



ART MEETS CAMERA

visionaries

MARCUS VILJOEN
LIONA ROBYN NYARIRI
MARYKE VAN RENSBURG

JAKE SINGER
ADAM MUNRO
GAELEN PINNOCK

ABOUT THE EXHIBITION



Cape Town based initiative *Art Meets Camera* was founded by Michaela Limberis in November 2013, in order to provide a platform for emerging local artists who are 'photographically inspired'.

VISIONARIES - a 5 day exhibition to mark the launch of Art Meets Camera - took place at The Rockwell in Cape Town on 18 February 2014. The impressive high volume ceilings coupled with glass chandeliers provided an 'industrial chic' setting, perfectly suited to the work.

"The idea was to bring together passionate, forward thinking young artists who are pushing the photographic medium beyond its conventional methods and display. Combined with various other media, it is allowed to break free of constrictions, transforming the viewer's relationship with the image."

THE VISIONARIES



Adam Munro objectifies his body in a provocative work suffused with a dark sense of humour. Munro's work invites a quiet laughter that serves immediately to jolt the viewer into the uncomfortable role of culprit.

Adam Munro (which is not his real surname) graduated in 2012 from the Michaelis School of Fine Art, Cape Town.



Gaelen Pinnock's remarkably intricate photographic collage take form as threatening, autonomous structures hovering menacingly over the viewer.

Pinnock obtained a degree in Architecture at the University of Cape Town, 2005. His work is increasingly focused on where architecture and urban planning have gone wrong and where utopian visions have failed.



Jake Singer's architecturally inspired images effectively dislodge space by means of sculptural formulation, exempting the image content from a perceived state of permanency.

Singer graduated with distinction in 2013 from the Michaelis School of Fine Art, Cape Town.



Liona Robyn Nyariri performs as her future self, merging history and fantasy. A self-proclaimed oracle, Nyariri apprehensively looks to the future for answers. Nyariri graduated from the Michaelis School of Fine Art, Cape Town in 2013. Nyariri is pursuing her MA degree in New York (2014).



Marcus Viljoen's artist residency in India 2013 serves as inspiration for a series of ethereal images, paying significant attention to surface.

Viljoen loves to work with film and is the founding owner of the *Got Processed* store in Cape Town. He has recently returned to India (2014) to continue his new body of work.



Maryke Van Rensburg explores the psychology of seeing in an experiential work combining detailed pencil drawing and evocative photographic imagery with an elusive play on light.

Van Rensburg graduated from Stellenbosch Academy of Design and Photography in 2013 and is currently pursuing a Post-grad degree in illustration.

THE OPENING



VISIONARIES Opening [Dale Yudelman, Jenny Altschuler, Emmelie Koster, Arlene Amaler-Raviv..] SA Art Times



ADAM MUNRO

CTRL+C, CTRL+V, CTRL ME

Artist Statement

The prominent theme explored within this work is an abstracted idea of objectification.

Martha Nussbaum lists 7 features involved when individuals objectify other people, usually women:

Instrumentality, denial of autonomy, inertness, fungibility, violability, ownership, denial of subjectivity

(Nussbaum, Martha, 1995, "Objectification", Philosophy and Public Affairs, 24(4): 249-291)

