

POST-DIGITAL 2019 / 2020

special edition

CURATOR'S NOTES

Chloë Hugo-Hamman

ISSI_ISSA

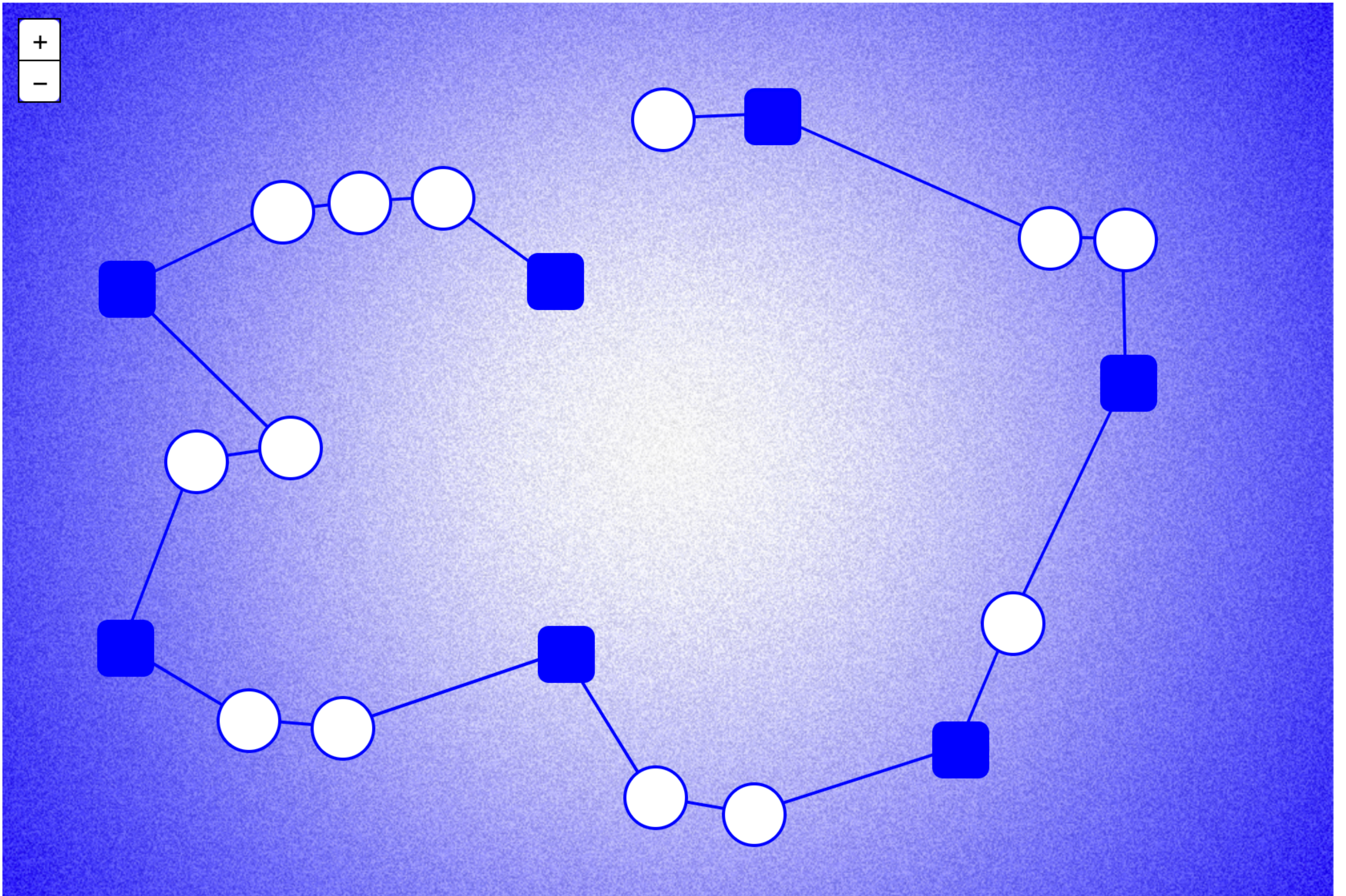
Luke Turk

MJ Turpin

Natalie Paneng

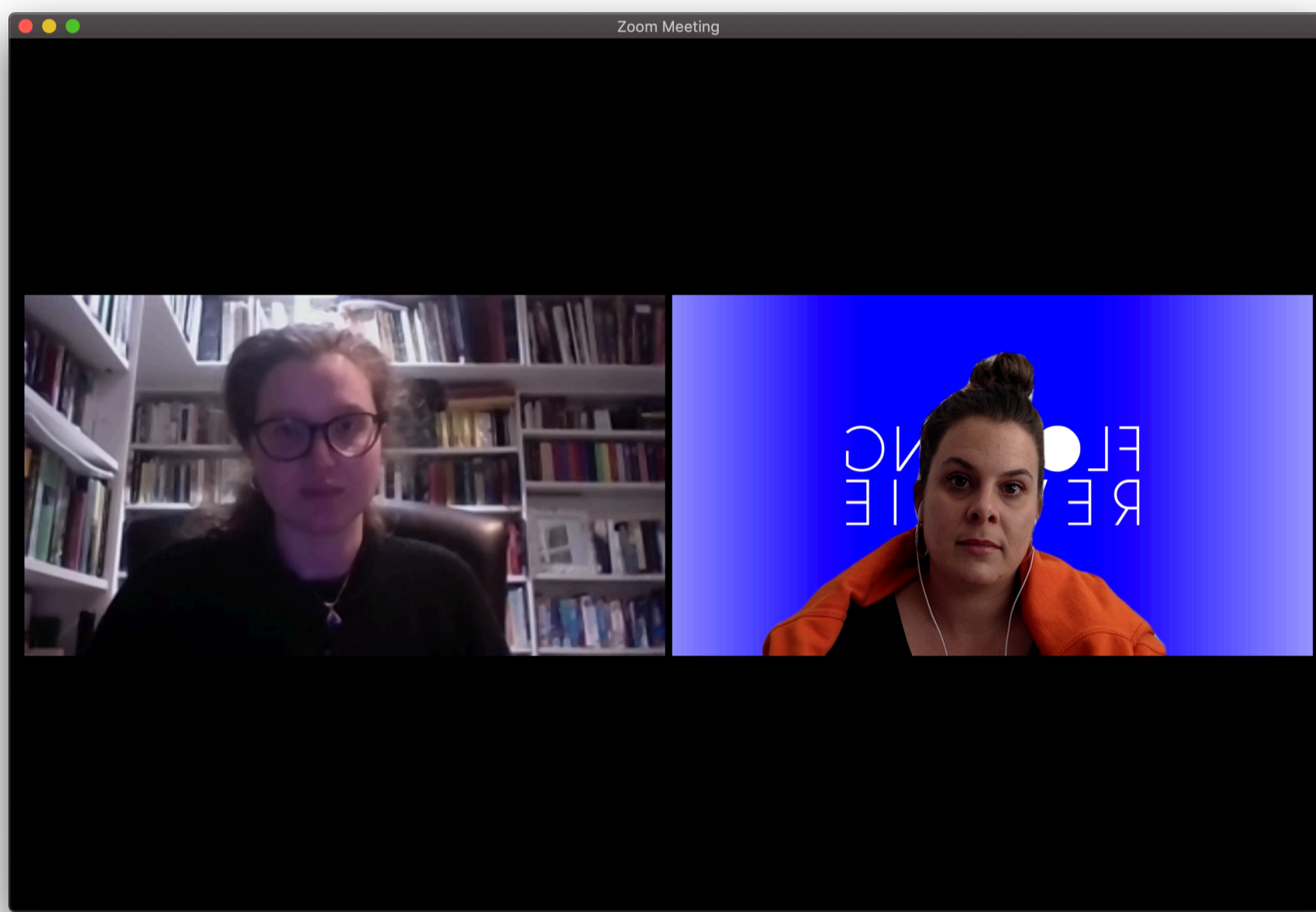
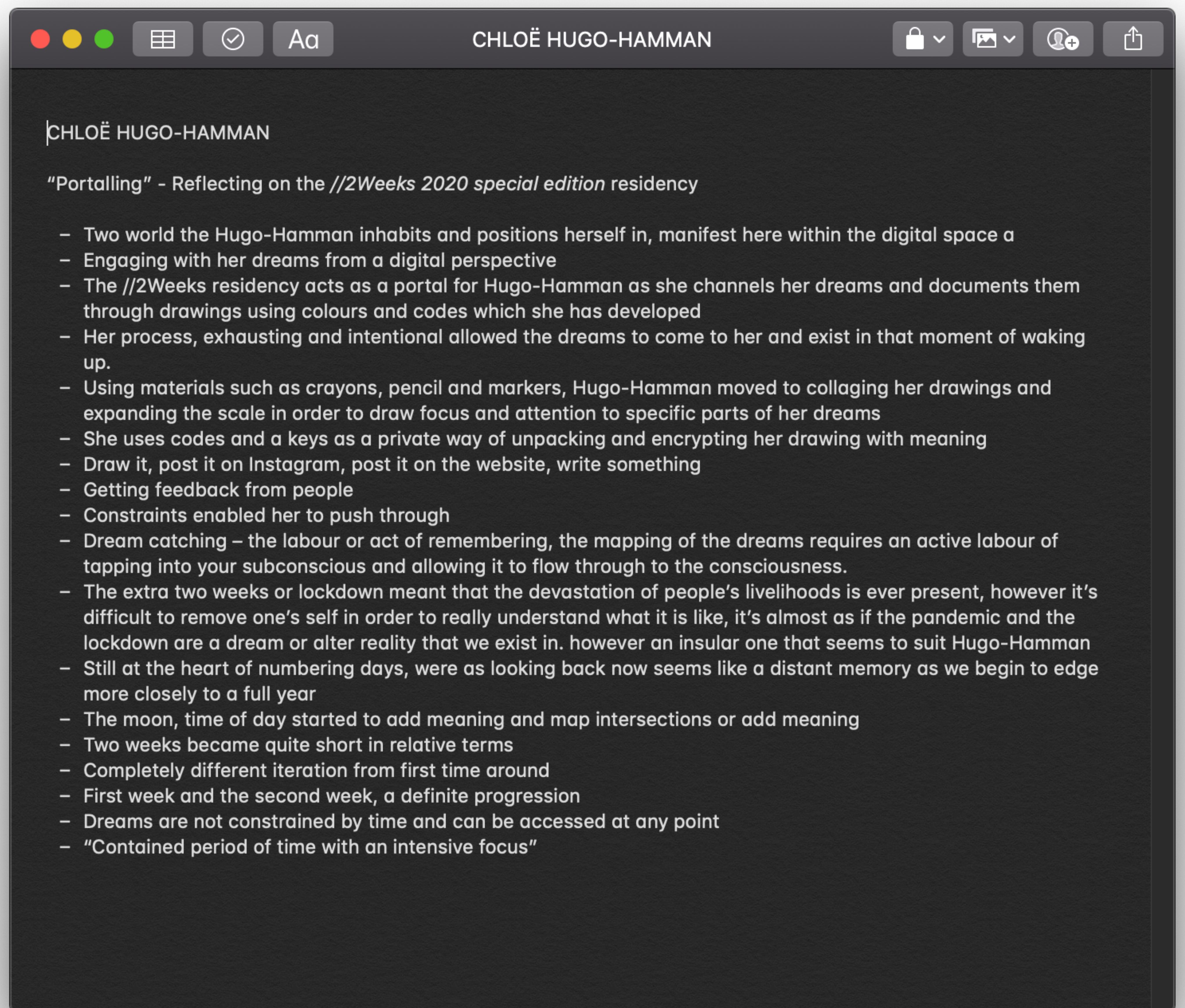
Neil Badenhorst

Youlendree Appasamy



View the online component:

www.artcuratorgrid.com



CHLOË HUGO-HAMMAN

"PORTALLING" (2020)

<https://www.chloehugohamman.com/portalling>

In Arundhati Roy's article "The Pandemic is a Portal" published on April, 3 2020 she says,

Whatever it is, coronavirus has made the mighty kneel and brought the world to a halt like nothing else could. Our minds are still racing back and forth, longing for a return to "normality", trying to stitch our future to our past and refusing to acknowledge the rupture. But the rupture exists. And in the midst of this terrible despair, it offers us a chance to rethink the doomsday machine we have built for ourselves. Nothing could be worse than a return to normality.

