



When
Tomorrow
Comes

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"WHEN TOMORROW COMES"

Thick descriptions of the apocalyptic – riddled with adjectives and nuanced with metaphors of destruction, dystopia and despondent fatalism – have provided countless artists with inspiration.

It would have been obvious to bring together art works that illustrate one version or another of Armageddon. This literalism would seem logical enough given the philosophical and creative priorities of the curators: Michael Titlestad is a literary scholar concerned with End Times texts; Jacki McInnes is a visual artist who enquires into utopian/dystopian imaginaries across historical and geo-political contexts; and Jyoti Mistry is a film scholar and practitioner well versed in the recurrent cinematic preoccupation with 'disaster films'.

But our curatorial vision, although informed by these three diverse areas of expertise, seeks to engage the saturated field of representation comprising stock imagery and a worn currency of metaphor and metonymy. We pose questions: How might art face up to droll dystopian fantasies of social and environmental collapse? How might it challenge the oddly consoling idea of an absolute conclusion? How, in doing so, might art subvert theological logic and help to secularize the imagination?

Apocalyptic narratives invite visual conjecture. This heuristic frees the imagination to explore endless 'what if' situations and consequences. When artists are freed from stereotypes (stationary cars on congested highways, vehicles lying on their roofs dripping the last valuable drops of fuel, the barricaded family ...) and the rhetoric prescribed by political, environmental or conspiratorial discourse, enlivening, defamiliarizing possibilities result.

In our curation we were also concerned with our context; interpretations informed by the particularities of South African history and its present. This nation has been marked by a particular succession of political theologies.

Various groups have traded in the threat of looming devastation and prophets of one order or another have proclaimed the prospect of our imminent deliverance. Religious ideas have been constantly translated into social and political registers. In some respects, though, South Africa is typical rather than unique.

Our history of competing – often hysterical – beliefs that our nation is about to be destroyed or redeemed presents the opportunity to look from here to the world beyond, in which similar dynamics are proliferating.

With these questions informing "When Tomorrow Comes", the artists we have brought together reflect on 'the end' through personal interpretations; each providing space for the contemplative, meditative and reflective. What makes the exhibition remarkable is that each work resists hysteria and hyperbole.

Johannesburg, 2016

Curators

Jacki McInnes, Jyoti Mistry, Michael Titlestad

The Artists

Jane Alexander

Willem Boshoff

Steven Cohen

Marianne Halter & Mario Marchisella

Michael MacGarry

Volker März

Jacki McInnes

Jyoti Mistry

Mohau Modisakeng

Moffat Takadiwa

Diane Victor

WAM Collection: Susan Bristow

Wits Art Museum

15 March - 29 May

Michaelis Galleries

11 July - 5 August

Trading Futures

**Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time.**

(Macbeth V. 5)

**Blades of grass at the sides of the road were streaked with
black, and the ground seemed to be smoking, a layer of
foul steam about her ankles. It got worse the further she
walked. She turned around.**

**The standing houses were occupied, some by their former
inhabitants, some by squatters. Even among the ruins a few
people prolonged a miserable existence. And the more
adventurous sort of travellers came from afar to ponder
here the mutability of human affairs.**

**There were moments when they were sure they could hear
shouts and cries and the roar of the flames across the
miles of empty veld. Then by degrees the flower grew redder
and duller, the fountain lost its strength, till at last,
with some of the children asleep in arms and others rub-
bing their eyes, and with nothing left to see but a smoky
glow in the distance, it was time to go back to bed.
The police struck at dawn.**

We live in a time of dark premonitions. Our fears are so entrenched and tenacious that they are easily catalogued: global warming, terrorism, a pandemic resulting from viral mutation, a devastating astronomical event, the collapse of the world's financial system – the breakdown of capitalism – and the consequences of the widening chasm between the rich and the poor. We also encode more nebulous fears, creating monstrous figures from the edges of our consciousness. Only the naïve and the fundamentalist, it seems, hope for utopia. Ours is, after all, a time in which Medusa eclipses Apollo; in which we are almost pining for the end times.

These fears are based in a temporality that we can describe as 'apocalyptic'. This vestige of theological understanding, this eschatology, inscribes linear time in accordance with which we are progressing towards a conclusion; catastrophe will soon break into and undo history. While St John of Patmos describes the apocalypse as both destruction and revelation, we are fixated only on the sense of a looming ending. If any truth is to be revealed, it will only be that we have been myopic; that we failed in the tasks of protecting our society and the natural environment on which it depends. We anticipate only a negative revelation which exposes us to have been fools.

This anticipation makes us vulnerable to extremism. If we think that the collapse of society is both likely and imminent, we are implicitly preparing for a state of emergency: we are readying ourselves to suspend the juridical system and to allow governments, security agencies or quangos to exercise power unchecked. Our fears for the future make us susceptible to totalitarianism: liberal democracy and secular governance are the first victims of crisis. The more widespread the crisis, the faster and deeper the loss. Politicians use fear to consolidate and simplify the power they seek to wield; they are and will be driven, not by anxiety and despair, but by baser motives. They seek to convince us that Leviathan can only be held at bay if we are prepared to sacrifice to it the fullness of our humanity.

This use of fear, like everything political, is inextricable from economics. By trading in grim futures and imminent threats, states, companies, corporations and banks turn individuals into manic consumers. This results in everything from the sale of domestic security systems and gun acquisition to the use of terror in the media to sell advertising. It is also the basis of the industry of risk analysis. The public pays exorbitantly in an effort to ward off the effects of personal and general catastrophes.

It follows from these propositions that catastrophism is reactionary. Alarmism stultifies individuals and polities; it results in a stunned docility that can be exploited by the powerful. Any emancipatory project seems doomed; any revolution impossible.

The opposite point of view can be defended. Worst case analysis – hyperbolic projection – can drive social change. In this view, we should use our fears to sharpen our perception and our policies. Fear is essential to progress in that it (alone) can galvanize people into action. Our anticipation of doom should clarify a path into the future. The crux of environmental catastrophism, for instance, is the conviction that, if activists are able to disseminate enough information about the dire state of the environment and the imminence of an ecological tipping point, people will take action. Research suggests, though, that there is no meaningful correlation between the two: catastrophism seldom leads to radicalization. The understanding that impending upheaval is necessary for revolution is more seductive than convincing.

Catastrophism, then, can serve the purposes of the right or the left. Either way, apocalyptic reasoning trades on the logic of an end-point towards which time is orientated; it uses this terminal point, this inevitable and immanent conclusion, to make sense of the present. What if we were to think of a different version of time, one that is neither linear nor teleological? Scholars have argued that temporal regimes are never singular: they are multiple, overlapping, contradictory, culturally specific and individually eccentric. Those who seek to

**There was welfare and work, the usual bureaucratic labyrinths.
The laughing children in the parks and playgrounds showed
that the future could be imagined, though elsewhere the
luckless starved in alleys. The bombs of madmen were rare.
The nights were not wholly desolate.**

**To the suffering, yes. Around us every day. Jeez, man, it's enough
to deaden anyone. Can't help it. You have to be tough, otherwise you
won't make it. Feelings. A few remain. Can't help being human.
My wife, he interrupts himself again. My wife hardly ever
leaves the house these days. It's all too terrible for her.
Takes it to heart, you know. Worries about our
future too much. It's really miserable.**

**And then? Then the explosion at Koeberg. And the sabotage
of the power stations. Boom, boom, boom, he grimaces. Like
cannon shots. Week after week. Across the country. There were
too many factions in the government. Even in the provinces.
Everyone sat on their own throne like a king. And made sure
they bribed the army and police to prop them up.**

It was a very simple idea. The state of the world we found ourselves in and the years of wars had left just a few thousand people struggling to survive and those who could sustain us in the years to come - the young - were dying every day. Due to lack of resources only those who could contribute could be allowed to be part of the two settlements, the two settlements that would build a new world.

It never struck me as a particularly original idea. Erase the weak for the sake of the strong. Sometimes the best ideas are so simple they feel as if they've been tried before. But it was an idea required for the times. It was our duty to ourselves to adopt it.

His subject matter has been stripped down to a few elements: a disembodied head (rolling down a hill with a staring eye); bloodied fists, shields, a wall, the sea, a table; an upside-down ladder (Jacob's struggle with the angel); the hand of God that doubles as the hand of the painter; the naked light bulb (another comic-strip motif). Apocalyptic imagery. A flood with drifting heads. a self-portrait and the faces of his parents and brothers, the heads frequently stylized, reduced to little more than a staring eye.

The library was ransacked, bookshops razed, printing presses and binding frames smashed. Books were thrown onto pyres and burnt over many weeks, so that the air became black. From miles around could be seen the death of written words and all the wisdom and fantasies and beauty they held. What had been established over centuries was brought to a close. A number of people, those seen to be leaders, were executed in the town square.