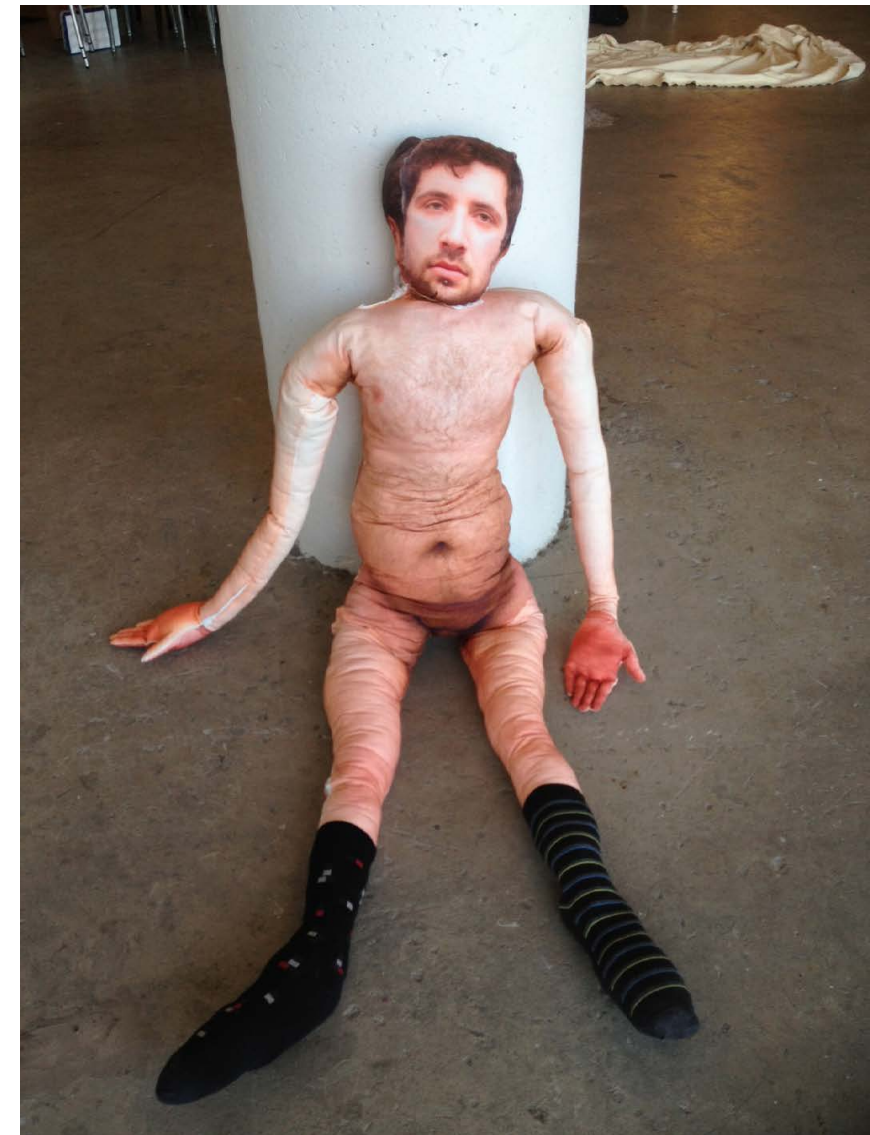
These features listed above strongly correlate with politics around dolls or other inanimate representations of usually autonomous subjects, especially the Denial of Autonomy. By denying the subject/object its autonomy you deny it the right of existing by itself.

Here I attempt to impose objectification on my own body through the extension of the doll as a symbolic medium - a subverted extension of my own body. The proposed artefact is to be interactive, promptinh the viewer engage in the objectification process. The objectification is intended to be subverted or hidden, as the doll is by itself not autonomous, yet intrinsically linked to the autonomous body of the artist.

The installation creates an imagined space for the the doll - a set up personal space, with objects directly from my own bedroom. I (the artist) act as a link, occupying a space between object and person. A hand written compilation of stories is positioned on the desk, reinforcing notions of autonomy on the inanimate doll.



