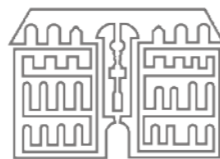


M I C H A E L I S
G R A D U A T E
E X H I B I T I O N
T W E N T Y F O U R T E E N



M I C H A E L I S
G R A D U A T E
E X H I B I T I O N
T W E N T Y F O U R T E E N

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Michaelis School of Fine Art
University of Cape Town
31-37 Orange Street
Gardens 8001

Design by Nastassja Hewitt

Photography by
Nastassja Hewitt
Sitaara Stodel
Paris Brummer
Heinrich Minnie
Andrew Juries

Student Portraits by Ashley Walters
Copy Edit by Josephine Higgins
Fine Art Printing by Scan Shop

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2014 was a year of remembrance. It was the twentieth year of democracy in South Africa, the hundredth anniversary of the outbreak of WW1 and the twenty-fifth anniversary of the fall of the Berlin Wall. It was the year that Ebola became a household word and conflict in Gaza and the Ukraine escalated vastly. 276 schoolgirls were kidnapped in Nigeria and a collapsed building killed 85 South Africans in the same country a few months later. The Oscar Pistorius murder trial occupied its own news channel, and was later replaced by the uxoricide case of Shrien Dewani.

While it may be an overused refuge to explain contemporary art practice in terms of a zeitgeist driven by current events, it is markedly noticeable that the work produced by this cohort of graduates does not conform to some of the ordered systems and clean exhibition lines of previous years. In what has been termed the 'visual turn' in humanities, art has become a primary site of memorialisation and means of reflecting and representing issues of violence, memory and loss. In the 2014 graduate exhibition the form of the work is unsettled, chaotic and the dispersed exhibition is a strategy that many students have adopted. I cannot but think that this responds directly to a sense of unease and abandon. The form of curation that follows a rhizomatic structure and resists hierarchies and the verticality of the subject was in many ways a response to virtuality and the digital domain that emerged

a few years ago, yet here this becomes a physical manifestation that demands an active engagement by the viewer. These exhibitions function as ecosystems: structurally complex and formally dependent upon relationships, both dynamic and unstable in ways that demand consideration.

Unfinished, provisional paintings and snatches of video jostle with found, torn images. Remnants of brick walls sit alongside sketches for still-lives and cornucopias of rotting fruit are surrounded by delicate prints made from this organic matter. In these presentations you will encounter extreme fragmentation, the residue of the explosion, and the disintegration of a coherent world into convergent shards. Conceptual contexts are often detonated and formal relationships alone are what synthesize the connections amongst works. There is a tension between resolution and incompleteness – recognizing both societal violence and the partial project of democracy.

The following conditions are set for imagined spaces:

Loss: in the environment, social loss, forced removals, familial dislocation, the ebb and flow of tides: what is set adrift and what retrieved.

Light: from the first minutes of creation to an attendant consciousness, and a multi-coloured, psychedelic experience to one of pure magenta.

Role-play: the bride, the mother, Mary, Britney, cosplay

and mythical heroes.

Dismemberment: lumps of flesh, suppurating sugared wallpaper, the fine detail of skin, the fall of digital light on the face and the frizz of spritzed hair.

Troubled landscapes: rural and urban unease, untended gardens, gardens of cross-stitch, stained cushion covers, torn mattresses, the home, modernist architectural failures and the space between spaces.

Sea and motion sickness: shelves set askew, the viewer positioned underwater, underground, and submerged beneath the floorboards.

Contested canons: of art history, taste, authenticity, cultural traditions and systems of pedagogy.

Congratulations to the student group of 2014 and to all the staff they have worked with. As the student exams drew to a close on the afternoon of November 12th, the Rosetta spacecraft landed the Philae probe onto a Comet 67P. My wish is that this astonishing feat stands as a portent. May you look back on your art school days fondly as you go on to produce ideas that astonish and acts that arrest the heavens.

Fritha Langerman
Associate Professor
Director, Michaelis School of Fine Art
2014

TO THE CLASS OF

by Nina Liebenberg

I found myself on many occasions this year, usually late at night over red wine, with Tom Waits' *Martha* playing in the background, making a list of 'pointers' for you – things that I felt were right and true and which needed to be said. I planned it for one of our Theory of Art sessions in the lecture theatre, with a PowerPoint. In my head, I choke up on occasion as I share with you the brevity of these life lessons (interspersed with witty remarks). You nod your heads in agreement (a few snivels are heard, noses are blown and eyes look strangely teary. Evidence that what is being said is resonating with you, or merely symptoms of hayfever?). When I finish, I envisage many of you pausing at the lectern as you exit, thanking me. Telling me 'This has changed my life'...

Since this list of pointers first took shape in my head, I've listened to Baz Luhrmann's iconic *Wear Sunscreen* as well as a recent speech by screenwriter Charlie Kaufman, both of these influencing this text to you. Luhrmann, for his insightful take on the nature of advice as a form of inflated nostalgia ("dispensing it is a way of fishing the past from the disposal, wiping it off, painting over the ugly parts and recycling it for more than it's worth"), and Kaufman, for his honesty and self-deprecation but, more importantly, his brutal plea for protecting what he calls the wound inside¹.

¹ "I do not know what the wound is, I do know that it is old. I do know that it is a hole in my being. I do know it is tender. I do believe that it is unknowable, or at least unable to be articulated. I do believe you have a wound too. I do believe it is both specific to you and common to everyone. I do believe it is the thing about you that must be hidden and protected, it is the thing that must be tap danced over five shows a day, it is the thing that won't be interesting to other people if revealed. It is the thing that makes you weak and pathetic. It is the thing that truly, truly, truly makes loving you impossible. It is your secret, even from yourself. But it is the thing that wants to live'" (Kauffman 2011: Online).

Tender, unknowable, at times pathetic, it's been called many things and has taken many shapes². He calls it the thing from which all art, dance, compositions, philosophical treatises and screenplays are born.

Over the days spent marking your work, I have

²
Bluebird
By Charles Bukowski

there's a bluebird in my heart that
wants to get out
but I'm too tough for him,
I say, stay in there, I'm not going
to let anybody see
you.
there's a bluebird in my heart that
wants to get out
but I pour whiskey on him and inhale
cigarette smoke
and the whores and the bartenders
and the grocery clerks
never know that
he's
in there.

there's a bluebird in my heart that
wants to get out
but I'm too tough for him,
I say,
stay down, do you want to mess
me up?
you want to screw up the
works?
you want to blow my book sales in
Europe?
there's a bluebird in my heart that
wants to get out
but I'm too clever, I only let him out
at night sometimes
when everybody's asleep.
I say, I know that you're there,
so don't be
sad.
then I put him back,
but he's singing a little
in there, I haven't quite let him
die
and we sleep together like
that
with our
secret pact
and it's nice enough to
make a man
weep, but I don't
weep, do
you?

(Bukowski 1992: 120)

encountered it as a bruised neck, 'earwings', a capsized celebration ship, a black box, grains of sand as orbiting planets, the underside of a bridge, a paper wasp, a mezzanine level and a family album, a Change Point Viewer, a scratched mark on a landscape, a demolished wall, pieces of tweed, Southern Arizona, the mystery of a coelacanth, a shift from solid to mist-like transience and a harmonograph. It was a shoe cast in beeswax and a broken mousetrap, a copied art historical manual, a miniature white kite trapped by the ceiling, as well as sculpted chalk sticks, rust-stained bandages wrapped around the knees and straps of a shipwreck, an abandoned school hall and a canopy of leaves.

Staff argued for it, laughed with it and were moved to tears by it.

I want to commend you on your bravery for dealing with 'your wound' during your time here (it is not easy and it happens alone) and I want to urge you to continue acknowledging its existence; despite it being lonely, difficult and sometimes sad, but also comical, light as air and as necessary as breath.

These pointers are to help you with this process. Delivered in text format and with no delusions of grandeur (it definitely was only hayfever...even in my imaginary construction of the event), you can use them as, and when, you see fit.

Stop emailing. Go find who you are looking for, and if you don't find them, knock on the first available door and ask for help. Who knows whom you'll meet. This is

how serendipity works; not through clicking 'resend'.

Learn how to ask for favours (as an artist you will have to), but also *cultivate* saying thank you. People are idiosyncratic; find a way to thank someone, appropriately.

Read. (It doesn't matter what. Or it does. A little. Especially since the question: "Which do you prefer 'books' or 'blogs'?" started popping up in interviews... which brings me to the next point:)

Visit a library. In the next few weeks, your access card to Hiddings Library will cease to function and I promise you, it will be a very sad day. There is hope, however. Say thank you to Solvej and her wonderful staff (appropriately). Make your way down to the Cape Town Central Library, ask them for a card and explore³.

Read. (You have the opportunity to immerse yourself in the thought patterns of truly profound thinkers, from *The Epic of Gilgamesh* to *The Great Gatsby*, every single day, by a mere flick of a page. It bothers me that we spend our time doing *anything* else besides this. The opportunities available here boggle the mind and I am humbled by this privilege.)

Listen to an album from start to finish. There is a reason that it was put together in this way.

Retain mystery: about yourself, and in relation to

³ On this topic, when you get there, find a book marked 'LEE' on its spine. It will be small and yellow, with the title written in black. Turn to page 51, then page 118, ending with page 217. I marked the relevant sections for you. They should be added to this list, but she says it better than I do. Take it out and spend time with the characters she created. Visit them once a year. They will make you a better person.

others. It gives you the space to make mistakes, but also to become better than what you've told others to expect from you.

Have role models. And don't follow them on social media. The idea you have of them will probably fuel you to become a better person more effectively, than experiencing the inevitable reality that they too are human...and perhaps not that interesting.

It's a cliché, I know, but vary your routes from A to B.

When you don't know the answer, refrain from googling it. Ask someone else if they know the answer. Maybe they'll give you an answer that you disagree with, and this in turn might spark an argument, and while you are arguing, you might learn something new about this person and where they are coming from and why they think the way they do. If you cannot come to an agreement – don't google. Go find a book on the topic or go see a specialist on the subject. Specialists are great and able to not only provide you with an answer, but one that stems from a deep passion for a particularity (Which leads into the next point:).

Limit your choices. Since I've had access to any and all music, I listen to none. This sentence, with a variation on the noun, is applicable in many (if not all) circumstances.

Adjectives. Use them. They exist. As do vowels. I know they do not sit comfortably in 140 characters...but not a lot that has substance does; Haikus excluded.

I will quote Dickens on the next point: "I had neither the good sense nor the good feeling to know that this was

all my fault, and that if I had been easier with Joe, Joe would have been easier with me." Don't meet in the middle; don't expect someone to come over to meet you. Do the walking. Even if you are right and entitled to stay put, a million times over. We know the power that resides in the Long Walk.

Create your fiction – and then the tools to make it happen. It's what you've been trained to do at Michaelis. Nobody believes in it. Only you. And therefore, nobody will make it happen, except you.

I'll end with a scene from the movie *Adaptation*. A movie fittingly screen written by Kaufman, about the process of writing a screenplay adaptation of the non-fiction book, *The Orchid Thief*, by Susan Orleans. The two protagonists, Kaufman (played by Nicholas Cage) and his twin brother, remember a moment from their past.

Charlie Kaufman: There was this time in high school. I was watching you out the library window. You were talking to Sarah Marsh.

Donald Kaufman: Oh, God. I was so in love with her.

Charlie Kaufman: I know. And you were flirting with her. And she was being really sweet to you.

Donald Kaufman: I remember that.

Charlie Kaufman: Then, when you walked away, she started making fun of you with Kim Canetti. And it was like they were laughing at me. You didn't know at all.

You seemed so happy.

Donald Kaufman: I knew. I heard them.

Charlie Kaufman: How come you looked so happy?

Donald Kaufman: I loved Sarah, Charles. It was mine that love. I owned it. Even Sarah didn't have the right to take it away. I can love whomever I want.

Charlie Kaufman: But she thought you were pathetic.

Donald Kaufman: That was her business, not mine. You are what you love, not what loves you. That's what I decided a long time ago.

This is important. Remember it. It will help you keep making.

Class of 2014, I salute you.

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(Accessed 13 November 2014).

THE GIFT OF DEFIANCE

by Andrew Lamprecht

At the beginning of the critically derided 2006 movie *Art School Confidential* (directed by Terry Zwigoff and based on the comic book by Daniel Clowes), there is a scene where the viewers are introduced to vignettes of the characters that have enrolled for art school. Anyone who has attended art school will instantly recognize these as being horribly stereotyped and at the same time, frighteningly accurate.

I wonder, when the graduating class of 2014 thinks back on their first days at Michaelis, if they still remember the insecurity, sense of strangeness and excitement that pervades the first part of *Art School Confidential*? I am sure they do. While I trust that they have had adventures over the last few years, I hope that they are not quite as dramatic as represented in that film. One thing will be true, however, they will have changed and made connections both with people and ideas, that will have profoundly changed them and stay with them for the rest of their lives.

I am always taken by the way that artists, whether in their thirties, fifties or seventies, refer back to their art school days and the teachers and students with whom they worked in their student years. Due to the intimate nature of the classes, the unique (and some may say horrific) specificities of the critique method of assessment, and the close bonds that making visual art together engenders there is a closeness and camaraderie (and competitiveness) that develops that has few, if any, parallels in education to that of the art school.

One's work is by its nature visible and accessible to one's peers in a way that a student doing a math test or writing an essay on the gold standard in 1930s South Africa cannot ever be. It is in the nature of contemporary art education that a student must compare and contrast their production against those of their peers, as well as take a stance relative to the theory they are reading, the history of art they are learning about and the lessons and advice their teachers seek to impart.

I often think of the products of the grad show at Michaelis as a gift. The work on display represents the culmination of four (or more) very hard years of experimentation, self-searching, skills development, critical engagement with texts and other artworks, not to mention a dash of fun and frivolity thrown in for good measure. Then, in a distillation of everything the graduate holds to be valuable and worthwhile, it is presented to us in one room or part of a gallery, for our enjoyment, edification or ignoral.

Four years of labour and thought compressed into a moment: the gift to which I refer.

For me, the value of this gift lies not so much in the labour expended as in the way the artist has responded to her or his environment. Peers; teachers; theorists; faculty officers; the outside 'art world' and yes, parents, bursars and partners; all have to be negotiated with, reacted to, danced with and around to get to this point.

Acts of defiance can be extremely destructive and, depending on the place from whence they come, may even be devastating to the person enacting them. I am sure that every graduate this year has had their share of troubles and challenges that they have overcome to get to this point. I am also sure that at times they had to be defiant, whether against themselves or something external, in order to make the work they have produced.

Over many years of looking at the history of art, there is one thing I am pretty sure of: **No artist has ever made anything of any lasting value by trying to please someone else at the expense of what they believed to be true.** The pressure to do what one's peers say is good or which one believes will garner higher marks or be acceptable to a big name gallery or "sell easily" or be trendy or whatever, must be enormous. But for a gift of art to be meaningful, to make a difference to the artist and his or her society, it cannot be made in a spirit of anything else but defiance, whether it be defiance of one's own complacency or what is expected of one by others. That is the gift I truly cherish as a viewer of this year's grad show exhibition; a viewer deeply invested in this, the work of students whom I have taught (and more importantly learned from) over the last four years.

W O R K S
/ 2 0 1 4

THE PRESENT

"The paintings speak to our wish to live and dread of dying, but because the space inside the frame is a figment and the things it holds are imaginary, they have the eerie quality of the impossible: a permanent dream."

Siri Hustvedt, *Mysteries of the Rectangle* (2005:58)

I am concerned with the vanity with which much of our individual representation in contemporary society is preoccupied, and investigate modes through which the human ego becomes engendered and/or celebrated.

The notion of the female body as adornment in visual culture plays strongly into my questioning of whether current trends in self representation, with new-age tools and digital imaginings, function as mere conduits for age-old gender bias and narcissistic tendencies.

How has painting, as a medium, spoken to these human conditions in the past, and how is it becoming part of the dialogue today with its loaded materiality? While there are ancient schools of thought that dictate that philosophy is to be primarily concerned with death, in what realm are these philosophical conversations being encouraged or, possibly, denied, in place of an overriding preoccupation with the narrative of one's own importance while alive?

/ READ MORE ON PG 256 /



Installation View of *The Present*



Still Life Holding a Skull (after Frans Hals) / *Self Portrait*
Oil on Canvas
1000 x 1500 mm



Vanitas Deconstructed
Oil on canvas
1700 x 1700 mm



Vanitas (Still Life)
Oil on canvas
1000 x 1500 mm

BEHIND THE FAÇADE

Throughout my childhood, myths were told about a woman believed to have lived under the floorboards of my family home, during the 1920s. Finding out the reality, through discovering her discarded belongings, coincided with letting go of this home.

My work has moved beyond a reaction to this experience to question femininity and nostalgia; the expectations of being a woman, the uncertainty of one's position in the world and dealing with the challenges which come with independence.

The exhibition takes the viewer under the floorboards, into a space filled with forms emanating domestic smells that trigger 'memories' of musky floorboards, mothballs and lifebuoy soap. Through smell, the sense believed to have the greatest link to memory, I encourage the acts of remembering and memorializing, and present fragmented and disjointed thoughts. I explore my own feelings of displacement while meditating on the experience of the 'mythical' floorboard lady becoming a reality.



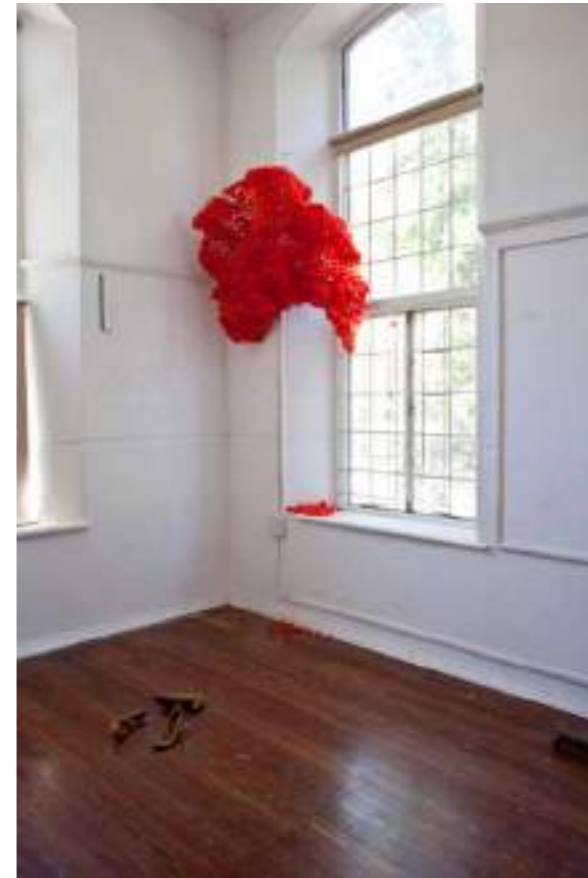
Sugar Cubes
Mothballs, Found Objects
Dimensions Variable

Structure
Reconstituted Beams, Twine
Dimensions Variable



Make up
Cornstarch, Wine
Dimensions Variable

Pillar I
Reconstituted Floorboards
Dimensions Variable



Make Up
Structure
(Installation view)

Make Up
Structure
Pillar I & II
Memory Composition
Pump Organ, Twine
1000 x 500 x 3000 mm



Shoe I, II, III
Beeswax
150 x 150 x 250 mm

Bougainvillea
Lifebuoy Soap
Approximately
500 x 2000 x 2500 mm

HERE IS A HOME
FOR MY GREAT-GRANDMOTHER, CHRISTINE

My inspiration has been drawn from a flower farm which existed in Strawberry Lane, Constantia. The farm was originally bought by my great-grandmother, Christine Lester, in the 1940s. Due to The Group Areas Act, her and my family had to leave and relocate to the Cape Flats, starting their home anew.

Working from a set of photographs, interviews, objects and flowers, I explore relationships between memory and identity in relation to 'home' within a South African context. My emotional ties to this landscape highlight how objects and people shape my identity; inform my investigation and then, again, my sense of self.

Collecting flowers at each stage of their life and death, I began to accept the processes of loss. Although a flower may wither, petals will wrinkle and its colour drain into the Earth, the memory, however, will remain behind our eyes until we too transform and become a part of the Earth.



Installation View of *Here is a Home*



I hope for his sake, it is all true
Acrylic, Oil and Mixed Media
on Canvas
1100 x 1700 mm



Installation View of *Here is a Home*



A Mother's Love
Found Objects on Cotton

Untitled
Installation from *Here is a Home*

MOLDED

This body of work revolves around stereotypes of masculinity, taking place within a literal and figurative representation and exploration of a microcosm. My project aims to explore and to break down the expected roles of men in society; consequently women are excluded from this project in order to focus on these masculine stereotypes.

The figures are modelled as working men across many, typically masculine, fields, and are generally dressed in a manner that reveals their profession. However, upon closer inspection, their grotesque appearance begins to break down these roles. The figures become suspended in a space somewhere between congealing and melting; they are either physically beginning to deform, or are not quite solidly constructed or defined. The resulting implication begins to interrogate instability in the façades represented by these figures. The contrast between these men from afar and from painfully close-up, engages with the tension between assumed stereotypes and reality.



Molded (Portrait#6)
Crystal Archive Paper
200 x 250 mm

Molded (Portrait#20)
Crystal Archive Paper
200 x 250 mm



Molded (Scene#15)
Crystal Archive Paper
200 x 250 mm



Molded (Scene#10)
Crystal Archive Paper
200 x 250 mm



Molded (Scene#18)
Crystal Archive Paper
200 x 250 mm

BLACK BOX: INPUT, OUTPUT, DISTORTION

My installation centres on themes of how communication is established and understood, through the use of new media and technology, and how technology, within the field of communication, can distort time itself. The quote below should be considered, as it discusses the very nature of this factor of time that functions in technology across communication.

'One peculiarity of the "new" technologies is that they introduce an interface or intermediate environment between the actor and the stage environment, the stage and the auditorium, the control booth and the stage, etc. By doing so, they create a different relationship between time and space, one that calls into question the convention of the "here and now" on which live shows and performances are based. With the phenomenon of telepresence, the here and now are brought onto the stage, while real time is another present that is substituted for the "now" of the performance' (Bardiot 2006:575).



/ READ MORE ON PG 257 /

¹ Bardiot, C. 2006. Here and Now, Elsewhere: Telepresence and Real Time. Available: <http://www.fondation-langlois.org/flash/e/index.php?NumPage=575> [2014 July, 23]

Black Box
Mixed Media
1000 x 1000 x 1200 mm



Black Box
Mixed Media
1000 x 1000 x 1200 mm



Phonic input 1.0
Pewter, Wood
380 x 280 x 1400 mm



Phonic input 2.0
Pewter, Wood
380 x 280 x 1400 mm



Black Box
Mixed Media
1000 x 1000 x 1200 mm

OBFUSCATION

I try to push the medium of print by using found materials.

I have had a frustrating, yet liberating experience making art this year, while also discovering another way of making 'impressions', quite literally, through video. I found the experience of making art this time around rather schizophrenic, as I was making art about art; art about nothing. I have been using the medium of video as a way to exercise my ideas, thoughts and feelings. None of which are as abstract as my prints.

I have interpreted and reinterpreted these concerns and ideas using my banal objects.



Installation View of *Obfuscation*



Installation View of *Obfuscation*



Installation View of *Obfuscation*



Diketo/Peeling Lemon (Film Still)
Single Channel Video

DUCK... NO SERIOUSLY, DUCK!

To write this statement, I have slipped into an unexpectedly slimming shark costume.

This knowledge should remove nothing from the seriousness of this un-seriousness. I have not donned a shark ensemble in order to disguise, I am wearing it to empower. Somewhere in the beginnings of adulthood, with its accountability, I was left despondent. So much so, that in confrontational situations I revert to the often forgotten delight of the child's state of mind and the very fulfilling impunity of the practical joke. However, the freedom of childlike absurdity is punctuated by the less enchanting nature of reality; the fact that the mouth of this shark is stretched so tightly around my face that its previous look of indifference has turned to a look of affliction. This disillusionment of childhood, and subsequently adulthood, is where my regression has left my work and I: in the un-harmful space of an un-serious seriousness.