The driver spoke again.
'It was very surprising, this rain,' he said.
'Yes,' I said. 'Incredible. Nobody knew it would come.'
He smiled. 'There was so much of it that the company had to open the gates of the dam, here on the mountain. They deployed extra guards in the area, to guard the river that filled up. The problem was that a new river came out from it, and the water followed new paths to other places ... there were some surprising discoveries.'

References

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8. Ingrid Winterbach *The Road of Excess* (trans. Leon de Kock) (Cape Town: Human and Rousseau, 2014, p. 54-55)
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10. Karen Jayes *For the Mercy of Water* (Johannesburg: Penguin, 2012, p. 14)

convince us that time unfolds towards some ineluctable future have an agenda. They have an ideological purpose in setting out to convince us that the world's dark horizons are legible. There are no trustworthy soothsayers or doomsayers.

What if we turn to the individual's experience of time to re-think this commitment to a catastrophic ending? Individual futures are constructed by recurrent revisiting of the past, reinterpreting it and weaving it into particular anticipations. This recursive process entails repression, shifting emphasis, digressions, transferences, selected recollection, reframing and reliance on screen memories. There is no relation to the past that is not complicated; no envisaged future that is plainly predictable. The quotidian reality of each human being is made in an intricate process of moving backwards and forwards in time. Whatever illusion of a linear progression of selfhood we embrace, it is no more than a myth of affective and intellectual consolidation. In reality, individuals de-structure time in the processes of constructing the self.

Can we use these existential vicissitudes to reflect on society and history? In the most obvious sense, maintaining that societies progress or decline in a rudimentary sense needs to be contested. The present consists in the on-going redefinition of the past. At the same time, the projective imagination arises out of this conjunction of past and present. Unless we register this dynamism – this appropriation and interpretation of the past – we lose a truly historical sense. Society's progress through time is, like the individual's compounded temporalities, never linear.

In a recent work, the French philosopher, Pascal Bruckner, suggests that apocalyptic reasoning is fanatical. He argues that, in our day and age, 'anxiety has been elevated to the status of a political virtue'. This leads to a fundamentalist desire to abandon the present; to relegate all human progress – since the Enlightenment – to the dustbin of history. In place of advocating a present that is a productive engagement with the past, it has become orthodox to propose that we give up on the world as we have made it.

Is it not possible to manifest and elaborate the post-enlightenment spirit? We cannot, as many activists would have it, revert to a past we consider virtuous. We also cannot afford to accede to the injunction to halt scientific, political and economic development. We need to progress in sensible ways, prudentially addressing and managing every threat we face. What we need is a measured and generous defence of our world that celebrates the ingenuity, even genius, of the human race.

Bruckner also identifies in environmentalist rhetoric an admonishment to give up joy in favour of embracing scarcity. We can only defend the environment, in this view, if we seek out abject humility and embrace regression. Only this will save the world from science, consumerism and materialism. Bruckner, on the contrary, defends the spirit of invention: we are most likely to overcome our fears if we find ways of improvising new solutions. We need to replace our 'ecology of accusation' with purposeful and moral effort.

This critique of apocalyptic thinking suggests that – as with existential time – we must abandon social and political thought embedded in linear temporality. Improvising a future should entail a constant conversation with the past (from which we can draw any number of time signatures) as well as a willingness to test our ideas for their present and future viability. We need to silence the ideological clamour of millennial thought in favour of the middle-ground of hesitant possibilities. A commitment to the middle of humanity, which lurches backwards and forwards in time, makes tomorrow both less horrific and reclaims it for human agency.

Michael Titlestad

Pushing On/Off Buttons of Consciousness

I consider myself a **'regular civilian.'**

Like most civilians who do not belong to the professional world of scientists compromised of multiple disciplines – geology, climatology, environmental studies (a few amongst the many) – I rely and trust what the experts tell me.

Like most groups of people from differing professions, there is a mutual trust of professional practice: a respect for what the experts tell us. What experts offer is studied and informed to empower civilians to understand the 'state of things.'

Scientific data is meticulously collected by researchers, measured and then analysed with the aim to offer solutions to complex problems. This highly convincing empirical evidence is presented in a substantial way to 'regular civilians'. Science with its empirical persuasion offers the cause and effect; the prevention and the cure; the invention and its application and ultimately, the creation and its possible destruction.

I hear: Increasing temperatures. Rising sea levels. Spread of diseases.

I read: To inform and educate myself on the industrial conditions that have resulted in accelerated climate change I forage numerous websites which cater to the needs of a range of audiences from classroom aides to insider scientific debates.

I watch: *An Inconvenient Truth* (Davis Guggenheim, 2006) where the voice-over of Al Gore guides me through the opening sequence of the award-winning climate change documentary. I am shown the beauty of the Earth, at first a light-speck in the galaxy and as the camera comes closer to our planet he says:

"You see that pale, blue dot? That's us. Everything that has ever happened in all of human history has happened on that pixel. All the triumphs and all the tragedies, all the wars, all the famines, all the major advances... It's our only home. And that is what is at stake: our ability to live on planet Earth, to have a future as a civilization. I believe this is a moral issue. It is your time to seize this issue; it is our time to rise again to secure our future."

Increased pulse rate, a quickening of the heart, dilated pupils, beads of perspiration gather at the temples... fear sets in.

Panic.

But I also consider myself, a **'not so regular civilian'.**

When I hear: I wrestle with the jargon, work through the words carefully and distil their meanings meticulously.

When I read: I unpack the logic, find the causal relations in the way arguments are presented and even when the language is scientific (far removed from the ways in which I am schooled to use words) I work hard to understand.

When I watch: Like most civilians I respond emotively. I am moved by the responsibilities that are asked of me as an inhabitant of the planet. But I am also highly aware of how strong emotional reactions can be elicited through moving images. How the skilful construction of images assembled with the right music and appropriately chosen sound bytes serve to produce alarm and fear; to educate and conscientious through emotion. The use of the medium is to create the necessary panic to incite action.

I recall the slogan "there is no PLANET B."

Where will we go? What happens to our loved ones? Think about the future, the future of our children. We owe it to them. As humans we are ALL responsible.



Panic... panic

Apocalyptic language: "the end of the world" – "end of time" – "the end of the world as we know it" accompanied of course with all the appropriate images of doom, destruction and devastation has its earliest roots in religious (or spiritual) literature. The Book of Revelation is the last book of the New Testament that warns of a destructive end of our earth and civilisation. The accumulation of Man's sins amount to the unveiling of God's Truth brought upon the Earth as a means to finally eradicate the evil that we as humans have created.

Hollywood has capitalised on the idea of an apocalypse with numerous films that explore these themes in multiple scenarios: End of Days (Peter Hyams, 1999); 2012 (Roland Emmerich, 2009); and Book of Eli (Albert and Allen Hughes, 2010) ... to name a few recent examples.

Often I watch in awe at the scale of these films, crafted to entertain but probing in a way that demands that we think of our actions and our humanity. It forces us to probe our morality (unsubstantiated by any scientific logic or reason) these are spiritual musings.

No panic.

It is not only the Christian faith that is concerned with the ideas of an 'end as we know it'. The Vedic scriptures and much of Buddhist philosophy is predicated on cycles (yuga), which are described with a beginning (creation) and its end (destruction).

A single complete divine cycle (kalpa in Sanskrit and epoch in English) is made up of four cyclic parts: Satya Yuga, Treta Yuga, Dwapar Yuga and Kali Yuga. The processes of creation and destruction are defined as an intricate balance and a co-dependency. For what enables creation is precisely the recognition for destruction and thus, a balance between creation and destruction enables our existence. According to the Vedas we are currently in the final age Kali Yuga, an age of impurity, vices, war and famine. The multiple examples of Man's accumulated destruction are condensed as a spiritual loss of our humanity; our propensity for compassion and connection to a Higher Truth all but disappearing. The end of this kalpa will be marked by the descent of Lord Shiva (the Hindu god that signifies destruction) to Earth. Lord Shiva eventually destroys the entire universe in order to resume the cycle of Satya Yuga (the Age of Truth), at which point the entire process of the divine cycle (kalpa) recommences.

I read the Vedas with wonder, amazed by the logic that explains why the spiritual connection with the Self is central to a cosmic awareness. I am daunted by the time-cycles and wonder if it connects with geological Earth time-lines. I am moved by the metaphors and intrigued by the poetry of this balance that in order for life to be sustained something must be destroyed. But it feels too fatalistic, outside of my grasp that searches for the scientific, the rational, the empirical.

No panic.

Another tsunami destroys a coastline. Hurricanes, tornadoes, and the slow but steady melting of glaciers result in increasing sea levels. The Earth is going about its business, doing what the Earth must do: responding to tidal changes, earthquakes and the slow cooling of the sun's core. Making sense of the data I become familiar with the internal debates, one that civilians are not so easily given access to. Global warming is one of many debates in science that threatens our future; that threatens our civilization; that threatens our home. It comes to the fore because of its rate of acceleration at our own hands and it is a means to implicate nations and its people in the future of the planet. It seems to be a way to produce solidarity, forcing us to readdress our humanity on a global scale on account of its planetary consequences.