Installation interaction

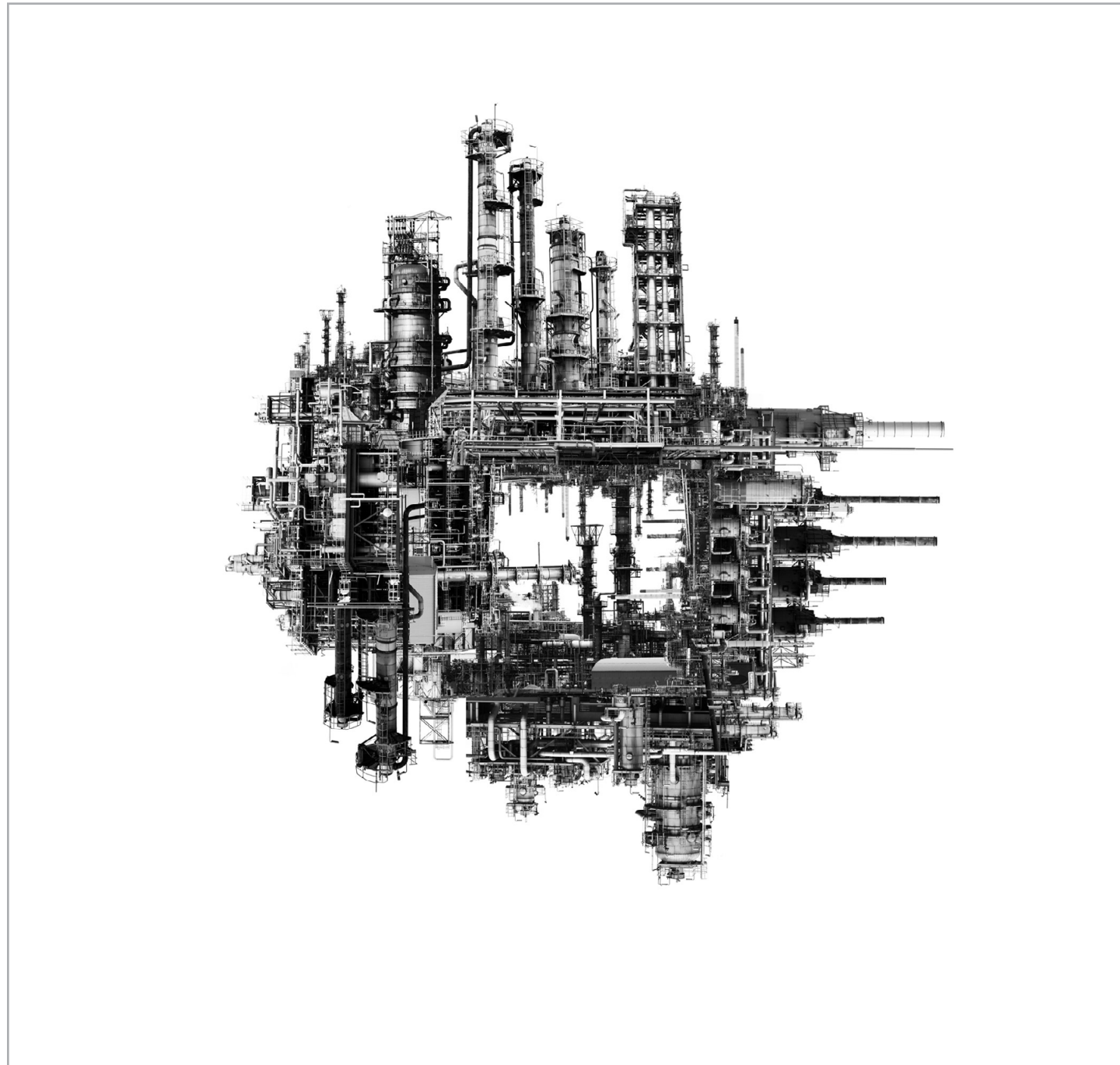


Self portrait as doll, digital print on fabric, sewn and stuffed



GAELEN PINNOCK

Citadel series #1



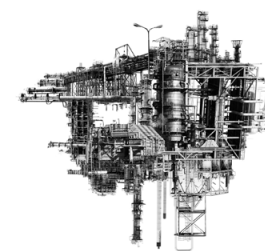
Citadel #1
Archival giclée print on 100% cotton paper
Edition of 5
100cm x 100cm

Artist statement

The South African urban landscape is like an archipelago of islands. Each island is a discrete shape, separated from its neighbours by greenbelts, highways and railway lines. This analogy can be seen at various scales, from private homes, to larger suburbs to entire inner city precincts. Some are self contained and conceptually autonomous and most islands are fortified. They have walls, booms, electric fences, private security and 24 hour surveillance. In this sense they are like medieval citadels; secured city-states to keep the fear out and the comfort in.

This model was inherited from apartheid planning and a modernist approach to making cities. It is now being furthered through a landscape of fear, crime and a neoliberal trend of gentrification, sanitisation and public space control by private and semi-private organisations.

These images are the first part of a broader series called Citadel.
They are digital collages of gathered images.