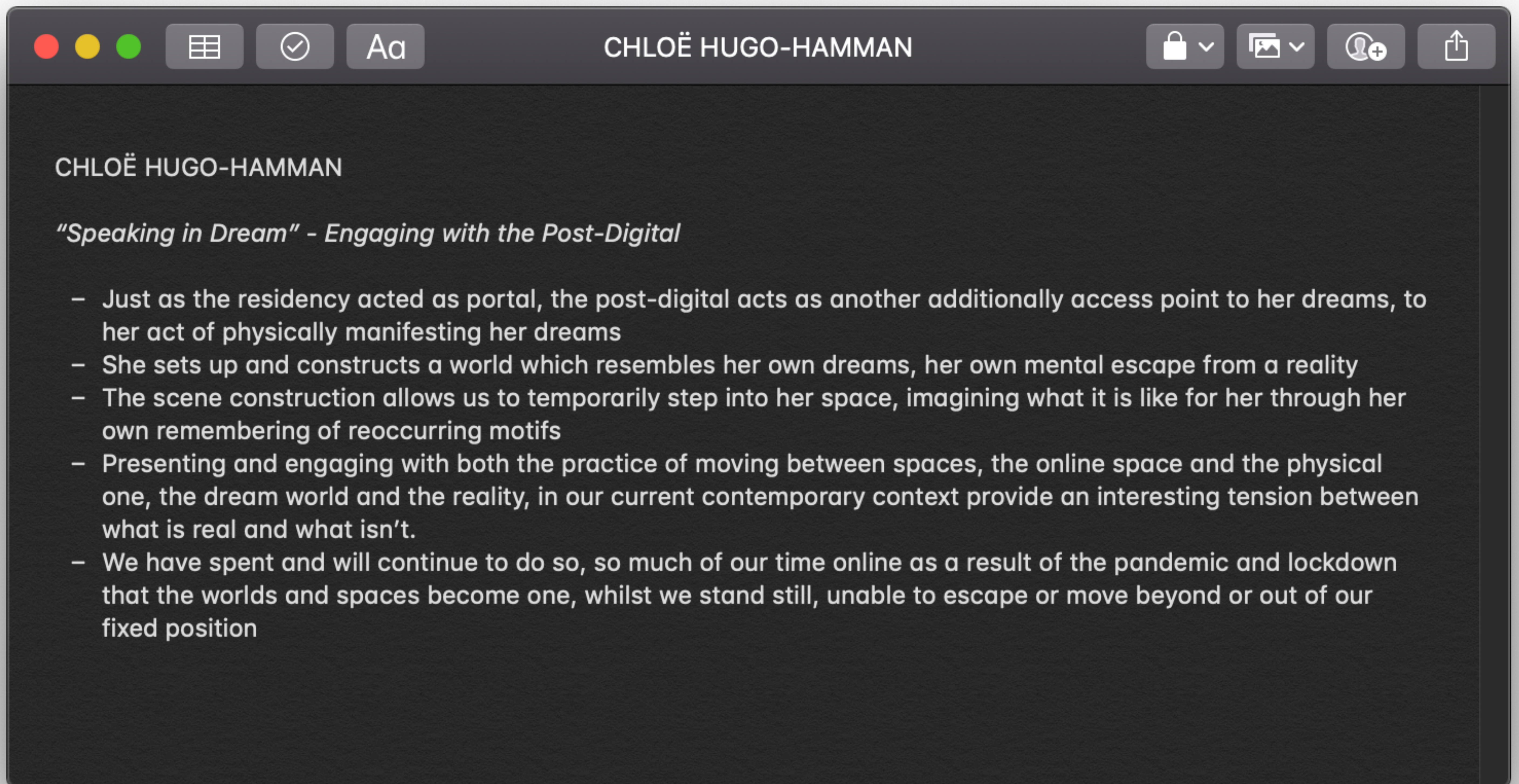
Historically, pandemics have forced humans to break with the past and imagine their world anew. This one is no different. It is a portal, a gateway between one world and the next.

We can choose to walk through it, dragging the carcasses of our prejudice and hatred, our avarice, our data banks and dead ideas, our dead rivers and smoky skies behind us. Or we can walk through lightly, with little luggage, ready to imagine another world. And ready to fight for it.

During this residency I will attempt to think about her statement by using the process of dream journaling, especially using drawing. I'm on a lot of chronic medication for mental illness and one of the many side effects is vivid dreaming. What is interesting to me is the way dreams open up another type of world, even though this world often times tortures me ... I'm trapped, I can't run or swim, whatever path I take leads me into a worse state and I keep thinking if I just do this one more thing it will get better, but it doesn't... it gets worse and I'm deeper in it than before. This sense of there being no choice is the same as the anxiety provoking way capitalism functions. That said, when I make my drawings a world appears on the paper and I realize that there is something else at play... I see portals. There are holes in rocks, and pools of water, mirrors and doorways.

Portalling is a common mystical experience whereby one moves from one reality to another via an opening; a gate, an aperture or a tunnel. I am thinking about these portals in my dream world and the holes that appear, and that there maybe some solace and solutions found there... that they might help to, as Roy says "imagine (a) world anew".





CHLOË HUGO-HAMMAN
"SPEAKING IN DREAM" (2021)

Installation and mixed media

As someone who suffers from ADHD, anxiety and depression, I'm on a lot of medication. One of the side effects is vivid dreaming. This side effect reflects the way the medical-industrial complex manipulates people and their 'illness'. However, I'm wondering if this vivid dreaming could be seen as unintended consequence, allowing me to find a place for myself, counter to the aim of the medicine. The medication wants me to fit into the world whereas perhaps the combination of medications I'm on is opening other worlds to me and making me imagine a world in which people don't have to fit it.

It's as though I live in two worlds. These two experiences make me think about the connections between dreaming when you sleep and the dreams you hold for your life and the world, and of a collective dreaming for more liveable futures.



ISSI_ISSA

"#14VASES: DIALOGUE IN EXTENSION" (2020)