Installation View of *Duck... no seriously, duck!*



Ducks
Plaster, acrylic, lacquer
Dimensions variable

Bath Time
Tile, Plaster, Acrylic, Lacquer,
Pine, Hardboard
400 x 450 mm



Lucky Number Seven
Mild Steel, Enamel, Vinyl, Zambezi
Teak, Rubber, Fabric, Batting
1200 x 560 x 1630 mm

Bubbles
Silicon, Glass, Plastic
130 x 70 mm

I Scream
Plastic, Plaster, Polystyrene, Newspaper,
Crestone, Acrylic, Lacquer
960 x 500 x 500 mm

THE CITY I LIVE IN

My exhibition takes the viewer on a journey through the physical spaces of Cape Town, highlighting the structures and quotidian moments of life in the city. The use of monochromatic prints conveys a timeless reading of the series. Varying in size and scale, these images communicate with each other in a way that is not bound by the patterns of a closed narrative. Instead, they create forms of aesthetic and thematic interaction that have been grouped through my personal associations. This placement process involves spatial referencing amongst the images to how I interpret their depicted locations, as well as looking at formal visual ties between them. This, in turn, has been used with perspective to portray an immersive sensibility.



Installation View of *The City I Live In*



Untitled (Foreshore)
Selenium Toned B+W Light Jet
Print on Fibre Based Paper
800 x 800 mm



Untitled (Aeroplane)
Selenium Toned B+W Light Jet
Print on Fibre Based Paper
210 x 297 mm



Untitled (Cable car)
Selenium Toned B+W Light Jet
Print on Fibre Based Paper
400 x 400 mm



Untitled (Smoke)
Selenium Toned B+W Light Jet
Print on Fibre Based Paper
210 x 297 mm

Untitled (Window washers)
Selenium Toned B+W Light Jet
Print on Fibre Based Paper
841 x 1189 mm

REMEMBRANCE

While researching straight lines and marks left by European rulers on this land, I kept coming across parallels and going off on tangents, intrigued by obscure facets of our shared history. From square black mourning boards in the Grootte Kerk to the heraldic crest of our nation, I found images and their meanings attesting to a continued age-old conflict between freedom-loving people and the self-entitled rulers that seek to regulate by any means. Through research I became more aware of the moral failings of my Dutch ancestors and their peers in service of the VOC mega-corporation. This installation attempts to process that information and make symbolic reparation: it expresses regrets of my generation, questions the authority of set icons, and points out some excesses that yesterday's rulers and today's mega-corporations (particularly the dangerous nuclear fuel industry) have imposed onto the South African countryside and its people.



Malevich's folly
Oil on Canvas with Netting and Paper



Eskom radiation check
Marker Pen on Photograph



Installation View of Remembrance

Installation View of Remembrance

TUGGING ON LOOSE THREADS

The time when I felt the most invincible was when I was four and rode down the steep drive way on my little black bike.

I knew I was strong. I knew I was like Buzz Lightyear. Each roll down the hill came with me screaming "TO INFINITY AND BEYOND!"

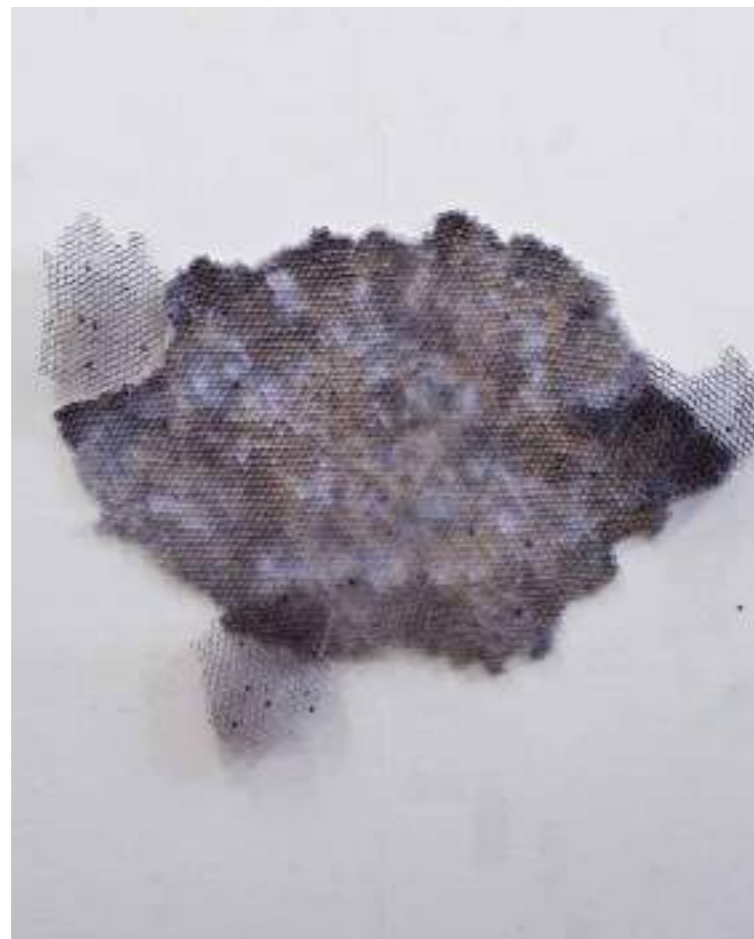
A number of years later, as I remember this, my father recalls how he corrected me one day whilst I was busy being Buzz. I now realise that I spent one of my happiest moments in time, screaming "TO STUPIDITY AND BEYOND!"...



Sinking into a Sleepless Dream
Cement, Perspex and Sugar
720 x 115 mm



My Albatross
Hessian, Rope, Steel Armature
2000 x 1000 x 800 mm



Sinking into a Sleepless Dream
Cement, Perspex and Sugar
720 x 115 mm



Drifting in the void
Teabags and Hair
Installation - Variable

TOY

My entire body of work has evolved from plastic that I have collected on the beach where I live. I pick up every piece of plastic that I see on my beach walks and separate the toys from the more general plastic pieces. I then use this as both my inspiration and my painting medium for my works.

The plastic toys that I find on the beach are what hold my interest, as they are objects that children play with. But, these seemingly innocent toys are actually part of the bigger picture, which is that of plastic pollution. Objects, which at some point were objects of innocence, are now polluting our oceans and killing our world.



Installation View of Toy



Rubber Duck
Found Plastics on Board
1500 x 2000 mm



Beach finding 2
Acrylic on Canvas
400 x 300 mm



Beach finding 1
Acrylic on Canvas
250 x 250 mm



Beach finding 3
Acrylic on Canvas
300 x 400 mm

RECESSION

Rɪˈsɛʃ(ə)n/

In a capitalist society financial ruin is taboo, which makes an admittance of one's defeat all the more difficult. My work exposes the impact of the global Recession on my family. Through firsthand observation, I have captured a series of dignified portraits exposing the realities of what may lie beyond the façade of the public self. My subject matter reflects the stripped bare emotions of my family members during the most vulnerable and unstable stages of our transition.

In facing reality and being honest in vulnerability, I trust that the fears which accompany the search for value in a self-gratifying, selectively moral, fast moving and fragmented world will not discourage other artists from exposing personal truths. I reveal and confess the truth to you, the viewer, and, possibly, to my family; a metaphor for the reality exposed to those who want to hide the truth, and expect me to do the same.



Untitled
Pigment Ink on Semi-matte 280gm Paper
830 x 550 mm



Untitled
Pigment Ink on Semi-matte 280gm Paper
830 x 550 mm



Untitled
Pigment Ink on Semi-matte 280gm Paper
830 x 550 mm



Untitled
Pigment Ink on Semi-matte 280gm Paper
830 x 550 mm



Untitled
Pigment Ink on Semi-matte 280gm Paper
830 x 550 mm



Untitled
Pigment Ink on Semi-matte 280gm Paper
830 x 550 mm



Untitled
Pigment Ink on Semi-matte 280gm Paper
830 x 550 mm

ICHTHYOTALE

The discovery of a Coelacanth specimen in a fishing trawler off the coast of East London in 1938 was an unexpected surprise for the world of science.

Believed to have gone extinct around 60million years prior, its discovery in open waters was likened to seeing dinosaurs in the Karoo. The discovery also defied scientific conclusions that viewed Coelacanths as the missing evolutionary link between life on land and life at sea. It would later be discovered that the limb-like fins so keenly noted in fossil records did not truly mean that Coelacanths manoeuvre on the ocean floor. Instead, they use these fins to swim with the most mesmerizingly articulated movements.

And so it is that the child in me, still disappointed by the fallacy of fairy tale creatures, finds a strange form of wish fulfilment with this creature of the deep. It is satisfying to know that the mysteries of the vastly unexplored seas can indeed throw a true fairy tale creature at the world of science.



In Tribute to Peter and Adele
Framed Collage



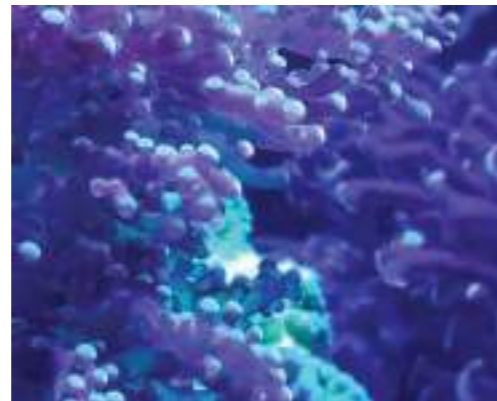
Installation View of *Ichthyotale*



Re-surfacing
Collage



Installation View of *Ichthyotale*



Coral Motion 1
Video still



Installation View of
Chalumnae Dorsal
Cold Porcelain in Wooden Stand

IN(FORM):DE(FORM)

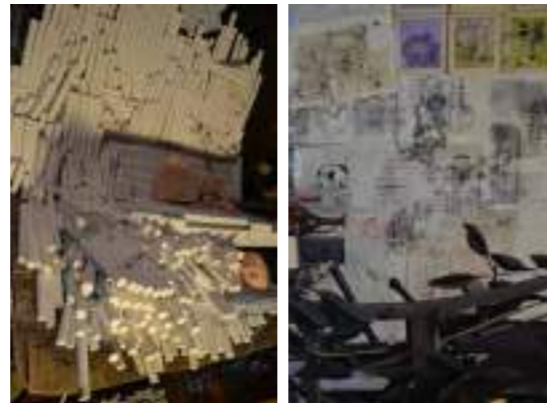
The Great Work, or the alchemist's quest for gold, mirrors every individual's quest for wholeness and meaning.

Just as art has the ability to mirror life, this body of work mirrors the artist and the viewer's capacity to transmute even the most challenging experiences into golden wisdom.

Yet, in this classroom, there are no clear-cut answers. Students and teachers, creators and beholders are all tasked with the quest to investigate. Materials, objects and elements are collected, rearranged, transformed and mutated. Meaning and purpose are in a constant state of flux; lost and found, created and destroyed.

The question arises: Is the order which is evident, not possible only as a result of chaos?

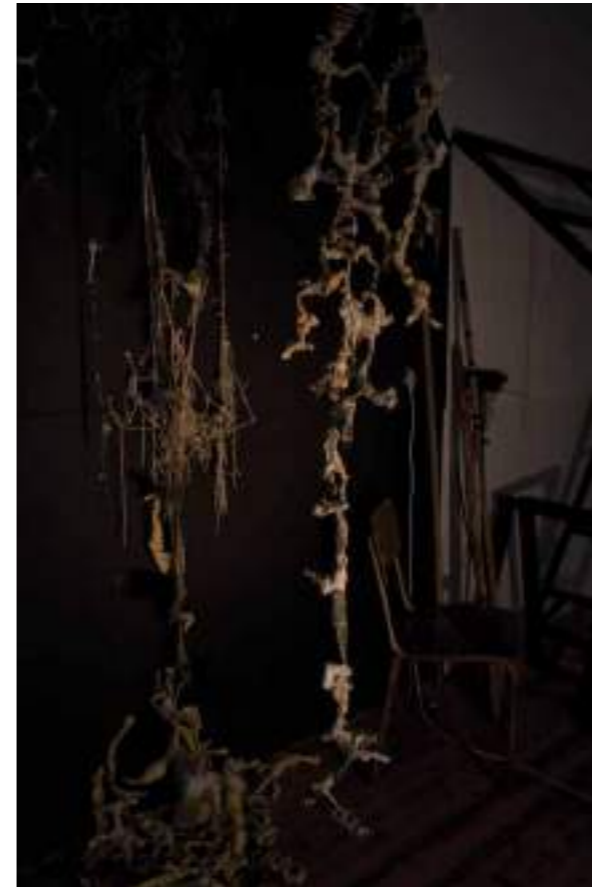
Through the process of free-play, a personal alchemy is revealed in the intimate space of the artist's studio. The artistic process is heralded as that of a living catharsis, and points to the innate human capacity to incite change internally, through external methods.



Detail of Installation;
Mixed Media; Sizes Vary



Detail of Installation;
Mixed Media; Sizes Vary



Detail of Installation;
Mixed Media; Sizes Vary

Detail of Installation;
Mixed Media; Sizes Vary

THE LIGHT AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL
(IS A BLACK HOLE)

Excerpt from: Jones, D. 2014. *The Light at the End of the Tunnel (is a Black Hole)*.

*On a boat just outside of the docks
there is a cool sea breeze, the sea a glassy silver-green
there is a warm sea breeze, the sea a lava-orange
I look over the railing in awe*

*The most unbelievably beautiful thing I have ever seen
the reflections on the sea's surface are intensely illuminated
the paper orange bracelet on my wrist develops a life of its own*

*The most unbelievably beautiful thing I have ever seen
Still watching the colours of the ocean
feeling the air rush through every strand of hair
the music gets faster
the kick of the beat punching four-four-to-the-floor, four-four-to-the-floor,*

four-four-to-the-floor.....



Installation View



Capsize
Oil and Acrylic on Canvas
1520 x 750 mm



Installation View

(Con)vergence
Mixed Media on Board
with Reflective Paper
610 x 400 mm

Interstice I
Graphite and Acrylic on Board
475 x 350 mm

BRAVE

This body of work is an attempt to honour the memory of Wolraad Woltemade, whose act of bravery has made him a legend in the history of South Africa.

I recall being deeply impressed by the story when I heard it as a child, and my admiration only grew when I learnt that the story was true. For a long time, I had assumed that such an act of selfless heroism could not exist in real life; no person could be good enough to offer his/her own life for strangers. As I grew up, I searched for and collected stories that reminded me of Woltemade's brand of bravery, and although I found many, few ever matched my initial wonder. The fact that very few accurate depictions existed to tell Woltemade's legend spurred my desire to create a visual homage to someone who I never knew personally, but who taught me so much about the possibilities of bravery that exist inside ordinary people.



Detail



Installation View



Detail

Installation View

WHAT IF JOSEPH WAS BETTER AT MAKING SCHOOL LUNCHES?

I am afraid.
I don't want to marry well. I don't want to get married. I don't want to get pregnant or give birth. I am allergic to anaesthetics. I don't want an episiotomy. I don't want 2 or 3 or 4 or 5 episiotomies.

I don't want to be categorised and shoved into a neat little box like my mother and her mother and her mother and all mothers (and wives) (and women). I don't want all of my bits that squeeze out the top of my assigned container to be trimmed off. I like my bits.

What if the box doesn't suit me? Does the box suit anyone? What bits of other women have been trimmed off? What if they liked their bits?

I like to watch horror movies with my mom. We started doing it when I was eight. It was nice because they weren't real.



Creepy Crawlers
Mixed Media
350 x 250 x 200 mm



Childs Play (Origin of the World)
Stuffed Toys on Canvas and Wire Mesh
2170 x 3240 mm



Scary Madonna
Mixed Media on Canvas
2600 x 1800 mm

IN PLAIN SIGHT

My body of work aims to confront the viewer into questioning that which they see and/or know.

I use objects typically found in a 'voorkamer' (reception/ salon room) and manipulate them in a way so as to portray that things are not what they seem.

I chose to model the "voorkamer" because it is typically the one room in the house that is constructed to present a specific image to the visitor. In my opinion, this room represents the threshold between the private and the public sphere; presenting a kind of 'façade' or illusion to whoever enters.

By deceiving the eye as it were, the works ultimately seek to coax the viewer into re-evaluating their knowledge of reality, and their willingness to accept an illusion constructed either by themselves or society.



Installation View of *In Plain Sight*

Splintered Wood
Found Frames, Velvet



Installation View of *In Plain Sight*



From Top Left to Bottom Right:

Signs, Clay; *Signs (Detail)*, Clay; *Lucy Loves Her Saddlebag (Detail)*, Found Objects, Resin; *Letters to His Brother*, MDF Wood, Vinyl, Single-Channel Audio

A Calf, A Square, A Flower
Metal, Fabric, Light Bulbs

SOUTHERN ARIZONA

Southern Arizona explores the images and ideas that I have gradually, and for the most part haphazardly, created, developed and accumulated in an attempt to grasp an emotive aesthetic that manifests in the space that I call 'Southern Arizona'.

The space is represented by the shifting of the two words, 'Southern' and 'Arizona' - which would usually refer to a geographical location - to a subtle adjective. The sense of 'how far south will you allow yourself to go' in Arizona's perceived vastness. This Arizona is not a geographical place; it could be anywhere. Correspondingly, going south could refer to fleeing, making an escape, disappearing, or going to waste.

Southern Arizona is an intangible, moving and ever-changing space. Whether it exists in the viewer's actuality is irrelevant, as the intention is to suggest the possibility of escape to a place like Southern Arizona - something that *might* be.





All images from Southern Arizona



It would be unsuitable to make a joke about a newspaper headline that says, 'SOUTHERN ARIZONA: JUST AN ELABORATE PARTY?' because all the other things that we say, know or understand about Southern Arizona may be likened to such a joke, but they are oblique and expand the idea in fractions, whereas in reaction to this joke someone could think, 'ahhh...so *that's* what it's all about...' - as if that one phrase can explain everything to them.

DIS(PLACE)MENT

One story becomes three: my childhood experience of stored furniture falling on me; our house burning down; and the present reality of people being displaced by “urban upliftment”.

Sourcing broken furniture from the dump and painting it is not about restoration, but disguise. The larger idea being that a coat of paint does not solve the problems of a broken community, but rather blurs the boundaries between urban regeneration and disguising real social issues.

Included in this work are cleaning agent bottles cast in porcelain and stoneware. The bottles relate to the idea that urban upliftment is happening, creating the appearance of cleanliness and improvement, while the reality is a refined and elegant coating on dystopia; a kind of economic cleansing often making way for elite privileges, rather than real economic upliftment. The irony being that the perceived refuge becomes the threat itself.



Dis(Place)ment (Detail)



Dis(Place)ment
Cast Porcelain and White Stoneware (Fired, Unglazed), Found Object and Paint
6000 x 4000 mm
Dimensions Variable



Detail of *Dis(placement)*
Cast Porcelain and White Stoneware (Fired, Unglazed)
Dimensions Variable



Detail of *Dis(placement)*
Cast Porcelain and White Stoneware
(Fired, Unglazed), Found Object and Paint
Dimensions Variable

NO CURE FOR THE CONSCIOUS

Understanding one's conscious is a tricky thing, understanding why you do or don't act on certain thoughts is even trickier. We choose to act upon thoughts according to social norms, personal preferences and out of fear. Freud described the conscious as being like that of an iceberg; most of which we experience, understand and feel is suppressed in our unconscious.

My fascination with understanding the conscious and unconscious, mine in particular, started as a kid. This interest later spawned into an attempt at understanding myself, due to an elongated period of illnesses which resulted in large amounts of painkillers. I therefore experienced instances of uncertainty in distinguishing the difference between real life actions and thoughts, and those that took place in my dreams. This uncertainty brought about my final work, forming commentary on theories of the conscious as well as a study on my own conscious, in relation to these theories and those of my own.



Installation View



Inert
Wood, Perspex, Metal
Nuts and Bolts



Pre-mark
Wood, Perspex, Brass, Barbells



Polisher
Wood, Brass, Motor



TWENTYFOURSEVEN
DVD's, DVD Boxes

OCEANOGRAPHY

As known from photography, *graphy* stems from the Greek word *graphos*, directly translated into the English word 'writing'. Like a fountain pen, used to write a letter to a distant friend, the ocean acts as a tool of communication; a connector between land and beings. However, as with the horizon blue that can never be reached, the ocean also suggests distance, longing, separation and solitude.



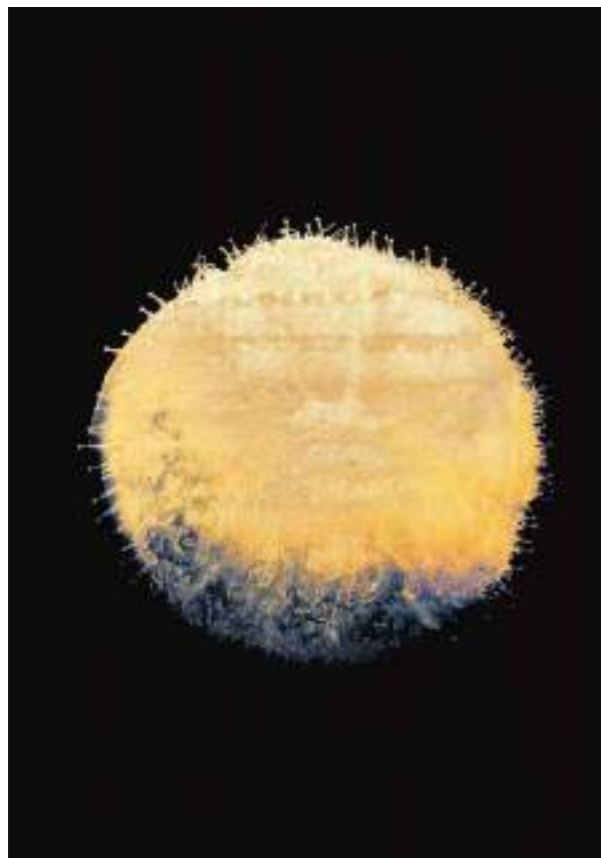
Installation View



Ocean one
Epson Paper
1580 x 1050 mm



Ocean two
Epson Paper
1580 x 1050 mm



Beneath the Surface
Fujicolor Crystal Archive Paper
435 x 303 mm

Star Clusters
Fujicolor Crystal Archive Paper
455 x 303 mm

Installation View of

Infinite Endings 1
Kentmere Fibre Paper
5000 x 1015 mm

Finite Universe 1
Kentmere Fibre Paper
5320 x 1015 mm

Infinite Endings 2
Kentmere Fibre Paper
5366 x 1015 mm

Finite Universe 2
Kentmere Fibre Paper
5010 x 1015 mm

NEXUS

The Urban Body transgresses its landscape from a seemingly apathetic perspective; a response to the barrage on its senses. The banal anomalies in the everyday urban rhythm fill its eyes with suspicion and wonder, as it tries to avoid seeing the inner battles of fellow bodies. It stands within worlds of contrast, connected and dislocated with realities that surrounding transgressions simultaneously express and repress. It sees, and tries to unsee, the ironic combinations of different economies, architectures, and the incoherencies of personal wealth. It consumes and neglects the commercial bombardment of business. Its part in the interconnectivity of the urban fabric is interrupted by its own feelings of isolation.