Panic.

Is the message going to incite action?

Is there enough time?

Will there be change?

Panic... panic.



Progress:

Our desire to conquer things, defy spatial and temporal boundaries, to be led by our intelligence and imagination is to a large extent how we distinguish ourselves as a higher life form. Human intelligence is marked by our progress technologically and philosophically, and how we rationalise our treatment of one another. Our cherished value of human rights evokes the idea that we are respectful to one another and we pride ourselves on being acutely aware of it. In order to secure our future on Earth, we must take care of it.

"I am my brother's keeper and a keeper of our home."

Garbage, refuse, waste: These huge heaps are the traces of our existence. They signify our demand for recognition that 'we exist', that 'we are here.'

Garbage and the scale at which we produce it affirms our progress. The more we have progressed, the more garbage we have produced. The divide between nations and also the difference between continents (at this point) is about how much garbage we produce and then, of course, what is to be done with all this waste – the excessive remains. But garbage is not simply waste, it marks our sense of entitlement. It is intricately linked to how we think of our rights as human beings. Ensuring that we have a right to choose, garbage is the trace of our lifestyles and therefore cannot be negotiated at any cost. Rather than produce less, we produce more and instead of diminishing the supply, the solution is to try and cope with the increasing excessiveness.

Recycle: Beautiful rows of multi-coloured bins line the streets. Each one is colour-coded to remind you to divide your refuse: Plastic, glass, paper, metal, biodegradable, compost. The division requires some education. If we must make excessive choices then responsibility and accountability can be contained in colour-coded bins. It is a useful instrument to deal with one's conscience and produces the necessary solidarity: Each of us is doing our part.

"The sum is greater than its parts" and the accumulated effect can result in some significant reduction in carbon emissions, the green-house effect and ultimately slow down global warming.

I live on a continent where there is little that is wasted or wasteful. Garbage is often recycled and often not dealt with in organized bins. Objects are used in many imaginative ways; creative ways fashioned out of necessity where the immediate function of an object is outlived through multiple "afterlives."

**Pity, panic, panic,
pity, panic...**

Many of the solutions posed to reduce the rate of global warming suggest that the fossil fuels of oil, coal, or small subsistence cooking devices would best be eliminated as part of the response to climate change. Rice farming is yet another strategic place for intervention. The irony of course, is that for the most part these interventions are aimed at the poorest parts of the world, at the poorest populations who are the least involved in affecting climate change at the scale that causes our alarm.



I am confused.

I am moved by the private stories of local communities who have been forcibly removed from their habitat. Increasing numbers of human rights documentaries tell the stories of families that must choose (but have no choice). First local leaders convince them that this is progress and development. Later some climate enthusiast (often white students or university researchers) arrives only to tell the community that they must protect their forests.

*Bewilderment, anger, contradiction.
Panic for climate change is suspended.
Panic for the people whose stories I see.*

Panic for the poor.

The planet belongs to all of us, we are all equally responsible for its future and yet all the language in the solutions posed once again reminds us of the widening divide between the rich and the poor. The division between those that create the problems and those who will bear the brunt; the divide between economic privilege and castigation is reproduced in the discourse of climate change – no different in its discrimination from many of the political-economic divides that have eroded our solidarity and our humanity. In effect, the future of the planet does not mean the same for all its inhabitants.

"It's the end of the world as we know it and I feel fine" (R.E.M, 1987)



Artists and art practices serve well to bring these numerous contradictions together. The language of reason is the central impetus to act with responsibility. Science offers the fuel for a political will to mobilise social solidarity in the discourse on climate change. But it is art and artists who can reveal the inherent contradictions that inform the discourse on climate change. The contradictions produced from technological advancement that displaces numerous peoples from their homes; the contradictions that show up economic privilege of some nations at the cost of others; the contradictions that those involved in the greatest devastation of the planet will continue to benefit at the cost of those who barely survive are significant to the creative practice. The contradictions that lifestyles are secured and, continue to advance for some while technological progress for others means imposed solutions in the name of saving the planet, all demand creative expression.

For artists these social and political contradictions provide the fodder for creative practices and the context to also create work that is with irony at times – lest we forget our capacity for such critique. It allows us to remember that in the midst of the over-determined language of science and logic there is still the space to feel – to embrace the sensorial and to celebrate the experiential through humour and satire.

In ETSIRT LE (2008), Ricardo Rivera uses a dramatic love song as a serenade to the Aletsch Glaciers. The dramatic lyrics provide the necessary feeling of nostalgia that is then played backwards to evoke a return to a lost time.

the seas are leaving the beaches
and the colours are turning grey
everything is loneliness now
I don't know whether I'll see you again

(Jose Jose; El Triste)

"My desire is for the video to be received by the audience as a tragic comedy. Partly, poking fun at the hysteria of global-warming trends and affirming the nostalgic qualities of longing for the past as a sickness whose intention is to put off the situation of the present and deny the future"

(Ricardo Rivera, artist's statement, 2011)



Informed by the empirical but inspired by something intuitive, a feeling that belies the logical and rational, I search for my own balance. I care about the environment but I wrestle with the accumulated facts. I do not deny the responsibility - we need to take on as humans for the acceleration of the climate's change. In the care for one's habitus is an inherent care of the Self.

Contemplation...

I am neither a denialist nor a skeptic, I trust the world of the rational, the empirical, but I also search for the elusive; that intangible something that is our humanity. I feel the weight of responsibility bearing heavily on the shoulders of this generation to ensure a habitable future on Earth.

Don't panic.

Civilizations are full of possibilities; the human condition is resilient. We are able to find solutions through numerous adversities. The many marches and protests that challenge governments and multi-nationals bring us together around a common cause which is the threat of our 'home' – planet Earth. In this solidarity we might come to reconnect with our humanity and our propensity for compassion.

In this act of solidarity is the desire to not simply be the collateral damage – civilian casualties – but to find a will that is about our rights as citizens of the Earth. Citizens, not civilians, of the Earth who are not torn apart by national agendas or economic privilege but who share a common desire to ensure our existence and to flourish as a species.

Don't panic!

Decreasing pulse rate, slowing down of the heart, unclenching of the jaw, easing of the muscles, eyelids closed...

breathe.

Don't panic!

Note: A version of this article first appeared in the exhibition catalogue *Don't Panic* edited and curated by Gabi Ngcobo (Fanele – an imprint of Jacana Media, 2011) Johannesburg.

Jyoti Mistry

Goose (1984-85), which was originally displayed on a found object sourced by the artist from a closed mine in Crown Mines at the time, was conceived and produced as a component part of Jane Alexander's MAFA at Wits University (1986), for which she produced a body of life-size sculpted figures and photomontage including *Butcher Boys* (1985-86).

Alexander sought to identify the manner by which violence, aggression, cruelty and suffering could be conveyed through, and contained by, the human figure. Throughout the production of the work, there was an interest in anatomy as metaphorical tool. This was considered in terms of the extent to which the exposure of the internal anatomy could express aspects of the human condition. A primary reference in many of the works was the skeleton - animal bone and bird feathers were used for their organic and aesthetic properties, in addition to their direct link to actual anatomy.

Alexander intended that her work should objectify observations of the character of a particular time and place, and from a particular social context. Of especial interest was the lure of violence, the relationship of violence to sensuous form, aspects of heroism and subordination, and the manner with which life-size human or anthropoid form could express these issues.

Aggression, as it is frequently expressed in the urban social environment is also a reflection of pathos and a vulnerable state of being. A threat may exist, but unlike a response to immediate survival, it is not manifest in immediate danger. It is provoked or qualified into a sense of immediate danger: the aggressor appears to be spurred by a sense of superiority which is confirmed by the creation of a victim. Regarded from a general viewpoint, from attitudes and expression repeatedly observed in the general environment, the basis of more particular political and social issues may be revealed. It is this relationship of aggressors and victims, and the manner with which aggression and victimization is carried by human expression, that formed the primary consideration for this study.

All references from "Aspects of Violence and Disquietude in late Twentieth-Century Three-Dimensional Human Figuration", Vol 1 (Master's Dissertation)
Jane Alexander, 1988.



Goose
1984-85

Plaster, goose wings, bone, oil paint
65(w) x 75(h) x 45(d) cm

An earth that speaks

If we allowed the earth to speak a few words,
what would it say?

Much has been made of the earth as a nurturing person in so many cultures. In many societies the earth is seen as a mother with a voice and with an interest in us. I am a stickler for lists and catalogues and I found the following Wikipedia entries for earth goddesses:

Aisyt, Ala (Odinani), Al-lāt, Arinna, Asintmah, Atira, Beira, Bhūmi, Cel, Coatlicue, Diti, Erecura, Etugen Eke, Gaia, Ila, Iusaaset, Jörð, Khaltesh-Anki, Ki, Kishar, Libera, Liluri, Litavis, Lurbira, Māra, Mat Zemlya, Mefitis, Mother goddess, Mother Nature, Nantosuelta, Nerthus, Ninhursag, Onuava, Ops, Pachamama, Papa, Papahānaumoku, Pele, Phra Mae Thorani, Prithvi, Rangī and Papa, Rhea, Shala, Sif, Spenta Armaiti, Terra, Tlazolteotl, Toci, Tonantzin, Triple Goddess, Uras, Asase Ya, Yer Tanri, Zemes-māte, Žemyna.