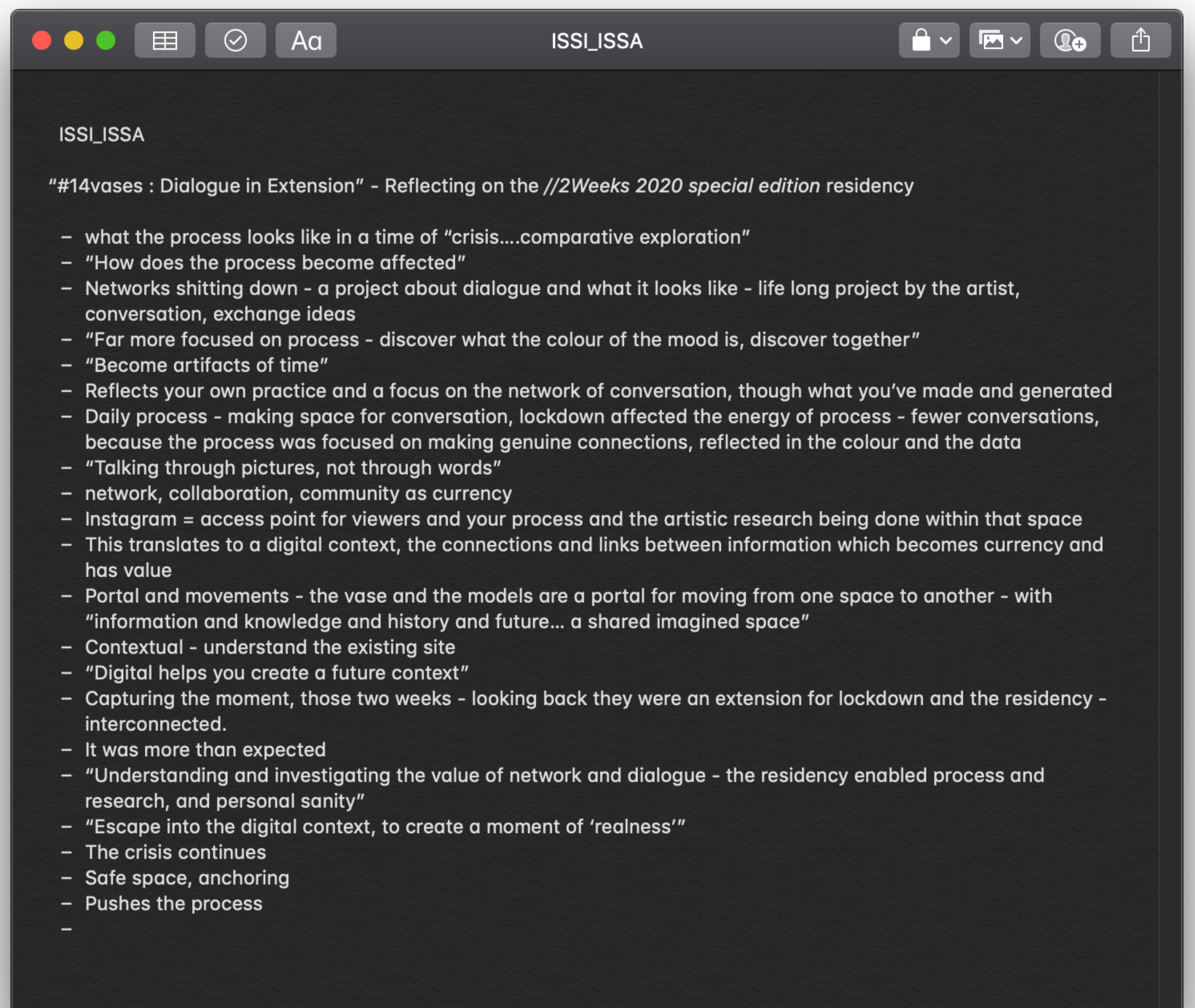
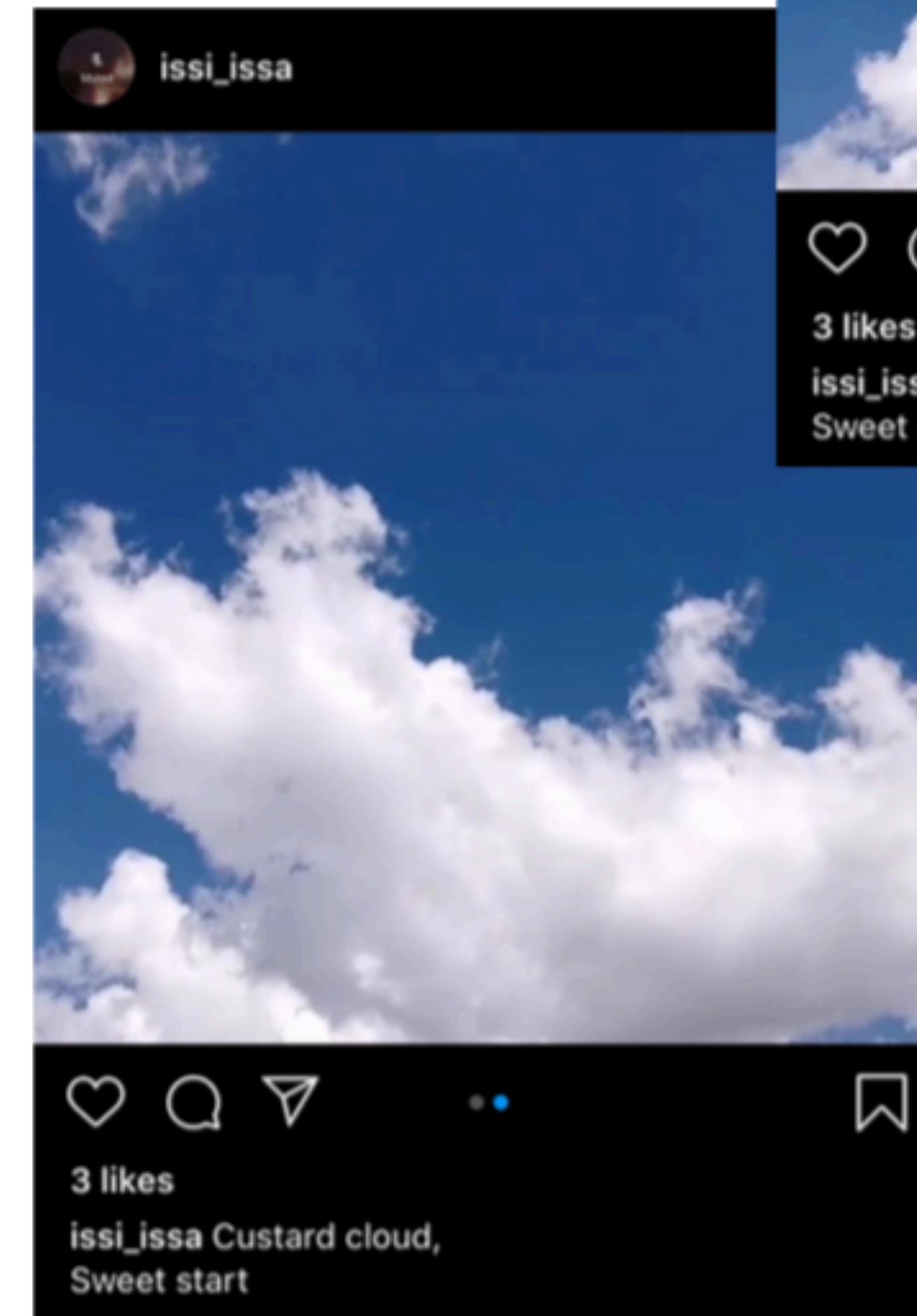
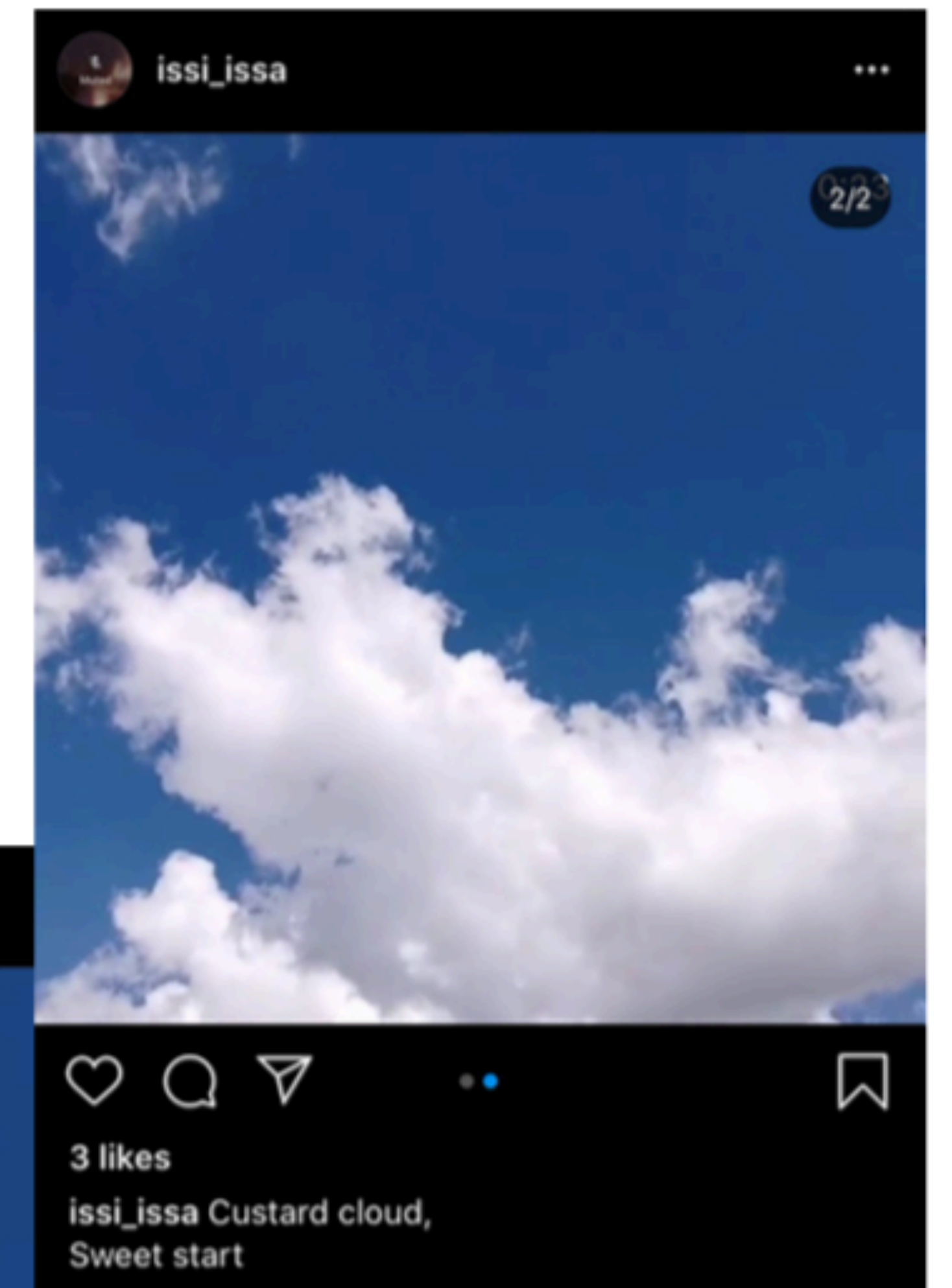
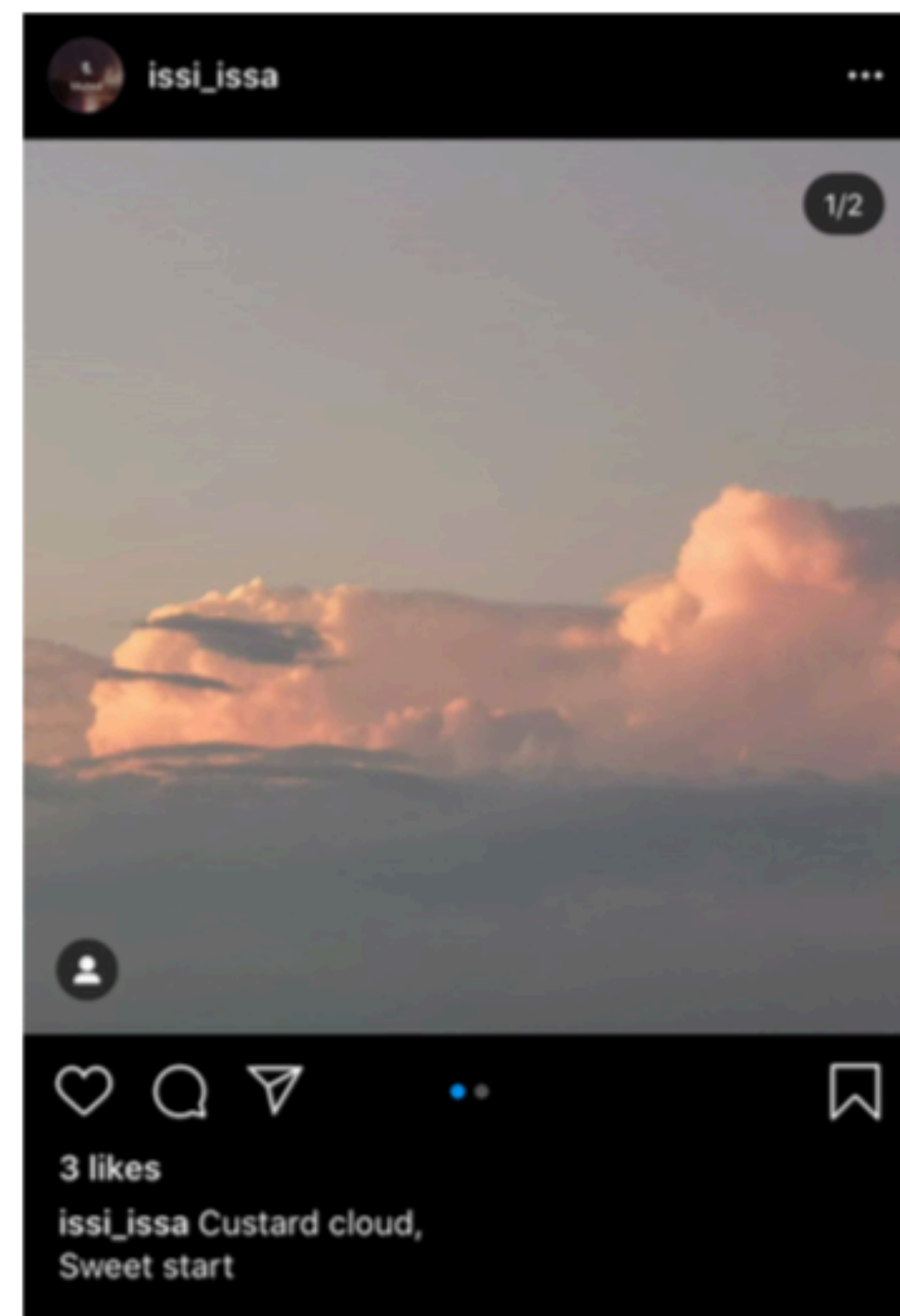
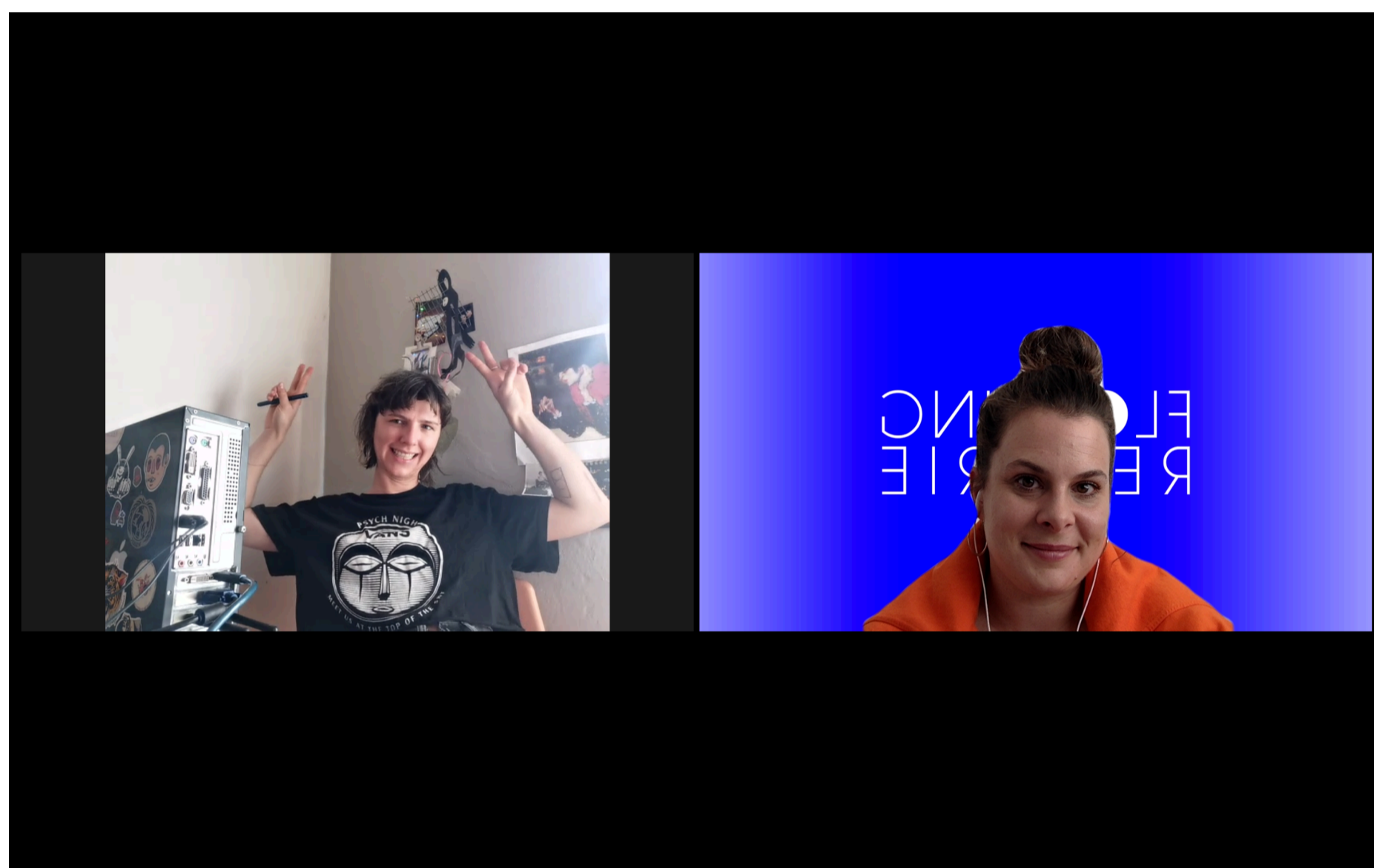
https://www.instagram.com/issi_issa

This residency iterates upon the first residency prototype exploring architectural methods of creating form through collaboration and translating this method into a set of dialogic frameworks. By using social media new digital landscapes are generated to stand as a language of form inspired by ongoing conversations with several different artists. Now as we find ourselves in extended times, what does dialogue look like in this 2week mentality and where do we go from here?