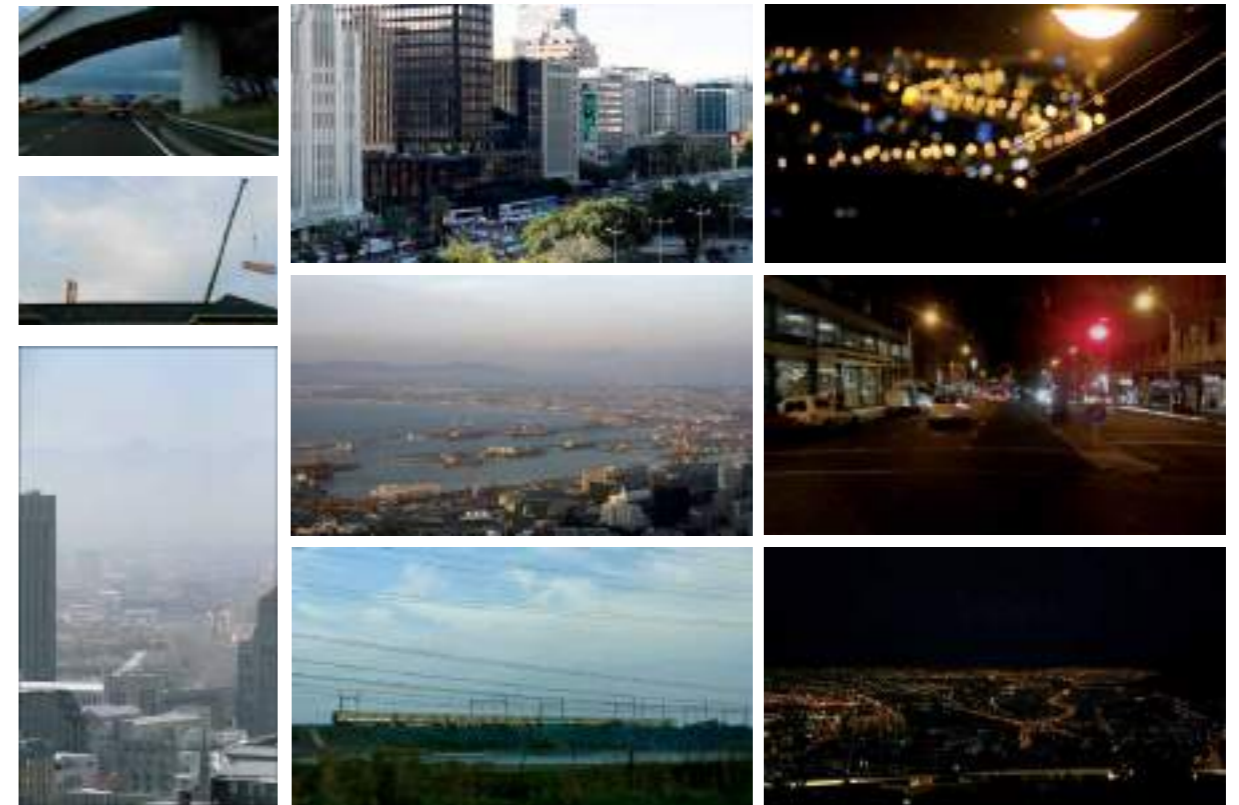


Nexus
 Found Material: Wood, Plastics, Metal, Glass, Mixed
 Media, Various Displays and Media Equipment. Multi-Channel
 Video. LED lights and Arduino Boards
 Dimensions Variable

Installation view of Nexus



Installation view of *Nexus*



Video Still from *Nexus*

MY STATES OF RUIN

This body of work is centred on the idea of the self (body) in relation to an architectural environment or the home/a domestic space. More specifically, it is a metaphor for the childhood home that is both remembered and lost, stable in ones memory yet masked by the continual processes of aging and time passing. It 'grows' with new experiences yet moves further away from what it was; a reminder of the past, encapsulated in the present.

Inspired by the 17th century Still Life genre, the foliage, both in bloom and decay, loosely refers to the concept of *memento mori*, acting as a symbolic reminder of the inevitability of death and passing time. The occupied space is thus in limbo, fragile in its decay yet growing from what has been lost.

/ READ MORE ON PG 256 /



Self Portrait
Lace, Flour, Cotton, Glue, Food
Colouring, Wood, Icing Sugar
980 x 850 mm



Back then, I liked the look of you
Various Cotton, Wood
2200 x 2000 mm



My States of Ruin (I)
My States of Ruin (II)
Plastic Icing, Sugar, Chocolate, Food Colouring, Food Essence, Netting, Glue, Wood
2000 x 1220 mm

I never promised you a rose garden

I cannot believe the night has gone by so fast. This is all we wanted, for everyone to come together, have such a good time. This was honestly such a dream come true. It really was my fairytale wedding.

Kim Kardashian, *Kim's Fairytale Wedding: A Kardashian Event Part 2*, Keeping Up with the Kardashians: Season 6 Episode 15 (2011)

You don't think I feel bad that I invited all these people to this huge wedding and flew everyone out? I wasted everyone's time. I wasted everyone's money - everyone's everything - and I feel bad! At 30 years old, I thought I'd be married with kids and I'm not. I failed at this.

Kim Kardashian, *Goodbye, New York*, Kourtney and Kim Take New York: Season 2 Finale (2012)



Don't desert me
From *Desert Series*
Hahnemühle Print
420 x 594 mm



They build you up to break you down
From *Bride Series*
Hahnemühle Print
841 x 594 mm



From Left to Right:
Miss Too High Can't Come Down, Miss You Want a Piece of Me?, Miss You Say I'm Crazy
Miss All Eyes On Me, Miss My Loneliness is Killing Me

Miss American Dream Series
Gloss Prints
594 x 420 mm



Leave me breathless
Hahnemühle Print
841 x 594 mm

THE NATURE OF CITIES

Land and its ownership is a source of extreme conflict, particularly in South Africa. As an urban landscape painter, I feel this deeply. In using paint to speak of my response to the way that we inhabit the land, I have found a deeper connection to both my subject and my practice. Painting the land continues to be a way of engaging with the strangeness of being here.



Disruption
Oil on Board
300 x 350 mm



Absence
Oil on Board
300 x 350 mm



Pressure
Oil on Board
300 x 350 mm



Possibilities
Oil on Board
300 x 350 mm



Tender
Oil on Board
300 x 300 mm

DOES OUR RUIN BENEFIT THE EARTH?

The landscape around me is presence in excess. There is life under every step and at every glance. My reflection is less important when fish swim beneath the ripples.

Excerpt from: Sweke, J. 2014. *Does our ruin benefit the earth?*
Catalogue Essay



Iris
Geodesic Dome Painting
Installation
Diameter: 1800 mm
Height: 1350 mm



Fragmentary Void No. 2
Oil on Decagonal Canvas
1800 x 1800 mm



Upward Vision
Oil on Circular Canvas
1800 x 1800 mm



Have you passed through this night?
Oil on Canvas
3000 x 1800 mm

Progress Shot



Iris
Geodesic Dome Painting Installation (Shown Flat)
2400 x 2400 mm



Geometric Mirror Installation
(Tankwa Karoo National Park)
Cyanotype Print of Land Art Photograph on
Fabriano Rosapina 285 g/m²
Ed of 3
420 x 297 mm

GILDED GUILT

Gilded Guilt is a series of works that comments on the excessive indulgence and consumption within the supposedly upper realm of society. Having been raised in a position where I have had access to the excesses of the catering industry, I have viewed firsthand the extremes of gluttony and waste that take place in the lap of luxury. The works use the rotten residues and traces of this greed to evoke both decadence and decay. They act as a scapegoat for the guilt that I carry as a result of nourishing, and inevitably being a part of, this consumerist system.

Gilded Guilt uses blueberry, pomegranate and rotten food stains, as well as gold leaf and luxury magazine cutouts, to embody the extravagant excesses that humans seem to aspire to. The uncontrolled and ever-changing nature of the works allow for an afterlife to exist within the detail.



Installation view of *Gilded Guilt*



Grins, Grimaces & Garments VI
Pressed Blueberries, Gold Dust and Thread on Paper
1070 x 750 mm



Grins, Grimaces & Garments I
Pressed Blueberries, Gold Dust and Thread on Paper
590 x 420 mm



Grins, Grimaces & Garments II
Pressed Blueberries, Gold Dust and Thread on Paper
590 x 420 mm



Installation view of *The Art of Decay*
Rotting Fruit and Flower Chandelier Installation
2500 x 1400 x 3000 mm



Installation view of *Gilded Guilt*

SEACHANGE

“Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made,
Those are pearls that were his eyes,
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change,
into something rich and strange,
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell,
Ding-dong.
Hark! now I hear them, ding-dong, bell.”

(Shakespeare, W. 1922. *The Tempest*. New York: Yale University Press. pp 392.)

The term “seachange” was first entered into the English language by William Shakespeare in *The Tempest* by way of a sonnet sung to Prince Ferdinand by the water sprite, Ariel, after his father’s alleged drowning. ‘Seachange’ is defined as ‘change wrought by the sea’ but can also be read literally as ‘change wrought upon the sea’. This dichotomy features strongly in my work as it investigates both ocean ecologies put in jeopardy through human conquest of property, and the failures inherent in this conquest.



Timber Bells (Series)
Various Timbers, Brass, Sash Cord
340 x 400 x 4500 mm



Cast Off
Found Polyester Rope
400 x 400 x 400 mm



Installation view showing from left to right: *Timber Bells*, *Rope Machine* (with *Recovered Wreck Metal* and *Belaying Pin Rack* beyond), *Print Portfolio*.



Rope Machine
Various Metal Components, Timber,
Rope, String
3000 x 750 x 370 mm



Belaying Pin Rack
Meranti, Artist-made Rope
918 x 44 x 91 mm

Recovered Wreck Metal
Salvaged Shipwreck Metal, Cotton Cloth, String
Approx. 1300 x 2000 x 1200 mm

small makes big

From over the wall, we watch our ball bobbing in the neighbour's pool, but we are all too afraid to go and fetch it. I never liked being on other people's property without permission, even if it's an innocent act. So, instead of jumping over the fence and running across the lawn, I sit and watch the soccer ball bobbing in the pool, and dream of playing soccer and swimming in that pool.

I am in conversation with my past and the present in an attempt to interrogate unspoken traditions, societal boundaries and specific cultures that have impacted my identity. Although the footage I use is intimate and personal, I have attempted to engage with broader issues concerning childhood, growing up and power dynamics. The videos are not fixed to a specific narrative; the clips are rather in conversation with each other, creating an uncertain terrain for introspection and reflection.



Learning to swim (Installation shots)
8mm Film Footage and VHS Footage
55 Seconds



I see myself in you (installation shot)
8mm Film Footage and VHS Footage
1 Minute and 38 Seconds



Getting up, falling down
Water Colour Paint on Paper
500 x 400 mm



Point your toes! (screenshot)
8mm Film Footage and VHS Footage
1 Minute and 48 Seconds

Wild Girls (screenshot)
8mm Film Footage and VHS Footage
1 Minute

SCHOOL PORTRAITS

School Portraits documents nine schools in Cape Town which were, under Apartheid, considered to be 'Coloured' schools: Zonnebloem, Harold Cressy, Livingstone, Alexander Sinton, Athlone, South Peninsula, Trafalgar, Belgravia and Spes Bona High School. These institutions are significant as they were academically successful, and active in the resistance movement. Today, some have maintained levels of academic excellence, whilst others are poorly resourced and lack academic stature.

The body of work explores these spaces from a spatial perspective, assessing their current treatment, whilst allowing the past to inform the way that they are perceived today. These spaces shape the youth and, indirectly, the future of our country; they are institutions which the youth ultimately shape too. The project hopes to draw parallels between what the students at these schools currently, and have previously, strived towards. Schools are a useful window into the political and social atmosphere and the ideologies of a community, and country, at a particular point in time.



In 1976, the students at Alexander Sinton High School actively boycotted school in protest against Apartheid laws. In 1985, the school was closed down by the government due to "civil unrest." It reopened in defiance. The students engaged in protest which was met by police violence.



Installation View of *School Potraits*



During the 1976 Uprisings, students at Belgravia High School took part in boycotting and protesting their unequal rights to education.



Livingstone High School is situated in the Claremont area, a previously "white" area during apartheid. Schools for "non-white" education were rising outside of urban areas in attempt to empty schools such as Livingstone, however student and parent dedication remained constant.

Digital Photographic Prints
610 x 430 mm



Zonnebloem High School was the leading and oldest missionary school for "Coloured" education. Prior to this it was a training facility for teachers of colour.

Digital Photographic Prints
610 x 430 mm



Zonnebloem High School was the leading and oldest missionary school for "Coloured" education. Prior to this it was a training facility for teachers of colour.

Digital Photographic Prints
610 x 430 mm

ESCAPING VOGUE

I have based my project on the ideas of nonexistence, illusion and escapism, inspired by the fashion industry. An industry notorious for its self-expression and tactile escapism, fashion is creativity. In the project I make reference to fashion as a myth. It is a tangible vision of our dreams and a method of escaping; adorning shining armor, we escape into the wonders of our mind.

I have situated my mythological characters in dramatic landscapes uniting them with props and clothing. These characters don't exist, yet their presence does, as do the ideas of heroes, youth, beauty, fantasy, desire, vulnerability and uncertainty that they are associated with. The clouds point to the ephemeral nature of the aspirations that we, as the youth, aspire too.

Thus, after all, my photographs don't exist. They don't have any specific meaning but, rather, they exist on the fantasy of what the viewer thinks is there.



Installation View of *Escaping Vogue*



Clouds
Photographic Print on Portamex
Ivory White 230 gsm
841 x 594 mm



Julia
Photographic Print on Portamex
Ivory White 230 gsm
841 x 594 mm



Dom
Photographic Print on Portamex
Ivory White 230 gsm
841 x 594 mm



Carlos
Photographic Print on Portamex
Ivory White 230 gsm
841 x 594 mm

**BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND
THE DEEP BLUE SEA**

My memory has become infiltrated with images of an imagined history. A time long before my conception has become a place of romantic longing. I have been seduced by images of a culture and history to which through superficial classification I belong, yet have no real ties to. Personal memories have become conflated with history and I have assimilated many remote peculiarities into my identification. The fantasy of the colonial voyage particularly and inexplicably allures me. Yet the consciousness of this illusion simultaneously produces an immense discomfort. Although I am reticent about confronting the realities of colonialism, and the power of the colonial imaginary, the delusional dream endures.

The desire to escape in a ship of white sails is realized concurrently with my sensation of being anchored by the weight of inherited privilege. Presented in this work is romantic entrapment: *Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea*.



Installation View of *Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea*





Installation View of *Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea*



Installation View of *Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea*

INVENTORY

"Looked at from the outside, I haven't experienced anything. Looked at from the outside! But I have a feeling that my experience inside is worth writing about and could be interesting to everybody" (Kundera 124:1987).

Ultimately, my works are based on formal associations which present a unique view on addiction. Notions of fragility and instability, within the seemingly certain reality of an addict, are questioned. With the use of appropriated materials, which are borrowed from a specific context, I try to develop forms that do not follow logical criteria. Instead, they are based only on subjective associations and formal parallels, which incite the viewer to make new personal associations. However, in the end, my work is about me.

Kundera, M. 1978. *The Book of Laughter and Forgetting*. London: Faber and Faber.



23.10.2012
Wax, Material One, Steel
1650 x 800 x 450 mm

07.10.2010
Wax, Material One, Wood
1040 x 490 x 390 mm



07.10.2010
(Torso on crate)
Wax, Material One, Wood
1040 x 490 x 390 mm

21.07.2010
(Arms)
Wax, Cow Hooves, Material One
800 x 140 x 150 mm

02.08.2010
(Ribs)
Wax, Giraffe Ribs, Steel Cable
880 x 1070 x 140 mm

22.07.2010
(Kudu Horns)
Wax, Kudu Horns
710 x 80 x 130 mm

06.02.2011
(Crutches)
Wax, Cow Pelvic Bone, Bandages, Wooden
Crutches
1520 x 460 x 250 mm



09.08.2010
Cow Skull, Wax
480 x 260 x 180 mm

05.07.2010
Wax, Material One, Wood
1470 x 400 x 350 mm



06.02.2011
Wax, Cow Pelvic Bone, Bandages, Wooden Crutches
1520 x 460 x 250 mm



02.08.2010
(Ribs)
Wax, Giraffe Ribs, Steel Cable
880 x 1070 x 140 mm

SOME ART HISTORY

Some Art History considers a mediated experience of the traditional canon of Western Art History, and the visual, textual and conversational fragments that illustrate its narrative. In the story of art, as told in *Some Art History*, one character stands apart, ubiquitous and predominant, the epitome of the twentieth century avant-garde and a compelling historic presence in contemporary art: Marcel Duchamp. Duchamp informs not only the sensibility that guides the individual objects, but provides the strategy for addressing a discursive history in its entirety. The multitude of incidents and accidents, the recurrent themes and indelible images, the lives of great men; the story of Western art becomes a single readymade. Duchamp thus provides the 'medium' with which the body of work in *Some Art History* negotiates Western Art History from a South African perspective.



A Story of Art (Stack)
Pine and Lithographic Duotone Prints on
130gsm Munken Lynx
710 x 700 x 225mm



Detail from *A Story of Art (Stack)*
Pine and Lithographic Duotone
Prints on 130gsm Munken Lynx
480 x 650 mm



Detail from *A Story of Art (Ladder)*
Fabric and Digital Prints on Paper
255 x 190 x 30 mm

Detail from *A Story of Art (Ladder)*
Fabric and Digital Prints on Paper
280 x 210 x 30 mm

A Story of Art (Ladder)
Saligna, Steel, Fabric and Digital Prints on Paper
950 x 550 x 1700 mm

Installation View and Detail of *A Story of Art (Garden Venus)*
Saligna, Cement, Resin and Marble Dust
790 x 470 x 1190 mm

THE HOME OF RESIDUE

Residue: a small amount of something that remains after the main part has gone or been taken or used.

The Home of Residue is a body of work focused on using the creative process of art-making as a way of dealing with the complexities and issues of displacement by investigating themes of home, memory and overcoming. In essence, the entire body of work is centred on finding 'home', an intangible place furnished with memory, desire and uncertainty. Through recreation and installation, I use sculpted objects as repositories of memory.



Installation View of *The Home of Residue*



Installation View of *The Home of Residue*



iXhanti
Wood, Calamine Lotion and Clay
3000 x 200 mm

iXhanti (Detail)

Installation View of *The Home of Residue*

LATITUDE

After experiencing an act of violence against me, the question of whether we could recognise goodness in others, became a concern that I wanted to explore. I asked people I know, and people I did not know, to identify a person known to them that they felt embodied good/ness. I tracked these people down. While interviewing them regarding their perceptions of good/ness, I started recording photographs of them, on film, that lasted for the duration of the interviews.

Photography extended perception and uncertainty, reflected by the undefined bodies captured, as answers in response to having its exposure latitude tested. The fluid, painterly images of the bodies in each photograph mirror the diversity in thought, emotions and circumstances contained within every individual.

"I began to perceive more deeply than it has ever yet been stated, the trembling immateriality, the mist-like transience, of this seemingly so solid body in which we walk attired."

Robert Louis Stevenson, *The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*¹

/ READ MORE ON PG 256 /

¹ Stevenson, R.L. 2010. *The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*. London: Harper Press. pp 69



Installation View of Latitude



Kelly
Pigment Ink on Semi-Matte
Paper, 280 gsm
840 x 700 mm



Noa
Pigment Ink on Semi-Matte
Paper, 280 gsm
840 x 700 mm



Thando
Pigment Ink on Semi-Matte
Paper, 280 gsm
840 x 700 mm

ON BURNING MIRRORS AND LENSES

Light has a beginning and an end point. Although unseen by the naked eye, in-between switching the power on and the light shining, magic happens.

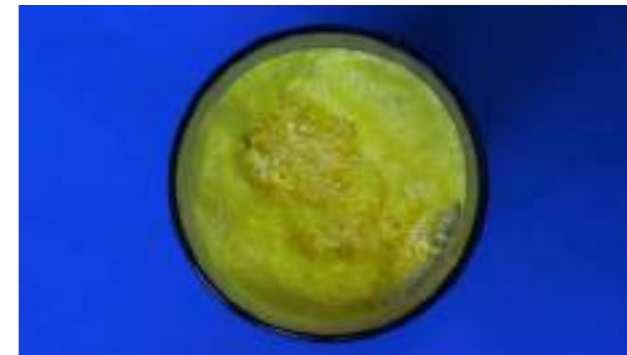
Ibn Sahl is credited with first discovering the law of refraction. *On Burning Mirrors and Lenses* 984AD shows Sahl's understanding of how curved mirrors and lenses bend and focus light. With the attempt to create lens shapes that focus light, refraction is controlled.

An emphasis on the refraction of light allows me to clarify light for what it is. I too am harnessing refraction, allowing it to flood surfaces, emphasising the space between the beginning and end, and drawing attention to the emptiness, which exists, in the 'middle'. From a personal point of view, I create a free space through which to explore, and upon which to project.

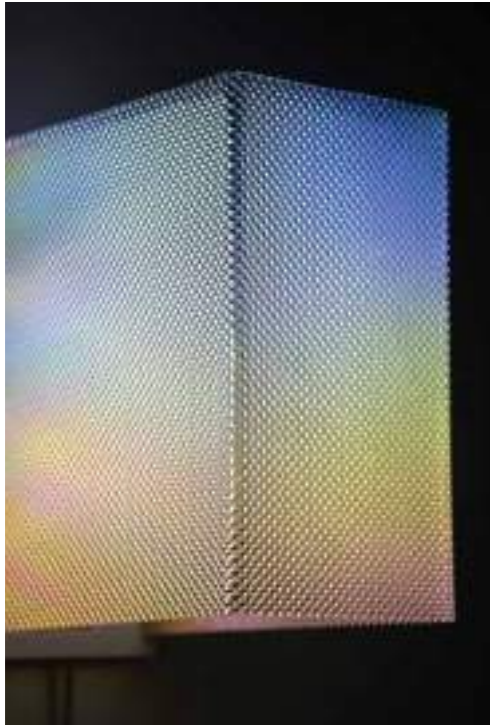
On Burning Mirrors and Lenses speaks of an obstruction to light. It is reminiscent of smoke and mirrors, of a hidden state. Through the use of diffusers that emphasise refraction, a middle point is exposed.



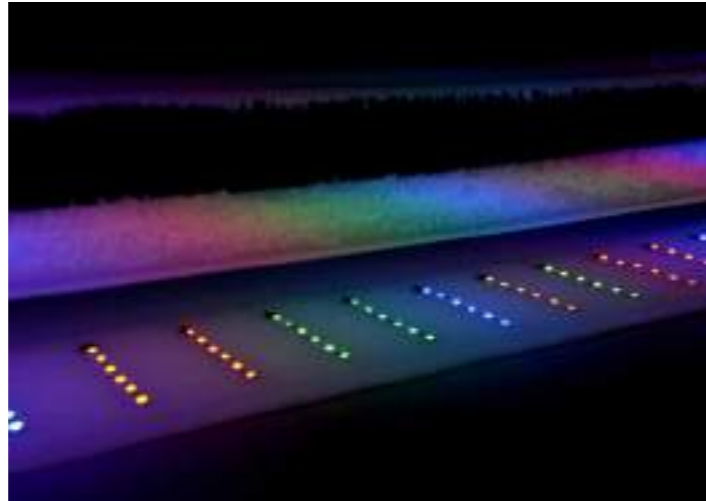
Installation View of *On Burning Mirrors and Lenses*



Still 1 from *Master Video* | HD Video | 5 min 30 sec
 Still 2 from *Master Video* | HD Video | 5 min 30 sec
 Still 3 from *Master Video* | HD Video | 5 min 30 sec



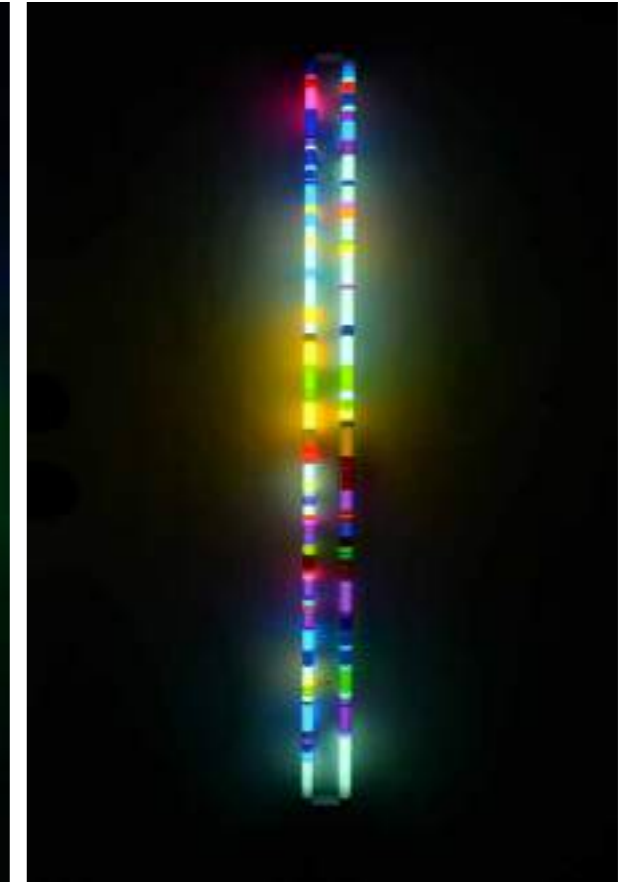
(LED ceiling light)
Hand Coloured LED Diodes, Perspex
340 x 160 x 320 mm



(Silicone Landscape)
Silicone, Perspex, LED strip Lighting
160 x 1500 x 340 mm



(Somewhere Between Dichromacy and Trichromacy)
Hula Hoops, LED Strip Lighting
770 x 600 mm



(Experiment with colour strength)
Vinyl, Fluorescent Tubes
1500 x 160 mm

CLASSIFIED: EXCERPTS OF THE ALBUM

Having only one maternal grandmother (Ma) and one paternal great grandmother (Aiya), I initially sought to find out more about my grandfathers whom had passed before I was born. Through my search, I stumbled across a family archive of images.

