, for we shall not repeat the evil'

For those who lost their lives in the explosion of the nuclear bomb

Johannesburg, 1971

The word cenotaph literally means an empty tomb, but in common use it is a monument to people who are buried elsewhere. The alternate history in this work plays on apartheid South Africa's nuclear capabilities. It is a fact that the apartheid government built six nuclear bombs and more than likely that they were tested. Armscor was also engaged in the construction of both long range and medium range delivery systems. The imagined incident hinges on two real stories. Fifty years before this imagined incident, President J.C. Smuts used artillery to quell the miner's strike in Johannesburg. In 2007, armed men broke into Pelindaba, South Africa's uranium refining plant, in an attempt to steal highly enriched uranium. In *Cenotaph*, either a nuclear weapon was used for a massacre; a psychotic twin to Sharpeville and the 1922 miner's strike, or it was an act of politically motivated terrorism. The incident and its memorial imagines a world in which it would be easier to envisage an apocalyptic end than to consider a change to apartheid.



Chad Rossouw (above left to right) *Cenotaph* (detail), MDF, Jelutong, Pine and Oil Paint, 2011. *Cenotaph*, MDF, Jelutong, Pine and Oil Paint, 2011.



Chad Rossouw (above) *The De La Rey* (Poster), Lithograph, 2011.



Voortrekker Commemoration Bowl (1938)

digital print on cotton paper

2011

RENZSKE SCHOLTZ

The Farm

The subject of my inquiry is Vlakplaas. A place nationally recognised as a site of severe trauma, but also once a beloved family farm, home to my mother's childhood and three generations of family. My task is to negotiate the dual identity of this place while questioning the nature of trauma and the transformation of land by the events that occurred. I present my enquiry in the format of a family archive; curated and evolved from various collected and inherited objects from the farm. The curation of this archive is a paradoxical attempt at retaining something that was lost. I present this archive alongside recent images of the farm, captioned by the traumatic events responsible for bringing Vlakplaas into the domain of the public and shrouding my family's history in obscurity.



Renzke Scholtz (above) *The Helipad*, digital print on cotton paper, 2011.



Renzske Scholtz (above) *The Farmhouse* (detail) digital print on cotton paper; 2011.



Nest

Small nest woven together from cut-out staves from blank musical sheets.
2010

KATHERINE SPINDLER

At sea

This body of work, *At sea*, is comprised of individual pieces that differ in media and scale. While I have presented them with curatorial care, paying attention to the overall sensory experience of the viewer, each work is discrete and the collection is less an installation than a series of linked and related encounters. The generally dark space of the gallery is animated in places by the presence of lights that move, pulse and disappear. Rather than conjure a specific place and time my intention has been to suggest and evoke, allowing the works to engage with the darkness and the light so as to vivify them - enabling them to appear to have an internal life at once evanescent and in a state of dormancy. The works are grouped into spaces and include prints, paper cutouts, illuminated cases and pieces focused on light and dust.

All of the works find their origin in an eighteen-month period of tightly controlled living on a hospital ship in West Africa. In addition, the intense and emotional experience of caring for a friend in the last few weeks of her life brought into focus thoughts of living and dying that seemed to be reflected in much of what I encountered on board. The ship offered me, for a time, both a distance from an ordinary life and a way to think about its significant waypoints. Much that the ship meant to me and to my co-inhabitants is worked into the details of the artworks I have made.



Katherine Spindler (above left to right) *Wave* (detail), About 70m 200g Academia paper; motorized light mechanism, 2010. The artist's studio with process work for *Wave*, 2010.



Katherine Spindler (above) *Wave*, About 70m 200g Academia paper; motorized light mechanism, 2010.