Phase two works at absorbing criticisms and reflections from the first prototype to contest its own method - rigorous investigation of time - especially in a time such as this - where we witness time reconstructed through the shifting of our everyday geographies based on forces of nature - forces the human race has deliberately neglected to take into consideration it's economic well being - forgetting how we breath - the residency therefore seeks to exist in this slice of time, reflecting on neglects - through various forms of dialogue - creating the new territory of the futuristic future we see ourselves emerging into without much say in the matter.

Some of the research questions the residency aim to interact with are as follows:

- Who are we when the extension is and ends?
- What will the forms be in a time of Covid? What is dialogue in a time of Covid? The economy? The temperature of change in Covid? What is the language of memory of crisis?
- How are artists considering their practices in a time of Covid? How can 14 days remember themselves through form & dialogue?
- When will architecture & art commence in a time of Covid? When will the economy restructure itself by the terms and conditions of nature?
- Why was this not the new normal before crisis? Why do we wait for crisis?
- When will we script nature into our everyday?



ISSI_ISSA

"AUGMENTED CIRCULATION CROPS: FOOKLING FAKES" (2016-2021)

Mixed Media on Archival Paper

"SOFT WHERE? A VEXILLUM TO THE VOID" (2021)

Digital Sublimation Print of Stretch Satin

As much as the excess can allow the work exists as the artists flag for a year and its passing. Having sought out the shift in dialogues underway during the start of a significant historical moment, within the early weeks of lockdown a call to collaborative action with Floating Reverie, friends, family and fellow artists, the piece signifies all things to be remembered in the hopes that all the rest can be forgotten, but most importantly to not forget that which must be remembered. A flag gridded into dimensions of currency but also the artists systems of capturing data in CAD tables the final border of the flag is held in frame by the dimensions of the video rations as a suggestion to the radical dissolution of even the familiar proportions of the screen in the same way as the movement into textile from paper signifies the dissolved borders of the frame all aspects are data points to signify the architectures of collapsing system to be held onto through the values and where the 'art' was to grow now - all this again as a memory to honour the artists of the two weeks - each in their own voice saying the same thing - what now and why?

Within and without the grid of a messy metric of the pound and the screen overlaid and inserted are the vectors of architectures, anipaths and forms established via the lock down dialogues.

Ranging from the leftover edges of @Zoya_is_a_unicorn's portraits then lofted into vases, @zenande_mketeni's Jade Roller and longings about surface, the emotional landscapes shared with @sociallubricant, @Sheilamadgeb poetry about frogs and distance being closest, @Kaylas_arm's routines and rituals and tenderly unpacking the mappings of the past for the purpose of the future with @Russel.Hlongwane.

Musical notes for the cities inside paintings of @hond_011 and phone-calls sometimes seeming to translate into the colours of the clouds, the sky and the deep Black of the only lives that didn't seem to matter - gunshots to the backs of fathers and knives to the wombs of woman - the need to eradicate whiteness becoming a sonic constant in the hopes that the isometric lines of imagined places would start to push through the dredge of medias' violence-lusting flesh by sabotaging the purpose of the surface and the means to the screen - an augmented layer revealing the scenes of process and the sound to which a revealing of

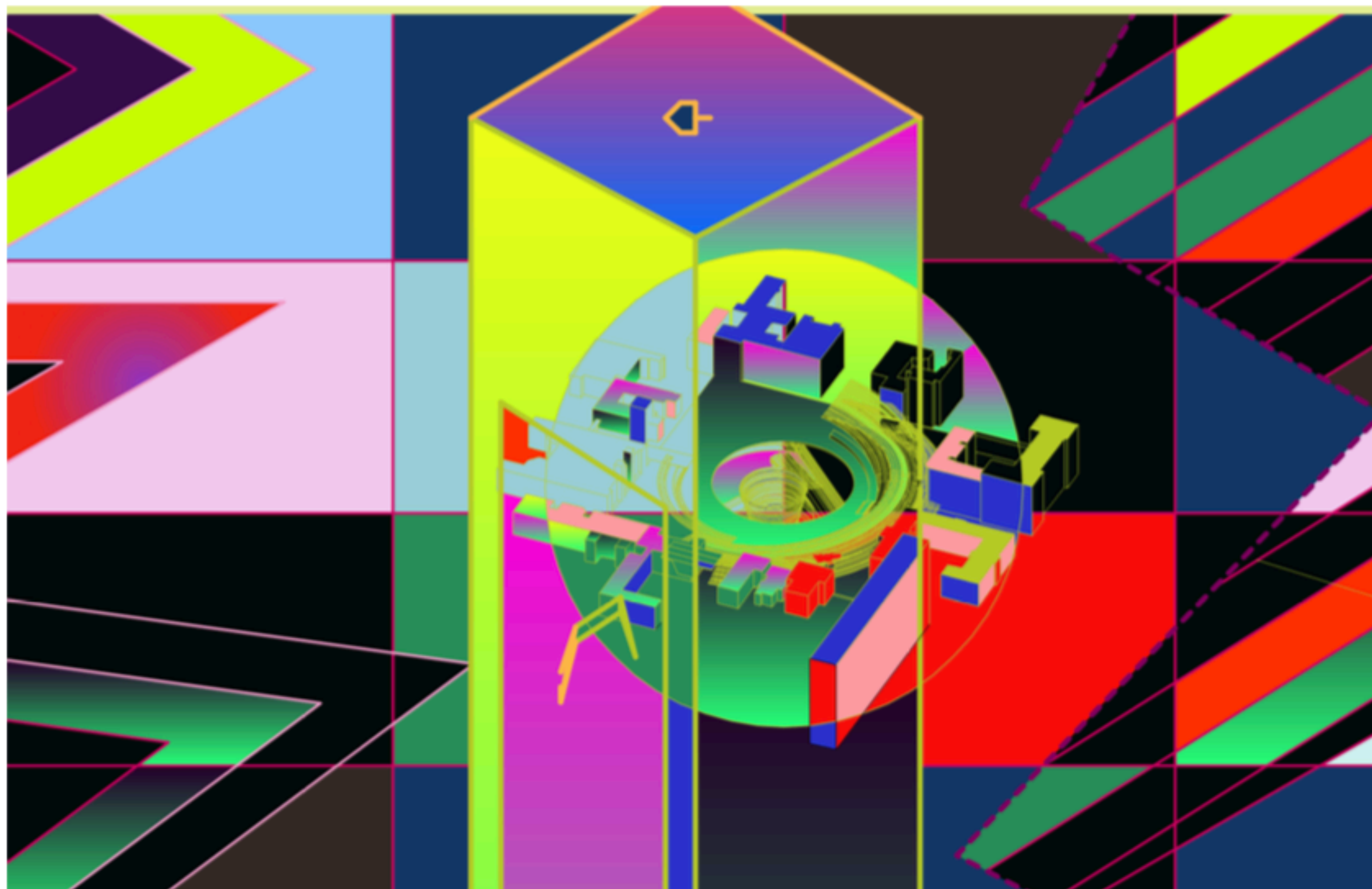
continents of loyalty to change, truth and love can begin their emergence from the void as large as the start of every Cad file, that so resembled the hopelessness that was many days present not so long ago, now passed?

Disclosures for deconstructions - and the flag the '15th vase' of the time we were sighing at in solitude - or not - but for the distance of the daily.

And the final validation through gravity of economy as the conjunction to this satin flag; of not forgetting what to hold and carry on into an uncertain future, is the circulation of a dialogical currency - a somewhat soft nod to the 'Battisian' Fook Island as much in meaning as in colour - a verified augmented access card granting passage to a realised future place, where somewhere soon dialogue will commence. A collection of unique dimensional notes determined by the intersection of leftovers between the video screen and the paper money pound merely weighted in never ending dialogue about the diamonds and forever waiting for an internet connection.

Thank you to the collaborators, dialogue virtualised and realised.

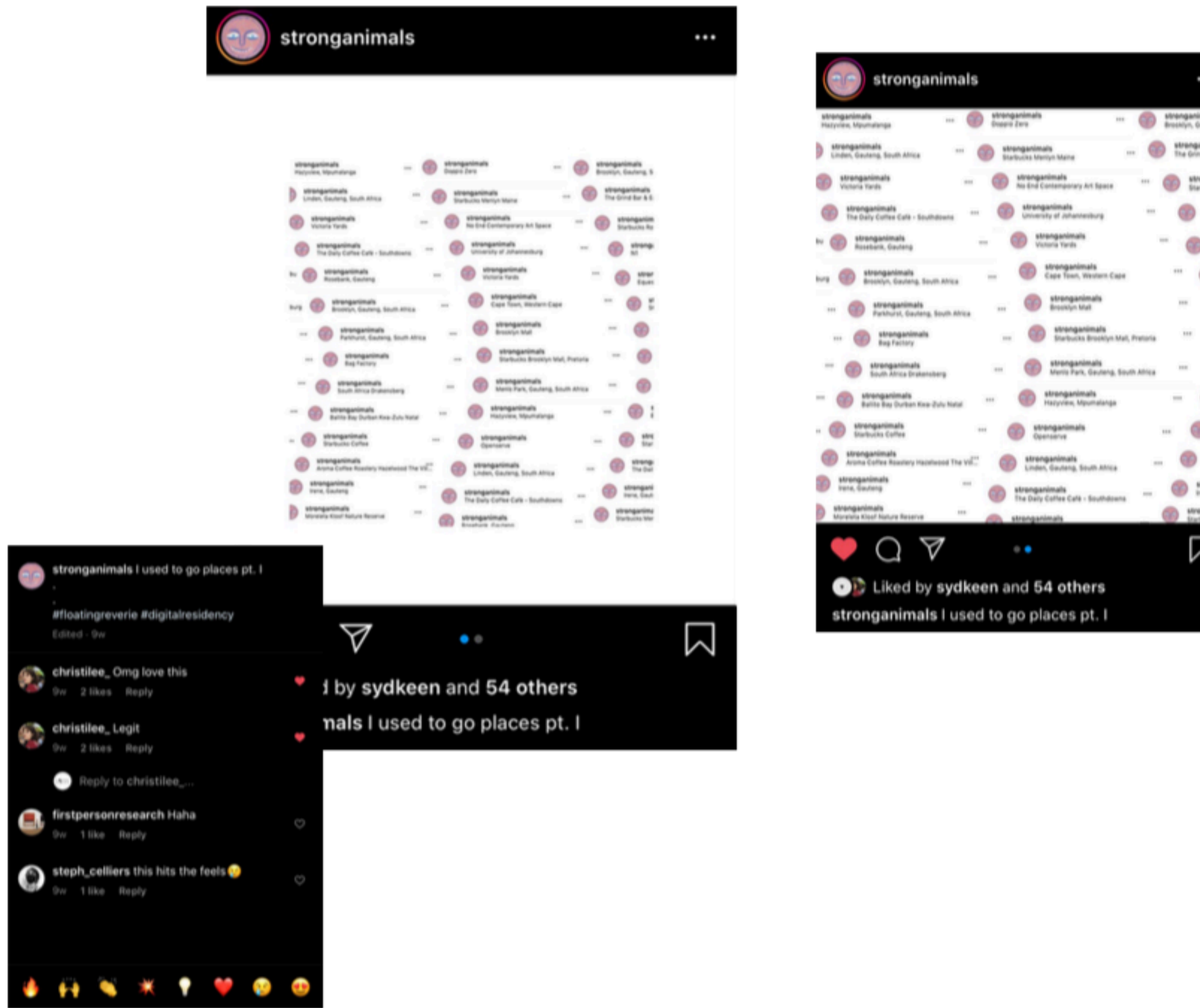
@floatingreverie @_carly_w @sheilamadgeb @sociallubricant @zenande_mketeni
@thisisjoyjessica @hond_011 @kaylas_arm @zoya_is_a_unicorn @russel.hlongwane