If there is one thing a mother can do, it is talk. Usually she is the one who teaches the children in a family their words and how to express themselves. We even speak of 'mother tongues'. Today, however, the primordial mother that gave life to all things, appears to be silent in a human sense.

In toying with the idea to allow the earth a brief moment of speech, I have often asked friends and students what they think the earth would say to us. Can they please give her a voice? Please put words in her mouth. After a moment of reflection almost all of them had the idea that the earth would say something unpleasant. It would tell us off and in many cases quite vociferously – a mother disowning her issue.

The general consensus was that she would scold us for the way we have treated her. We would be told to go away or at best leave her alone. In most cases the imagined words of the earth were euphemistically paraphrased, but in the strongest sense it was felt that she would swear at us or even put a curse on us.

In the end I imagine that the earth might dearly like to say "fuck off," but this might not be heard because she would be censored from saying so to schools and in the media. I also guessed that if she were forced into saying anything less vulgar, she would not be quite honest. She needs to come up with something so drastic as to project her sense of disgust and dismay with us.

I finally decided on "piss-off!" for *EARTH SIGNAL*. As a rebuke, it has an angry, damning ring to it.

The site

Early in 2014 I mentioned the project to Katie du Toit, one of my master students at the University of the Free State and she immediately offered her home and farm in the Karoo.

I knew about the debacle regarding fracking and the sensitive Karoo environment, and I thought if ever the earth should be allowed to say something, it ought to be in the center of this beleaguered region.

The site on her farm is remote, away from any recent human activity. It is next to an old disused earthen wall once meant to dam up the small stream that flows through the area. The dam silted up and left a flat and dry field void of plants, ideal for the layout and harmless staging of *EARTH SIGNAL*.

Surrounding the chosen site are a series of unusual stony outcrops. The block-like rocks are absolutely remarkable and look as if some prehistoric event had stacked them in well-planned edifices. On the dark rock faces are numerous spectacular prehistoric stone engravings. Millions of stone age implements litter the sandy soil around the rocky outcrops and to the side of our installation. Dramatically perched on top of a huge rock was a lithophone, a prehistoric stone gong on which ancient tell-tale banging marks are still clearly visible.



Earth Signal (white ash)

2014
Photographic print
30 x 53cm

Venue: Katie and Pieter du Toit's farm Rietfontein between De Aar and Hanover, Great Karoo
Measurements of site specific installation: 40m (length) x 5.9metres (width)
Materials: 160 large bags firewood, 50 bales straw, 1 drum diesel fuel, 110L fire-gel, lime/chalk
Fire extinguisher truck on standby
Artwork text on the ground: "PISS-OFF!" (typeface: Arial bold)
Assistants on site:
Katie and Pieter du Toit
Klara-Marié den Heijer (measurements and scale of text)
Miné Kleynhans (event coordinator)
9 Students from the University of the Free State

The Cradle of Humankind

The intimate relationship between Steven Cohen and Nomsa Dhlamini is foregrounded in this 2012 video entitled *The Cradle of Humankind*. Including video shot at the Sterkfontein and Swartkrans caves, where many of the world's oldest hominid fossils have been found - and alongside evidence of man's first controlled use of fire, *Cradle* 'was supposed to be about evolution', Cohen has said, but 'turned out to be a work about love'. In their various encounters, Cohen and Dhlamini appear as first humans, direct descendants of the apes, as people of contrasting skin colours, subject to anthropological classification, as luminous beings clad in brilliant costumes of fiber-optic light.

"The premise of my piece is essentially very simple. Being able to stand up is the first dance.

Controlled fire is the first lighting. Maybe in these caves were the first performative actions. I wanted to work there and represent it because this site proves that we are all African, even though Africa is not seen as contributing to civilization. But in the piece I'm also talking about the Africa that has been raped and plundered, about colonialism, slavery, Saartjie Baartman.

I've known Nomsa all my life. From 1947 she cleaned my parents' broken, lower-middle-class home. It's like cleaning the un-cleanable. She fed me, she nursed me, she looked after me. In South Africa many black women don't raise their own children, they raised people like me, (while the) grandparents look after the children."

The Cradle of Humankind

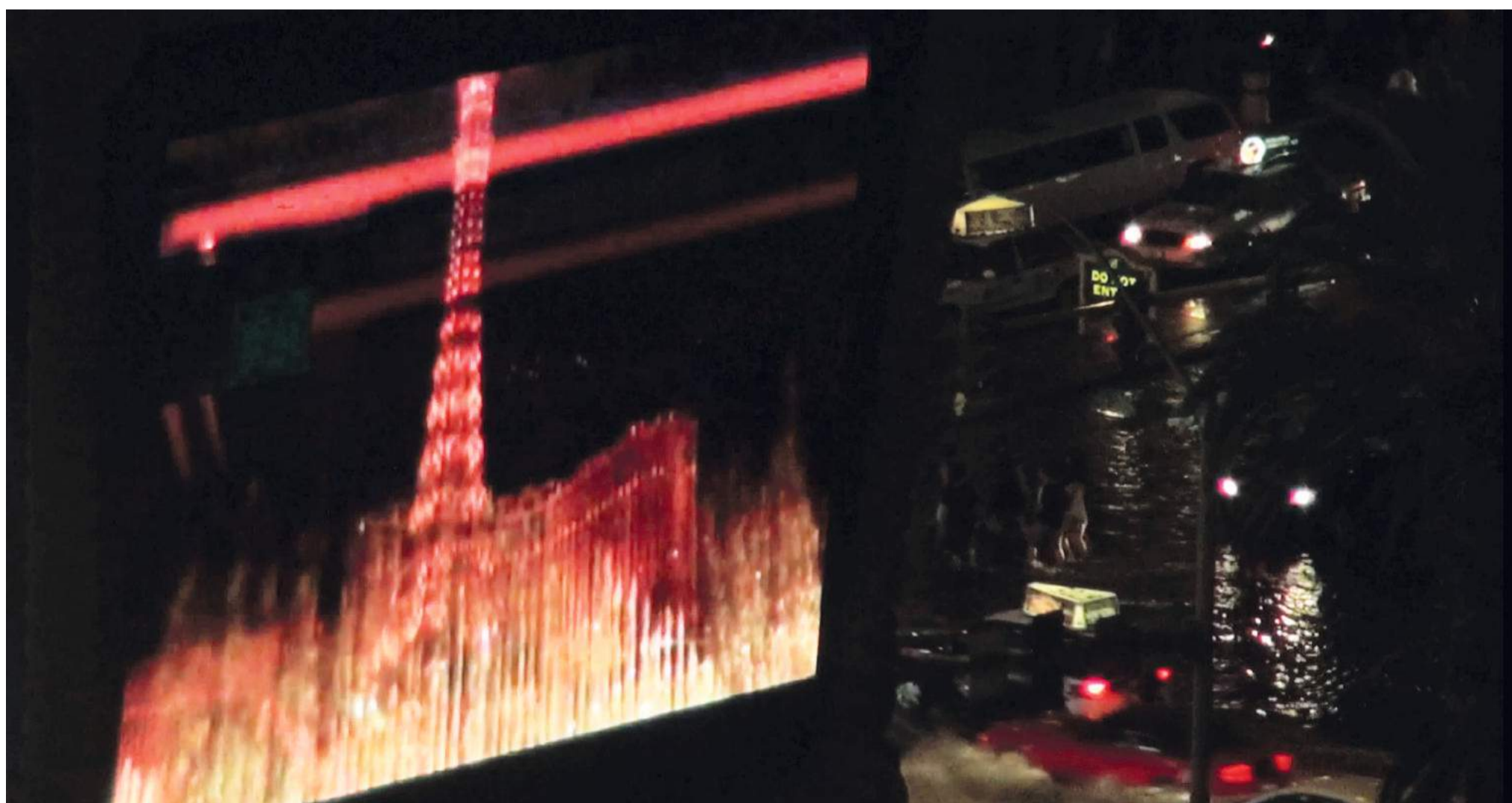
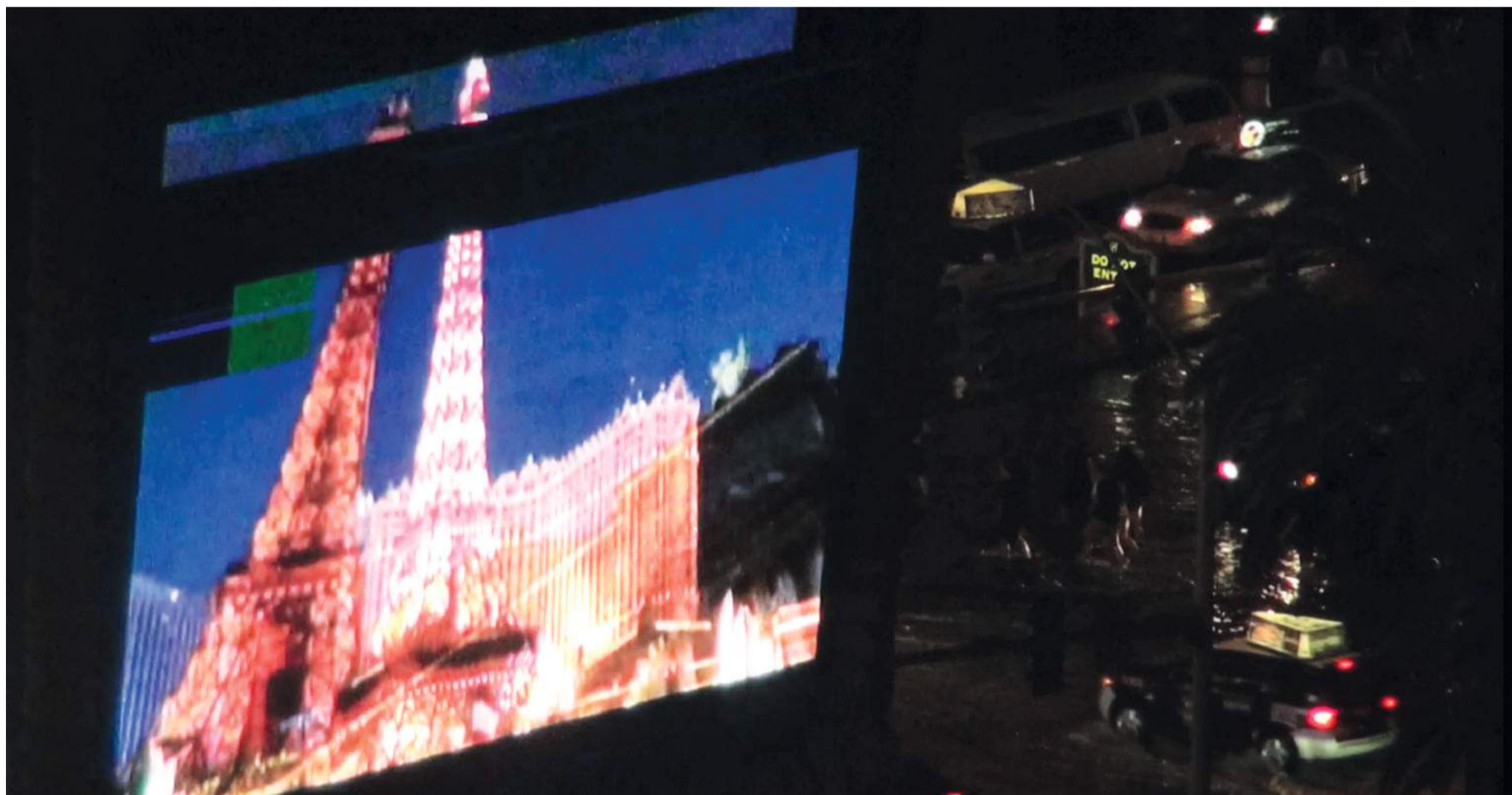
2012
Digital video, sound, duration 12 min