Avant Lounge Exotica Room Plan 2

Cardboard, glue, paper 12 x 10 x 6 cm

2012

SUNETTE VILJOEN

Avant Lounge Exotica

Avant Lounge Exotica is a project that explores the poetics of interior living spaces, specifically in relation to print media and magazine imagery. Throughout this project I have engaged with ideas around intimacy and interiority - the sensory experience within a space. The project takes the form of a room-sized installation that grew out of five different imagined spaces. Five small-scale models were reworked and re-imagined in different ways to become a set of large-scale corner spaces, which I refer to as *sample spaces*. The walls of the sample spaces are padded with a variety of textures that provide insulation. The walls have a protective, comforting surface to make up a section of a personalised interior. Each of these corners holds a magazine-like document with images that originated from printed matter and were redrawn, cropped, or transferred before they were reinserted into a magazine format. The sample spaces provide a context for the magazine images to exist in, but also present the images as the influence or inspiration for the space. By creating imaginary environments and presenting different iterations of these spaces and surfaces, I try to acknowledge the personal, psychological experience within a private interior. This interior is one that exists as part of a larger sociological context that is based on consumerist aspirations and displays of wealth.



Sunette Viljoen (above left to right) *Avant Lounge Exotica Sketch 1*, Inkjet print of solvent transfer from pinhole photograph, 2012. *Avant Lounge Exotica Room Plan 2*, Cardboard, glue, paper, 2012.



Sunette Viljoen *Avant Lounge Exotica*, Installation view, Mixed media, 2012.

APPENDIX

Excerpts from:

The Future of the Image Jacques Rancière

Let us start at the beginning. What is being spoken about, and what precisely are we being told, when it is said that there is no longer any reality, but only images? Or, conversely, that there are no more images but only a reality incessantly representing itself to itself? These two discourses seem to be opposed. Yet we know that they are forever being converted into one another in the name of a rudimentary argument: if there is now nothing but images, there is nothing other than the image. And if there is nothing other than the image, the very notion of the image becomes devoid of content. Several contemporary authors thus contrast the Image, which refers to an Other, and the Visual, which refers to nothing but itself.

This simple line of argument already prompts a question. That the Same is the opposite of the Other is readily intelligible. Understanding what this Other is is less straightforward. In the first place, by what signs is its presence or absence to be recognised? What allows us to say that the Other is there in one visible form on a screen but not in another? That it is present, for example, in a shot from *Au hazard Balthazar* and not in an episode of *Questions pour un champion*? The response most frequently given by detractors of the 'visual' is this: the television image has no Other by virtue of its very nature. In effect, it has its light in itself, while the cinematic image derives it from an external source. This is summarized by Régis Debray in a book called *Vie et mort l'image*: 'The image here has its light in-built. It reveals itself. With its source in itself, it becomes in our eyes its own cause. Spinozist

definition of God or substance.'

The tautology posited here as the essence of the Visual is manifestly nothing but the tautology of the discourse itself. The latter simply tells us that the Same is same and the Other other. Through the rhetorical play of telescoped, independent propositions, it passes itself off as more than a tautology by identifying the general properties of universals with the characteristics of a technical device. But the technical properties of the cathode tube are one thing and the aesthetic properties of the images we see on the screen are another. The screen precisely lends itself to accommodating the results both of *Questions pour un champion* and of Bresson's camera. It is therefore clear that it is these results which are inherently different. The nature of the amusement television offers, and of the affects it produces in us, is independent of the fact that the light derives from the apparatus. And the intrinsic nature of Bresson's images remain unchanged, whether we see the reels projected in a cinema, or through a cassette or disc on our television screen, or a video projection. The Same is not on one side, while the Other is on the other. The set with in-built light and the camera of *Questions pour un champion* place us before a feat of memory and presence of mind that is in itself foreign to them. On the other hand, the film of the film theatre or the cassette of *Au hazard Balthazar* viewed on our screen show us images that refer to nothing else, which are themselves the performance.