NEIL BADENHORST
"MAKING SENSE 2.0 (2020)

<https://instagram.com/stronganimals>

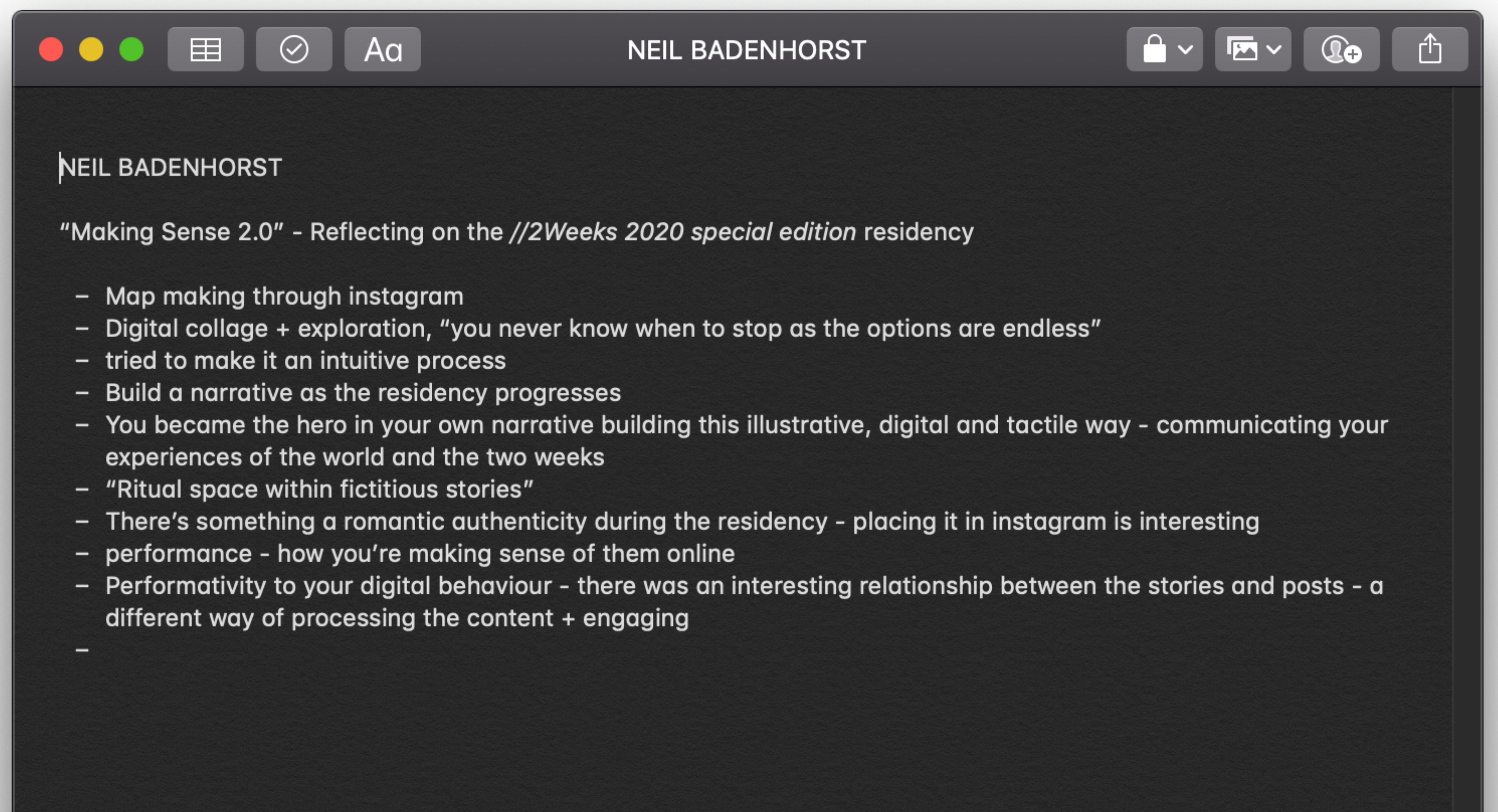
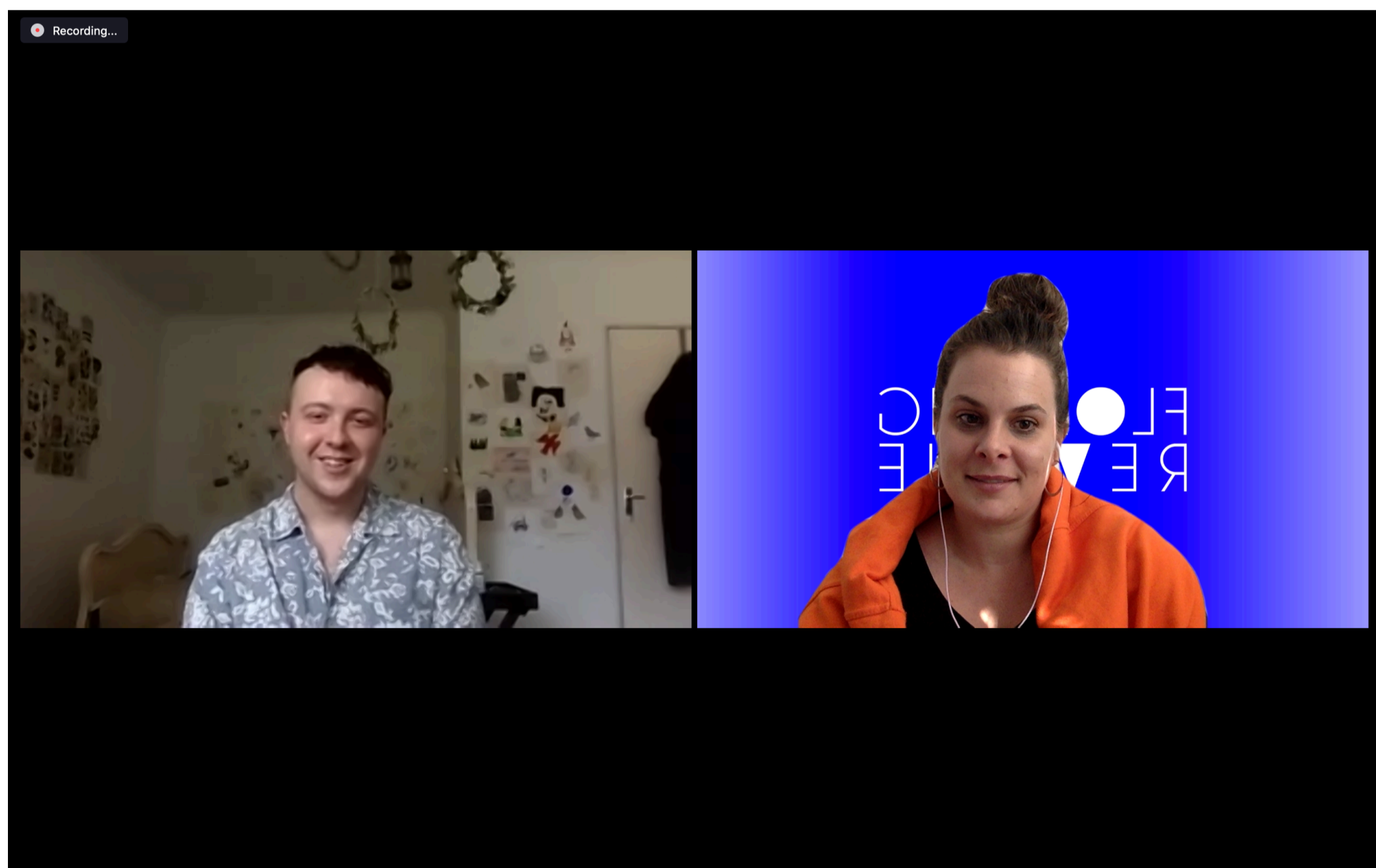
My artmaking process largely consists of an autoethographic method, wherein I rely largely upon intuition, and recognise emerging themes within the work created during the process/upon completion. Earlier this year I created an artist's book titled making sense, for an exhibition curated by The Project Space Africa, which spoke to themes of making sense of internal queer experience; and overlapping, contrasting emotions and thoughts. making sense 2.0, similarly explores themes such as attempting to navigate conflicting emotional experiences, specifically how these are affected during the Covid19 pandemic and National Lockdown, and the way these experiences are transferred to online platforms.