Director: Steven Cohen
Interpreters: Nomsa Dhlamini, Steven Cohen
Camera: John Hodgkiss, Richard Muller
Edit: Baptiste Evrard, Steven Cohen
Costumes: Steven Cohen
Locations: Wonder Caves, Swartkrans Site, Sterkfontein Caves

Grateful thanks: Prof Thackeray, Wits Origins Centre, Wits Palaeoanthropology Dept, Wits Fine Art Dept, Johannesburg Planetarium, Nirox, Charl Bignaut, Latitudes Prod, Centre Pompidou Festival d'Automne, Le Quartz, La Phenix, La Batie de Geneve, Theatre Garonne, Le Manège, Les Halles Bruxelles, L'Arsenic Lausanne, Fest BodyMind Warsaw, Ville de Lille, region Nord Pas de Calais, DRAC Nord Pas de Calais, Lille Metropole, Communauté urbaine, l'Institut Francais, DICREAM, CRRAV

Photo credit for bio portrait: Marc Domage





Marianne Halter & Mario Marchisella

Since 2008, we have regularly collaborated to create works resulting from an exploration of performance, music and the moving image in the broadest possible sense, typically presented in the form of video works and installations.

In terms of themes and content, we primarily work with a "figure", a stranger in an unfamiliar environment. This figure nevertheless attempts to adapt, interact with, or reinterpret the given situational conditions. The latter can involve structures of architecture or landscape as well as regional customs or cultural and mythological aspects.

We are interested in the public space as a stage where, for the moment of our action, apparent paradoxes and absurdities can transpire within the normal context of the local situation. The soundtrack plays just as important a role as the visuals and can act as a hinge between place and action, referring to an "invisible" level of content.

Hin und zurück (There and back)

2014
1-channel video, HD, with sound, continuous loop.
Dimensions variable.

Showtime

2015
1-channel video, HD, 19min34
Soundtrack: Mario Marchisella; words: English version of the poem «The Carousel» by Rainer Maria Rilke.
Dimensions variable

Hin und zurück (There and back) 1-channel video, HD, with sound, continuous loop, 2014. An empty outdoor space in the night, illuminated only by a streetlamp. A pale beam of light forms an island in the blackness. A few trees and an electrical fuse box can be made out. The ground below is covered in gravel.

It is calm. From the darkness, footsteps can be heard. A figure appears, wearing a black concert suit, white shirt and black bowtie. It enters the beam of light, accompanied by the restrained applause of a large concert audience.

The figure acknowledges the applause and bows down before retreating back into the darkness. In the loop, the action becomes a continually recurring entrance and exit.

Showtime 1-channel video, HD, 19min34, 2015 soundtrack: Mario Marchisella, words: english version of the poem «The Carousel» by Rainer Maria Rilke. On the projection, one can see images of a heavy thunderstorm at night, where the surface of a huge LED-screen runs wild and the traffic on this urban intersection balks. The streets are flooded, cars slowly float through the water whose surface is sparkling in the carlights, scattered there are people fighting through the water.

On the flickering screen fragmented commercials appear, dissolving into abstract compositions of colour and movements. From time to time the whole screen even becomes completely black and an almost eerily rest originates.

A specially composed soundtrack accompanies these images, playing at one hand with the various speeds and forces within the scene, and on the other hand fusing the commercials with the real environment.



The Real Thing

2016

Timber, Coca-Cola bottles, nails, plasma screen
240 x 168 x 121cm

Untitled (from the "Super Tomorrow" series)

2016

Nkisi figure, concrete, rebar, oil drum
160 x 60 x 60cm



Michael MacGarry

The focus of my political and poetic practice is on the tension between marginalised and so-called centralised narratives; the postmodern micro and the modern macro in spaces where contemporary life is in a state of invention and flux.

The installation entitled *The Real Thing* features the ground-breaking 1971 "Hilltop" television commercial for Coca-Cola. "Hilltop" cost \$250 000.00 to make – an unheard-of price at the time for an advertisement, and features the song Buy the World a Coke, conveying a positive message of hope and love and sung by a multicultural collection of teenagers from all over the world standing on a hill together. At the time the original commercial was made in 1971, there was exactly half the number of human beings on the planet as there is today (3.7 billion people in 1971 versus 7.4 billion people in 2016).

The song Buy the World a Coke became so popular that it was re-recorded as I'd Like to Teach the World to Sing (In Perfect Harmony) by The New Seekers as a full-length song, dropping references to Coca-Cola. It went on to become a hit record in

the US and the UK. Updated versions of the "Hilltop" commercial were produced and aired in 1976, 1991, 1996, 2006, 2010 and 2011. In 2005, ITV ranked the advertisement 10th in their list of the greatest 100 advertisements of all time, and in 2007, Campaign magazine called it "one of the best-loved and most influential ads in television history".

In 1976 South Africa began public television broadcasting and Coca-Cola's "Hilltop" commercial was scheduled to air, but the then South African apartheid government asked for a version of the commercial without black actors. Coca-Cola refused their request, with the company reducing their investment in the country that year and by the late 1970s sold their holdings in South Africa altogether.



Maximum Force

2016

Timber and wood sourced from Nkaneng (Marikana),
100% pure platinum nail
180 x 30 x 45cm

Lyrics: The End of Times

Every two minutes the sun plops up and down
- hey brother ...
...when tomorrow comes we will slip back
into the mother
as the better half of a truth, a dog,
or a drunken donkey
Step by step back to the monkey
at the end of times
at the end of times

so when tomorrow comes
live gives us a big hug
a magic kiss to erase the political fuck
a magic kiss to bring out the
animal in us
we will survive in muddy water ...
with a smile
at the end of times
at the end of times

Endlich Brennt Europa Wieder

The disappearance of 'man' at the end of time will not be a catastrophe. Man will become part of nature again. His actions will however disappear: wars, revolutions and the bitch called high-culture, a culture that did not give rise to anything but an increasing distance from the natural. Thanks to apartheid, cars, iPhones, fragmentation bombs and arias.