Reading Pictures, Viewing Texts **Claude Gandelman**

When we look at an artwork (a painting, a sculpture, an object) we can look at it in two opposing ways, according to art historian Alois Riegl. Claude Gandelman (1991) discusses Riegl's theories:¹

"Riegl states that one type of artistic procedure, which corresponds to a certain way of looking, is based on the scanning of objects according to their outlines. This trajectory of the regard Riegl called the optical. The opposite type of vision, which focuses on surfaces and emphasizes the value of the superficialities of objects, Riegl called the haptical (from the Greek *haptein*, "to seize, grasp," or *haptikos*, "capable of touching"). On the level of artistic creation, the optical look – if the eye belongs to a painter – produces linearity and angularity, whereas haptic creativity focuses on surfaces [...] The haptic, or tactile eye penetrates in depth, finding its pleasure in the texture and grain" (Gandelman 1991: 5).

"Looking at a picture haptically means focussing on the picture's surface as if to touch or penetrate it. By this definition there is one type of intensified vision that deserves to be called 'haptics in extremis', an excess of hapticism: the X-ray vision invented by Röntgen at the end of the nineteenth century. This vision truly penetrates the human anatomy and achieved a sort of visual dissection of the body. As X-rays became common in the medical world, the term was put to use as a metaphor by art critics." (Gandelman 1991: 111)

1. Later this dichotomy was renamed by art historian, Heinrich Wölfflin, who spoke of the linear (Linear) versus the painterly (Malerisch) (Gandelman 1991).

Gandelman, C. 1991. *Reading Pictures, Viewing Texts*. Indianapolis: Indiana University Press.
Submitted by Lauren Palte

A Plea for Eros **Siri Hustvedt**

Contentment in love usually goes unquestioned. Still, I don't think enduring love is rational any more than momentous flings. I have been married to the same man for fifteen years, and I can't explain why he still attracts me as an erotic object. He does, but why? Shouldn't it all be worn out by now? It is not because we are close or know each other so well. That solidifies our friendship, not our attraction. The attraction remains because there's something about him that I can't reach, something strange and estranging. I like seeing him from a distance. I know that. I like to see him in a room full of people when he looks like a stranger; and then to remember that I do know him and that I will be going home with him. But why he sometimes strikes me as a magical being, a person unlike others, I can't tell you. He has many good features, but so do other men who leave me cold as stone. Have I given him this quality because it is efficient for me, or is it actually him, some piece of him that I will never conquer and never know? It must be both. It must be between us – an enchanted space that is wholly unreasonable and, at least in part, imaginary. There is still a fence for me to cross and, on the other side of it, a secret.

Hustvedt, S. 2006. *A Plea for Eros*. London: Hodder and Stoughton. pp 57-58
Submitted by Nina Liebenberg

The Dominion of the Dead **Robert Harrison**

This was Conrad's initiation into the sea's irresponsibility, its refusal or inability to respond to human appeal. On that day he realized that "the sea has no generosity. No display of manly qualities—courage, hardihood, endurance, faithfulness—has ever been known to touch its irresponsible consciousness of power" (p. 521). In short, he realized that the sea is unearthly. Whereas the earth sympathizes with human virtue, in the sense that it rewards backbreaking labor with generous harvests, or gives us the ground on which to build our destinies, commemorate our achievements, and honor our dead, the sea is dumb to human petition. It defies any and all humanization. "The amazing wonder of the deep" writes Conrad, "is its unfathomable cruelty" (p. 259).

The insight in to this cruelty comes at the climatic moment when the sea swallows and covers up all traces of the floating ruin. The shocking or "monstrous" aspect of this spectacle consists in the sheer punctuality of the brig's demise as it disappears "swiftly without a hiss," leaving only a "smother of foam" at the spot where it sank. The eschatological erasure that Swinburne's and Wilner's poems envision over the course of geological time here takes place locally and in an instant. We are thankful to the sea that, unlike empty space, it receives, hides, and reabsorbs the dead. It is its passion for erasure that makes it inhuman. Erasure does not mean disappearance only; it means that the site of disappearance remains unmarkable. There are no gravestones on the sea. History and memory ground themselves on inscription, but this element is unscritable. It closes over rather than keeps the place of its dead, while its unbounded grave remains humanly unmarked.