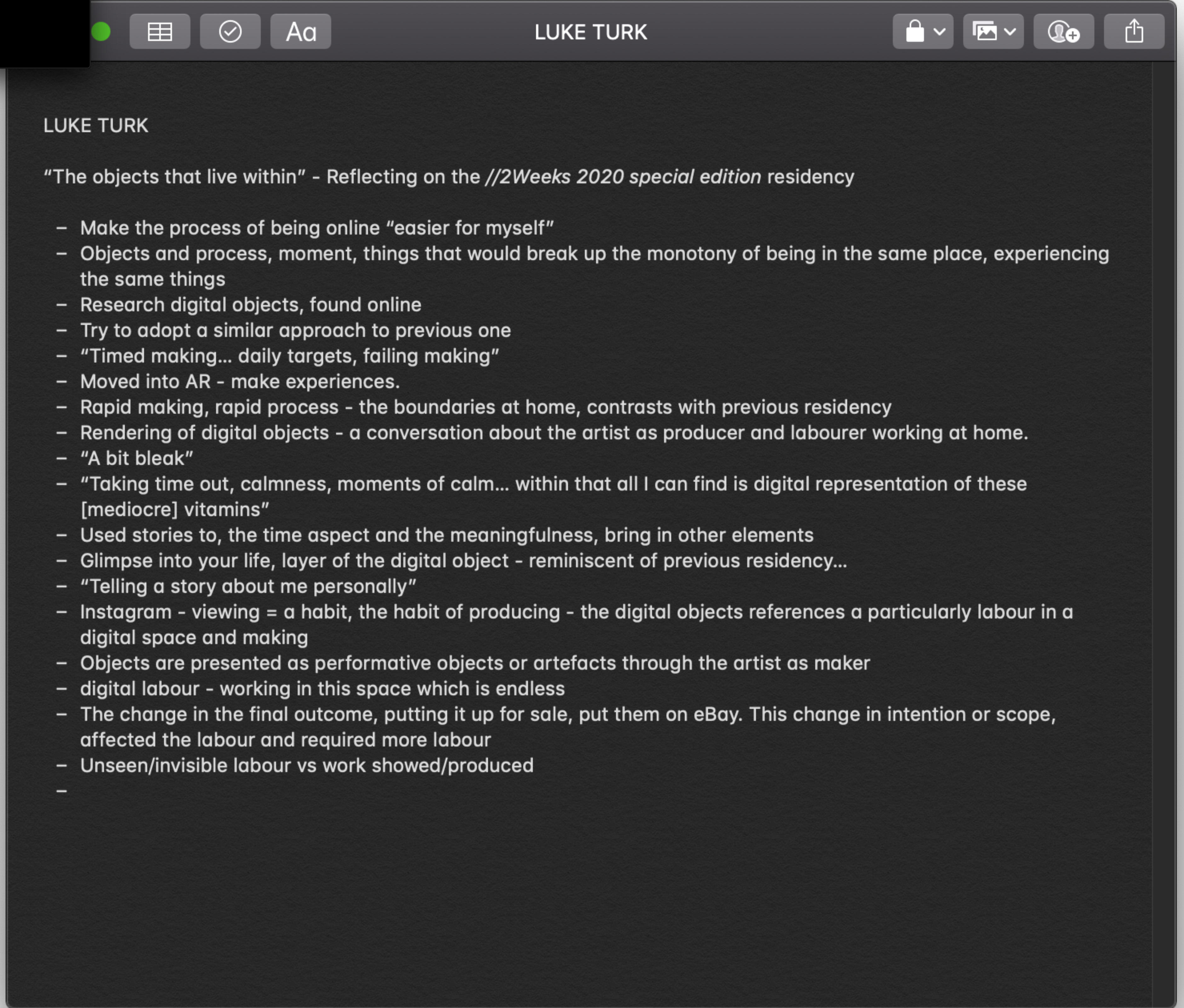
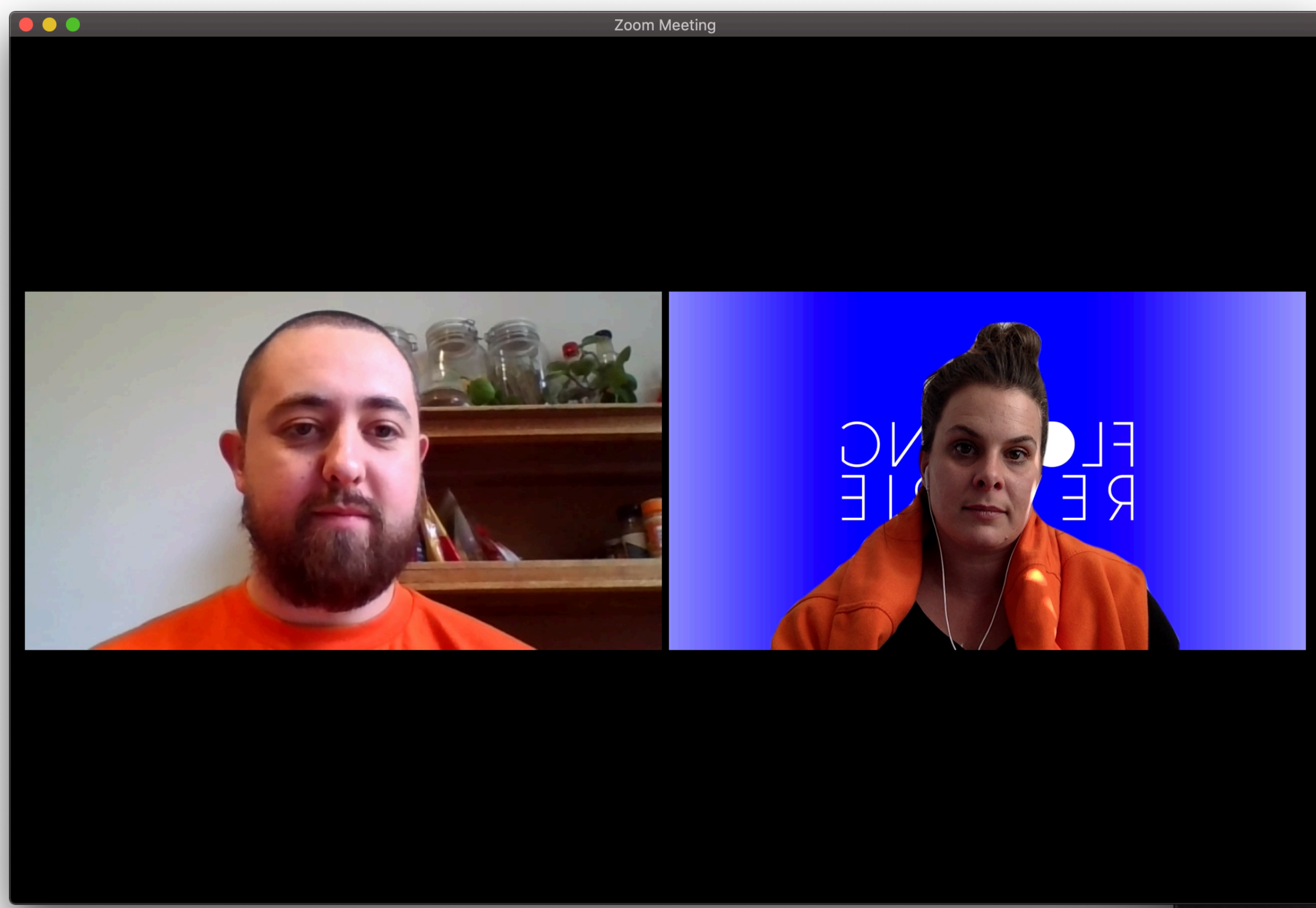


NEIL BADENHORST
"STAY-AT-HOME SUPERSTAR" (2021)

Video installation, string and organic material

Badenhorst's ultimate goal as a creative is to be a 'jack of all trades, master of some'. Through formally taught in digital design and illustration, Badenhorst's artistic practice extends into painting, collage, and more recently digital and traditional installation art. Badenhorst's practice is largely concerned with themes such as liminality, multilayered space and experience, queer themes, ritual process and imaginary worlds. Badenhorst's creative process relies heavily on intuition, and his dreamscapes are a desperate attempt to map out the eternally expanding internal landscape, and recollection of memories from other worlds and universes.





LUKE TURK

“THE OBJECTS THAT LIVE WITHIN” (2020)

<https://instagram.com/luketurk>

‘The objects that live within’ is a new series of digital objects that are being produced over the length of the //2Weeks Special Edition residency, the series acts as a counterpart to the artist's original residency from 2017. These new works will illustrate the world of hyper-networked living, algorithmic predictability and data commodification that is presented in the artists previous series ‘Are they names if they’re randomly generated’.

Presented through an eBay shop, ‘The objects that live within’ will exist as the online marketplace identity and the range of products that can be browsed and purchased as digital files, over the course of the residency new ‘stock’ will be produced and added each day.



LUKE TURK

“THE HOT WHITE GLOW OF THE FINAL SUNSET” (2021)

Text and vinyl installation

“PLANTLAB” (2021)

Digital Image

‘The white hot glow of the final sunset’ is a text based installation by Luke Turk, made in response to his previous works shown on the Floating Reverie platform. In particular, this new work acts as a counterpart to the 2017 audio work ‘Are They Names if They are Randomly Generated’. Both works share a world of advanced technological automation and free market supremacy.

‘The white hot glow of the final sunset’ presents a narrative story, where the narrator embarks on a hyper luxury journey across the globe, to witness the last days of a future dying planet. The story exists as a form of allegory for various global crises, and plays out current socio-economic systems of governance to their natural conclusions, as the artists sees it. The work is presented as a stack of A4 paper in the centre of a circular floor based vinyl text, engaging with the tradition of oral storytelling and touching on archetypal story themes, including, tragedy, rebirth and quest.



Luke Turk

The white hot glow of the final sunset (2021)

Part I

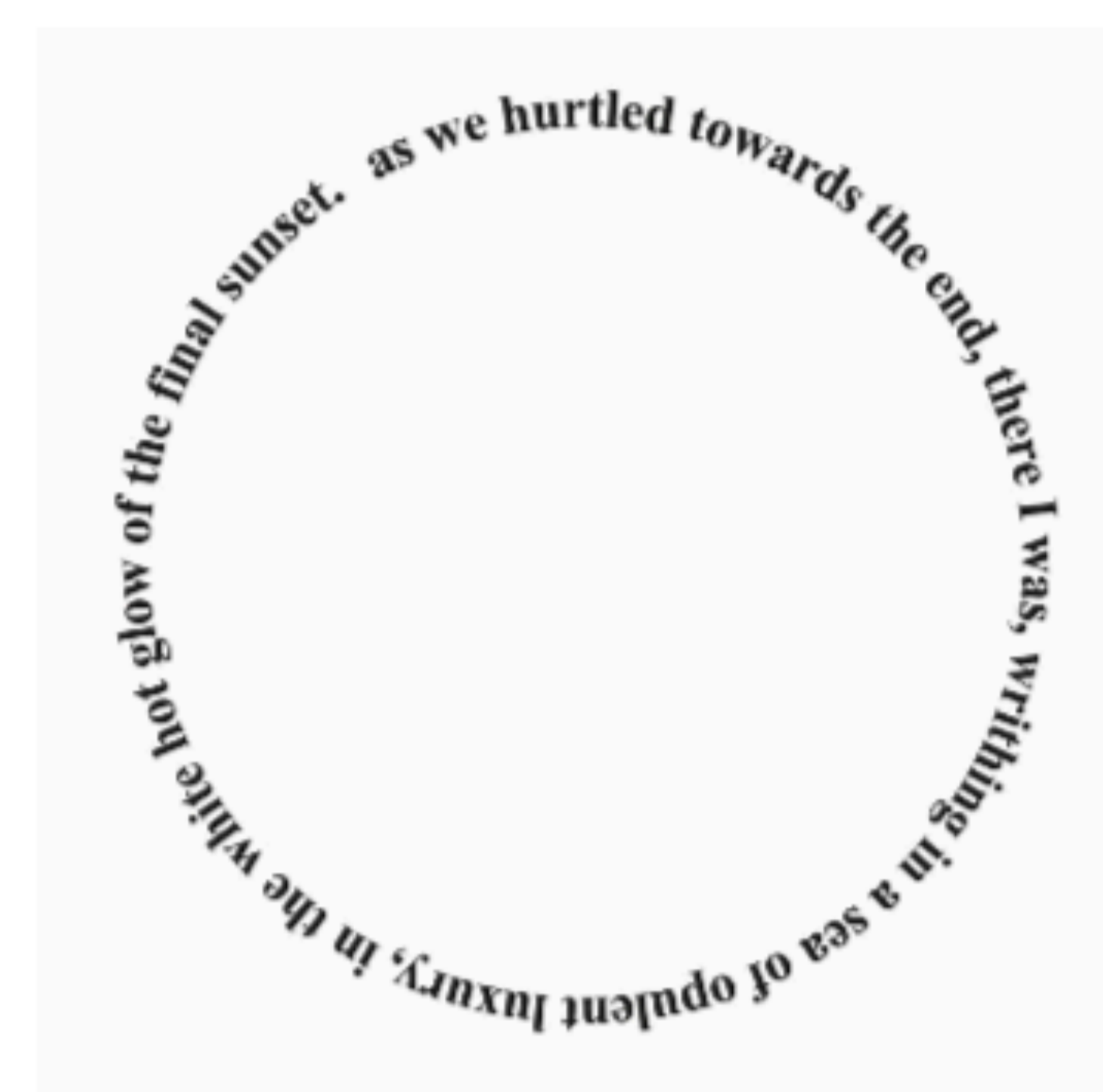
'Indulge the adventurer within, with a breathless gasp in one of our wilderness retreats, or perhaps unwind by the pool, collapsing in the scorching heat of the 500 degree midday sun. Unprecedented access to the end of human history awaits'.