At the end of time man should keep the ability to play, make art, love ... all of the things that makes man 'beastly happy'. It is as if determining the border between human and animal were not just one question among many discussed by philosophers and theologians, scientists and politicians, but rather a fundamental metaphysico-political operation in which alone something like 'man' can be decided upon and produced. If animal life and human life could be superimposed perfectly, then neither man nor animal—and, perhaps, not even the divine—would any longer be thinkable.

The Open: Man and Animal by Giorgio Agamben

black or white? animals or muppets?
national slaves? or civilised puppets?
NO! we all are cute creatures
sexy turning tits in the state of nature
at the end of times
at the end of times

so finally, when tomorrow comes,
europe is burning again
ashes to ashes - gold to gold -
sperm to brain
the christian, jewish, islamic hunters
will be hunted by themselves
will stack their million brainwashed
heads in a polished shelf
at the end of times
at the end of times

When tomorrow comes ...finally, europe is
burning again - europe is burning again
at last ... at the end of times ... europe
is burning again and again ...
when tomorrow comes



Endlich Brennt Europa Wieder
2015 - 2016
Mixed media installation
Dimensions variable



Photographic image produced in association with Leon Krige. Krige is a lecturer in Architectural Theory & Design at the University of Johannesburg and has taught previously at the Universities of Witwatersrand and Pretoria.



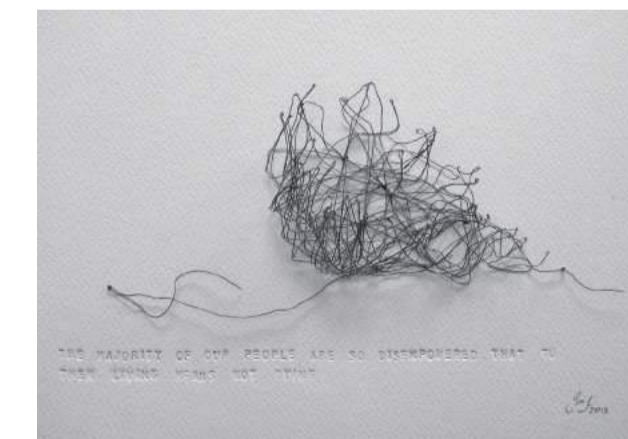
Sleeps with the fishes
2016
Mixed media installation
Dimensions variable

Jacki McInnes

The installation *Sleeps with the fishes* presents a large-scale photographic image - a re-envisioning of Théodore Géricault's *The Raft of the Medusa* (1819) - for the contemplation of an absent man.

Géricault's *Raft* bore testimony to the fate of a class of people considered disposable by the elite order of that epoch in France. But it also offers a disturbingly prescient take on societal structures in post-democratic South Africa. Now, just as occurred then, the establishment cuts certain individuals loose, or leaves them to slip through the cracks - presenting the image of the life raft as a potent signifier. The cast-aways must find alternate strategies for survival and in the act of recycling society's detritus, items of trash are commodified, allowing the recyclers to create new semblances of economic order out of the wreckage of society.

And all the while, the absent viewer looks on; mute, apathetic. Absurdly attached to the false notion that the crisis is neither of his making, nor that it will, inevitably, have the power to sink him too.



Plan of the Raft of the Medusa 15 only were saved 13 days after
2015
Lead ribbon on paper
30 x 21cm

To them living means not dying (Kgalema Motlanthe)
2015
Lead thread on paper
30 x 21cm

The small scale of the images challenges the assumptions of a grand or epic narrative, or an apocalyptic end. They resist the viewers' cognitive grasp by being projected on a moving sculpture - a mobile that resists stability of the image.

Store in a Cool Dry Place

The ubiquitous instruction on labels, *Store in a Cool Dry Place*, promises preservation. It is a constant reminder that there are optimum conditions to slow deterioration. The instruction concerns balance: it expresses an acute awareness that ingredients are subject to expiration over time. What remains: a rotten then desiccated mass; simply traces of an original whole.

I initially began this work to explore human preoccupation with the inevitability of an end - death. One of the final markers of death, which also affirms a life lived (or a life constituted of aspiration) is the coffins made in Accra (Ghana), Addis Ababa (Ethiopia) and Johannesburg (South Africa).

The images assembled in this video work are connected by a contemplation of destruction, decay and rituals around coffin making. They do not comprise a narrative: they are fragments - impressions and traces of forms of social, spiritual and environmental decay. Like residues left from the whole - the video images are at times furtive - spoor-like imprints.

The sculptural structure, on which the video images are projected, evokes the ambiguity of the directive "store in a cool dry place". First, it invites the viewer to consider the projection of the image on an object while second, it evokes directly the idea of balance (required for a mobile sculpture to function).

In developing the mobile Nduka Mntambo comments:

"I was intrigued by the idea of the diminutive scale of the video projections on a moving sculpture. Each unit on the mobile is scaled to reference an inherent balance: the golden ration in mathematics, science and art."

The production of coffins - not modest wooden casings for the body but visually or texturally conceived objects - is brought into sharp relief by the grave awareness that the body will inevitably decay, despite apparent attempts to delay decomposition. Encountering this subject is "visual alluring". The attractive coffins produced by Jacob Tetteh of Paa Joe Coffin in Accra are shaped in various forms: roosters, fish, crabs, boats, cars, aeroplanes and others.

The highly ornate fabric used to decorate coffin exteriors in Addis Ababa and the carefully engraved and carved coffins made at the Mai Mai Market in Johannesburg resonate with those from Accra.

The sound design, particularly the score, 'Frail Lib', works to bring union to the conception of fragmented images and phantasmagoria.

"The music speeds up and winds down- human voices and the sound of violent blows rise and fall amongst the instrumentation - a hand-clapped rhythm, a saxophone, a piano. This is interrupted by a clean and transparent deep breath, a version of Abdullah Ibrahim's 'Water from an Ancient Well.'" - Christopher Lecher

It is this desire, a pursuit for fragile reflection, a deep inhalation - the opposite of a frenzied response - that a softly stirring mobile might offer a way of reconsidering the devastation by humans and human devastation. Perhaps it even offers consolation.

Camera: Jyoti Mistry
 Additional Camera: Katulo Hadebe
 Mobile conception and Video edit: Nduka Mntambo
 Music: Christopher Lecher
 Special thanks: Florian Schattauer, Blackboard Trust



Store in a Cool Dry Place Addis Ababa (Ethiopia), Sequence A

Metamorphosis
Mohau Modisakeng uses his body to
explore the influence of
South Africa's violent history
on how we understand our cultural,
political and social roles
as human beings.

Represented through film, large-scale photographic prints, installations and performance, Modisakeng's work responds to the history of the black body within the (South) African context, which is inseparably intertwined with the violence of the Apartheid era and the early 1990s. His images are not direct representations of violence, but powerful yet poetic invocations where the body is transformed into a poignant marker of collective memory.

Metamorphosis 5

2015

Inkjet print on Epson UltraSmooth
120 x 120cm

Metamorphosis 7

2015

Inkjet print on Epson Ultra Smooth
120 x 120cm

Metamorphosis 8

2015

Inkjet print on Epson Ultra Smooth
120 x 120cm



Moffat Takadiwa's biting critique of consumerism in Africa takes its cue from a profoundly uneven distribution of economic and cultural power.

Understandably, the state of affairs in his home country of Zimbabwe is his central concern. With Zimbabwe's financial fortunes still in an accelerated tailspin, foreign products have flooded the local market. These range from edible goods through kitchenware and clothes to sub-standard medication.

To Takadiwa, consumption in Zimbabwe has long outstripped production, leaving the nation of today "a dumping zone for other people's products and a testing ground for medication".

Dumping is the inevitable consequence of consumption – the after-life of objects is, after all, the junkyard. And it is there that Takadiwa chooses to source his materials. Working selectively and strategically among the discarded stuff of which our lives are made, he institutes a secondary phase in the cycle of consumption in which the very object of desire forms the basis of its own critique. His constellations of waste, voided of their immediate economic fetishism, reconfigure the familiar into unconventional new forms.

In elevating these humble waste products to the status of art, Takadiwa's divests them of the remnants of their original utility and affords them a new purpose. It's a more radical gesture than it seems. His re-contextualised objects are no longer rubbish but – crucially – they are also no longer entirely foreign products, either. Under the hands of the artist, the flotsam and jetsam of consumer culture gains emotional depth and with it a kind of dignity. Moreover, by 'remaking' these objects to meet a different set of needs, Takadiwa stresses the political possibilities inherent in making itself. He chooses to ask for more than a homogeneous, pre-packaged consumer identity – in our globalized world, he calls for renewed attention to the properties and particularities of the local.