Citadel #2
Archival giclée print on 100% cotton paper
Edition of 5
100cm x 100cm



Citadel #3
Archival giclée print on 100% cotton paper
Edition of 5
100cm x 100cm



Citadel #4
Archival giclée print on 100% cotton paper
Edition of 5
100cm x 100cm



Gaelen Pinnock's *Citadel series #1 (2-4)*



Michaela Limberis and Nolly Limberis amidst Jake Singer's suspended sculptures

JAKE SINGER

Cape Town to Umfuleni Study



A New City
Scaffolding sculpture

Artist Statement

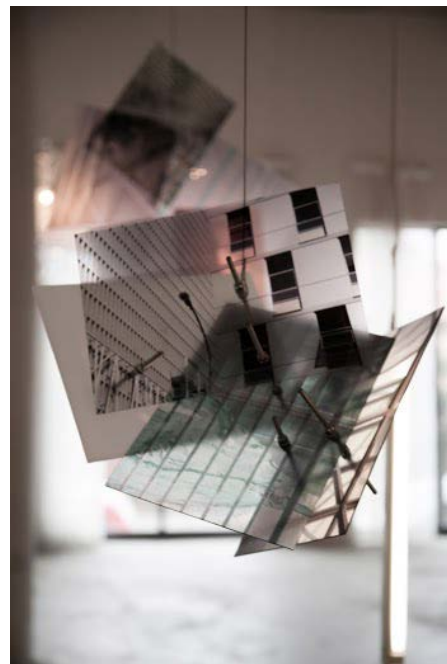
In Cape Town to Umfuleni Study I am interested in how structures translate across spatial boundaries. I attempt to subvert the centre/periphery dichotomy by exploring notions of structural fragility in the study. The idea becomes politicized when considering the radical social and economic differences between these two spaces. My photographic process was organic: I began in the city, playing the flaneur - investigating a space that I am familiar with. After a chance encounter in the city with a hip hop artist, I ended up in a township called Umfuleni. As much as *Cape Town to Umfuleni Study* is about the contrast and relationship between structures across space, its also about a dialogue between the people who inhabit those structures.



Pallets
Photographic prints on perspex,
wire, bolts
(each print measures 21 x 29,7cm:
arrangement of 4)



Cast iron
Photographic prints on perspex,
wire, bolts
(each print measures 21 x 29,7cm:
arrangement of 3)



Green veneer (De Stijl)
Photographic prints on perspex, wire,
bolts
(each print measures 21 x 29,7cm:
arrangement of 4)



Red veneer and fence
Photographic prints on perspex,
wire, bolts
(each print measures 21 x 29,7cm:
arrangement of 5)

LIONA ROBYN NYARIRI

Scavett



Artist Statement

This installation takes the form of a science fiction narrative. It explores the fictional story of a character known as Scavett, from the year 7020 A.D . Scavett is from a land called Karacat, described as a dystopia. In the story, Scavett discovers a harrowing truth about her life and who she is. She also discovers that her destiny is set and has been written for her. Her mother is the only family she has and it is she who ultimately becomes responsible for Scavett's fate.

At its core the story explores questions of mortality and immortality, the notion of fate and the control we have over our lives. It allows me to explore my personal desire for immortality and my wish to see the world continued, centuries from now.

It is a question of death and of the unknown... the fear of the unknown. The work draws on key moments within the story that I have chosen to visualize through video, photography and performance. Scenes and images drift in and out of Scavett's consciousness as she has a vision of her destiny. In the live performance, I take on the character of Scavett in an attempt to reveal her fears and anxieties about the future she is destined for.

The science fiction genre allows me to look into the future and convey to the audience what I envision it to be like. I have dissected my own imagination to create this fictional narrative and fictional space in the hope that it will begin a conversation around the future of humanity.



My name is Scavett. The year is 7020 A.D. I am twenty-three years of age and have been an inhabitant of Karacat for twenty-three years. Karacat is the place where my mother landed when I was just a baby. She was fleeing the land of my father, because its leader had become a corrupt and ruthless man who was destroying the land. My father stood against the corrupt leader and was killed. The corrupt leader would have killed my mother and I, had she not found an aircraft to carry us away. My mother tells me that there was no time to pack anything or to say goodbye to anyone. She left my father's land with the clothes on her back, fear in her heart, sorrow in her soul and a week old baby girl in her arms.