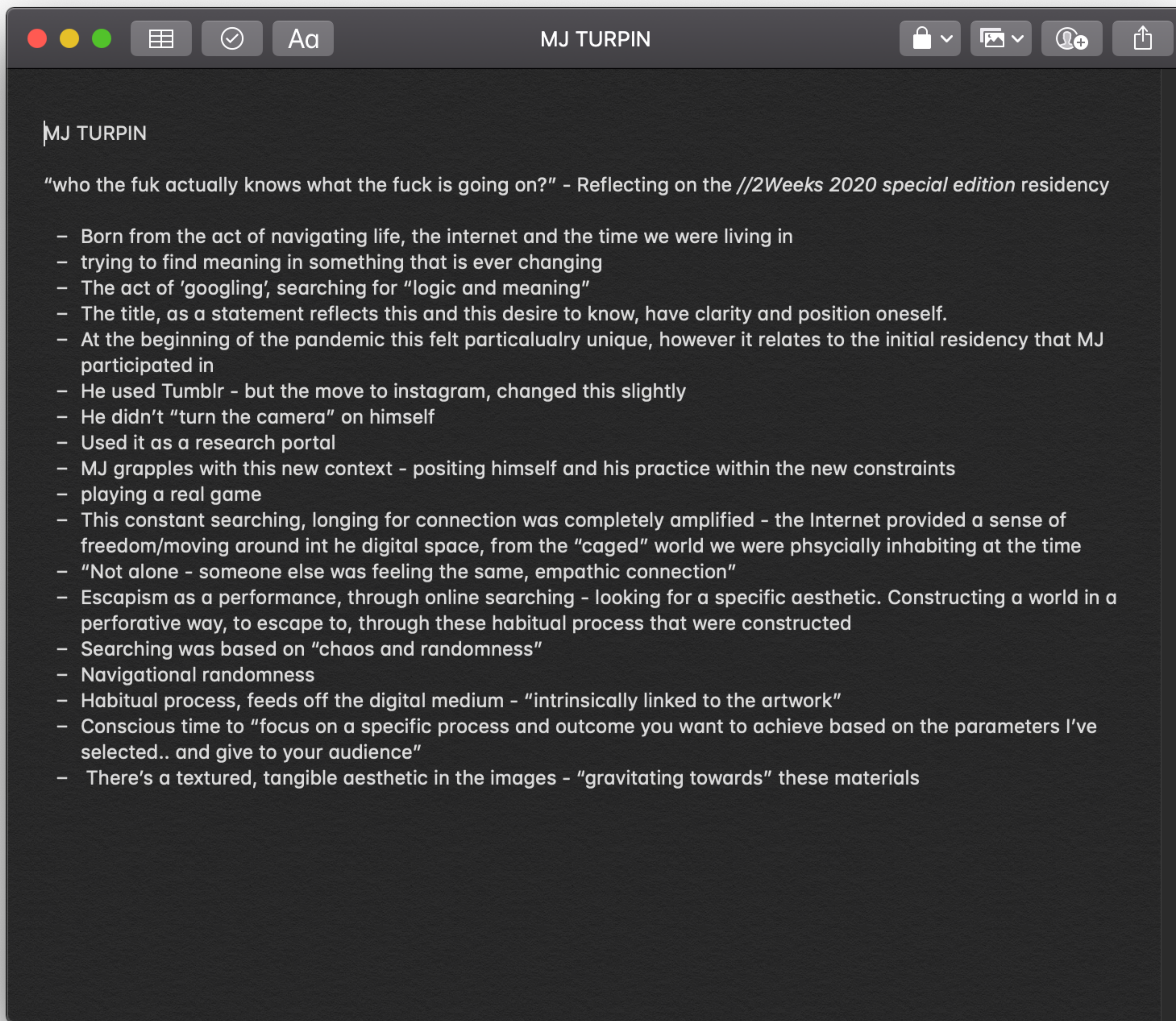
I journeyed through the lands of this scorched earth, my senses indulged with the finest of linens beneath my hip and the most fragrant of sweet teas upon my tongue, as we hurtled towards the end, there I was, writhing in a sea of opulent luxury, in the white hot glow of the final sunset.

We traversed the globe in this floating orb, a mile wide, with a transparent, flesh-like perimeter, cocooned from the extremities beyond, a hybrid structure, where soft organic material and powder coated robotic constructions existed harmoniously together. Automated, crewless, a sort of luxury cruise liner for a world with no oceans, It navigated the deep casems of dried up riverbeds and floated above what remained of city ruins for its guests viewing pleasure. One night, while I dined in a lavish establishment, feasting on the in vitro flesh of long extinct wild beasts and dousing my insatiable thirst with fine wines, something caught my eye, barren terrain yonder, infertile land in every direction, dust and wind the only inhabitants. My appetite dissipated, turned to a sickness, a punch to the stomach that got worse by the second. I bit down on my lip until I could taste blood, the pain soothed, the metallic taste reignited my hunger.

My lodgings here were most adequate, from hydroponic irrigation systems sprung hybrid ferns, and majestic palms that bowed overhead, pools of warm fresh water lay in wait underfoot, felt out by perfectly pedicured toes and glid into by molecularly enhanced legs. A fine mist lingered in the air, along with the smell of something I remembered as geranium, synthetic now of course, but the olfactory memories it invoked were not, memories of the people left behind, memories of things it was best to drown out with the excesses afforded to me. A cold sweat presented itself on my skin, thank god for the dirty martinis.

Some months later, I sought relaxation, heading on my usual constitutional, in the direction of the simulated laguna, at first glance a perfect recreation of a lake I had once swam in on the former continent. I spread out under a canopy and pushed my face into the beach, my mouth wide open, allowing my throat and lungs to become filled with sand, until it was hard to breathe. The sand felt wrong here, sort of smooth, it didn't stick between toes, or find its way into pockets, it just did what it was told. I remained face planted, thinking back to other oddities I had observed during my time in this perverse habitat, like the thickness of the air that made breaths like chewing fatty meat, or swarms of bees drinking nectar from snapdragons that resembled machines more than insects. I sat up and purged the sand from my vital organs, packed up my things, it was time to leave, it was time for my biohybrid facial treatment.





MJ TURPIN

"WHO THE FUK ACTUALLY KNOWS WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON?" (2020)

<https://instagram.com/3rdeyetwiceshy>

walk with me, talk with me, see with me. learn with me, listen with me...be bored with me.

MJ TURPIN

"THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS FREE WIFI" (2021)

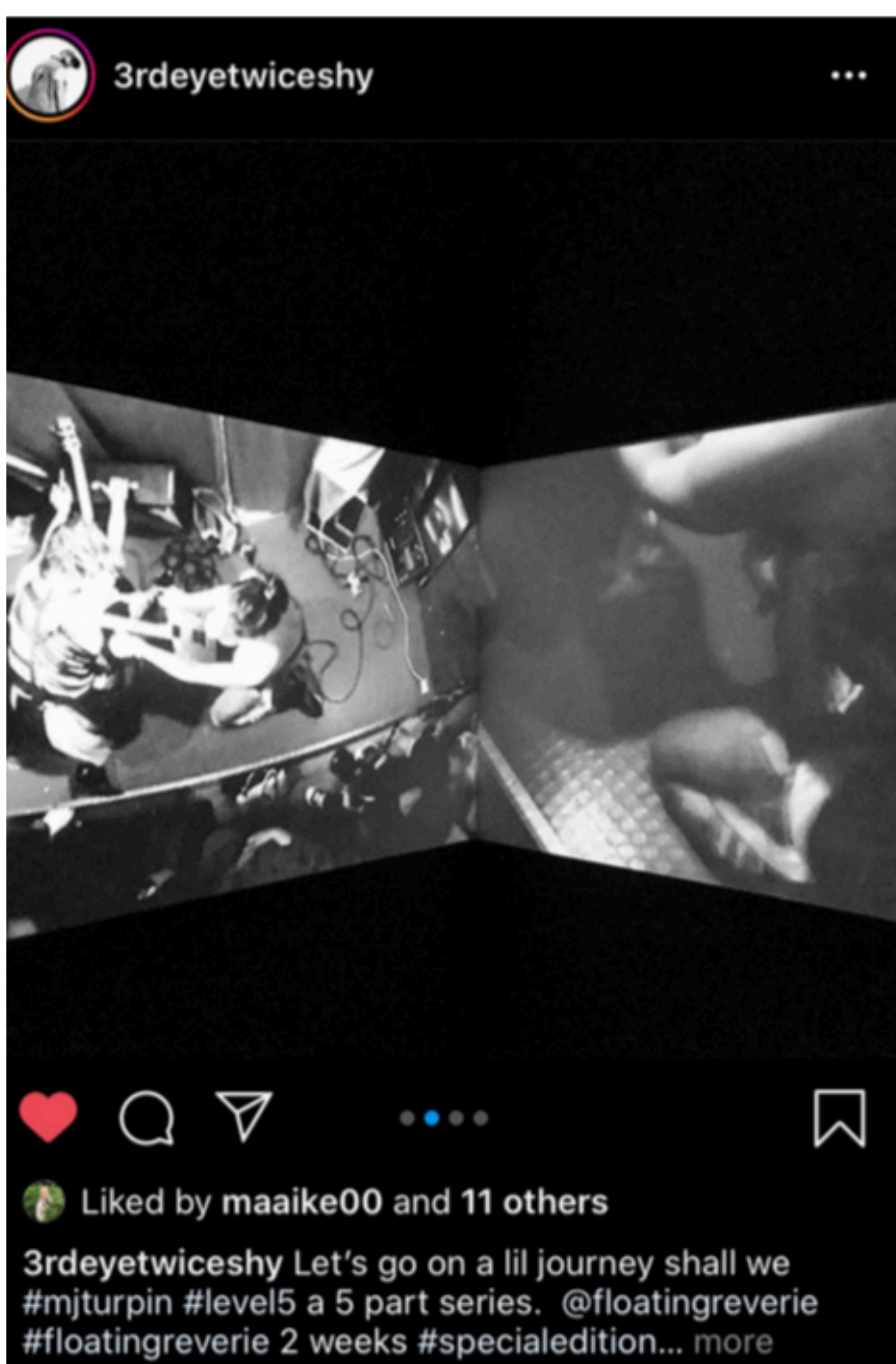
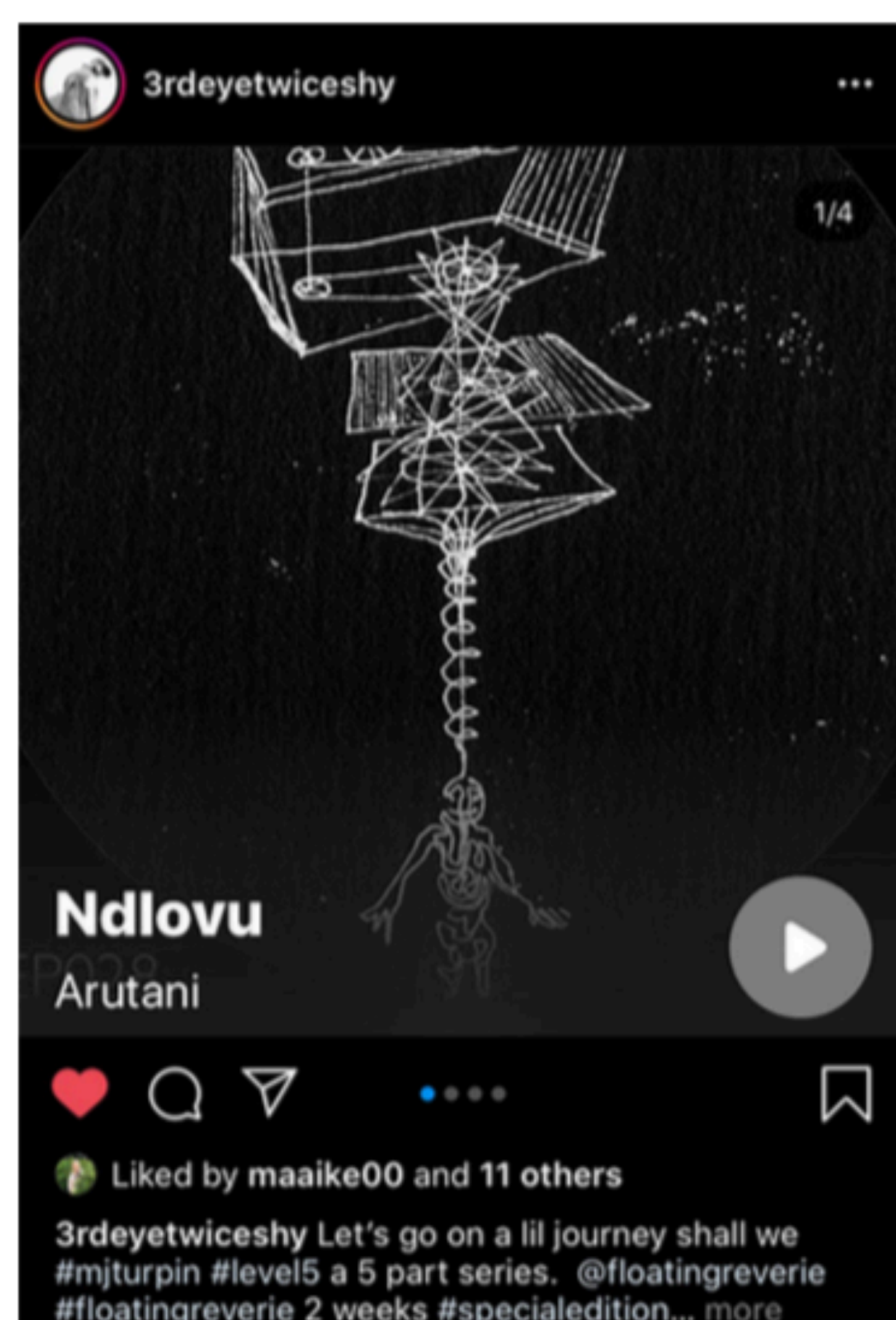
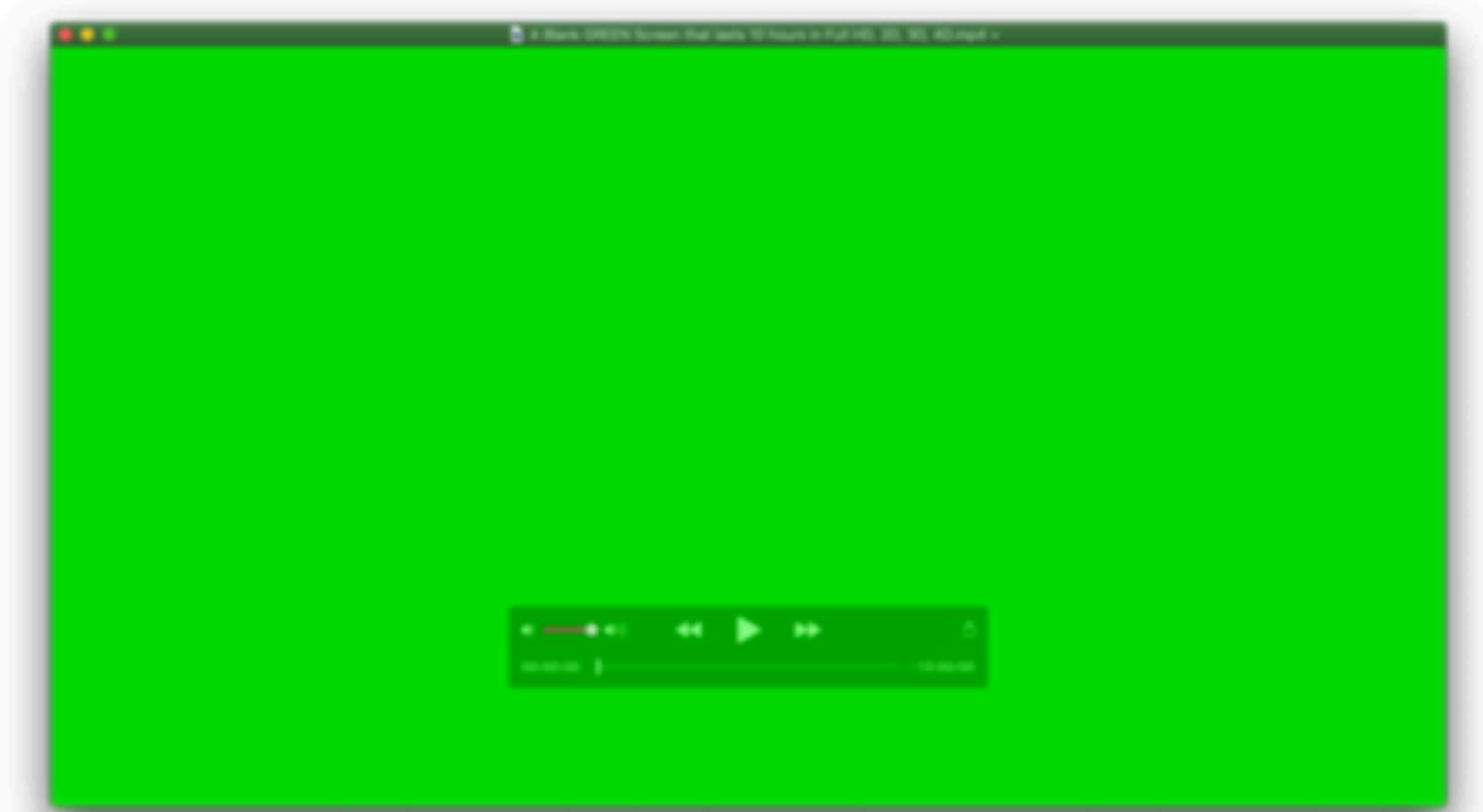
Sandblasted aluminium, granite, Perspex, powder coated mild steel.