Text by Anna Stielau

The Perfumigation
2014
Found spray-can debris
108 x 105 x 35cm



Mr Consumer 2
2014
Found spray-can debris, plastic bottle tops and floor brush
105 x 100 x 31cm

"I am working on a drawing made from the ashes of our currency - I have managed to source shredded banknotes from the government recycling center for ZAR notes and am burning and grinding them to produce the ashes for the drawing. There have been delays in my finding a place that can accurately weigh the individual notes so that I can measure the exact 'amount' of currency I am burning. I am keen that the value of cash being burned should be exact. Perhaps the minimum wage amount? But only a minuscule amount of ash would be generated from that..."

Diane Victor 2016

The realities of living in contemporary South Africa are harsh. There is wealth and power aplenty but its distribution is hopelessly lopsided in favour of a small elite: the politically connected, the industrialists, the corrupt dealers and the out and out swindlers. For the rest there is the prospect of inequality, promises not kept, services not met, crimes that go unpunished and deaths that go unavenged.

For near on thirty years, Diane Victor has confronted these realities head-on in her work. Her images, in her signature media of printmaking and drawing, are obsessive, figurative and narrative and draw heavily on a personalised iconography that takes its cues from religious and mythological prototypes, observations from Victor's own experience and art-historical influences. Subject matter is bound up in searing social commentary on the myriad maladies Victor sees around her: corrupt politics, tarnished morals, avarice, incompetence, apathy, lawlessness, rot.

Text extracted from "Of Folly and Fable" by Jacki McInnes, 2010



Shredded Loot (detail)

2016

Ash drawing on paper (work in progress)



Not a lot is known about Bristow's charmingly quirky, yet suitably equivocal work, which we have chosen to refer to as "Crocodile Saw". The found-object assemblage was presented to Wits Art Museum's permanent collection by George (Achalapriya) Tobias and Vajradhara (Christopher Rodel) in 2010. And was included on the Dada South? group exhibition at the South African National Gallery, Cape Town (2009-10).

Susan Alwin Bristow was born in Louis Trichardt in 1952. She studied Fine Arts at Michaelis School of the Arts, UCT and went on to be a highly original and eccentric artist with a distinctive style that reflected her love of nature and wildlife, a consequence of having grown up in Northern Limpopo. Bristow's work more often than not contained or represented Guineafowl feathers, birds' nests, tapestries of moss and porcupine quills, among other natural materials. Bristow's use of medium was as diverse as her material, working sculpturally with construction and ceramics, but also working a great deal with wools and fabrics, on which she would print.

The last years of her life were spent in the Soutpansberg mountains in Limpopo, where she built a beautiful home in the same wild and creative manner as her artworks. Prior to moving back to the Soutpansberg she lived and worked out of a disused synagogue in Lorenzville, Johannesburg.

She was tragically and senselessly killed at her beloved home, Sentinel Ranch on the Limpopo River in 2007.

Biographical details: <http://www.zoutnet.co.za/articles/news/5282/2007-04-27/8220we-will-remember-susan8221>



"Crocodile Saw", date unknown
Found-object assemblage

Presented in 2010 by George (Achalapriya) Tobias and Vajradhara (Christopher Rodel) to Wits Art Museum

Jane Alexander



Jane Alexander was born in Johannesburg and completed a BAFA and MAFA at the University of Witwatersrand. Alexander is known for her sculptures of hybrid figures, featuring human and non-human animal forms. These are frequently combined with found objects and also appear in her photomontages, tableaux and installation works, which are often site-specific. Alexander has received a number of awards, including the National Student Competition, Martienssen Student Prize, Standard Bank Young Artist Award, the FNB Vita Art Now Award, the Daimler Chrysler Award for South African Sculpture, the University of Cape Town Fellowship, and the Mbokodo Award for Sculpture. Her work has been presented on numerous exhibitions in South Africa and internationally including the Havana, Venice, Dakar, Sao Paulo and Gwangju Biennales. And most recently on the traveling exhibitions: Jane Alexander: Surveys (from the Cape of Good Hope) in the New York Cathedral of St John the Divine curated by Pep Subirós 2013, and Simon Njami's Divine Comedy at the Smithsonian National Museum of African Art in Washington, 2015. Alexander currently lives and works in Cape Town, where she is a professor at the University of Cape Town Michaelis School of Fine Art.

Willem Boshoff



Willem Boshoff was born in Vereeniging, South Africa, in 1951. He studied and taught at the Johannesburg College of Art and the Witwatersrand Technikon and practices as both a wordsmith and a maker of images and objects. A self-taught dendrologist, Boshoff ranges widely across the fields of botany, literature, and geography. He has made concrete poetry; he reads and makes dictionaries; he is a sculptor and makes installations; he is an inveterate seeker after words, names, plants, and objects – both natural and synthetic, from which he constructs his sculptures and images. "One of his main aims," says the writer Ivan Vladislavic in the monograph TAXI-11 Willem Boshoff, "is recovery – of lost words, sated senses, family unities, broken maps." Boshoff's encyclopaedic impulse is evidenced in his collecting and making practices: everything is material for making art, every detail in the natural world is imbued with meaning and can be appropriated or spoken of with fervour. Many of Boshoff's works are incomplete, evolving, or in process as long as the world yields some form of knowledge that he can incorporate into what he is making. Boshoff's work has been shown at many major museums in the world and he has been included in biennales in Johannesburg, Havana, Venice, and Sao Paolo. His solo shows and permanent installations include Blind Alphabet; Nonplussed; dictionaries; cryptic writings such as Bangboek; the ever-growing Garden of Words; and his massive sculptures in stone. Boshoff lives and works in Johannesburg.

Steven Cohen



Steven Cohen was born in 1962 in Johannesburg, South Africa, and lives in Lille, France. He is a visual and performance artist, staging interventions in the public realm and in gallery/theatre spaces. From 2003 to 2008 he was an associated artist of the Ballet Atlantique/Régine Chopinot in La Rochelle, France. In the past decade and a half, he has performed extensively on the festival circuit, at such prestigious venues and events as the Centre Pompidou as part of the Festival d'Automne in Paris, the Festival d'Avignon, the Munich Opera Festival at the Bavarian State Opera, Bozar in Brussels, Canadian Stage in Toronto, and many others. Cohen took part in the 11th Havana Biennale (2012) and the first Aichi Triennale in Japan (2010). Recent group exhibitions include Disguise: Masks and Global African Art at Seattle Art Museum (2015); Chercher le garçon, Musée d'art contemporain du Val-de-Marne (2015); Josephine Baker and Le Corbusier in Rio – A Transatlantic Affair, Museu de Arte do Rio (2014); Black Milk: Holocaust in Contemporary Art, Museum for Contemporary Art, Roskilde, Denmark (2014); My Joburg, La Maison Rouge, Paris, and Staatliche Kunstsammlungen Dresden (2013); Revolution vs Revolution, Beirut Art Centre (2012); No Fashion, Please: Photography between Gender and Lifestyle, Vienna Kunsthalle (2011); ARS 11, Kiasma Museum of Contemporary Art, Helsinki (2011); Dada South?, South African National Gallery, Cape Town (2009-10); and Under Pain of Death, Austrian Cultural Forum, New York (2008). Cohen has participated in residencies at the Baryshnikov Arts Centre and the Centre for Performance Research in New York, and recently conducted workshops in Body Scenography at CIFAS (International Centre for the Performing Arts), Les Brigittines, Brussels, and Haute école des Arts du Rhin, Strasbourg, France.

Marianne Halter & Mario Marchisella



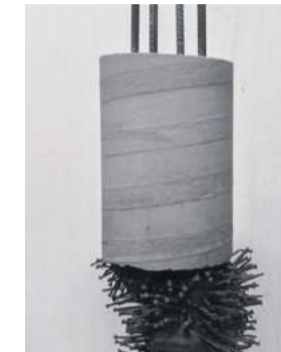
Marianne Halter (b. 1970) lives and works in Zurich, Switzerland. She studied at The Art School of Lucerne and works as a visual artist both in her own capacity and in collaboration with Mario Marchisella. Her work comprises different media such as video, photography, installation and drawing and is regularly exhibited in Switzerland and abroad. She had residencies in Chicago, Paris, Johannesburg and Peterborough and her work is represented in public and corporate collections in Switzerland. „The conductor's fear of the soloist - ten small pieces for violin", a video installation and collaboration with Mario Marchisella, is in the permanent collection of the South African National Gallery (IZIKO). Marianne Halter's interest lies in the constitutive relationship between the depicted reality and its interpretation, paired with scepticism about the obvious and the unquestioned. „When, for example, one sees the flowing hair of a girl who has just received a few punches to the face, it could just as easily be an advertisement for shampoo." Jean-Luc Godard, Filmmaker...