From the found material, I have created works that look at the family archive in South Africa and Durban, where my family is from.

The exhibition is divided into multiple series' referencing the different chapters of the archive, looking specifically at the aspirations of the family album, through layering and juxtaposition.

The work focuses on the migration of my family, and their experience of places, at a particular time in history, through image and text. During these years, travel outside of South Africa became an escape from the political dissonance of the country. People sought to flee, as a means of freedom, from the Apartheid laws at the time.



Suid-Afrikaanse Lugdiens
 Film Still of Digital Reproduction
 of 8mm film projection
 102 x 127 mm



Installation View of
Classified: Excerpts of the Album



Installation view of
Four Portraits
(Series of Four)

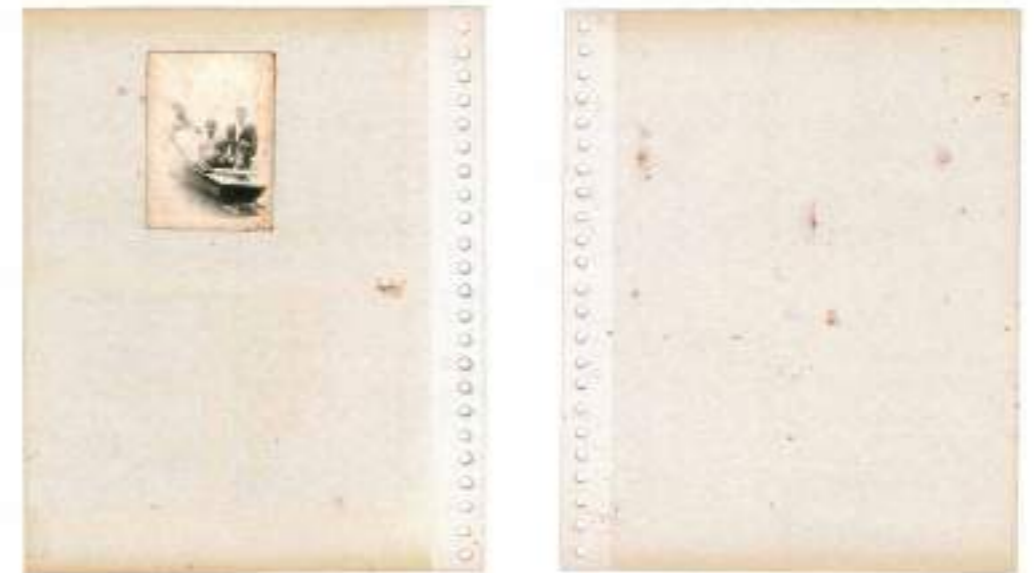


Four Paternal Generations
Inkjet on Epson Enhanced Matte
420 x 297 mm

Four Maternal Generations
Inkjet on Epson Enhanced Matte
420 x 297 mm



From *Album Aspirations*
Series of Nine
Inkjet on Epson Enhanced Matte
610 x 420 mm



Migrate through the Pages (4)
Inkjet on Epson Enhanced Matte
420 x 600 mm



LIGHT INERTIA

Spending most of our waking hours under the light of the sun, most people go about their business in a world granted meaning through their visual perceptions. The objects and phenomena which make up this visual reality are given colour and shape by virtue of their illumination. As we have navigated through time, we have developed technology. In our pockets, hanging from the ceilings of our houses, and even lighting up mountains, humans have gained the ability to illuminate for themselves.



Installation View of *Light Inertia*



Installation View of *Light Inertia*



Installation View of *Light Inertia*



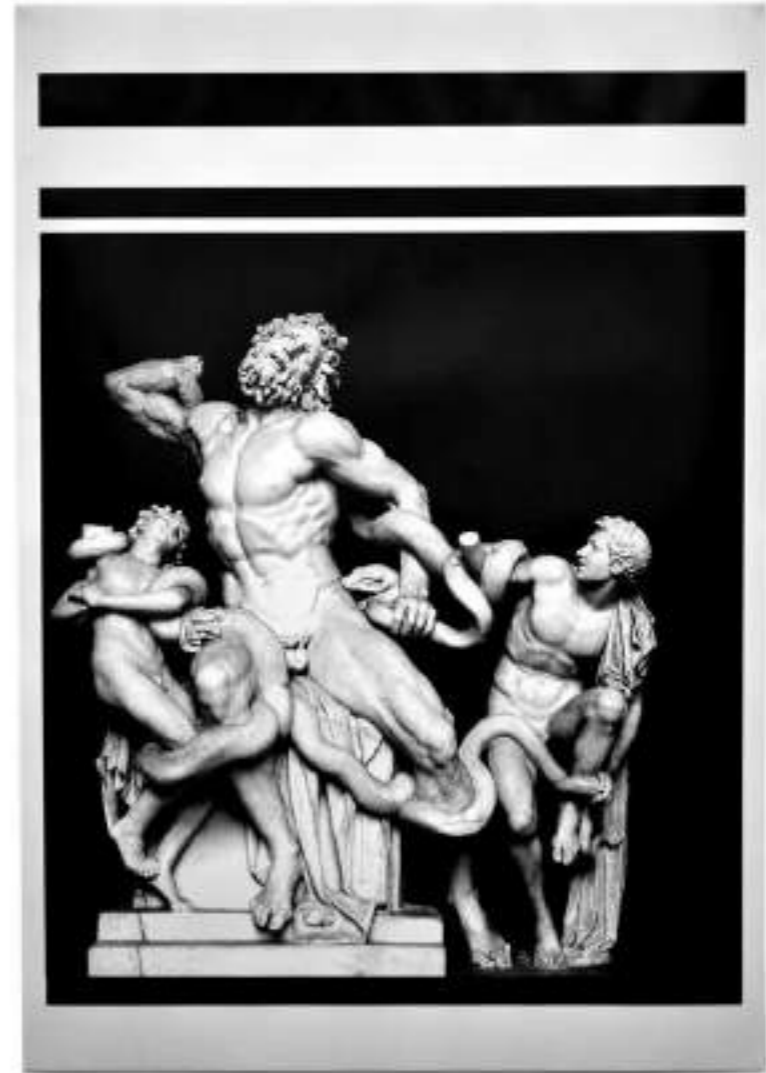
Installation View of *Light Inertia*



Exercise in Display
 Coins and Holders, Bronze, Perspex
 Embossings, Triplex Card, Mirror Film

Installation View

/ READ MORE ON PG 256 /



Aknowledgement of Allegory (Good/Work)
 Motivational Poster
 Digital Lithograph
 Hi-gloss Poster Paper



Exercise in Futility
Faberge Style Egg Reproduction, Material One, Enamel Paint,
Perspex Stands, Cardboard



Exercise in Futility
Faberge Style Egg Reproduction, Material One, Enamel Paint,
Perspex Stands, Cardboard

LETTER TO MY PARENTS

This body of work focuses on prejudice. It interrogates how our histories, both personal and collective, influence our ideas of who is the perpetrator and who is the victim of prejudice. Looking at the South African context, I interrogate how our siblings, parents and grandparents' experiences of apartheid influence how we, as young people (whom happen to find themselves in this country), relate to each other.

I look at skin as a garment of representation. This garment is very powerful, as it is inscribed by all kinds of social codes, which are closely intertwined with streams of both imaginary and symbolic identifications. To say it bluntly, the nude body is no less clothed than the clothed body.

The painting process is important in removing the pain from myself, and placing it in the paintings, whereby now I feel their pain, and heal from mine as a result.

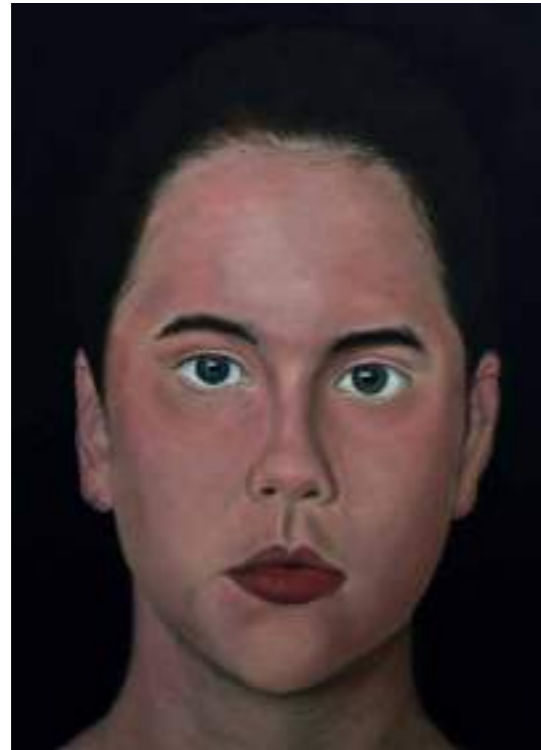


Untitled (skin 2) | Oil on Canvas | 425 x 292 mm
 Untitled (skin 3) | Oil on Canvas | 424 x 292 mm

Installation view



Untitled (Figure 1)
 Oil and Chalk Pastel on Canvas
 1685 x 1204 mm



Untitled (Portrait 1)
Oil on Canvas
595 x 840 mm



Untitled (Portrait 2)
Oil on Canvas
603 x 843 mm



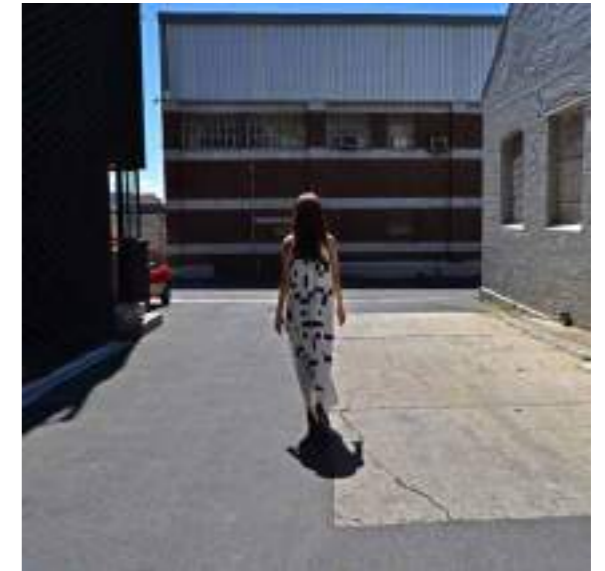
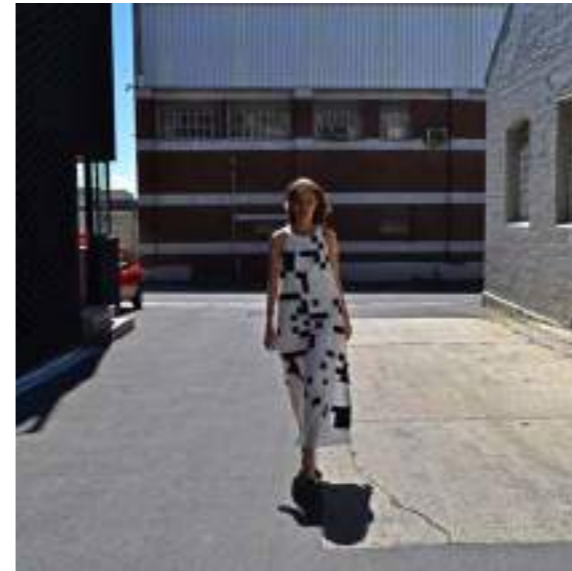
Installation View

Untitled (Head Study)
Oil on Canvas
381 x 296 mm

THE MODEL IS PRESENT

The body of work presented focuses on various prejudices in the modeling industry. Skin colour is one of the most evident prejudices as modeling agencies employ more white models than 'non-white' models. Based on my own research of modeling agencies throughout the country, I have designed a black and white pattern, featured in *The Catwalk Series* and *The Model is Present*, based on the number of white to 'non-white' models employed in the country. Skin also addresses the prejudice of what the ideal skin tone is.

Along with skin colour, hair colour and type are prevalent prejudices too. If white is the ideal, then all features of the white body are too. There is no black supermodel that wears her hair naturally; straight hair, as a part of the ideal white body, has been portrayed as beautiful. Hair portrays the confusion faced by 'non-white' models as to celebrating their natural beauty, or aspiring to the in-demand white ideal.



The Runway Series 1, 3 & 5
Photograph
300 x 300 mm



Hair
Video
1080 x 720 px



The Runway Series 2, 4 & 6
Photograph
300 x 300 mm

COLOURMAN

This body of work draws on historical events and their visual narratives, personal and collective memory, lived experiences, everyday mundanity and spirituality.

I have been interested in processes of representation, the oscillations between abstraction and figuration, reproduction and re-appropriation in painting. I wish to open up a dialogue through interrogating various physical and ideological structures, identity constructs, and the instability of these entities as the building stones of a city (Cape Town in particular). As I reflect on and question the dualities and inconsistencies between faith and reality, the sacred and profane, and past and present, the *ideal* and *secular* city serves as my immediate site of reference and departure point.

I seek to interrogate the terms, alchemy, and the material 'stuff' of *paint* and *colour* and their histories, 'traditions' and tensions. This is my '*dealing in paints*'; an attempt at to transcend that which aspires to define me.



Queue
Oil on Found Board
595 x 842 mm

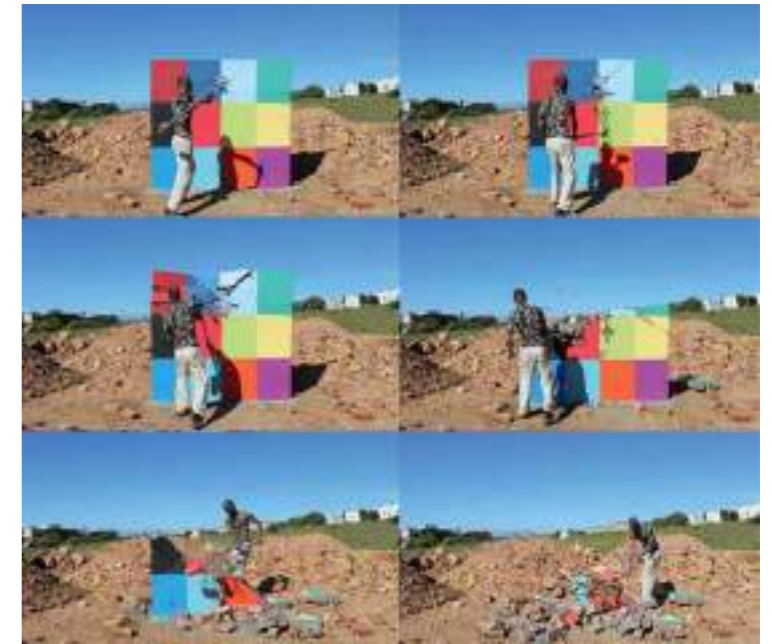
Installation View



Untitled (Colourman)
Flatbed Print on Primed Wood
1200 x 960 mm



Placeholder
Giclée Print on Watercolour Paper
420 x 594 mm



Transcending
Video
Duration: 3min



Installation View

MIZPAH; A PORTRAIT OF THE LANDSCAPE

I cannot know your grief nor can I fully express the story of your human existence through my media. I can, however, attempt to create art that engages with issues of the human condition. I am attempting to explore the space where the viewer can become lost within the detail of the image. Through the scarification of the printed surface, I create a metaphor for the complexities of human experience.

No person should experience loss or trauma alone.

These images attempt to become multi-faceted surfaces onto which meaning can be projected. I aim to give you the opportunity to be consumed by this visual language of layering, to access a space of self-reflection through the printed mark. I hope that the thoughts of our shared human experience can reach the viewer through these images.

Let my work become a point of reflection of those things that you have lost and those experiences that have shaped you.



Installation View of
MIZPAH; A Portrait of the Landscape



Portrait of the Cape, Robben Island
Digital Print on Hannemuller Bamboo,
Silk Screen
965 x 650 mm

Portrait of the Cape, Bakoven
Digital Print on Hannemuller Bamboo,
Silk Screen
965 x 650 mm



Memorial #2
Digital Print on Hannemuller Bamboo, Monoprint
930 x 620 mm



Untitled Landscape #2
Digital Print on Hannemuller Bamboo,
Silk Screen
680 x 907 mm

this work represents you it represents me

the mirror
the skin
the body

a barrier between an appearance and a reality

colour
we started with colour
every moment of existence

we associated colour with our joys our sadness our actions
our pleasures

distractions
and other forms of drugs
mask the internal from the external

the paint

the ruptured surface
juxtaposes what is seen
versus what is unwillingly to be revealed

this is a mirror

look at it
look into it

be consumed by it



Installation View of *MTWTFSS*



Installation View of *MTWTFSS*



Installation View of *MTWTFSS*

Installation View of *MTWTFSS*

9 TO 5 + OVERTIME

What constitutes the work [of art] as a work of art? That is, what is the job of an artist?



Models | Mounting Board, Construction Glue, Pencil, Fineliner | Dimensions Variable

Checklist on Display Device | Ink on Linen Paper, Plexiglas, Wood, Metal | Approx. 700 x 681 x 1000 mm



Installation View



Filing Shelves With Provisional Patents
Plastic Filing Shelves and Pegs, Provisional Patents, Paper
1451 x 270 x 359 mm



Logbook and Display Device
Dot Matrix Printout, Dot Matrix Printer, Clear Plexiglas Sheet, Wood
Dimensions variable



Installation view of
The Artist's Table
Wood, Piano Hinges, Folding Stay, Handbag Clip, Plexiglas, Paint, Electronics
932 x 930 x 460 mm

Spike File (Expenses, Library Research, Recreational Research)
Plastic, Metal, Till Slips, Invoices, Pamphlets, Scrap Paper from
Hiddingh Hall Library, Other Paper
932 x 930 x 460 mm



Ready Sorter on Rotating Display Device
Ready Sorter, Paper, Wood, Steel, Bearings
Approx. 700 x 450 x 500 mm

SHATTERED LIVES

"Sexual, racial, gender violence and other forms of discrimination and violence in a culture cannot be eliminated without changing culture."

-Charlotte Bunch (2011:170)

This body of work interrogates the public and private moments of domestic and gender based violence; the moments in the relationship, that outsiders are not allowed to see. The images are of couples posing the way they want to be remembered. *Shattered Lives* presents the viewer with posed moments in the studio, as well as what might happen behind closed doors, in private; empty scenes of violence to be restored back to 'normality'.

The work stems from the extremely high number of passion killings (Intimate Partner Homicides) happening in Namibia. *Shattered Lives* attempts to bring the viewer's attention to the countless number of lives that are shattered daily because of gender based violence.

Disclaimer: The people represented in the images are students helping to act and perform a narrative that is not their own.

Paludi, A (ed). 2011. *The psychology of teen Violence and Victimization*. USA: ABC-CLIO,LLC

/ READ MORE ON PG 268 /



Resilience 2
Light Jet on Archival Paper
295 x 420 mm



Resilience 1 & 3
Light Jet on Archival Paper
295 x 420 mm



Black and Blue 2
Light Jet on Archival Paper
420 x 295 mm



Black and Blue 1
Light Jet on Archival Paper
420 x 295 mm



Cut Deep II
Light Jet on Archival Paper
420 x 295 mm

HOME IS WHERE THE HOUSE IS

I remember being in my first house. One of my earliest memories was in house number one. I was sitting at a turquoise coloured table, helping one of my parents cook something. The kitchen had blue and pink cupboards. Next, I was in a house in Noordhoek, one with a brambly bush at the end of the garden and the ugly dog next door. Then I remember St. James, Plumstead, Noordhoek, boxes, Plumstead, boxes, Muizenberg, black bags, Constantia, cats, Kalk Bay, broken glass, Fishhoek, our things piled up on the pavement. I remember Muizenberg, pine trees, St.James, cardboard boxes and ignoring the door when someone knocked. Moving house was just something we did. There were no questions, just the excitement of where we were going to live next.



Installation View



Clean Slate | Video Screen Shots | 5mins 9secs
 The Motions | Video screen shots | 5min 21secs



Mom and Dad
Found Family Photograph, Thread
130 x 90 mm



The Replacements
Found Photograph, Gold Chocolate Paper
80 x 120 mm



Dominoes
Found photographs, Thread
300 x 130 mm

AWKWARD SILENCE

Awkward Silence has been inspired by my experiences as a caregiver for the elderly as well as a teacher of young children. I gradually began to notice similarities between the two groups, especially within the area of articulation. My visual practice becomes a means to communicate these similarities and to make sense of the ambiguous disjunction in these areas where words so often fail.

Awkward Silence is aimed at emulating the uncomfortable and awkward nature of the earliest and last stages of one's life. The works depict the disjointedness in the behaviour and thoughts of young children and the elderly, replicating the inexplicable tensions experienced when confronted with these feelings of discomfort and anxiety. My work is founded in these experiences; these moments of visual dislocation and the attempts to make sense of it.



Fuck Vegetables | Embroidery on Found Object | 380 x 280 mm

Big Doggie | Embroidery | 1350 x 600 mm

Veil | Paper Mache, Animal Skull, News Paper, Material, Sewing | Approx. 1620 x 500 x 280 mm



Installation View



Installation View



Installation View

Pink Arms (Detail)
Knitting, Animal Skull, Batting,
Embroidery, Sewing
Approx 860 x 1530 x 440 mm

LACRIMOSA

Lacrimosa, a monochromatic photographic series, endeavours to bring awareness to our individual mortality and to that of our own vanities and materialistic wants. Expressed in art as early as the 16th century, notions of mortality, as well as the emphasised importance of the human soul, were extensively covered in both the still life paintings of *Vanitas* and its overlapping thematic, *Memento Mori*.

Lacrimosa, which directly translates to weeping, explores the thematic of vanity and the futility of avaricious behaviour, painting a visual of the inevitability of death. The photographic series incorporates and works with found objects and that of the transformed subject. Each photographic print is physically reworked and the surface or skin of each image is activated, reflecting innately on the concept that each photograph represents.



Fath/Vanity
Reworked Photograph on Academia
594 x 594 mm



Consumed
Reworked Photograph on Academia
594 x 841 mm



Descent
Reworked Photograph on Academia
594 x 841 mm

MEZZANINE

In 1925, László Moholy-Nagy published *Malerei, Photographie, Film* (Painting, Photography, Film) as the eighth in the fourteen-volume *Bauhaus Book* series. This is regarded as one of the most important yet perplexing statements on photography's potential to revolutionise vision. The book in itself became a visual object rather than a textual record.

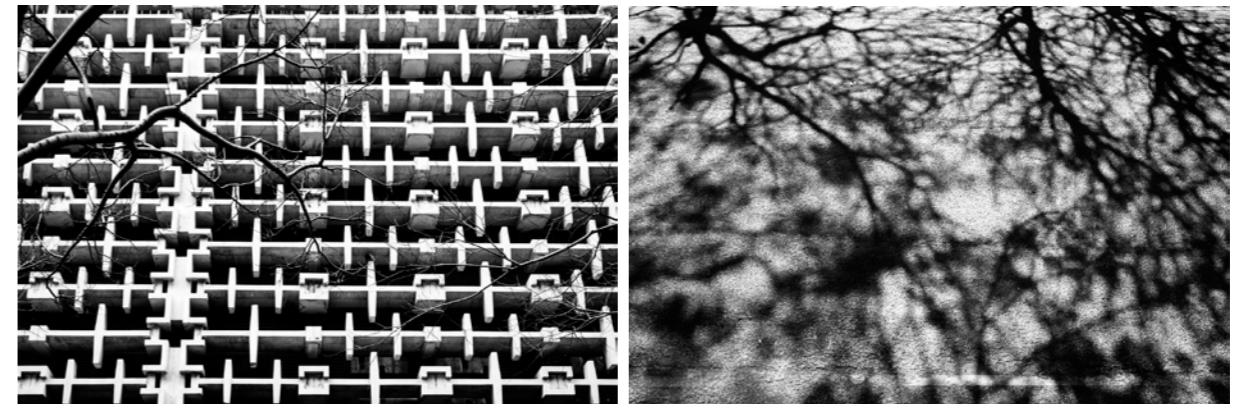
The photographic book was now seen as a new form of perceptual experience. This perception is not exclusively a visual faculty, but involves a multisensory involvement with the external world. For Moholy-Nagy, the book's structure allowed for experimentation in space-time relationships; because the pages of the book move and are experienced temporally, they can potentially create a hybrid space between various images. The book format thus influences the way we view photographs.