Harrison, R. 2003. *The Dominion of the Dead*. Chicago: Chicago Press. pp. 11-12 with extracts from Conrad, J. 2004 [1906]. *The Mirror of the Sea*. Kessinger: Montana.
Submitted by Katherine Spindler

Investigating Dreamland **Marcel Broodthaers**

A chair. Sitting down in a chair. Not moving (photographic surveillance). Not letting the inner delirium show. Get well, that's what you have to do. Get rid of whatever has a form. Certainty. The end of the world. Fill yourself with terror, top to toe. I spent my vacation practicing immobility. Sitting in a chair puts you into a void. A device for thinking about writing. Three months later I'd built up enough vertigo to justify a breath of air. (I got up.) I'll never write another line, I said to the Future. The lines in my hand will have to do. They're already written down.

Like the phantom of Mallarme, whom I could not understand, I've now become a tourist. City light captivated me, such beautiful images. Finally I went back to bed, and I sleep there now. I make movies (make a scene) as a spectator: Do you have to pay to get in? Is my freedom worth a question like that? (Money won't ever matter between us, neither will politics, no politics, please, except the chair.)

It's too early in the season. It's hot. The season begins with a torn moon. In that old engraving, the clouds are torn. And the moon looks torn too. Sometimes I talk to it to prove I'm still alive, like pinching yourself. The life I lead changes from moonrise to moonrise. The moons have me cornered in this narrow sector, a street of some kind. My life as city. Nothing being built, for the moment.

Everything stays the way it is.

Broodthaers, M. 1987. *Marcel Broodthaers: Writings, Interviews, Photographs*. Trans. Paul Schmidt. October, Vol. 42, Cambridge: MIT Press. pp 30-31
Submitted by Monique Prinsloo

The Roots of Romanticism **Isaiah Berlin**

Romanticism is the primitive, the untutored, it is youth, life, the exuberant sense of life of the natural man, but it is also pallor, fever, disease, decadence, the *maladie de siècle*, La Belle Dame Sans Merci, the Dance of Death, indeed Death itself. It is Shelley's dome of many-coloured glass, and it is also his white radiance of eternity. It is the confused teeming fullness and richness of life, *Fülle des Lebens*, inexhaustible multiplicity, turbulence, violence, conflict, chaos, but also it is peace, oneness with the great 'I Am', harmony with the natural order, the music of the spheres, dissolution in the eternal all-containing spirit. It is the strange, the exotic, the grotesque, the mysterious, the supernatural, ruins, moonlight, enchanted castles, hunting horns, elves, giants, griffins, falling water, the old mill on the Floss, darkness and the powers of darkness, phantoms, vampires, nameless terror, the irrational, the unutterable. Also it is the familiar, the sense of one's unique tradition, joy in the smiling aspect of everyday nature, and the accustomed sights and sounds of contented, simple, rural folk — the sane and happy wisdom of rosy-checked sons of the soil. It is the ancient, the historic, it is Gothic cathedrals, mists of antiquity, ancient roots and the old order with its unanalysable qualities, its profound but inexpressible loyalties, the impalpable, the imponderable. Also it is the pursuit of novelty, revolutionary change, concern with the fleeting present, desire to live in the moment, rejection of knowledge, past and future, the pastoral idyll of happy innocence, joy in the passing instant, a sense of timelessness. It is nostalgia, it is reverie, it is intoxicating dreams, it is sweet melancholy and bitter melancholy, solitude, the sufferings of exile, the sense of alienation, roaming in remote places, especially the East, and in remote times, especially the Middle Ages. But also it is happy co-operation in a common creative effort, the sense of forming part of a Church, a class, a party, a tradition, a great and all-containing symmetrical hierarchy, knights and retainers, the ranks