"MY BRAZZERS SUBSCRIPTION RAN OUT" (2021)

Video

In these times, to be able to breathe new life in between mutating layers of purpose, materiality and logic, daily is to be truly alive.

May the collective parts and purpose of your life, become more than a collection of social media handles and urls.



NATALIE PANENG

"HEY MTV, WELCOME TO MY CRIB" (2019)

<https://instagram.com/nataliepaneng>

This project aims to interrogate and play with the idea of the online space as well as how we curate and share our world with an online audience.

Through referencing the popular culture show MTV Cribs, this project aims to look at the act of sharing to an audience we can not see. MTV Cribs is a documentary TV program that featured the mansions of celebrities and rich teens giving tours of their balling parents homes in the early 2000s. This kind of sharing and ostentatious behaviour is not far off from the kind social media sharing we see on our feeds today. Through this project I will be looking at how the show and the use of social media do the same thing. I aim to do this through:

- Collages (My Crib): these collages will act as my space. A space in which I curate and share with my unseen audience.
- Short tour: stories that explain different elements found in my space and act as the tour/fake humble flex of my crib.

I will present a collage and tour each day, packaged as an episode.



NATALIE PANENG

"NAKURANDZA MY BABY" (2021)

Video (2:05 min)

"HEY MTV WELCOME TO MY CRIB DAY 5 (2)" (2020)

Photographic Collage Print

A sentence deeply ingrained in my head when I was younger. Although I could not relate to having a huge house with mad features, I felt the same about my inner universe and the ways ideas could explode and take shape.

Through this series I explored what this type of sharing would look like, creating layered collage work influenced and moulded around the Vaporwave genre.

Here, my offering comes in two pieces. A video piece which references a South African artist named Zinja Hlungwani, specifically his music video and song called *Nwa Gezani My Love*. When I first saw this video I realised that being trippy is a big part of my cultural experience. My main visual influences growing up were a cross over between the simple and accessible (I mean DIY) versus the digital and fantastical. My interpretation and offering is an ode to artists similar to Mr Hlungwani, inspiring me and ultimately leading me to Vaporwave.

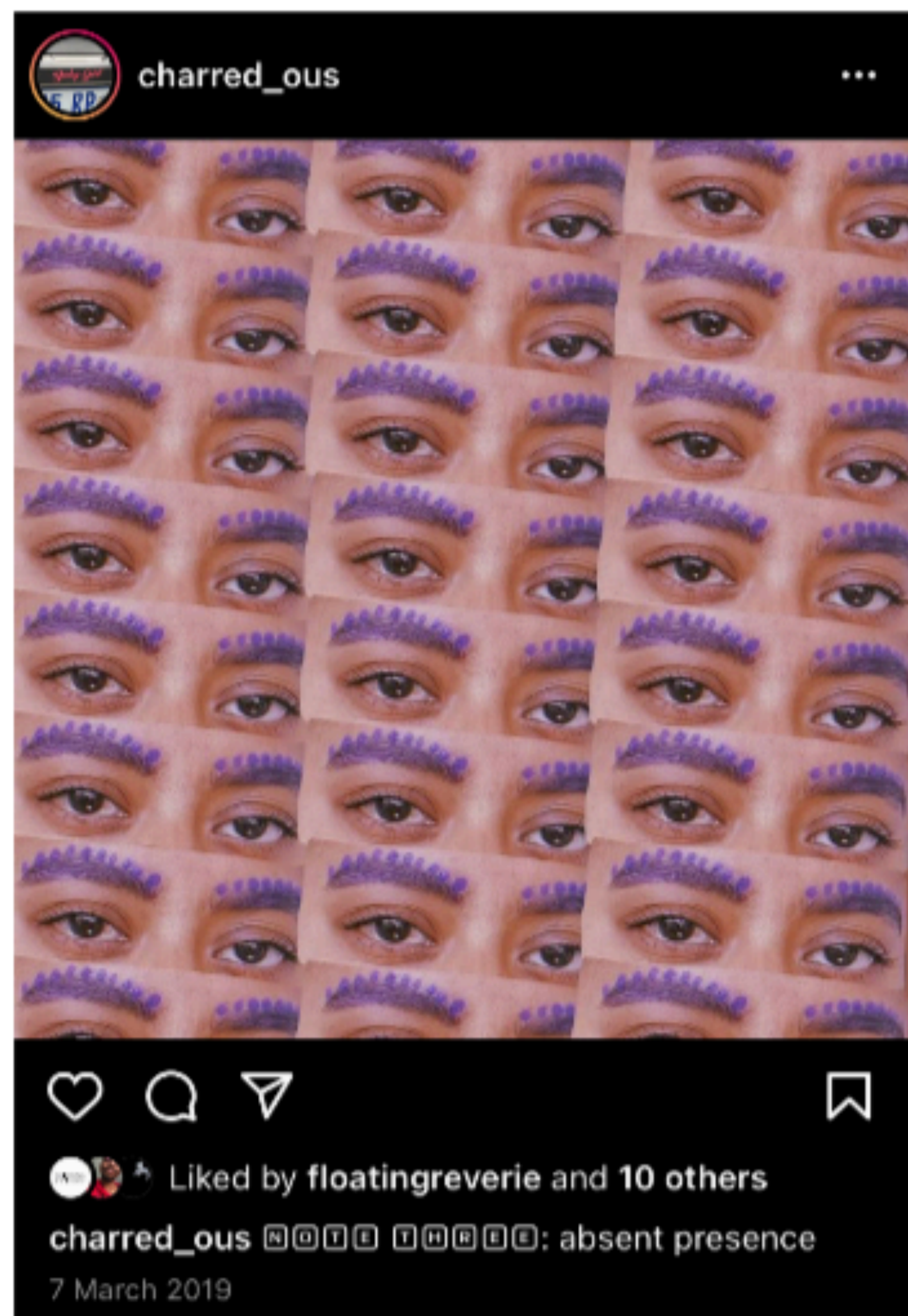
My second offering aims to hypnotise, to further push my personal agenda and play with illusion. The aim is to welcome the viewer and share the nostalgia. You, dear viewer, are MTV.



YOULENDREE APPASAMY
"CHARRED OUS" (2019)

https://instagram.com/charred_ous

With Charred Ous, I want to make visible the unseen forces, both historical and emotional, that contribute towards a charou culture in South Africa. Charou, a word that comes from Durban and Cape Town slang, refers to working class, 'raw people' of Indian origin. Charous, like most labels for racialised peoples, was initially used as a derogatory term. It is commonly attributed to the internalisation of apartheid racial hierarchies by Indian communities. Its etymology comes from the words 'charred' and 'ous' [ouens]. Who did the charring? What does it mean to be burnt? Why are 'ous' the primary referent? Who is left out, or excluded from being 'a charou'? By looking at the hybridity of us - a people with a fragmented sense of self forcibly consolidated under the rainbow and understood from the outside in - I want to unpack the strange and conventional ways this diasporic culture was created, and the melancholy associated with its maintenance.



YOULENDREE APPASAMY
"THAI POOSAM" (2021)

A3 paper collage

"ALONG THE R102" (2021)

Video

"A PROCESS OF SEPARATION" (2021)

Colour printed zine

it's small but it means something to us

Seawater carried for 8 hours in a 2-litre plastic milk carton
R12 for the oThongathi toll
A broken coconut shell dotted with ash and kumkum
How do you measure a grain of sugar?

The sugarcane fields and the ocean converge at one point: oThongathi

Responding to, and refusing colonial and imperial narratives of place, land and belonging of South Africans of South Asian origin, this work builds on the Floating Reverie residency 'Charred Ous', which focussed on developing a theory about charou culture in South Africa using Verulam, a small town in KwaZulu-Natal, as a springboard.

Verulam and oThongathi are kissing cousins - two towns created by colonists of some variety on KwaZulu-Natal's North Coast and sites of indenture and post-indenture settlement. This coastline boasted majority of the colonial-era sugarcane plantations - arguably the most famous of which is Tongaat Hulett, still in operation today.

'it's small but it means something to us' comes from a story about the oThongathi River, and how it was named. Originally called Tongaati by colonists, a toponymic lapse of an isiZulu place name, the town led the way in sugar production in the early 1900s. The earliest plantation owner - James Renault Saunders - was one of the strongest proponents of Indian indentured labourers to work on the sugarcane fields, when he acquired a share in the Tongaati Estate in 1857.

Tongaati: An African Experiment, an anthropological study of the area was published in the 1960s - around the same time that Hilda Kuper's oft-quoted ethnography of South Africans of South Asian origin, *Indian People in Natal*, was released. By looking at the information in these ethnographies from an oblique, feminist angle, 'it's small but it means something to us' exists in the silences, gaps and blatant erasures of South African Indian life and kinship in oThongathi, and communities like it.

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