Mezzanine, Detail



Untitled
35mm Analogue (B&W Film)
297 x 420 mm



Untitled
35mm Analogue (B&W Film)
297 x 420 mm

Untitled
35mm Analogue (B&W Film)
297 x 420 mm

GREAT EXPECTATIONS: A LOVER'S
DISCOURSE ON BEING HUMAN



"Live your imagination, not your history" (Covey 1989)

In a state of loss, the fantasy of another life unfolds in a journey of exploration. Driven by the need for care and a sense of place, I followed the railway line in search of 'home'.

The sites of exploration, my family farm, Elandsvlei, and the historic town of Matjiesfontein, are points of familiarity and memory; living museums where time stands still.

In a place where little is discarded, the found object creates resonance and wonder in its presence and absence.

Imaginary places are created through play, shifting the context from an external world to an internal search for meaning and understanding.

Covey, S.R. 1989. *7 Habits of Highly Effective people*.
United States: Free Press.



Silence
Digital C-Print in Found Frame
400 x 500 mm

Documentation of performance piece entitled *Nice Day for a White Wedding*



Installation View
*Great Expectations: A Lover's
Discourse on Being Human*



Fly Me to the Moon
Video Still



Site-specific Installation

**OOBHUTI ABATSHA:
THE OLD AND THE NEW**

Oobhuti abatsha or *amakrwala* means 'new men'. These are men who have come back from initiation school. This series of photographs documents the specific attire worn by Xhosa new men, as a symbol of their newly obtained masculinity. The work looks at how the attire of the new men has changed over time, from a strong colonial influence to attire that is more stylish and closer to one's own contemporary and stylish identity. In a direct way, the work forces the viewer to look back at the colonial history reflected in the space, but key to the work is the reflection of the present. The men don't stand as victims of European imperialism but rather they take ownership of 'their' spaces, blurring the supposedly fixed division between the African and the European. Woven into the work is my own relationship with the 'new men', which has been both personal and removed.



Installation View of *Oobhuti abatsha: The old and the new*



Sipho Ngqayimbana (Swag)
Ink on Cotton Paper



The death of the tweed
Ink on Cotton Paper



ukusokwa
Ink on Cotton Paper

I KNEW THEY WERE LEAVING, I JUST HAD
NO IDEA IT WOULD BE SO SUDDEN

The appearance of a wasp nest on my balcony enticed me into the world of the small, pulling my awareness into the details of daily routine and giving me a reference point from which to think about the notion of a 'life cycle'.

My installation-based work in *'I knew they were leaving...'* is a study of the un-monumental, and a scrutinisation of the mundane actions and things from the everyday. It functions as a collection; a collision of objects that reflect my interest in the motions of daily living, my consciousness of time passing and my fascination with the structures involved in home-building and nest-making. In intimate and dimly lit clusters and corners, the remnants of these processes lie still, telling and retelling a number of tales, not one of them remaining true beyond the moment of its conception.



Opposite page

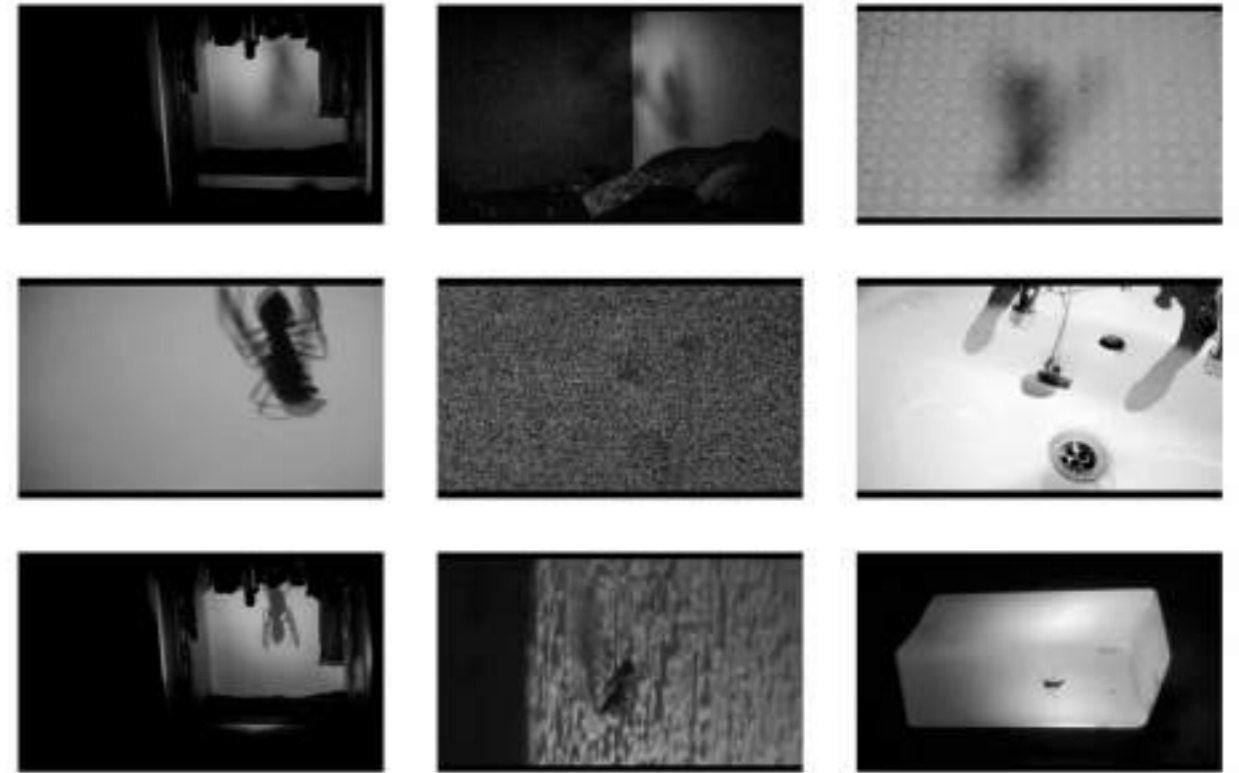
Untitled (Self Portrait with Wasp as Head)
Un-archival Prints on Paper and Wood

Wasp
Photographic Enlargement of
Dead Wasp onto Fibre Paper
300 x 250 mm

Installation View



When We Lived Together
02:28 Video Loop on Television
Screen Dimensions Variable



Wasp Interruptions
00:52 Video Loop on Television
Screen Dimensions Variable

'IMAGINED' SPACES

In this body of work, I am looking at the human experience in relation to the physical spaces that we inhabit; I focus on the architectural and the constructed world around us.

I have been aesthetically drawn to concrete, modernist architectural sites. My personal interaction with these spaces has left me overwhelmed; feeling isolated against majestic, towering minimalistic structures whilst, at the same time, feeling a sense of complete calm as I find comfort in the silence of these spaces. Attracted to the clean, perfect lines of concrete shapes and forms, I have been prompted to photograph all things concrete.

Using the technique of digital collage, I have created my own modernist sites. I present a modernist utopian world, where the boundary between reality and illusion becomes blurred. At first glance, these spaces appear real but when looking more closely, collage lines and seams are visible; it is revealed that these spaces are in fact constructed and 'non- real'. One is no longer sure what is, and what is not, real, opening up discussion around perception.

In this work, I explore the limits of representation by looking at the relationship between two separate parts of a whole; reality and illusion. It is a personal reaction to the urban environment and a method to describe the human experience of space.

*Imagined Space 1*



Imagined Space 2 and 3

Imagined Space 3 and 4

AFK

I have always felt that I needed to escape the “real” world. In June, I was diagnosed with an illness that affected my physical body, but left my avatars untouched.

“AFK ” speaks about my physical body as fragile, along with my extended existence through fantasy mediums, such as costume play and the virtual realm, where my illness becomes non-existent and my strength is infinite. My work speaks to universal escapism. The methods used and what we wish to escape from might differ from one individual to another, but the existence of this escapism portrays humans as incomplete: that we are never wholly ourselves, as we extend into other, personal worlds that no one else might even be aware of.

Taking on the role of the soldier, I portray my battles of every day life, along with my periods of illness, through the language of costuming, crafting, video games and technology.



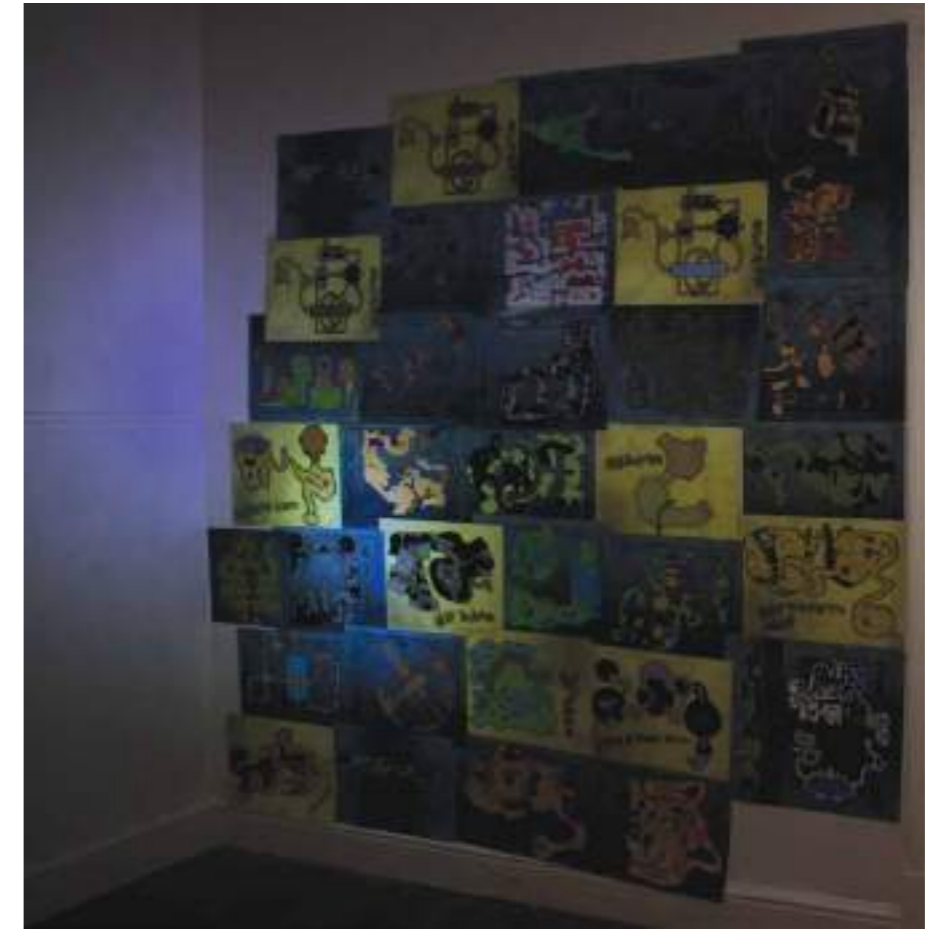
Installation View of AFK



Installation View of AFK



Installation View of AFK



Installation View of AFK

P O R T R A I T S



ALICE **TOICH** / PGDIP



AMY **ENGELBRECHT**



AMY AYANDA **LESTER**



DANIELLE **MARAIS**



DEAN **JONES**



DOMINIQUE **VILJOEN**



BEATRICE **VAN SOELEN**



BRENDON **CLACK**



BONOLO ILLINOIS **KAVULA**



EMILY **ROBERTSON**



ESTI **KRUGER**



FABIENNE **TROOST**



CAITLIN **WEARE**



CARMEN **ERSWELL**



CATHARINA **SCHEEPERS** / PGDIP



GAIL **GUNSTON**



GREG **STOCK**



HANNA **ORŁOWSKI**



CATHERINE **GRACIE**



CHELSEA **CHRISTIAN**



CHLOÉ **OBERMEYER**



HEINRICH **MINNIE**



JACQUELINE **BAKER**



JANA BABEZ **TERBLANCHE**



JENNY **PARSONS** / PGDIP



JORDAN **SWEKE**



JULIAN **GASSON**



MORGAN **STRUTT**



NARINA **NAIDOO**



RA-EES **SAIET**



JULIA **BUCHANAN**



KEREN **SETTON**



KIRSTEN **MACKRILL**



RACHEL **PATON**



RICHARD **MABULA**



ROBYN **VAN STADEN**



KYLE **SPRINGATE**



LEILA **WALTER**



LIESL **BRENZEL**



RORY **EMMETT**



ROSE **GELDERBLOM WADDILOVE**



SARAH **HUGO-HAMMAN**



LUCIENNE PALLAS **BESTALL**



LUNGISWA **GQUNTA** / PGDIP



MARGUERITE **MOON**



SHARNÉ **MCDONALD**



SHOMWATALA **SHIVUTE**



SITAARA **STODEL**



SOHETTE **WAIT**



STORM **WRIGHT**



SURAYA **PELSER**



SYLVIA **ROSSOUW**



THANDIWE **MSEBENZI**



THULI **GAMEDZE**



ZARAH **CASSIM**



ZAYAAN **FAROUK**

ALICE **TOICH** / PGDIP
allicetoich@gmail.com
www.alicetoichart.com

AMY **ENGELBRECHT**
amyengelbrecht360@gmail.com

AMY AYANDA **LESTER**
amylester1992@gmail.com

BEATRICE **VAN SOELEN**
Cherryslice18@gmail.com
www.silverbrush.co.za

BRENDON **CLACK**
bclackster@gmail.com

BONOLO ILLINOIS **KAVULA**
bonolo.k@gmail.com

CAITLIN **WEARE**
Cait.weare@gmail.com

CARMEN **ERSWELL**
erswellcarmen0@gmail.com

CATHARINA **SCHEEPERS**
catharinahelena@hereandnow.co.za

CATHERINE **GRACIE**
grccat002@myuct.ac.za

CHELSEA **CHRISTIAN**
ChrChels@gmail.com

CHLOE **DURR**
drchl001@myuct.ac.za
chloedurr1@gmail.com

CHLOÉ **OBBERMEYER**
chloeobermeyer@yahoo.com

DANIELLE **MARAI**
Monsta_mushroom@live.co.za

DEAN **JONES**
dnjones33@gmail.com

DOMINIQUE **VILJOEN**
dominiqueviljoen@yahoo.com

EMILY **ROBERTSON**
robertsoneh@gmail.com

ESTI **KRUGER**
estikruger@gmail.com

FABIENNE **TROOST**
fabienne.23@gmail.com

GAIL **GUNSTON**
gailj@gunstons.com

GREG **STOCK**
STCGRE002@myuct.ac.za

HANNA **ORLOWSKI**
hsoart@orlix.de
hsoart.wix.com/hsoart

HEINRICH **MINNIE**
heinrichmin@gmail.com
heinrichminnie.wordpress.com

JACQUELINE **BAKER**
baker.jacquie@yahoo.com

JANA BABEZ **TERBLANCHE**
janaterblanche@hotmail.com

JENNY **PARSONS** / PGDIP
jenny@artbeat.co.za
www.jennyparsons.com

JORDAN **SWEKE**
jordansweke@gmail.com
www.jordansweke.com

JULIAN **GASSON**
julian@gasson.co.za

JULIA **BUCHANAN**
buchananjulz@gmail.com

KEREN **SETTON**
setton.keren@gmail.com
http://keren-setton.tumblr.com/

KIRSTEN **MACKRILL**
kmackrill@yahoo.com

KYLE **SPRINGATE**
k.spring8@gmail.com

LEILA **WALTER**
walter.leila@gmail.com
http://leilawalter.tumblr.com
http://www.leilawalter.portfoliobox.me

LIESL **BRENZEL**
lieslieb@gmail.com

LUCIENNE PALLAS **BESTALL**
lucienne.bestall@gmail.com
lucienne-pallas-bestall.tumblr.com

LUNGISWA **GQUNTA**
malulz.g@gmail.com

MARGUERITE **MOON**
marguerite.venter@gmail.com
http://margueriteventer.wix.com/
marguerite-moon

MORGAN **STRUTT**
morganstrutt@gmail.com

NARINA **NAIDOO**
narina.naidoo@gmail.com

RA-EES **SAIET**
raeessaiet@gmail.com

RACHEL **PATON**
PTNRAC001@myuct.ac.za

RICHARD **MABULA**
richardmabula@outlook.com

ROBYN **VAN STADEN**
vstrob004@myuct.ac.za

RORY **EMMETT**
rory.emmett@gmail.com
emmettart@tumblr.com

ROSE **GELDERBLOM WADDILOVE**
rosegelderblom@gmail.com

SARAH **HUGO-HAMMAN**
hugohammans@gmail.com

SHARNÉ **MCDONALD**
thenewsmc@gmail.com

SHOMWATALA **SHIVUTE**
Ndeenda.shivute@gmail.com

SITAARA **STODEL**
sitaarastodel@gmail.com
http://sitaarastodel.wix.com/sitaarastodel

SOHETTE **WAIT**
sohette@yahoo.co.uk

STORM **WRIGHT**
Storm.hellfire.wright@gmail.com

SURAYA **PELSER**
suraya@gmx.us

SYLVIA **ROSSOUW**
rssyl001@myuct.ac.za

THULI **GAMEDZE**
thuli.gamed@gmail.com
thuli.gamedze@tumblr.com

THANDIWE **MSEBENZI**
msbtha004@myucta.ac.za

ZARAH **CASSIM**
zarahcassim@yahoo.com

ZAYAAN **FAROUK**
FRKZAY001@myuct.ac.za

ALICE TOICH / PGDIP
/ PG NO. 018 /

THE PRESENT

When I was young, five or six years old or so, I pulled up a chair and climbed atop to peer onto my mother's cosmetics shelf, as she applied some lotion in the mirror next to me. I was after one thing: a small matchbox-sized present that I had spotted blinking at me from below, that had appeared after she attended some or other personal development course of sorts. It had been sitting up on that shelf for months.

Something about an unopened present, that had managed to last that long intact, seemed utterly unnatural to my six year-old sensibilities. It was so neatly and tightly bound in shiny red wrapping foil, crossed with mirror-like gold ribbon and a puffy little bow. It was surprisingly light when I pinched it between my fingers delicately, as though it was filled with a single whisper. I sniffed it, shook it and held it up to my ear, desperately trying to allow some clue to the inner contents to slip out.

"When are you going to open it?", I enquired longingly.

My mom looked at me and smiled warmly.

"Never", she said.

"What?" I gasped.

"It's not supposed to be opened".

"What do you mean? Of course it is. How else are you going to know what's inside it?"

"I already know what's inside it."
"You do? Well then... what's inside it?"

"Inside that box is everything and anything I could ever want."

As long as I am alive, I will never forget the frustration and confusion I felt at that precise, anticlimactic moment.

How could one thing - or rather nothing - ever sum up everything someone could ever want? It appeared to be of no use, nor provide any evident pleasure; you could not play with it or eat it and really, what was the use in keeping a lousy gift around if you could never enjoy the fun of opening it?

It was a couple of years later, in my grade 6 English class, when I encountered a similar notion (and again with the box analogy). We were learning about abstract nouns: love, compassion, patience, trust, when suddenly my teacher said something completely curious.

"Now always remember, the easiest way to test if something is, in fact, an abstract noun is to always remember: you can give it to someone.... but never in a box."

I couldn't help but think back to that shiny red anomaly of a gift, and wonder whether my mom had been hoarding abstract nouns all that time. It has taken me many more years, and the better part of making some miserable mistakes, to really start to make sense of the philosophical substance with which my mother was trying to beguile my amateur intellect. And, although I never saw the little red box again, the power of using an object as a symbol, or a symbolic metaphor, for reminding one of the simplest, and oft forgotten, truisms in life has always stuck with me.

AMY AYANDA LESTER
/ PG NO. 026 /

HERE IS A HOME

For my Great-grandmother, Christine

My paintings begin with paint pours, the paint dries and the bright colours, which are rightfully free, become stagnant. The canvases are the plateaus on which I place my own and other people's emotional responses to experience. They are the places where I seek to explore and accept past experience. The paint is mostly left to chance, which resonates with the arbitrary construction of memory. Memory within this body of work is vague, highlighting The Self as uncertain. Mirroring the construction of The Self, the paint represents moments in time, onto canvas. The moment the paint dries onto the canvas, it shifts from memory into The Self. The moment the memory settles, we either choose to accept it as who we are, or reject it.

The paintings began to develop more than I had anticipated; I began to stick pieces of flowers and lace onto the canvases. The paint became thicker and the marks more controlled. Single moments of pours were covered up, the surface more saturated in differing colours and thickness. Using a set of family photographs as my point

of reference, the images were reinterpreted into impressions of those moments. Although I occasionally worked from a reference image, I felt it unnecessary to draw the marks directly from a representation of the object. As I worked into the pours, I began to feel a stronger sense of control but soon realized that even so, my choices of colour and mark making were impulsive. I found that, although the painting process became less fluid, the act of painting either way, was engaging with my thoughts about experience and the choices we make after experiencing them.

Draped over the furniture and stiffened in order to stand alone without the actual objects, the lace sculptures in my body of work are the impressions of two chairs and a table. I wish to address the ghostlike feeling of loss and the way in which memory has the power to linger in our minds.

Strung in-between my themes of loss and memory, there is an underlining theme; embedded deeper within my body of work, it reflects a form of my spirituality which I have not fully grasped. Being the daughter of a Pastor, from birth, I have grown up in the church. I have distinct memories of running up the Church isle to hold my father while he preached the word of God, watching the brides have confetti thrown on them, and retreating to the graveyard to cry and hide when my older brother teased me. The lines of belief and life were blurred, tied together so closely that I didn't care much to acknowledge the spiritual side to being. As this project developed, I began to create links between my Grandmother's flower farm and the cut flowers that surrounded me in the church, as I grew up. The flower is thus a poignant link in my family's past and present.

BEATRICE VAN SOELEN
/ PG NO. 030 /

MOLDED

This body of work explores both the literal and figurative sides of the notion of a microcosm, in a setting which is not easily placed within a specific geographic location. Quite literally, it represents human, miniature figures in various situations of work and leisure, which even in their minute forms, conform to worldly stereotypes.

My mother and father both have professions stereotypically suited to their genders. However, it was my father who decided to work from home for my benefit and who is responsible for many of the domestic chores traditionally

expected of women. Having been raised in such an environment, my project aims to explore and to break down the expected roles of men in society; consequently, women are excluded from this project in order to focus on these masculine stereotypes.

BRENDON CLACK
/ PG NO. 034 /

BLACK BOX: INPUT, OUTPUT, DISTORTION

My installation centres on themes of how communication is established and understood, through the use of new media and technology; in other words, the way we communicate today with the use of modern devices, such as smartphones and computers, across global networks and infrastructures.

The use of these devices across these networks is interesting for its properties and relations to time and space where, for example, one can communicate with someone in real time, across the continent, using the network infrastructure of the internet. I can interact with someone in a different time zone, who is experiencing a different time of day at a different location, by sending them a message from where I am, also in a different time and space; only to receive a reply in the same time that I experience my reality.

Thus, with this rapid evolution of technology through communication, we can experience time across a level of space that was previously unimaginable. To play with this spatial time relation in contemporary techno-communication, the medium of sound is used. Sound lends itself as a medium capable of bridging this spatial time relation.

The property of sound is such that it can occupy a space without actually having a notable physical presence, in other words you know it is there because you can hear it. Sound can also originate from a source in one place and be heard in another place, far away or completely removed from the source location.

The way in which these properties function, with regard to the spatial dislocation of a source of information to its output location across real time, is the same in which the rapid speed of technology operates across communication devices within networks.