Growing up in Karacat, I could sense the sadness she felt for the loss of my father and her homeland. I could see it in her talk, her walk, the tips of her fingers and in her unfaltering detachment from me. Her sadness was deep and unsettled. It was a haunting memory that refused to rest. It was the mourning for the life she had and the life she could have had. She grieved for her dreams that never came to pass. Mostly she grieved for me and the fact that the only place I would ever call home is Karacat.

Karacat is the dystopia that awaited us as if it was expecting us. It is the dystopia that I never chose, but that chose me. The dystopia for the desperate and the needy. It is the dystopia I have always known. The dystopia that I can neither love nor hate, but only survive in...and I have.

My mother says she brought us here, because it is the only place the corrupt leader's government could never find us. It is a dreary city that lies beneath the surface at the very tip of the world. A savage land where the light does not illuminate. It is thick with the outcasts of society and it is thick with suffering. The city is burnt with crumbling buildings that reflect the essence of its inhabitants. Karacat is a barren dessert where nothing grows. Not even food. All our food is chemically produced. My mother often complains about this. She says the food tastes like rubber and has a chewy texture. I do not understand what she means, since this is all I have ever known. To me the food tastes as it should be. My mother says that in my father's land, food grew from the ground and that it had flavour and rich textures and it tasted like kaleidoscopes of colour. It was flavour that burst in your mouth depending on the combination you ate. Perhaps an apple and a banana or a carrot and a piece of beef. I do not know what those things are, but my mother talks about them with a glow in her eyes, a sparkle and a kind of longing. So I sit and listen to her as she tells me more about the land of my father. As she talks about that land I can see her sadness lifted from her body as she smiles and tells me stories of flying machines and humans who are mechanical and of the days when she was a prominent Alchemist.