www.christingerdemayo.com/en/artists/marianne-halter/downloads.html



Mario Marchisella (b. 1972) is a Swiss/Italian composer, performer and visual artist. He studied Classical Music at the Conservatory of Zurich and founded Audioscope, a recording studio and label in Zurich, where he composes music for theatre, film and visual art. Mario often works with visual artist Marianne Halter, but also does collaborations with musicians, poets and directors. He is member of PARK, a group that works interdisciplinary in the field of experimental performance, drama and art installation. He develops his own works as an artist in the audiovisual and performative fields (sound art) and has received national and international stipendiums and awards for his work. He toured and produced records with his Bands "Elixir", "Duo Belvedere" and "Drastic Dislocations". His wide range includes improvised electro acoustic music, played on self built or modified instruments, to singing Italian songs from the 50'ies to the 70'ies and playing drums to spoken word poetry. www.audioscope.tv

Michael MacGarry



Michael MacGarry is a visual artist and filmmaker based in Johannesburg. He holds a Masters Degree in Fine Art from the University of the Witwatersrand. MacGarry is a fellow of the Gordon Institute of Performing and Creative Arts (GIPCA) at the University of Cape Town and recipient of the Standard Bank Young Artist Award 2010 (Visual Art). As a filmmaker he has written and directed five narrative short films, and five feature-length video artworks, and is a recipient of an El Ray Award - Excellence in Narrative Short Filmmaking, Barcelona Film Festival 2015 as well as a nominee for the Huysmans Young African Filmmaker Award 2015. As a visual artist Michael has exhibited internationally for more than ten years including TATE Modern, Guggenheim Bilbao, Kiasma Museum – and has published four monographs on his work.

Volker März



Volker März was born in Mannheim, Germany in 1957. He studied at the University of Arts in Berlin from 1977 – 1983. März's creates his artworks using many different medias such as painting, sculpture, performance, music-videos, written text, photography and black humour. His installations focus on political issues, taboos and famous philosophers, writers and artists such as Hannah Arendt, Franz Kafka, Walter Benjamin, Friedrich Nietzsche, Joseph Beuys, Giordano Bruno and Pina Bausch. By destroying their monuments, März brings them all back to the bottom. He has written, designed and published eight books. In recent years März's work has been presented at art fairs and on solo exhibitions in Miami, Madrid, Berlin, Moskau, Istanbul, Paris, Prag, Amsterdam, Zürich and Tel Aviv. März lives and works in Berlin. www.maerzwerke.de

Jacki McInnes



Jacki McInnes is an independent arts practitioner who has practiced variously as an artist, arts writer and curator since obtaining her BA(FA) (with distinction) from UNISA in 2001. She won the UNISA Fine Art Faculty Medal in the same year and went on to complete an MFA at the Michaelis School of Fine Art, UCT in 2004. McInnes has received numerous awards and grants including the Mixed Media category prize on the M-Web New Signatures Competition in 2000, a National Arts Council scholarship in 2003, and she was selected for the Pro Helvetia Arts Council of Switzerland Artist's Residency programme in 2004. More recently, McInnes was a finalist on the Spier Contemporary 2010 competition and went on to win the Sacatar-Spier Contemporary Fellowship Award 2010. In 2011, McInnes (in collaboration with film-maker Peter Goldsmid) was a finalist in the inaugural Johannesburg GoodPitch² Documentary Filmmaking Competition. McInnes was the Kunstraum Sylt Artist's Residency award winner for 2012. McInnes has staged seven solo exhibitions and numerous group exhibitions and has work in many corporate and private collections in South Africa and abroad. In 2007 McInnes curated A Legacy of Men at the Johannesburg Art Gallery and in 2009 she co-curated Domestic at GoetheonMain with Melissa Goba. She went on to curate Ecotopian States at the University of Johannesburg Gallery in September 2010. When Tomorrow Comes, in conjunction with co-curators Michael Titlestad and Jyoti Mistry, therefore constitutes her fourth and most ambitious curatorial project to date.

Jyoti Mistry



Jyoti Mistry is a filmmaker and Associate Professor in the Wits School of Arts, University of the Witwatersrand. Mistry has been guest professor at institutions in Addis Ababa, Amsterdam, Berlin, New York and Vienna. She has been an artist in residence in NYC, at California College of Arts, SACATAR (Brazil), NIROX Foundation (Johannesburg) and the Netherlands Film Academy. Her artistic practice moves seamlessly between film making and video installations. She has made critically acclaimed narrative, documentary and experimental films. Mistry's installation work draws from cinematic traditions but is often re-contextualized for galleries and museums that are outside of the linear cinematic experience. Her feature film IMPUNITY (2014) premiered at the Toronto International Film Festival and proceeded to screen at other international film festivals before having a local cinema release in South Africa in 2015. She has published widely on the topics of multiculturalism, identity politics, race and memory. Her book "we remember differently: Race, memory, imagination" (2012) is published by UNISA Press and "Gaze Regimes: Film and Feminisms in Africa" (2015) co-edited with Antje Schuhmann is published by Wits University Press.

Mohau Modisakeng



Mohau Modisakeng uses his body to explore the influence of South Africa's violent history on how we understand our cultural, political and social roles as human beings. Represented through film, large-scale photographic prints, installations and performance, Modisakeng's work responds to the history of the black body within the (South) African context, which is inseparably intertwined with the violence of the Apartheid era and the early 1990s. His images are not direct representations of violence, but powerful yet poetic invocations where the body is transformed into a poignant marker of collective memory. Modisakeng was born in Soweto in 1986 and lives and works between Johannesburg and Cape Town. He completed his undergraduate degree at the Michaelis School of Fine Art, Cape Town in 2009 and worked towards his Master's degree at the same institution. His work has been exhibited at the Museum of Fine Art, Boston (2014); 21C Museum, Kentucky, Massachusetts (2014); IZIKO South African National Gallery, Cape Town (2014); Saatchi Gallery, London (2012); and the Dak'Art Biennale, Dakar (2012). Public Collections include the Johannesburg Art Gallery, IZIKO South African National Gallery, Saatchi Gallery and Zeitz MOCAA. Modisakeng is the 2016 recipient of the Standard Bank Young Artist Award for Visual Art.

Moffat Takadiwa



Moffat Takadiwa's practice over the past several years has evolved to elevate found objects into sculptural forms that engage with issues of cultural identity, spirituality, social practice and the environment. His work speaks potently to the cultural dominance illustrated by the consumption of foreign products in Zimbabwe and across Africa. Takadiwa's "object paintings" draw attention to the excess and despair implicit in our daily use of products and what patterns of consumption emerge when the empty vessels are viewed en masse. A self-described "spiritual garbage man", Takadiwa reconfigures found consumer waste gleaned from the streets and dumps of Harare into almost magical compositions that seem to convey the aura of a totemic or ritualised object. Takadiwa was born in Karoi, Zimbabwe in 1983 and lives and works in Harare. A representative of the born free generation of artists, he is perhaps one of the most geographically widely exhibited and collected of the post-independence generation. Takadiwa has exhibited in all the major institutions in Zimbabwe including the National Gallery of Zimbabwe in Harare and Bulawayo. For the past several years he has been steadily attracting international attention with exhibitions in Bangkok, Paris, Amsterdam, New York, London, Berlin and Johannesburg.

Michael Titlestad



Michael Titlestad is a Professor in the Department of English. His research interests include South African literary and cultural studies, Modernism and maritime literature. Professor Titlestad currently teaches across a range of undergraduate and postgraduate courses, but specializes in South African literature, Modernism (in particular maritime literature), film studies, and speculative, dystopian and apocalyptic narratives. He is the author of a monograph, *Making the Changes: Jazz in South African Literature and Reportage*, and over fifty research articles and chapters in books. In addition, he edits literary fiction and is an active book reviewer. He is the co-editor (with Sofia Kostelac) of *English Studies in Africa*, the oldest literary studies journal in the country.

Diane Victor



Diane Victor was born in Witbank, South Africa in 1964. She writes of her work: "My interest in image-making is linked to my interest as observer, as voyeur. Through the media of drawing and printmaking, in which I normally work, I explore ways to exorcise the mass of images that build up in memory/mind's eye. To 'draw out' these figures allows me to re-confront them in my own terms/territory. The physical and psychological interactions between people and the damage that these interactions invite is interesting to me, the surface of the human body acting as a recording device of the history/s of its owner. Flesh as document of desires and weaknesses." Victor has exhibited on numerous South African and international exhibitions, and in 2015 was an invited artist of the South African Pavilion at the 56th Venice Biennale: "What Remains is Tomorrow". Victor lives and works in Johannesburg, South Africa.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Wits Art Museum: Julia Charlton (Senior Curator); Fiona Rankin (Special Projects Curator) & Leigh Leyde (Education Curator)

School of Literature, Language and Media, Faculty of Humanities Research Committee

Fritha Langerman, Michaelis School of the Arts, UCT

Nkule Mabaso, Michaelis Galleries, Michaelis School of the Arts, UCT

Joseph Gaylard, Pro Helvetia

Lien Heidenreich-Seleme & Cara Snyman, Goethe Institut

Justin Rhodes & Mia Borman, WHATIFTHEWORLD

Sophie Perryer, STEVENSON

Matthew Erasmus, Flat Earth Design