The installation encompasses this process of spatial dislocation through real time, using

the medium of sound. There are physical sculptural objects that are present to activate and stimulate these sounds. These physical objects encompass archaic, outdated devices used for communication. All these devices serve as interactive elements, which viewers can play with to produce sounds that are sent to a central processing unit or hub; the sound is then output.

The hub in the installation represents the *black box*; the thing that we don't necessarily understand but utilize on an everyday basis. A *black box*, in the electronic design industry, is known as a device where the input and output is known, however the inner workings and understanding of the actual device (*black box*) is not.

We utilize many devices on a daily basis. We think that we have a basic knowledge of how the thing works, but actually we lack a true understanding. This alienated perception of how the thing truly functions, is mirrored by interaction with the installation.

CAITLIN WEARE
/ PG NO. 042 /

DUCK... NO SERIOUSLY, DUCK!

Psychoanalytically, the term 'regression' is used to describe a defence mechanism leading to the temporary or long-term reversion of the ego to an earlier stage of development, rather than handling deplorable impulses or problematic situations through acts of maturity.

It is in the collection of individual moments that make up my body of work that I find myself in a space between satisfaction and resistance, and subsequently the disillusionment of childlike notions of play. This body of work is a personal act of regression.

The act of play is inevitable, whether it presents itself through conscious game or subconscious habit. It is reasonable to say that this willing act of play is majorly, if not purely, cathartic; in the physical release of energy or in the emotional comfort that comes with ritual. To be in a state of play, is to be in a state of superfluous existence, inconsequential and undemanding. This state is so much devoid of regulation that it allows us to revel in the fantasy of escapism.

This is where the idea of play becomes more powerful than the actual action of play; when

temptation is juxtaposed with anxiety. While children live in a world of imagery, the adult is doomed in a world of symbolism. The attractiveness of the work I have created is punctured by subtle moments of tension. The excitement of a bright red toy car, just large enough for an adult to ride, just small enough to be controlled, is found stunted by the both ridiculous and distressing presence of a wheel clamp, rendering the fun impossible. It is in this confrontation of enjoyment and dissatisfaction that the adult finds that they are disappointed that they cannot partake in a childish game. And, we realize our inclination to play quite blatantly.

The combination of an initial enjoyment, its disappointment and that transitional rationalization found in the disillusionment of childhood collect as the underlying notion of my work. Small childlike aspirations quietly shattered by the reality of an adult anxiety. Or perhaps it is the other way around. In some ways, I want to provoke or remind one of the willingness to be absurd and that being realistic is a direct road to an incredibly dull perspective.

CATHERINE GRACIE
/ PG NO. 054 /

TUGGING ON LOOSE THREADS

My work is a recollection of personal memories that trigger emotional responses, such as anxiety and self-doubt, caused by changes within my immediate environment. Some of these changes included social and geographical adjustments that have affected me over time.

The significant thread throughout all of these recollected memories is the fact that, over time, my emotive response to these events has evolved and often grown into a greater fear and uncertainty within myself. In the works, scale and medium is significant in giving each piece a real sense of presence, positioning the viewer into the artist's situation. Very specific mediums were used within the works in order to evoke a particular memory. The handmade quality of the work is also essential to the personal recollection of memories.

CHELSEA CHRISTIAN
/ PG NO. 058 /

TOY

My entire body of work has evolved from plastic that I, myself, have collected on the beach where I live. I pick up every piece of plastic that I see on my beach walks and separate the toys from the general plastic pieces. I then use this both as my inspiration and as a painting medium for my works.

The plastic toys that I find on the beach are what hold my interest, as they are objects that children play with. But, these seemingly innocent toys are actually part of the bigger picture, which is that of plastic pollution. Objects, which at some point were objects of innocence, are now polluting our oceans and killing our world.

I have created paintings that draw the viewer in because of their playful imagery, but as the viewer looks closer, a bigger truth is revealed. The series of paintings that I have created, called *Beach findings*, reveal a collection of toys that relate to the natural world. All of these toys were altered in some way by the environment, as they have been tossed in the waves and degraded by beach sand, over time. The toys draw the viewer in with familiarity and fond memories. On closer inspection, however, the viewer may recognise that the toy has been found and repurposed, since it was washed up on the beach as part of the very real problem of plastic pollution.

This message is perhaps more apparent in the painting titled *Rubber Duck*, created by collaging all of the other plastic that I found, together. I chose the rubber duck as my subject matter for this painting because it is one of the most iconic plastic toys, yet it is still part of the plastic pollution epidemic. The black plastic background creates a connection between black plastic and oil, highlighting the fact that plastic actually is made from oil. I also enjoy the duality of the title, as a *Rubber Duck*, is also a little inflatable plastic boat that is used for sea rescue.

The second big plastic collage painting that I have created, titled *Rubber Duck 2*, is this same image inverted. The duck image is just a black plastic silhouette, and the background is made up of all the other different coloured plastics that I have collected. The emphasis is no longer just on the duck, but on the immense amount of plastic trash that surrounds it.

My art is environmentally grounded and has been created in the effort to express my devotion to the environment that surrounds me. I hope that, even if only in a small way, it opens viewers' eyes to the immense problem that our world faces with plastic pollution.

Every small bit counts in the battle to save our world.

CHLOE DURR

/ PG NO. 062 /

Recession

rɪˈseɪʃ(ə)n/

1. The action of receding; to motion away from an observer

2. A period of temporary economic decline during which trade and industrial activity are reduced, generally identified by a fall in GDP in two successive quarters

As a photographer, an artist and individual, I have always been curious about the lives and circumstances of the most vulnerable and less fortunate people around me. As an observer, I attempt to understand the misunderstood in order to process and interpret my own life. My body of work developed as a result of my empathy for, and curiosity in wanting to better understand and to reveal, the lives of vulnerable individuals, in order to facilitate a change in perception. With an awareness of the tradition and ethical implications of turning the camera to 'the other', I focused on gaining a better understanding of 'the self' and my personal circumstances, serving as the base for my social critique. Exposing my personal circumstances of vulnerability and loss, as a result of the Recession, became an intense and painful journey that resulted in the exposition of a fragile personal and family life.

My social critique has been brewing throughout my life, fueling my desire to expose the truth. Growing up in the supposedly 'upper echelons' of society, in England and South Africa, has enabled me to observe firsthand the pressures that go with maintaining one's status. The competitive and money-driven rules of this society have always troubled me. I have personally experienced the loss of the 'material' self, and the emotional and psychological effect on my family. My body of work reflects immense pressure, uncertainty, instability, vulnerability and emotional turmoil, all in unbridled and brutal honesty.

The luxury portrayed in Bourgeoisie and Monarchy in 17th Century Baroque paintings is evident in the style of my photographs. I have echoed a painter's hand in my use of the camera lens, capturing portraits that pay close attention to the painting techniques of chiaroscuro and tenebrism, which set the mood for the figure and the environment by using varying light

sources. One-source lighting, rich colour tones, opulent environments and portraiture resonate with an era blinded by wealth and a skewed sense of reality. I see Baroque societal values as no different from capitalist society today. The self-serving greed and opulent lifestyles led to social downfall and the French Revolution then, and I believe a similar mentality has contributed significantly to the global Recession today.

No matter how stripped society is of its trappings, the adoption of a façade continues to encourage the illusion and confusion of reality. To live an illusion, and to avoid the price of exposing the truth, appears to be a recurring tradition. I personally want to question and understand the

lies, as I can no longer believe in the illusion.

“This recession won’t be over ‘til we raise a generation that knows how to live on what

they’ve got” (unknown 2012:online)

DANIELLE MARAIS

/ PG NO. 070 /

Information.

How do we acquire and disseminate it? How is it read – and understood? What is the need for understanding – what enables us to put knowledge into practice?

Through the thematic of education, specifically formal education, I explore these questions.

The work stems from my own experience of having a systematic and formal education from a very early age, until now.

Through the process of appropriating imagery and concepts from the mystical art of Alchemy, along with knowledge of biology, I attempt to formulate my own language through a personal, systematic ordering of information.

Although chaos is prominent, organisation is evident. Objects dissolve and their original form is transmuted through visual relationships. The sheer amount of information that the viewer is confronted with speaks not only of the nature of the creative process, but also relates to the creative mind – a psychological library, not organised by logic. Only when the mind is open and receptive in

1. Anonymous Art Of Revolution. 2012. This recession won't be over till we raise a generation that knows how to live on what they've got (online). Available: <http://www.anonymousartofrevolution.com/20/07/2014>

the face of information overload, can a kind of order be created. In this instance, free-play is a technique employed to transmute knowledge to understanding practice, thus understanding.

Order, in the traditional sense, conjures up ideas of hierarchy and a patriarchal worldview that divides information into its supposed, varying categories, instead of a more holistic worldview, in which appropriation becomes the playground for new knowledge formation. These two contrasting aspects are most intensely internalised by the creative mind of a child, who is 'programmed', so to say, from an early age, to categorize and think in binaries.

I aim to challenge this by inviting each viewer to become the participant in the formation of new connections and narratives as they enter the space. I want to bring attention to the innate human capacity for creative thought and imagination – which cannot be separated from knowledge, lest it become presumptuous and ineffective.

As a result of my lifelong learning, I have acquired a body of information, yet this knowledge base has not yet been fully integrated, or rooted, into my own practice of art, or life. My initial aim for this body of work is for it to become a tool for my personal development, or personal alchemy. I have therefore dedicated this body of work to my mother, who has been my art teacher, my mentor and my guide even before my formal education began.

The end of this degree mirrors the end of a phase and the beginning of a new, unknown cycle in my personal narrative; and because art is a method of catharsis, it serves as a eulogy to my formal training and honours the roots it stems from.

DEAN JONES

/ PG NO. 076 /

THE LIGHT AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL (IS A BLACK HOLE)

“The weird thing about magenta is that you won't ever see it in a rainbow. And the rainbow is supposed to be the full spectrum of colours. So why doesn't magenta appear in the rainbow?” – The Royal Institution (2013: online)

In attempts to describe experiences of the ineffable, one is ultimately reduced to metaphor and analogy. The purpose is not to entertain

through narrative, but rather to express a renewed consciousness of the world through stimulation of various senses – a difficult task, but one that essentially serves the dual purpose of outward communication (through the creation and presentation of 'things') and inward examination (a process of 'coming to terms' as it were). The metaphorical implications of this colour magenta, one that simultaneously exists and doesn't exist (in simplified terms) thus becomes suggestive of the notion that “the eye is what predicates a “real world”” (Crary 2004:21).

Historically (and in many areas in academia from science to the arts), the inquiry into 'how we see', is one that has been present virtually since the first moment man put pen to paper. Yet the urge to address it never subsides. As a person interested in visual and sensual things, I cannot help but use the practice of art-making to develop my own language to speak to this very topic. Living in the 21st century, this examination takes on entirely new dimensions with progressions in technology, trends in music and nightlife, fast-paced-monotonous-living and an altogether more disposable and transient mode of viewing and processing information. My artistic practice is therefore one that incorporates a variety of media (from painting to sculpture, sound, text and print) with a particular focus on the mutable operation of perception. The works included in *The Light at the End of the Tunnel (is a Black Hole)* are seemingly disparate. Each of them has however stemmed from a particular idea or scene from a memory and therefore, embedded within these images is a thread of similarity and intertextuality. The manners in which the viewer engages with the works become particularly heterogeneous as the unpredictability of the relationship between embedded meaning and perceived meaning allows for an open terrain in which to experience what is presented - to refer to Bataille's opening statement in *The Solar Anus* (1931), these things are purely 'parodic', parodies of one another, perhaps the same things in 'deceptive' forms.

Bataille, G. 1931. *The Solar Anus*. Paris: Editions de la Galerie Simon.

Crary, J. 2004. *Visionary Abstractions in Olafur Eliasson: Your Light-house*. Berlin: Hatje Cantz.

The Royal Institution. 2013. *Colour Mixing: The Mystery of Magenta*. Video [Online]. Available: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=iPPYGJkVcwo>

DOMINIQUE VILJOEN

/ PG NO. 078 /

BRAVE

In the early morning hours of the first of June 1773, a fierce storm drove a Dutch cargo ship, named De Jonge Thomas, onto a sandbank near the mouth of the Salt River. It did not take long for the powerful waves to start breaking up the vessel. A detachment of 30 guards was sent to the beach to prevent spectators of the disaster from looting the cargo that washed ashore. Among the guards was Christiaan Ludwig Woltemade, the youngest son of a dairy farmer. He and the other spectators on the beach that morning could only watch as sailors attempting to swim ashore were drowned in the rough sea. When Christiaan's father, Wolraad Woltemade, arrived on horseback to bring provisions for his son, he was deeply moved by the fate of the sailors trapped on the sinking ship. Without hesitation, he urged his horse into the waves. He managed to make seven trips between the beach and the ship, each time dragging two sailors, who clung to the horse's tail, to safety. After the seventh trip, the horse and rider were both exhausted. Wolraad dismounted to give his horse a chance to rest. Seeing this, the remaining sailors on the ship cried out with renewed desperation, believing that their hero had given up. Despite his son's pleas to stay ashore, Wolraad Woltemade mounted his horse and braved the ocean again. This time, in their desperation, six sailors attempted to hold on to the horse. The weight was too much for the tired animal, and the whole group disappeared under the water.

Of the 191 passengers and crew aboard De Jonge Thomas, 53 survived the shipwreck.

138 died at sea.

14 were saved by a man named Wolraad Woltemade.

He was 65 years old at the time.

FABIENNE TROOST

/ PG NO. 090 /

SOUTHERN ARIZONA

Southern Arizona explores my attempt to reach a manifestation of a place that holds impressions of timeless sunlit hours and the wild, barren, pristine - and often gloomy - stretches in between. It is an attempt to grasp an emotive aesthetic, which simmers in my subconscious, and manifests in the space that I call *Southern Arizona*.

Southern Arizona, as a subtle adjective, is the sense of ‘how far south will you allow yourself to go’ in Arizona’s perceived vastness.

The *Southern Arizona* of my book draws inspiration from the American Southwest, which formed a part of Mexico before the Mexican-American War and the Gadsden Purchase of 1853. However, it is not limited to the American landscape, or to the South African one; although most of the photographs were taken here as it is in this space where a considerable part of the spirit of *Southern Arizona* lives and thrives.

This project makes reference to the American road narrative, Walter Benjamin’s use of montage in *The Arcades Project*² and the idea of the ‘commonplace book’³.

An array of often seemingly disparate elements come together as a record of facets of a journey through this far-away, unsolved place. Consequently, travelling and the road (the roads being both in and of *Southern Arizona*), accompanied by the transience of life and things, form a prominent part of this depiction. Elements of familiarity and the imagination come together to evoke an earthly paradise, one found amongst and augmented by the proximity of desolation and ruins.

Southern Arizona is an intangible, moving and ever-changing space that I have tried to capture by means of a tangible object (a book) – an attempt to explain the inexplicable. It is also the journey back to, or to find *Southern Arizona*. The intention is to illustrate it in such a way that whether it exists in the viewer’s actuality becomes irrelevant, and to suggest the possibility of escape to a place like *Southern Arizona* – something that might be.

Gooding, 2001. *Only Books I’ll Never Read Aren’t Tedious in Arcade*. English: The London Consortium.
Benjamin, 1999. *The Arcades Project*. Cambridge, MA: Belknap Press of Harvard University Press

2. Benjamin called it “the theatre of all my struggles and all my ideas” Covering over 1000 pages, *The Arcades Project* focuses on nineteenth-century Paris and presents an array of quotations from and reflections of countless published sources, arranged according to themes such as “Dream City,” “Photography,” and “Baudelaire”.

3. ‘In the most general sense, a commonplace book contains a collection of [medical recipes, jokes, verse, prayers, mathematical tables, aphorisms, and especially passages from letters, poems, or books] that have been copied and organized in some way, often under topical or thematic headings, in order to serve as a memory aid or reference for the compiler. Commonplace books serve as a means of storing information, so that it may be retrieved and used by the compiler, often in his or her own work.’

GAIL GUNSTON
/ PG NO. 094 /

DIS(PLACE)MENT

This current body of work draws on my childhood experience of stored furniture falling on me; resonating with my many subsequent moves; while at the same time drawing from the present disturbance of people being dislocated from their homes in Salt River to make way for offices, eateries, and other elite privileges. A kind of economic *cleansing*, rather than economic *upliftment*.

I use furniture reclaimed from the municipal dump, discarded and broken. Coating it in white paint is, superficially, creating the idea of renewal, unity and cleanliness; while on closer inspection one will notice that nothing is restored or repaired. The real issues of broken and dislocated communities are not solved, but rather, the fractures and fissures are covered to create the utopia one imagines.

Paint (the covering) is more the issue rather than the colour, but I specifically chose white because of the art historical reference to white marble sculptures and monuments; the “whitewashing” of the often superficial restoration of gentrification; and the reference to cleanliness and renewal, a *tabula rasa*. The idea of painting the broken furniture is not about restoring anything properly, but disguising the dislocation by blending everything together with a fresh, clean, uniform face.

It is my hope that this body of work will not only be a personal journey about home and identity, but that the viewer would find the work immersive, claustrophobic and somewhat threatening. The viewer might imagine their ‘home’ crashing down above them and then, maybe, feel what it must be like to lose that home. By placing the viewer inside the work, I am hoping to implicate the viewer in the part that society plays in the dislocation of others to serve an elite economic gain.

HANNA ORLOWSKI
/ PG NO. 102 /

OCEANOGRAPHY

Writing with ocean.
Ocean writing.

I stand in front of the ocean and it seems unimaginably grand.

In fact the word ocean itself seems ridiculous. Five letters to describe the infinite distance that forms the edge of my world. There is no edge, that is the point. Just endlessness. Yet, each wave comes from somewhere. Each grain of sand comes from another shore, the water’s treasure carried to my feet. Back and forth.

Like the printers arm spilling blue across the page. A grey-blue. A kind of blue. A kind of ocean. JR Solnit might call it the blue of longing

and desire, but also the blue of solitude⁴ . A blue of imagination and escape. An unapproachable blue. Yet the water runs through my toes and grounds me, situates me at this edge. As small as a star against the universe, a drop in the limitless ocean, my lack of meaning is both frightening

and reassuring⁵ .

The moon controls the tide as the waves control the ground beneath. All beings, all particles, are connected by the water around us. A bond to the past and present, to the known and unknown.

The oil forms a rainbow reflecting into the sky. Nature can indeed be beautiful. A collection of our traces, an unexpected meeting point. The pacific trash vortex is our treasure box. Invisible plastic forms ripples in the sun. Each from another shore, each the result of an action which seems so small and meaningless.

If you go far enough, you may never catch up

with yourself⁶ .

Ignorance is bliss.

HEINRICH MINNIE
/ PG NO. 106 /

NEXUS

Physical structures surround this Urban Body and it experiences a false sense of perpetuity. Some of these worlds manifest in rapid and makeshift ways, while others seem older, more

4. Solnit, R. 2006. *The Blue of Distance*. Edinburgh, Great Britain: Canongate Books Ltd.
5. Mitchell, D. 2004. *Cloud Atlas*. New York, USA: Random House Trade Paperbacks.
6. O’Farrell, M. 2005. *The distance between us*. Great Britain: Paperback

enduring and crippled in a deceptively distant past. Yet, the future hails itself in an unevenly spread digitisation of both structures and bodies. Words and images are proliferated to the point of oversaturation, and spaces become more than their material embodiment. Bodies connect with these spaces via the various levels of technology to an apparent dematerialisation. This is, perhaps, the start of a crumbling Physical, as fine cracks in the concrete of the persistent Modernist edifice are appearing. Its temporality is exhumed by the Urban Body’s awareness of its own contemporaneity as it constantly reconstitutes its own experience of time. Travelling large distances often coordinates it with the passing of time, experienced within the daily commute, stretching the entire breadth of the city.

The Body’s perceptual desires can manipulate its experience of time as it situates itself within the Physical cityscape. But the subtle anomalies force its perspective to reach the heights of the skyscrapers and mountains that surround it, while the flatlands of the sprawl slowly drag it to the escapism of the deceptively quiet suburban street. It attempts to follow the rhythm of this dislocated city, but inadvertently interrupts itself with its own feelings of dislocation. The bodies that surround it are physically in reach, but they are distant figures grappling with their own relationship to the mundane urban rhythm. The physicality of the space that they traverse becomes a palimpsest for their own temporal experience. Millions of bodies connected through a common destination, but less frequently through origin, which then stream together into various veins and nodes that are superficially connected through their daily movement. Yet, each perspective is as unique as the iris of its eye: lenses that inconsistently capture different experiences.

Thus, although the Urban Body tries to imagine some of these recordings, he can only convey a sense of his own. He tries to marry the physical and the temporal of his experience, in a misguided attempt to offset isolation and dislocation. He touches the surfaces of the tactile city with his lenses. His body is a passive vehicle that traverses the spaces of his city: an urban environment of uncanny inconsistency and superficial banality. In real-time, its rhythms are slow and predictable. However, entire neighbourhoods are fleeting moments simply travelled through. While rapidly moving, organic and inorganic bodies become blurred beams of light.

That is, until he steps into the street with its towering edifices. An overwhelming awareness of man-made material engulfs his senses, evoking

a sense of self-miniaturisation. His sense of loneliness is complimented by an acceptance of inter-connectivity; a complex space of spaces, shared and traversed by millions of other bodies. But, even as he sees glimpses of global patterns, he still fails to understand this uncanny city.

JACQUELINE BAKER
/ PG NO. 110 /

MY STATES OF RUIN

The childhood home and its connotations of innocence and youth are merged with the self, or body, in both a state of continual growth and inevitable ruin. The space is imagined, as rough memories of a time and innocence that is lost yet simultaneously preserved within ourselves and the interior spaces that we occupy. In many ways, it is but a fantasy of a space, an imagined place preserved within a time that no longer exists, merely lingering through our own longing to preserve it.

“... the house is not experienced from day to day only, on the thread of a narrative, or in the telling of our own story. Through dreams, the various dwelling-places in our lives co-penetrate and retain the treasures of former days. And after we are in the new house, when memories of other places we have lived in come back to us, we travel to the land of Motionless Childhood, motionless the way all Immemorial things are.” (Bachelard 1884-1962: 5-6)

The domestic space is used to reflect the intimate relationship between the self and the safety of the childhood home. Originally centred on the idea of youth and innocence, the child as a metaphor for the untainted and easily imposed upon, the work became focused on the process of aging and the inevitability of time passing. These ideas were specifically related to the body/self in relation to an architectural space or environment, creating a mirroring effect whereby each aspect reflects upon the other and becomes one and the same. In this way, the body and space combine in an environment that both encapsulates the aesthetic of ageing and denotes a time that is lost.

In this memorial to a ‘Motionless Childhood’, one is torn between the uncomfortable realities of change and the state in which we exist. *The body of work* is thus but a fragile fantasy of a space and time, of youth, that only exists in the continual decay of memory and self against the addition of passing time and age.

Bachelard, G. 1884-1962. *The House. From Cellar to Garret. The Significance of the hut*. In *The Poetics of Space*. Boston: Beacon Press, 1994. 1-37

JANA BABEZ TERBLANCHE
/ PG NO. 114 /

I NEVER PROMISED YOU A ROSE GARDEN

“You say I’m crazy? I got your crazy!”
Britney Spears, *Womanizer*, Circus (2008)

A friend brought me this torn out page from a kids colouring book depicting a statuesque queen with long wings and a shining staff. It had been found in a dump. The queen was beautiful, but the violent scratches of red and blue wax crayon had marred her body. I don’t know what about it made me feel so unsettled, but it just felt like a violent attack.

When I think of important moments in the construction of femininity in my lifetime, there are a few that stand out. Princess Diana’s untimely death. Monica Lewinsky’s public humiliation. The unsolved murder of the dazzling child beauty queen JonBenét Ramsey. Britney Spears’ 2007 meltdown. Kim Kardashian’s sex tape, dating drama, wedding, divorce, subsequent engagement and another marriage. Rihanna’s beating by her superstar boyfriend Chris Brown. Reeva Steenkamp’s brutal killing. These events are seared into our collective memory.

The female body is under attack.

Women have been stripped of their agency and denounced as unstable or simply too precious to have a voice. *I Never Promised You a Rose Garden* interrogates the strains on the modern female body, using the breaking down of female archetypes and the language of public celebrity breakdowns, to shift the way that we think about female agency and desire. It does not attempt to champion one narrative, but rather chips away at how the male gaze frames the female living experience. Nothing is stable. All that is solid melts into air.