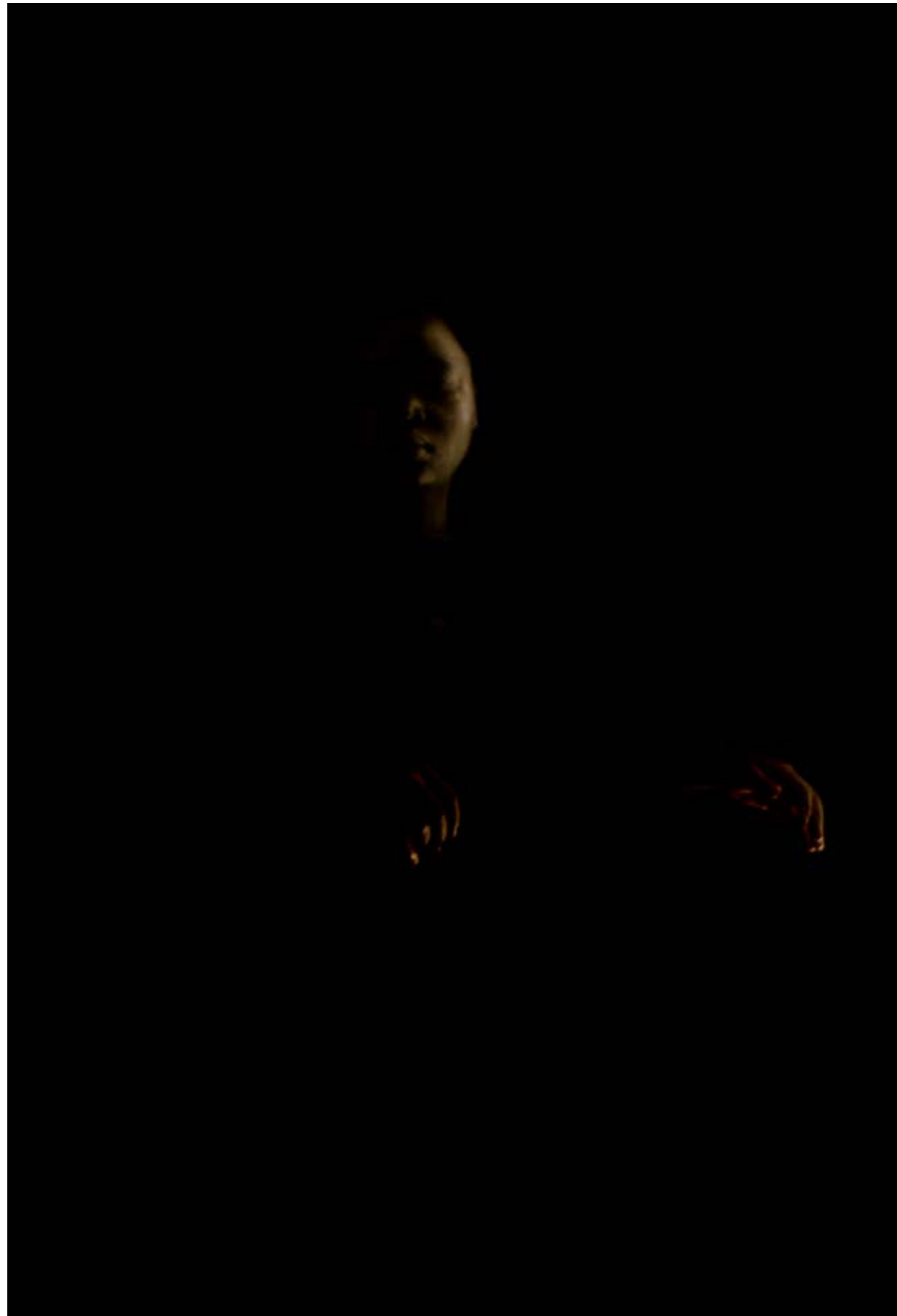
My mother tells me that in my father's land the Alchemists are the most revered people. Through their knowledge and study of the elements and metals they have managed to create a place in which people live happy and long lives. There is no poverty or suffering and people live for long periods of time. The oldest person my mother ever met was one hundred and seventy nine years of age. He was one of the Alchemic Masters of gold. Gold is the most respected metal in Alchemy and those who have mastered it are known as the most powerful Alchemists. Very few Alchemists who study gold have been able to turn lead into gold. It is a highly coveted secret that no one is taught. To achieve this skill each Alchemist must come to it on their own. Once they know how to do it, they are put through a test to prove their skill. If they pass the test, then they become an Alchemic Master of gold and sworn to keep the secret on pain of death if they reveal it to anyone.

The only thing that the Alchemists have not been able to do is create immortality. Some believe that the creation of immortality is an untrue belief. They say it is only a myth conjured up by Alchemists from the third century. My mother believes otherwise. She says that somebody she once knew came close to discovering the equation of immortality. Before they could finish the equation, they were killed in an unfortunate chemical explosion. My mother believes they were murdered, because of what they were discovering. To be an immortal being, it is not only a matter of life, but also a matter of death. The corrupt leader would have killed my mother and I, had she not found an aircraft to carry us away. My mother tells me that there was no time to pack anything or to say goodbye to anyone. She left my father's land with the clothes on her back, fear in her heart, sorrow in her soul and a week old baby girl in her arms.

she cannot always help, because it is difficult to come by other materials that are needed for her remedies in Karacat. Often the people she cannot help die and it is one of the saddest things she has ever seen. I do not understand what she means, since this is all I have ever known. To me the food tastes as it should be. My mother says that in my father's land, food grew from the ground and that it had flavour and rich textures and it tasted like kaleidoscopes of colour. It was flavour that burst in your mouth depending on the combination you ate. Perhaps an apple and a banana or a carrot and a piece of beef. I do not know what those things are, but my mother talks about them with a glow in her eyes, a sparkle and a kind of longing. So I sit and listen to her as she tells me more about the land of my father. As she talks about that land I can see her sadness lifted from her body as she smiles and tells me stories of flying machines and humans who are mechanical and of the days when she was a prominent Alchemist.