of the Church, organic social ties, mystic unity, one faith, one land, one blood, 'la terre et les morts', as Barrès said, the great society of the dead and the living and the yet unborn. It is the Toryism of Scott and Southey and Wordsworth, and it is the radicalism of Shelley, Büchner and Stendhal. It is Chateaubriand's aesthetic medievalism, and it is Michelet's loathing of the Middle Ages. It is Carlyle's worship of authority, and Hugo's hatred of authority. It is extreme nature, mysticism and extreme anti-naturalist aestheticism. It is energy, force, will, youth, life, *étalage du moi*; it is also self-torture, self-annihilation, suicide. It is the primitive, the unsophisticated, the bosom of nature, green fields, cow-bells, murmuring brooks, the infinite blue sky. No less, however, it is also dandyism, the desire to dress up, red waistcoats, green wigs, blue hair; which the followers of people like Gérard de Nerval wore in Paris at a certain period. It is the lobster which Nerval led about on a string in the streets of Paris. It is wild exhibitionism, eccentricity, it is the battle of Ermani, it is *ennui*, it is *taedium vitae*, it is the death of Sardanopolis, whether painted by Delacroix, or written about by Berlioz or Byron. It is the convulsion of great empires, wars, slaughter and the crashing of worlds. [...]

It is drinking out of the human skull, it is Berlioz who said he wanted to climb Vesuvius in order to commune with a kindred soul. It is Satanic revels, cynical irony, diabolical laughter, black heroes, but also Blake's vision of God and his angels, the great Christian society, the eternal order, and 'the starry heavens which can scarce express the infinite and eternal of the Christian soul'. It is, in short, unity and multiplicity. It is fidelity to the particular; in the paintings of nature for example, and also mysterious tantalising vagueness of outline. It is beauty and ugliness. It is art for art's sake, and art as an instrument of social salvation. It is strength and weakness, individualism and collectivism, purity and corruption, revolution and reaction, peace and war, love of life and love of death.

Green Mars **Kim Stanley Robinson**

He no longer understood Earth, if he ever had. He sat there shivering through the dregs of his insomniac nights, too tired to read or work; he could only call up one Terran news program after another, trying to understand better what was happening down there. He would have to if he wanted to understand Mars, for the transnationals' Martian behaviour was being driven by Terran ultimate causes. He *needed* to understand. But the news vids seemed beyond rational comprehension. Down there, even more dramatically than on Mars, there was no plan. He needed a science of history, but unfortunately there was no such thing. History is Lamarckian, Arkady used to say, a notion that was ominously suggestive given the pseudospeciation caused by the unequal distribution of the gerontological treatments; but it was no real help. Psychology, sociology, anthropology, they were all suspect. The scientific method could not be applied to human beings in any way that yielded useful information. It was the fact-value problem stated in a different way; human reality could only be explained in terms of values. And values were very resistant to scientific analysis: Isolation of factors for study, falsifiable hypotheses, repeatable experiments—the entire apparatus as practised in lab physics simply could not be brought to bear. Values drove history, which was whole, nonrepeatable, and contingent. It might be characterized as Lamarckian, or as a chaotic system, but even those were guesses, because what factors were they talking about, what aspects might be acquired by learning and passed on, or cycling in some non-repetitive but patterned way? No one could say.