We are refused depth. We’re sluts or prudes, marriage material or mistresses, in control or spiralling. We are denied the very complexities that make us human. You either want to be a Playboy Playmate or you’re pining after an elaborate white wedding and honeymoon splendour. There exists no in between space where we decide who we are and what we want.

My performances do not provide an alternative to the pre-destined roles of a patriarchal society. Rather, things are mirrored back to us to highlight their absurdity. The intention is not to negate gender roles, but to double the saturation of these roles until the repetition makes us uncomfortable. I'm particularly interested in how society builds a female figure up to a godlike status, only to wait for her to cross some invisible line and then punish her. We see it over and over again. Joan of Arc; a national hero, dies burnt at the stake. Marilyn Monroe; a world-renowned actress, sensationalised as a drug addict and mistress. Princess Diana; a beloved public figure, hounded to her death by the paparazzi. Britney Spears; a teenage singing sensation, driven to a public breakdown.

I Never Promised You a Rose Garden engages and manipulates the performance of femininity to usurp the power that systems hold over the female body. I beg your pardon, I never promised you a rose garden.

Even though she disturbed me, I framed that disfigured colouring book queen. I saw something of myself in her. Scared, but resolute. Disfigured, but still standing.

JENNY PARSONS / PGDIP
/ PG NO. 118 /

THE NATURE OF CITIES

My year at Michaelis has been an opportunity to step out of my daily practice and to explore my approach to painting. In particular, I have sought to reconcile my own position as a landscape painter in contemporary South Africa, with the very specific political and social context in which I find myself. Looking at the history of Western landscape painting, it is clear that our view of the land is distorted by a difficult past and coloured by an uncertain future.

I have chosen two very different sites for my paintings - the Company's Garden and the Edith Stephens Nature Reserve in Philippi. Both are contested spaces within the city of Cape Town, existing in very different relationships to their surroundings. The Company's Garden represents nature at its most domesticated and controlled, whereas the Edith Stephens Nature Reserve is an unfenced nature reserve, surviving despite the pressures of the city.

My paintings are an exploration into the materiality of paint and the ways in which paint can be used to interpret the landscape.

Horizontal gradations of paint disrupted by vertical impositions of mark-making, wet into wet, speak about the frailty of the landscape and our place in it. I've used a colour palette with few mid tones, creating a distorted light in which we approach the "view". It is a reversal of the deep golden light admired by Baroque and Romantic painters.

I have also made extensive use of the Claude Glass. Referencing Western landscape painting, the mirror sits between the viewer and the landscape, and acts as a lens that filters and distorts. But, it is not just an optical device. It is also symbolic, representing the way in which our conditioning acts as a filter on what we see.

Land and its ownership is a source of extreme conflict, particularly in South Africa. As an urban landscape painter, I feel this deeply. In using paint to speak of my response to the way that we inhabit the land, I have found a deeper connection to both my subject and my practice. Painting the land continues to be a way of engaging with the strangeness of being here.

JORDAN SWEKE
/ PG NO. 122 /

DOES OUR RUIN BENEFIT THE EARTH?

'Nature' is a problematic word. We understand it to be something other than ourselves. Through my work, I strive to re-align notions of nature and self. Detachment from nature corrodes the disposition of our interactions with the environment. This relationship needs to be reconstituted.

Paint allows for a visual agency that I believe many other artistic media cannot offer. A tactile emphasis on materiality is helpful in breaking illusions and revealing certain truths, while scale assists access to the sublime. This collection explores notions of both the mathematical and the abstract; a marriage of the geometric and the organic.

As well as initiating a dialogue regarding instinct and consciousness as apparently opposing binaries, each piece in this body of work serves to create an accumulative conversation between the peaceful and the dreadful, the holy and the tainted.

JULIA BUCHANAN
/ PG NO. 126 /

GILDED GUILT

Gilded Guilt is a series of works aimed at simultaneously exemplifying decadence and decay. Catering for those deemed within the 'upper realms' of society has allowed me insight into these lives of luxury. The glistening and desirable morphs into the grotesque and disturbing, not only as a result of the inevitable decomposition but, rather, because of the incredible gluttony and excess it suggests.

The works draw inspiration from Wangechi Mutu's collages and her approach to issues of consumption, as well as Penny Siopis's rich use of texture and colour. *Gilded Guilt* comments too on the effects of globalisation, the fashion industry and the eroticism of the female form. The works speak of the culture of consumption, including aspects such as greed, lust and gluttony; all of which are Deadly Sins.

Through the dense layering of blueberries, pomegranates, rotting food stains, gold leaf and luxury magazine images, the work strives to emulate the excesses that humans aspire to. All of the foods used come from past events and through using them as a means to make art, they have been saved from being put to waste. Blueberries in particular were chosen as they take the shape of beads and, within the prints, they arguably become grins, grimaces or garments. The gold, which one would expect to represent the 'divine,' as it is of precious, sacred and indestructible nature, represents the society of spectacle that surrounds us; laced with lust and luxury. However, as in most cases, that which appears sublime is in fact rotten to the core.

In the past, I have created piles, platters and tables of the most rich and decadent foods and seen too much of it go to waste. There are roughly 12 million people going to bed hungry in South Africa, the majority in Cape Town (Hosken 2014), yet our politicians and the wealthy remain uninfluenced. We all, however, somehow feed into this consumerist cycle and the works become a scapegoat for the guilt that I experience due to this.

The series challenges the materiality of art and presents works that will inevitably deteriorate in one way or another. The transient natures of the materials allow the works to take on lives of their own. Each piece transforms and decomposes autonomously, allowing creation beyond the

will and whims of myself as the artist. What once appeared grand and glamorous will, too, eventually rot and decompose. Only faint traces will be left behind.

"In societies where modern conditions of production prevail, all of life presents itself as an immense accumulation of spectacles. Everything that was directly lived has moved away into a representation."

– Guy Debord (1994:9)

JULIAN GASSON
/ PG NO. 130 /

SEACHANGE

The term 'Seachange' is defined as 'change wrought by the sea' but can also be read literally as 'change wrought upon the sea.' I find this dichotomy best expressed in two things; namely shipwrecks (a direct metaphor for the failure inherent in the conquest of property as 'change wrought by the sea') and my lack of success when I go fishing due to dwindling ocean flora and fauna (a result of the very same conquest but as 'change wrought upon the sea').

The video and sound installation *Rope Wring* (2014) is intended as an immersive installation to tip the viewer into a state of nervousness so as to highlight the concern that I have for ocean ecologies in jeopardy. A recording of me wringing a rope, so as to elicit sharp snaps and cracks, is projected into the exhibition space asynchronously from a different point. In order to provide a frame of reference for the viewer, a supplementary video showing my hands wringing the rope is presented at the entrance to the exhibition space.

Showing the other side of the seachange dichotomy, *Recovered Wreck Metal* (2014) is presented as a linearly arranged collection of bandaged objects (metal articles once belonging to The Runnymede which sunk in 1866) evocative of bodies lined up against a gunwale in preparation for burial at sea.

Rope Machine (2014) focuses specifically on the conquest of property and the human hand responsible for dwindling fish stocks. It is an obnoxious and heavily overcomplicated machine by design which can very efficiently make rope, but only through human intervention.

Four looped strings are secured between four complimentary hooks located at the base and head of the machine. The base hooks rotate when powered by a motor, causing the looped strings to twist about themselves to an optimum tension. When this tension is reached, the top four hooks rotate at the same speed as those at the base, leaving the system in a state of perpetual stasis; the strings primed for forming rope, yet prevented from doing so by their own rotation. However, by letting down the head unit via a pulley system, the tension barrier is broken and the four strings instantly start to wrap around each other with great speed, until a stiff and sturdy rope is created.

Unheeded warnings for the pressure placed on ocean ecologies can be found in a line of death knells that make up *Timber Bell* (2014). A variable edition of five, the bells made of timber are presented for the viewer to ring and paradoxically delight in the resultant hollow *thunk*.

The collection of lithographic prints presented in *Print Portfolio* (2014) is intended to key the viewer in to my practice, often involving exhaustive research and processes, through detail drawings, proposal montages and journal sketches. Supplementary to this, videos documenting the assembly, installation, presentation and operation of the kinetic works featured in *Seachange* can be found at my Youtube channel (www.youtube.com/user/JulianGasson).

KEREN SETTON
/ PG NO. 134 /

SMALL MAKES BIG

I have been concerned with how children become adults, and how small discomforts become bigger revolts and revolution. Gradually, small things that may have once seemed insignificant can become significant. I am interested in the influence of parents, adults, institutions and societal norms on the formation of identity in children, as well as how the ordinary individual is seemingly powerless in relation to decisions that are made by larger bodies of power. Through the processes of reexamining my childhood and my family history, I have begun a conversation and investigation into binary ideas of right and wrong, them and us, I and you, and other mental boundaries, borders and rules.

The videos explore childhood, family life, celebration, tradition and growing up, as well as

the violence that is inherent in identity formation, including gender construction and other tensions that occur when identity is questioned. I treat my videos as visual collages, and the process of editing as a way of making sense of the past and present. Our fragile identity is constantly being edited and changing as we grow and we are like living collages of memory and information.

For me, memory is an uncertain terrain and it has played an important role in my own identity formation. My memory of childhood is very blurry and uncertain and has been greatly facilitated by home documentation devices such as videos and photographs. The stories my mother has told me about my childhood are another important link to my past. In this body of work I have carried on with this tradition of storytelling by creating my own narratives about my past and present. From the hours of footage, I have drawn out moments that resonate with my own experiences of childhood and growing up, as well as moments that remind me of more general, clichéd and romantic ideas of childhood. The archival footage comprises of 8mm film that shows snippets of my mother's childhood in South Africa, my father's upbringing in Israel, as well as video footage of my childhood in South Africa. It is apparent that tradition, ritual and family culture have been passed down through generations, as there are many uncanny similarities between my childhood and that of my parents. However, there are also distinct differences between the different cultures and family traditions.

The act of editing is complex and has the power to construct narratives that may not be based on reality, but rather on fictional desires. Family albums often document moments of achievement and celebration, and exclude moments of darkness and struggle. In my videos, I attempt to incorporate these uncomfortable memories into the familiar picturesque imagery and to illustrate the internal battles and uncertainties that I face in the constant process of growing.

LEILA WALTER
/ PG NO. 146 /

BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP BLUE SEA

I delight in Walter Benjamin's description of the domestic interior in his 1939 exposés of *Paris, Capital of the Nineteenth Century* as a phantasmagorical space, one which represents the universe for the individual who brings together in his home distant lands and memories:

“His living room is a box in the theatre of the world”. And I believe this to be true, but only to a certain extent; of course we choose the objects of our homes, yet these choices are guided by conventions and archetypes, which produce ubiquitous relics in the present. There is a chair upholstered in a floral fabric in the corner of the room that I know so intimately, that I have spent hours curled up in, yet it is not my chair. It becomes the object of the memory of comfort and familiarity, yet it is foreign. There are other elements too: I am adamant that at some point my family has had a traditional ship in a bottle, yet I cannot place the memory, and suspect it to be false. Similarly, I remember spending the greatest part of my childhood by the sea and sailing, yet was overwhelmingly disappointed to find but one photograph of myself sailing in our family archive, alongside my grandfather in his dinghy *Gijimisa*, on the water at Sunday’s River.

I seem to have been presented initially with a false sense of security, a space in which I have been recurrently allured by a familiar, yet borrowed nostalgia. There is a familiarity and perceived serenity, which is under toned by an ominous presence. Everything appears to be sinking in a manner, either surpassing the gravitational pull downwards, or upwards towards some imperceptible point. Anxiety and uneasiness prevail. The imagery of a romantic distance becomes a call for escape; a ladder reaches up impossibly, almost vanishing to a miniature, unreachable window above. A paddle sinks, stuck in the floor.

I behold that which is before me and think of the woman from a story I remember being told as child, who sat anxiously knitting by the fire waiting for her husband to return from the stormy sea, and how this image produced in me such turmoil. I imagine the Victorian women for whom decorating and keeping a household was the highlight of their life, and begin to experience a paradoxical desire for the stability and warmth of this ideal, and the overwhelming impulse to flee from it. The dream to escape in a ship of white sails, the realm of this romantic imagery, is realized concurrently with my sensation of being anchored by the weight of the inheritance of privilege. Presented in this work is entrapment: *Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea*.

LIESL BRENZEL
/ PG NO. 150 /

INVENTORY

My work is about me.

Conceptually, it originates from a personal experience that I feel could be relevant and/ or socially engaging. However, it is not so personal that the viewer cannot relate to it. I do not try to force the viewer into a narrow field of interpretation, but try to leave each piece open for exploration.

In this body of work, my focus is addiction. Stemming from my experience with drug addiction, the work explores the broader sense of the term. It is not only about drugs, but any element that one can become powerless to control. Specifically, I aim to engage with the feeling of being trapped in one’s own skin, of being imprisoned “in the universe of [one’s] blood and thoughts” (Kundera 1978:157). It is ultimately a uniquely claustrophobic experience and usually occurs when trying to escape one’s thoughts and surroundings. It is a futile endeavour as one cannot escape oneself.

Within this body of work, I have used various materials such as animal bones, horns, wax and found objects. The wax has been carefully constructed in order to look like human skin. Yet, the folds and creases in some of the works lead the skin to look like material. There is interplay between reality and illusion, referencing the thought processes formed through addiction. The figures and forms have been abstracted and manipulated to create different functions and contexts. The human torsos could be anatomical, or they could be pillows. The kudu horns could be animal parts, or they could be arms. The bones inside what appears to be human skin symbolise the feeling of being trapped; they are too big and are out of place. This disconnection relates to the feeling of not quite belonging anywhere. It is also about transformation; taking one thing and turning it into something else. This emphasis on changing and evolving links to the transformation of the addiction cycle, as well as the recovery process.

Further elements tied into the work are that of desire and repulsion. The colour of the wax is desirable as it echoes the colours of confectionary, yet when one realises what one is looking at, it is at once repulsive. The distorted figures and the combinations of animal bones with human anatomy inspire repugnance within the viewer. This duality is absolutely crucial in my work as it highlights the desire of the addict for that which is destroying them, as well as the repulsion towards the ultimately negative effects of the addiction.

Kundera, M. 1978. *The Book of Laughter and Forgetting*. Faber and Faber: London.

LUCIENNE PALLAS BESTALL
/ PG NO. 154 /

SOME ART HISTORY

Historically and geographically removed from the Western art centres, the South African art microcosm maintains a particular and peculiar relationship with Art History and its objects; given the inaccessibility of the original, and the familiarity of its disseminated reproductions. Borrowed and second-hand, the reality of this Art History becomes that of the replica, the copy, the translation; through mediums of transmission from Western ‘centre’ to South African ‘periphery’. *Some Art History* presents an accumulation of mediated art historical fragments, highlighting incongruous points of contact between disparate times and places; revealing curious discontinuities and idiosyncrasies in their contextual asymmetry (Celant and Koolhaas, 2013:1). These considerations reflect a curiously abiding attachment to the story of Art History, a story contextually and ideologically dislocated from contemporary South Africa. A story that is at once familiar and peculiarly inaccessible.

If art is either ‘plagiarism or revolution’⁷ the objects in *Some Art History* are resolutely the former – illustrating fictions more seductive than the real thing, a preference for reproductions and for mediated experiences. They function in different registers; some allude to objects or themes that recur in the Art History narrative, others operate as visual analogies of progression and dispersion. The materiality of the objects and images engages with the techniques and mediums that continue to transmit and disperse art and its histories over great distances. Additionally, and more importantly, each object fulfils Duchamp’s primary prerequisites for readymades: they are

both familiar and *indifferent*⁸.

Some Art History’s objects are not simply readymades, but *simulated* readymades. Each object is a fabrication of another, an imperfect copy. The vaguely absurd act of replicating

7. After Marcel Duchamp’s definition of art along a similar trajectory.
8. “You have to approach something with an indifference, as if you had no aesthetic emotion. The choice of the readymades is always based on visual indifference and, at the same time, on the total absence of good or bad taste.” (Duchamp in de Duve, 1996:395)

objects proposes a double entendre; at once instilling an unassuming object with the aura of handiwork (of time), and denying this aura with the act of copying. Indifferent objects - mundane, banal, quotidian - twice-removed; delay made manifest through the distancing tactic of studied fabrication. Here, the reproductions precede the originals; their distinction becomes indistinct (Larios, 2013:166). There is a seduction to these translations and reproductions, caught between estrangement and immediacy, neither copy nor original; but something else besides.

This incomplete collection of objects fails to present a total image or narrative; the sum of its parts cannot equal, or resemble, the original whole; only gesture towards it. A record of fragments, accidental encounters and rough associations; the peculiarly disjointed arrangement of objects presents a site where “the history of art collides with the immediacy of objects.” (Stevenson Gallery, 2011:1).

Continuously engaged in a confusion of absence and presence, reference and deference, immediacy and historic distance, the accumulation of objects and images in *Some Art History* conjure, perhaps, not the monolithic narrative of Art History, but rather that of some imagined history, furnished by the originals’ documentation (Larios, 2013:166).

De Duve, Thierry. 1996. *Kant After Duchamp*. Cambridge: October/The MIT Press.

Celant, Germano and Koolhaas, Rem. 2013. *Dialogue Between Germano Celant and Rem Koolhaas*. Available online: http://www.prada.com/assets/cacomer/downloads/press/en/08/2013_FP_2_WABF_Dialogue%20with%20Rem%20Koolhaas.pdf. [2014, September 5].

Larios, Pablo. 2013. *When Attitudes Become Form*. Frieze. 157: 166.
Stevenson Gallery. 2011. *Zander Blom: New Paintings (Johannesburg)*. Available: <http://stevenson.info/exhibitions/blom/index2011.html>. [2013, September 20].

LUNGISWA GQUNTA / PGDIP
/ PG NO. 158 /

THE HOME OF RESIDUE

Having moved to a different city for the first time, I left behind family, friends and the place I called home. I have since attempted to recreate, through the memories of precious moments, people and places, what I had left behind while

simultaneously creating a new home for myself. I grew up in two households and in both homes I didn’t have my own bedroom; I either shared a bed or slept on the couch because our houses were not large enough to accommodate my big family. What may seem like a minor or common issue to some people, turned out to be a defining memory of my childhood. Having to constantly negotiate my space, well into my early adult years, resulted in my sense of always being a visitor in my own home. Therefore, my ideas of privacy, comfort and control were completely disassociated with ‘home’.

“There has been extensive debate on the mythological and idealized nature of home. Such debate clearly identifies home as an ambiguous and multivalent idea which performs roles of privacy, security, entrapment, comfort, boredom, isolation, mythic idealization of the past, rural fantasy, the site for self-expression, the site for family cohesion, family conflict and violence, the place of ‘feminine arts’ and women’s primary oppression” (Leach 2002:156).

Memory plays an important role in this project because it is the most immediate way that I can visit ‘home’, relive those life-changing moments and connect with family members, both alive and passed on. These memories become a threshold and often I find that there is an object associated with a certain memory or event; therefore these objects become carriers of those moments. Thus, I have chosen to (re)create my memory of home by bringing these objects together in one room. I have sculpted objects, working from an abstracted memory, with discarded and old wood. I give those memories new life by burning, or scarring, the surface of the wood. “In psychoanalytic terms, to reconstruct a house-like form that is resonant with painful memories can help the process of recovery” (Perry 2004:262). The process of burning is an important part of my work because it represents a new start, a rebirth of ‘home’ and a renewal of memories. A forest fire does not only destroy what was there before, but initiates growth and paves the way for a fresh, new start; this is what I have set out to do with this body of work. Furthermore, I engage with the process of burning as a meditative act, dealing with the anxiety, depression and isolation I often feel from being in a foreign environment, away from the comforts of ‘home’.

MARGUERITE MOON
/ PG NO. 162 /

LATITUDE

The combination of an act of violence committed against me and the death of a person whom I believed possessed great wisdom motivated this project. The concept of good/ness - what we believe it is and whether we can recognise it in others - became my initial focus.

I asked people I know and did not know to identify a person known to them whom they felt embodied good/ness. I tracked down these people and interviewed them regarding their perceptions of good/ness. While recording their interviews I started to simultaneously record a photograph, on film, of them that lasted for the duration of the interview. Getting to know a person takes time. Recording a few minutes of a person photographically - while talking, thinking and moving – as opposed to them having less than a second to present their being to the camera, seemed an appropriate way to represent each person and their conversation. Photography’s response, when pushed into unusually long exposures, produced photographs of undefined bodies which resulted in a suitable visual language for this project. Photography extended perception and uncertainty as answers.

Testing the exposure latitude created a visual space where the physics of photography struggled to produce images in accordance with technical ‘correctness’. It challenges our expectancy of what a portrait should look like. Each person has their own ever-changing conscious and unconscious processes of assessing others and I wanted my photographic approach to capturing people to reflect that fluidity by questioning the norm. These painterly, long exposure recordings/images invite the viewer to confront their own perceptions regarding people and the uncertainties in life that we have no control over. The unclear physical body hides from the gaze that which we usually base our judgements on. What remains clear in the images are merely reflections of a physical circumstance.

Each individual is the fluid embodiment of many diverse experiences, situations, feelings and thoughts.

MORGAN STRUTT
/ PG NO. 166 /

ON BURNING MIRRORS AND LENSES

Light has a beginning point and an end point. In-between switching the power on and the light

shining, magic happens. This cannot be seen with the naked eye but we know it exists because of its end point. What happens in the middle?

Of course, there is science that explains the phenomenon; the law of refraction was formalised in a mathematical formula known as Snell's law $\sin\theta_1\sin\theta_2=v_1v_2=n_2n_1$. But, if we perceive light while disregarding the context, how can we understand it? After all, we cannot see it and rely purely on context to know it exists. We know the beginning, we know the end and, so, we know there must be something in-between. The magic is in this “empty” middle that allows the freedom to project and to explore from a personal point of view. This emptiness is what interests me. The middle. The middle that is not universal, it is personal. It has been a challenge for me to try and grasp this middle, as I understand it as the Abyss.

“This doctrine is extremely difficult to explain; but it corresponds more or less to the gap in thought between the Real, which is ideal, and the Unreal, which is actual. In the Abyss all things exist, indeed, at least in posse, but are without any possible meaning; for they lack the substratum of spiritual Reality. They are appearances without Law. They are thus Insane Delusions.

Now the Abyss being thus the great storehouse of Phenomena, it is the source of all impressions”

Crowley, from ‘Man’ in *Little Essays Toward Truth* (1973:online)

My interest in light is not about trying to recreate an experience, but about making one aware of the construction of the experience. I choose to emphasise the power sources, and a regeneration of familiar lights that speak directly of both a domestic and public realm. Through adjusting forms and opening up the skeletal structures of the lights, one is confronted with the underbelly of the familiar.

My work becomes a master narrative of how I view creation. My abstraction of a beginning, a middle and an end. Here, I can play with this middle by harnessing the emptiness, filling it with light and then unplug the power. In the darkness you are caught within a liminal space, the gap between the ideal and the actual. By constantly disrupting these two realms, I hope to leave the viewer in a state of confusion and disorientation, giving the individual a starting point to think of his or her own narrative or context. I prompt interpretation through object associations; even the act of diffusing lights hints to middle, making

visible the in-between phase that is otherwise invisible.

Crowley, A 1973. ‘Man’ in *Little Essays Toward Truth*. Available: [Online] <http://www.bibliotecapleyades.net/crowley/littleessays/man.htm> (27 Oct. 14)

NARINA NAIDOO
/ PG NO. 170 /

CLASSIFIED: EXCERPTS OF THE ALBUM

Classified: Excerpts of the Album is an exhibition dedicated to my grandmother and my great-grandmother. Upon my search to find out more about my grandfathers, I stumbled across a family archive consisting of old albums, a plastic bag of old photographs and an 8mm film reel, which had been shot by my maternal grandfather.

As I sifted through the found material, I started arranging the photographs into various categories and was immediately drawn to the images of my family's travels.

The exhibition is divided into multiple smaller bodies of work. This references the different chapters of the family album as well as the grouping process that was used when sifting through the pile of material. The work uses scanning as a form of photography, where the scanner is used as a camera to ‘photograph’ already existing images, therefore recapturing a moment from a different era. Through layering, juxtaposition and existing text and annotations, the work then allows for the images to be narrated by the viewer and allows for links and connections to be made in the work. Throughout the multiple series, pins and thread have been used to suspend the work. These materials reference mapping and the journey and migration of my family.