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Video still from *Scavett*
(the video was projected onto the foil backdrop)

MARCUS VILJOEN

Untitled



Marcus Viljoen's 'Untitled' series consists of three portraits printed onto perspex and framed. These men were photographed by the artist during his residency in India last year, where each of them welcomed him into their homes for the duration of his stay. It is apparent in their expressions that they are not strangers. Behind the layer of perspex is a delicately rendered interpretation of traditional Indian etchings, highlighting Kandarpa (the God of love, sex and desire) orchestrating the activity of the women who celebrate his image. Viljoen is interested in the overlooked role of women in rural Indian society and his work highlights their presence and spirit essentially transforming the image of the men.

Viljoen suggests a masked journey toward self empowerment.

The incredible depth created through a unique layering technique results in a work that symbolically shifts according to viewpoint and quality of light. History and tradition appear etched into the skin, yet on closer inspection one becomes aware that it is only an underlying layer informing the portrait.

Degrees of integration vary, calling into question the role of tradition and spirituality and the ability to both hide or enhance the essence of ones being.

Each of Viljoen's creations are unique.



Marcus Viljoen
Untitled 1
 3 layers:
 photographic print on perspex,
 hand drawing on cotton paper,
 printed drawing on cotton paper
 84,1 x 59,4 cm



Marcus Viljoen
Untitled 2
 3 layers:
 photographic print on perspex,
 hand drawing on cotton paper,
 printed drawing on cotton paper
 84,1 x 59,4 cm



Marcus Viljoen
Untitled 3
 3 layers:
 photographic print on perspex,
 hand drawing on cotton paper,
 printed drawing on cotton paper
 84,1 x 59,4 cm



Untitled 2 (detail)

MARYKE VAN RENSBURG

Exemplifying the Ethereal



Exemplifying the Ethereal I
Pencil drawing on Somerset Velvet, projected image
(from behind the wall), presented in a cubicle
58,5 x 53,5 cm

In this work the viewer is invited to step into a small white cubicle fronted by a black curtain - resembling a photo booth. Once inside, the image appears to be floating in the darkness. A drawing of a young girl in a bathtub is backed by a projection of her surroundings. The work creates a sense of confusion between the real and imagined. Intricate mark-making reveals the complexity of memory and its influence on our present state of being. Van Rensburg is interested in the impermanence of memory and its distrustful nature; the way it is morphed and shaped for purposes both intentional and unconscious. The combination of photography and drawing results in an evocative product that highlights the multiplicity and the fallibility of an isolated memory. Our surroundings are a reflection of that which is internally harboured.

Artist statement

Slowly, grief tires and sleeps, but never dies. In time it grows used to its prison, and a relationship of respect develops between prisoner and jailer.

- Josephine Hart, *Damaged*

In my work I question 'real' in photographs as well as in our memories. Most photographs are constructed or staged - *Photoshopped realities*, as we are accustomed to now. We have come to let go of the assumption that photographs depict reality.

Exemplifying the Ethereal illustrates the way memories are perceived, through staged confrontations with own memories. Through the unclear way I integrate the drawing, I urge the viewer to remember that the very quality of our own memories are clouded by the memories of others. Reflection can be damaging as we are able to shape and alter our memories in ways beneficial or destructive, as Josephine Hart writes in *Sin: Memory is never pure. And recollection is always coloured by the life lived since.*

I bring to the surface the subject of time, its passing, and the traces it leaves; the memories that remain when we close our eyes on the past. The activity of drawing is a way of trying to understand who I am. I believe photographs to be great instruments of memory, affirming past existence and at the same time, in their two-dimensionality, suggesting overwhelming distance.

I urge the viewer to question what is real in my work. Is it my drawing or photographs that represent the *imagined* reality?

MARYKE VAN RENSBURG

Beyond the Estate



Beyond the Estate III
archival print on cotton paper
60 x 84 cm



Beyond the Estate



Beyond the Estate I
archival print on cotton paper
60 x 84 cm



Beyond the Estate II
archival print on cotton paper
60 x 84 cm

“A look into the day to day lives of estate agents working long hours to set the perfect scene for buyers who never arrive.”

Resembling a simulated reality, Van Rensburg presents a series of images focused on estate agents working during the crashed market. Out of touch and in two minds there is a sense of hopelessness in waiting. Alone in houses that suggest wealth, these agents find themselves trapped in a financial struggle. These un-lived houses are no longer homes, invaded by the emptiness of passing time.



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