Robinson, K.S. 1995. *Green Mars*. New York: Bantam Spectra. p 220
Submitted by Chad Rossouw

An Invisible Country **Stephen Wackwitz**

During his childhood here, he said, it stank everywhere, sometimes almost unbearably, of burnt hair. And if the weather was right and you forgot to close the windows, a kind of fatty-slimy soot settled on the furniture, the dishes, and the floor, and got stuck in your hair. This is what the caretaker of the Protestant church of Anhalt told me on a spring day in 1999, when he showed me the Anhalt parsonage and drove with me to Pless and then the few kilometers to Auschwitz. When they were children, he said, they climbed the nearby hill and saw the smoke rising in the distance. I asked him what they made of it. "It was people being burnt," said the old man in the passenger seat, watching my reaction from the corner of his eyes. My grandmother spoke again and again of family life in Anhalt. She told of the garden, in which my father and his siblings once dug a deep hole trying to reach the burning core of the earth. Of skating in the hard winters. And sometimes, when we asked her, of that ghost in the parsonage. But only when I came to Anhalt myself did I understand where this place actually was. As if they were ghosts themselves, my grandparents, my aunts, my uncle, and my father had gone down a narrow corridor through a time and a place that meant something entirely different to them than to almost every person on earth. When they arrived, nothing remarkable had yet happened there. And when the heart of darkness opened, they had already left. They never spoke about the fact that the scene of their childhood and the site of the century's greatest crime were separated by nothing more than a longish walk and barely a decade. Perhaps they refused to think about it. Everyone is entitled to a childhood free of history.

Wackwitz, S. 2005. *An Invisible Country*. Philadelphia: Paul Dry Books. pp 5-6
Submitted by Renzke Scholtz

Minima Moralia: Reflections from a Damaged Life **Theodor Adorno**

Refuge for the homeless -The predicament of private life today is shown by its arena. Dwelling, in the proper sense, is now impossible. The traditional residences we grew up in have grown intolerable: each trait of comfort in them is paid for with a betrayal of knowledge, each vestige of shelter with the musty pact of family interests. The functional modern habitations designed from a *tubula rasa*, are living-cases manufactured by experts for philistines, or factory sites that have strayed into the consumption sphere, devoid of all relation to the occupant: in them even the nostalgia for independent existence, defunct in any case, is sent packing. Modern man wishes to sleep close to the ground like an animal, a German magazine decreed with prophetic masochism before Hitler, abolishing with the bed the threshold between waking and dreaming. The sleepless are on call at any hour, unresistingly ready for anything, alert and unconscious at once. Anyone seeking refuge in a genuine, but purchased, period-style house, embalms himself alive. The attempt to evade responsibility for one's residence by moving into a hotel or furnished rooms, makes the enforced conditions of emigration a wisely-chosen norm. The hardest hit, as everywhere, are those who have no choice. They live, if not in slums, in bungalows that by tomorrow may be leaf-huts, trailers, cars, camps, or the open air. The house is past. The bombings of European cities, as well as the labour and concentration camps, merely proceed as executors with what the immanent development of technology had long decided was to be the fate of houses. These are now good only to be thrown away like old food cans. The possibility of residence is annihilated by that of socialist society, which, once missed, saps the foundations of bourgeois life. No individual can resist this process. He need only take

an interest in furniture design or interior decoration to find himself developing the arty-crafty sensibilities of the bibliophile, however firmly he may oppose arts-and-crafts in the narrower sense. From a distance the difference between the Vienna Workshops and the Bauhaus is no longer so considerable. Purely functional curves, having broken free of their purpose, are now becoming just as ornamental as the basic structures of Cubism. The best mode of conduct, in face of all this, still seems an uncommitted, suspended one: to lead a private life, as far as the social order and one's own needs will tolerate nothing else, but not to attach weight to it as to something still socially substantial and individually appropriate. 'It is even part of my good fortune not to be a house-owner', Nietzsche already wrote in the *Gay Science*.¹ Today we should have to add: it is part of morality not to be at home in one's home. This gives some indication of the difficult relationship in which the individual now stands to his property, as long as he still possesses anything at all. The trick is to keep in view, and to express, the fact that private property no longer belongs to one, in the sense that consumer goods have become potentially so abundant that no individual has the right to cling to the principle of their limitation; but that one must nevertheless have possessions, if one is not to sink into that dependence and need which serves the blind perpetuation of property relations. But the thesis of this paradox leads to destruction, a loveless disregard for things which necessarily turns against people too; and the antithesis, no sooner uttered, is an ideology for those wishing with a bad conscience to keep what they have. Wrong life cannot be lived rightly.