The exhibition has been curated in such a way that the works are linked visually and thematically. Series of works which correlate (such as inside and outside or back and front) are placed on opposite walls. This creates a conflicting tension, witty similarities between works, as well as makes reference to the two sides of photographs where, often, more information is given on the back than in the image itself.

Having grown up in a post Apartheid era and living abroad for my formative years, the archive and the way in which it has been documented,

has been a way in which I have been able to share the experiences of my family.

RA-EES SAIET
/ PG NO. 178 /

US-LI

[Verse 1: Drake]
Look, fuck all that “Happy to be here” shit that y’all want me on
I’m the big homie, they still be tryna ‘lil bro me, dog
Like I should fall in line, like I should alert niggas
When I’m ‘bout to drop somethin’ crazy and not say I’m the greatest
Of my generation, like I should be dressing different
Like I should be less aggressive and pessimistic
Like I should be way more nervous and less dismissive
Like I should be on my best behavior and not talk my shit
And do it major like the niggas who paved the way for us
Like I didn’t study the game to the letter
And understand that I’m not doin’ it the same
Man, I’m doing it better
Like I didn’t make that clearer this year
Like I should feel, I don’t know, guilty for saying that
They should put a couple more mirrors in here
So I can stare at myself
These are usually just some thoughts that I would share with myself
But I thought “Fuck it”
It’s worth it to share ‘em with someone else other than Paris for once

*Paris Morton Music 2
Nothing Was the Same
Aubrey Drake Graham, 2014*

(Taken off rap.genius.com)

ROBYN VAN STADEN
/ PG NO. 186 /

THE MODEL IS PRESENT

The body of work presented focuses on various prejudices in the modeling industry. Skin colour is one of the most evident prejudices as more white models are employed by modeling agencies than ‘non-white’ models. Based on my own research

of modeling agencies throughout the country, I have designed a black and white pattern, featured in *The Runway Series* and *The Model is Present*, based on the number of white to ‘non-white’ models employed in the country. *Skin* also addresses the prejudice of what the ideal skin tone is.

Along with skin colour, hair colour and type are prevalent prejudices too. If white is the ideal, then all features of the white body are too. There is no black supermodel who wears their hair naturally; straight hair, as a part of the ideal white body, has been portrayed as beautiful. Hair portrays the confusion faced by ‘non-white’ models as to celebrating their natural beauty, or aspiring to the in-demand white ideal.

RORY EMMETT
/ PG NO. 190 /

COLOURMAN

16 The city was laid out like a square, as long as it was wide. He measured the city with the rod and found it to be 12,000 stadia [c] in length, and as wide and high as it is long ...The foundations of the city walls were decorated with every kind of precious stone. – Rev

21:16-19 (NIV)

Colourman (*kʌləmən*)
n, pl -men

1. (Commerce) a person who deals in paints.

Colourman is a personal contribution to broader, ever developing, discourses, drawing on historical events and narratives, personal and collective memory, city theory and culture, as well as politics and spirituality in combination with everyday mundanity.

Colourman, a term I first came across in James Elkins’ text titled *What Painting is* (1999), is used to reflect on language and the terms inherent in painting and various sociopolitical and economic systems. These terms become subverted to form visual and textual puns. Defined as someone who ‘deals in paints’, a Colourman is a historical figure in painting, who would serve as a supplier or assistant to an old master. *The Colourman* becomes a metaphorical figure of transcendence; completely ambiguous, his *colour* is a constructed arrangement of literal pigment. The *Colourman* occupies a grey area whereby the liminality of inbetweenness situates one in no specific racial classification. The “human subject”

becomes inhuman or alien. The body is a vessel for narrative, subjection and subjugation, but on my own accord, as a means of preeminence as opposed to oppression. I purposefully become something ‘other’, but something autonomous. Seeing myself as something outside of myself.

Being referred to as a “coloured painter”, as my father was, starts to function as a much more nuanced title for myself as a young man ‘of colour’ practicing within the field of painting today. I interrogate the commodification of objects, images and people, as I simultaneously deconstruct colour. By engaging in painterly ways across media, including performance, photography, video and instillation, I seek to question notions of post-production through a poststructuralist sense of appropriation in painting. This extends to everyday life suggesting the painter as ‘labourer’, thereby making a direct reference to my father’s occupation as a house painter and builder.

The bigger works on canvas, in which I depict the foundation stones of the *Ideal City/ New Jerusalem* (Jasper-Amethyst), are essentially colour field paintings, reminiscent of the modernist and abstract expressionist traditions and the spiritual spaces within these forms.

I have set out to visualize a prophetic space of contemplation and consciousness by evoking a sense of the eternal; an *ideal city*, whereby I remain aware of my human condition but place my hope in my spiritual redemption; all the while realizing that this ‘hope’ is often hindered by the ‘everyday’. The struggle continues as a result of iniquitous power relations, racial segregations, classifications and class distinctions that manifest in spatial politics and instances of spontaneous violent incursions that take place in and around this present city.

This is my “dealing in paints”, an attempt to transcend that which aspires to define me.

ROSE GELDERBLOM WADDILOVE
/ PG NO. 194 /

MIZPAH; A PORTRAIT OF THE LANDSCAPE

And Mizpah; for he said, The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another. Genesis [31:49](#)

“The life of the object is produced in human

experience.” WJT Mitchell (2005: 30)

i carry your heart with me (i carry it in my heart) ee cummings (1952)

A watch post for the person living in the moment of mourning and loss, this body of work attempts to provide a space for reflection and comfort. In a society where so many people experience trauma and hardship, the image of the landscape becomes a symbol of the potential for freedom from unhappiness and difficult experiences.

I have attempted to find a sublime space for reflection, where the marks built up on the surface become a metaphor for the scars and lesions that are the result of human experience, trauma and loss. I aim to facilitate an opportunity for the acts of mourning and processing the hardships associated with troubled times. The scarification of the image surface reflects the emotional scarification to which so many people are exposed and suffer through, in silence.

No one deserves to experience pain alone.

These images attempt to act as a lens through which a person may safely reflect on past experiences that have made them who they are at this moment in time. These images find their potential when the viewer projects their own meaning and interpretation onto the picture surface.

The view of the sublime landscape represented within these images attempts to create a sensation of calm. Within this calm, the viewer is able to find a moment of solitude, freedom from their trials and tribulations and freedom from the conflicts that exist within their own mind.

The surface acts as a memorial to the process of image production. Meditations on colour and line attempt to entice the viewer to become absorbed within the image, so as to give them a sense of relief and freedom from the adversities of their existence. Relief from suffering, for even a moment, is my intention for this work.

An attempt is made to create so many layers of marks that the original image is lost and a new, multi-faceted image is created. Viewing the image becomes a process of excavation. The artist’s hand becomes a gesture of companionship.

Without the distraction of human forms, this collection of landscapes allows for a deeper interrogation of the significance of the environment on the understanding of events and experiences. Every human experience is located within a physical environment. Whether

this environment is aesthetically pleasing or not, it is a locale within which something has been experienced. An environment acts as a silent witness to every act.

I consider all human experience as valuable. Attempting to be accessible to all people, regardless of their circumstance, these images should create a space for reflection and contemplation; a space free from the restrictions of troubled times.

Mitchell, WJT. 2005. *What Do Pictures Want?: The Lives and Loves of Images*. Chicago: University of Chicago Press.

Cummings, E. 1952 from Firmage, G. (ed). 1980. Complete Poems: 1904-1962 by E. E. Cummings, New York: Liveright Publishing Corporation.

SARAH HUGO-HAMMAN

[/ PG NO. 198 /](#)

MTWTFSS

seven days. seven colours. repeated over and over again. its a laborious task but to do this act is the only way I know how. its in the repetition. it's a pattern. hard to get into but even harder to get out of. it can control your life. it can control your thoughts. and your emotions. but its everyday. and its in the everyday that i choose to engage with. manipulate. and interrogate as a way of posing a question to how both you. and i choose to navigate through it.

to negotiate and navigate in the everyday. seven days a week. is seen in what we choose to consume. in the way we eat. drink. take. reveal and control the way people see us in a varying reality. a constructed reality that serves as a form of protection. protection from the external. no one can see everything. or know what that which occurs in an internal. in an internal state of mind. in my internal state of mind. the skin. the body. the barrier.

colour acts as this barrier. it is both the attraction and distraction. a surface which is at the point of departure between an internal. and the external. the colour is this desirable mask. the attraction to the surface. and yet. at the same time. it is also the product of the tragedy. the desire. the ecstasy. of both yours and mine. it changes shape. form. consistency and texture. A layered process. covering up and removing. applying and taking away. at each work. and at each stage of a process of creation. encapsulated in the repetition of a

struggle to create the appearance. of both the visual and physical . it is the experience. it is an experience of making and seeing.

the see through quality of plastic. a façade. a moment of a suspended exponential reality. the liminal state of exultation. to plasticize. the indication of a physical manipulation . a duality. that both represents the uniform and the regular with the pervasiveness of the shattered and broken. of something bubbling underneath the surface. mutating. into something indefinite yet recognizable to someone who is willing for contemplation. of time spent.

the meaning of a colour. of a material that changes with time. time of conscious and subconscious states. evolving through total immersion of the sensorial. governing the relationship between two things. two things both giving and taking. both creating meaning for the other in a moment. a moment to contemplate. to take the time to not only look at it but to look into it. allowing yourself to be wholly consumed by it. i have been consumed.

MONDAY TUESDAY WEDNESDAY THURSDAY
FRIDAY SATURDAY SUNDAY

HOLIDAY GIRLS

SHARNÉ MCDONALD

[/ PG NO. 202 /](#)

9 TO 5 + OVERTIME

Art as a job is an interesting proposition. Using everyday work materials such as those used for filing and administration typical of office environments, my work takes an interdisciplinary approach to the artistic process. By using the visual language of typically ‘professional’ work and speaking about art, but also presenting

this ‘conversation’ as art, a meta-perspective⁹ is created to take an analytical stance towards my own labours. In my work, the administrative/ professional environment plays an important role in the making of meaning. Specifically because I am attempting to take an investigative stance towards ‘Fine Art’, I take a viewpoint that could be described as a ‘change point’ kind of view¹⁰.

9. This is in fact a psychology term describing a person's perceived view of themselves in the eyes of another; in other words, what you think other people think of you. Carine Zaayman introduced me to this term.

10. At first I used the phrase ‘side-step’ in this instance, but because this describes an uninvolved, evasive point of view, I am using the term ‘change point’ which is, very basically, the point between a

struggle to create the appearance. of both the visual and physical . it is the experience. it is an experience of making and seeing.

ideas and inventions¹¹, this project aims to investigate artistic practice itself by, among these other practices, attending a first-year mechanical engineering drawing course (which is situated outside of fine art, ideologically and architecturally, through being in another faculty in the university). In this way, artistic practice takes on different, and perhaps unexpected, forms and objects. The inventions that are made in this conceptual space are then inserted into/linked to the patenting system, which changes artworks into products - or rather, makes it more evident that artworks are products.

Throughout this project, I am also collecting: collection in the form of administration and filing. The collection of data is meaningful in terms of trying to gauge the value of the activities that the information represents; the activities and their representations are all research, as well as playful investigations into artistic practice. There is a push-pull relationship between play and work in this project. Play takes place when I conceptualise (*Idea-making*¹²), make inventions, prototypes or drawings, when I do *Recreational Research*¹³ or research in the library, and also when I attend the Mechanical Engineering Drawing course (MEC1006W). These activities are ‘play’, because I learn and grow (which is essentially research) while doing them, and they include inventive steps¹⁴. On the other hand, when I log activities in my *Logbook*, do filing in the *Ready Sorter* and on the *Spike File*, do patent searches on the internet, correspond with staff from the CIPC (Companies and Intellectual

known and unknown location/measurement (between ‘back sight’ and ‘foresight’) in land surveying. I would like to think that I am surveying the land of Fine Art, in my practice, from known points into unknown points through the use of administrative and other ‘non-Fine Art’ practices. These ‘non-Fine Art’ practices are the unknown points in my Fine Art practice, and I am both inside the ‘Fine Art’ landscape and ‘side-stepping’ it at the same time, as it were. This term, along with the term ‘meta-perspective’, is a non-fine art term. Both these terms again show the interdisciplinary nature and aims of my project.

11. One of the things that is interesting about inventions, is their similarities with artworks: they are essentially ideas that are made into products. When placed into the patent filing system, these ideas are required to be ‘novel’ and ‘innovative’, with references to preceding similar inventions (“prior art”).

12. As with *Recreational Research*, what I am calling *Idea-making* is not necessarily a new concept, but rather a name I give to the formulation of ideas as products themselves, instead of the usual notion of ‘getting an idea’.

13. What I am calling *Recreational Research*, is basically doing something else besides work, but it counts as work because it is ‘playful research’. This is not a new concept, only a new name for it.

14. Scher, P. 2008. *Serious Play: Great Design Is Serious, Not Solemn* [Podcast]. TED Talks, May. Available: https://www.ted.com/talks/paula_scher_gets_serious. [2014, July 12].

Property Commission) and others via email, make to-do lists, and file provisional patents, I am not in ‘play’ because these are systematic and administrative processes of knowledge. The office space necessarily embodies ‘work’, and a controlled infrastructure of information, but at the same time, I am practicing as an artist and all of these activities are wrapped up in an artwork.

SHOMWATALA SHIVUTE

[/ PG NO. 206 /](#)

SHATTERED LIVES

Namibia is known as a nation that fought for its freedom; the national anthem speaks of heroes and fallen soldiers “who blood waters our freedom”. Yet, today, the blood that is ‘watering’ this nation is that of our own children. We are fighting amongst ourselves, and killing each other. The number of “Passion Killings” (or Intimate Partner Homicide as it has been officially named by the Government) has increased drastically over the past three years. The number of people murdering their partners and then attempting to kill themselves is extremely high. As a young member of the nation, I worry about how all of this is affecting my peers.

There is usually a prelude to the murders; the abuse and violence in the domestic space. It’s hidden away behind the closed doors and drawn curtains of the home. The images that I have taken are of students who pose as couples, pretending to be happy because that is how they want to be remembered. Once you look closer, you see that one of the partners in the image is uncomfortable and may show signs of physical abuse, such as bruising.

The images of the couples have been paired with scenes of the aftermath of the violence in the home. The scene that the victims, after having been abused, have to return to ‘normal’ without traces of the violence. The scenes show what cannot be seen in the image of the couples looking “happy”; they show the intense violence. Thousands of people fall victim to Gender Based Violence, whether it is in their homes or in their community. Most of the time the person who is hurting them is someone they know; a family member, close friend or even their intimate partner. It is not easy for them to speak out about it. This project brings forth the things that we as a society sometime prefer to turn a blind eye to.

SITAARA STODEL

[/ PG NO. 001 /](#)

HOME IS WHERE THE HOUSE IS

Home is Where the House is consists of a series of photographic collages and videos based around my personal experiences of growing up continuously moving house. During the time of being raised by my single mother and living with my two older sisters, we were evicted many times. From the time we left my father when I was two, until the end of my high school education, I moved over twenty times. When I moved out of my mother's home, I continued this ‘tradition’ of migrancy, mainly out of habit.

I started this project by collaging other people's family snapshots, which I found at a second hand store. With hindsight, I began to realize that I had subconsciously been drawn to making work about home, fragmented memories, domesticity and interior family spaces. From here, I decided to investigate my memories by curating and arranging other peoples’ experiences and presenting them as my own. I have used traditional collaging techniques as well as sewing and weaving into found photographs. The processes of cutting and piercing are aggressive ones. The act of painstakingly sewing photographs together speaks of a desire and longing to create a home that does not exist. At some point, I came across my parents’ wedding photographs which hadn’t been seen since they were developed thirty years ago. I began working into these images and treating them as found objects as well.

After photographing a set made from paper from the inside of a home, with myself inserted as the subject, I experimented with making videos. I filmed my hands collaging images of myself moving from one house to the next, held together by the provisional mediums of string and adhesive putty. In these videos, I am revisiting my experience of the constant need to ‘make a home’ with each move. These works speak to a longing for and simultaneous rejection of notions of home.

SOHETTE WAIT

[/ PG NO. 214 /](#)

AWKWARD SILENCE

Awkward Silence draws from my personal experience as a caregiver, caring for the elderly, but also as a teacher of young children. It was

after being a primary school teacher, teaching for ten years in London and three years in Shanghai, that I returned to South Africa to focus on and explore my creative abilities. Once enrolled at the Michaelis School of Fine Art, I faced financial constraints that led to me caring for the elderly across England, during my holidays, to acquire the necessary funds.

It was during these years of studying and working, alternating between children and the elderly that I was struck with the similarities between the very young and the very old. I saw how teaching 5 year olds and caring for the elderly connected. I started to draw similarities between these ages. I realised that there was a disconnection between how people perceived these two age brackets and how these two age brackets experienced life, and subsequently embarked to produce a body of work that would capture this feeling of dislocation.

By presenting a seemingly innocent array of ideas and mediums in *Awkward Silence*, I hint at something more sinister; encouraging a closer inspection, without volunteering any easy answers, I create a space open to interpretation for the viewer. I allow the viewer to see with his/her naked eye all of the problems that the elderly and children face through lack of understanding, by creating confusion in the viewer when confronted with the innocent, quirky yet anxious array of work. Like listening to a thousand conversations at once, one can perceive words and ideas in these images but the general meanings are lost.

I have attempted to develop a unique visual language composed of cyanotype, embroidery and sculpture. I do not seek to convey specific concepts, narratives nor ideas. My works aims to blur the line between graphic design and fine art, replacing it with a new language of confused expression that offers a perplexing visual mindscape. I have created a new form of communication that, like ancient hieroglyphs, tells stories in which the narratives are left to the viewer to decipher.

With confusing complexity yet simultaneously beautiful simplicity, these works creatively manipulate various modes of technologies and hand produced precision to produce a brand new language that speaks about the similarities between growth and ageing, and the gains and losses involved. *Awkward Silence* draws on the overlapping that occurs between a young child and an elderly individual. There is something you can't put your finger on: the disjointedness behind these thoughts, of children or the elderly, becomes difficult to verbalise. This lack of clear verbalization combined with the subject matter

creates a subtle tension in the viewer, provoking a feeling of being awkward, uncomfortable or even slightly anxious. This is the moment around which my work is centred; the moment of a visual dislocation, and the attempt to make sense of it.

SURAYA PELSER

/ PG NO. 222 /

MEZZANINE

Mezzanine breaks away from traditional modernist depictions of the city (often pristine and utopian), and seeks to reference a rather surreal and somewhat dehumanised space, the ‘mezzanine’, while at times evoking rich and iconic imagery reminiscent of T.S. Eliot’s poems.

The *Mezzanine* essentially speaks of the city and that which exists within; from the fleeting to the romantic, the beautiful and majestic, the strange and absurd, the gritty and repetitive, the poignant and the sombre, the lyrical and whimsical, to the eventual and unavoidable alienation that exists within this shared space.

Mezzanine is a book in which each spread encourages a dialogue between the images on its verso and recto. These act as a non-‘absolute’ and metaphorical ‘third space’.

The notion of the ‘third space’, created through the juxtapositioning of images in order to stimulate newer and more complex meanings and relationships, relates to the title, *Mezzanine*. The title plays on form, considering that the body of work focuses predominantly on the formal elements and structures within the city. A mezzanine is traditionally a low storey between two others in a building, or more literally a third space that exists between two others. The contrast between the physicality of the mezzanine in relation to the figurative third space nonetheless seeks to create tangibility within the work.

The *mezzanine* is thus a ‘third space’ that exists within the realm of the perceived reality. This ‘city’, although based on an existing city, is not a documentation of it. Rather, it is an altered representation which survives upon the isolation of all that exists beyond the camera’s viewfinder.

The body of work was influenced both formally and materially by modernism, particularly in the decision to shoot on 35mm analogue using black and white film. The formal aspects

of the photographs reference modernist photographers such as Andreas Feininger, Alexander Rodchenko and László Moholy-Nagy, along with those of the Bauhaus as well as the *Neues Sehen* (New Vision) movements. Each of these photographers and movements aimed to reinvigorate the photographic medium from the deadpan documentary of the time into one that experimented with compositional and technical means in order to achieve a unique sense of artistic expression.

THANDIWE MSEBENZI

/ PG NO. 230 /

OOBHUTI ABATSHA: THE OLD AND THE NEW

“Culture is performed rather than inhibited, culture is invented for specific circumstances and material is used from symbolic reasons” (Sikhumbuzo Mngadi)

Oobuti abatsha or *amakwala* refers to ‘new men’. These are men who are recent initiates, who have come back from the mountain or initiation school. This series of photographs documents the specific attire worn by Xhosa new men, as a symbol of their newly obtained masculinity. The clothing also acts as part of a performance of their masculinity, as it marks their transformation from boys to men in the eyes of their communities. The clothes are worn for a period of six months before the men return to normal everyday clothing. This attire has also changed overtime with a strong influence of European culture of men’s wear.

The Kaki and tweed blazer, with sombre and subdued colours, characterise the old attire of *oobhuti abatsha* (new men). Tweed was a fashion style that was popular in the 1950s. The style remained in the culture throughout the time I was growing up; what I understood as to define a Xhosa man. The project interrogates how we appropriate, shape and give meaning to things and make them our own. The previous attire was assimilated into the Xhosa culture from colonial and missionary clothes that resulted in a style that was very western, yet so unique to the Xhosa man. Today, velvet or linen, peach and/or blue blazers, check or wide brimmed hats characterise the new men. The new men of today take claim and ownership of a new, independent fashion “swag” identity. Inescapably sown into the project is my relationship as a Xhosa woman with the “new men”, that has been both personal and removed, based on material objects.

The new men in these images are students at the University of Cape Town, many of them first years, coming to a foreign, impermanent space of learning; another form of initiation. The space also comes to represent a colonial history but, most importantly, the history of present times in which the black man takes ownership of the space and is not a victim of European imperialism.

THULI GAMEDZE

/ PG NO. 234 /

I KNEW THEY WERE LEAVING, I JUST HAD NO IDEA IT WOULD BE SO SUDDEN

The appearance of a wasp nest on my balcony enticed me into the world of the small, pulling my awareness into the details of daily routine and giving me a reference point from which to think about the notion of a ‘life cycle’. They arrived a few months into 2014, and I watched them closely nearly everyday.

My main interests have been the actions involved in seeing and looking, and the notion of everyday ‘being’. In familiarizing myself with the ways of these insects, I began to see their world parallel to my own, understanding the everyday nuances of my domestic existence as forming greater phases of my own life cycle. The nest became a root entity in thinking around the idea of ‘home’ and its associations of family, familiarity and being ‘brought up’. The tiny, living, breathing nest, whose change was visible and had direct influence on the way I occupied the space around it, provided a fluid and alive frame of reference from which to investigate these themes.

This awareness of the fluidity and constant change in the ‘smaller worlds’ around me lead me to make use of a process-based approach, in which the art object stands in as a by-product of an engagement. This is best represented by the empty wasps’ nest - an object not ‘finished’ in the sense of a traditional artwork. It simply exists as a result of its usefulness at certain moments, in rearing a number of beings. In this sense, my artworks’ function lies in the moments of their making. They become complete, redundant even, as soon as some new, more exciting way to think through daily life comes along.

The camera allows for this thinking space. Photographic processes provide an unceasingly dynamic tool in accompanying and heightening the experience of seeing, allowing the

photographer to greatly manipulate the viewer’s understanding and perception. Photography was central in exploring the darker undertones of my project, such as the perceived threat of the wasps, and the mystery of their world. There was an un-navigable distance between us, and a depth of untranslatable experience. A distance that speaks disturbingly to humans’ partiality to disconnected engagement, looking at and studying the world from a distance, as though unaffected, through a window.

On the evening of the 16th of September, I arrived home to an empty nest.

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PHOTO CREDITS

Andrew Juries – PG 130, 131, 133, 156 /*A Story of Art (Ladder)*/, 157 /*Detail from A Story of Art (Garden Venus)*

Heinrich Minnie – PG 38, 39, 40, 41



Paris Brummer – PG 54, 55, 56, 57, 106, 107, 108, 150, 151, 152 /*05.07.2010 and 06.02.2011*/, 167, 174, 175, 176, 177

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