1. Friedrich Nietzsche, *Werke* (ed. Schlechta), Munich 1955, Vol II, p. 154 (*The Joyful Wisdom*, Edinburgh-London 1910, p. 203).

The Fate of Place: A Philosophical History **Edward Casey**

Whatever is true for space and time, this much is true for place: we are immersed in it and could not do without it. To be at all – to exist in any way – is to be somewhere, and to be somewhere is to be in some kind of place. Place is as requisite as the air we breathe, the ground on which we stand, the bodies we have. We are surrounded by places. We walk over and through them. We live in places, relate to others in them, die in them. Nothing we do is unplaced. How could it be otherwise? How could we fail to recognize this primal fact? (Casey 1998: ix)

Somewhere where *no possible* human bodily presence could be found, either in fact or by imaginative

projection, is not a place to begin with. Only a site can exist without such presence (indeed a site thrives on the absence of body). To banish lived body from a place is to threaten to turn that place, the animated correlate of the lived body, into a de-animated site as un-lived as it is unlivable. The tie, the knot, between body and place is so thickly Gordian that it cannot be neatly severed at any one point. Merleau-Ponty teaches us not just that the human body is never without a place or that place is never without (its own actual or virtual) body; he also shows that the lived body is itself a place. Its very movement, instead of effecting a mere change of position, *constitutes place*, brings it into being." (Casey 1998: 235)

Of Other Spaces **Michel Foucault**

First there are the utopias. Utopias are sites with no real place. They are sites that have a general relation of direct or inverted analogy with the real space of Society. They present society itself in a perfected form, or else society turned upside down, but in any case these utopias are fundamentally unreal spaces.

There are also, probably in every culture, in every civilization, real places - places that do exist and that are formed in the very founding of society - which are something like counter-sites, a kind of effectively enacted utopia in which the real sites, all the other real sites that can be found within the culture, are simultaneously represented, contested, and inverted. Places of this kind are outside of all places, even though it may be possible to indicate their location in reality. Because these places are absolutely different from all the sites that they reflect and speak about, I shall call them, by way of contrast to utopias, heterotopias. I believe that between utopias and these quite other sites, these heterotopias, there might be a sort of mixed, joint experience, which would be the mirror. The mirror is, after all, a utopia, since it is a

placeless place. In the mirror, I see myself there where I am not, in an unreal, virtual space that opens up behind the surface; I am over there, there where I am not, a sort of shadow that gives my own visibility to myself, that enables me to see myself there where I am absent: such is the utopia of the mirror. But it is also a heterotopia in so far as the mirror does exist in reality, where it exerts a sort of counteraction on the position that I occupy. From the standpoint of the mirror I discover my absence from the place where I am since I see myself over there. Starting from this gaze that is, as it were, directed toward me, from the ground of this virtual space that is on the other side of the glass, I come back toward myself; I begin again to direct my eyes toward myself and to reconstitute myself there where I am. The mirror functions as a heterotopia in this respect: it makes this place that I occupy at the moment when I look at myself in the glass at once absolutely real, connected with all the space that surrounds it, and absolutely unreal, since in order to be perceived it has to pass through this virtual point which is over there.

Top: Casey, Edward. S. 1998. *The Fate of Place: A Philosophical History*. California: University of California Press, pp ix, 235
Submitted by Dominique Edwards

Below: Foucault, M. 1967. *Of Other Spaces*. Trans. by Jay Miskowiec. *Diacritics*, Vol. 16, No. 1. (Spring, 1986). pp 22-27
Submitted by Vincent Bezuidenhout



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