

# **CONTINUING SERIES - OUR CHANGING WORLD**

by

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(Rhodes Scholar. Prairies & Wadham 1982)

## **REFLECTIONS ON THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE**

### **SOUTH AFRICAN ARTIST: TANISHA BHANA**

Tanisha's art profile indicates she would like to 'ignite a subconscious repulsion and connection to common associations that tie us together.' She creates atmospheric and ethereal imagery to stir the subconscious mind. Her profile indicates her work is "influenced by her profession as an attorney in the financial services global markets industry, her connection to her ancient heritage, and projects in marginalized communities in South Africa.

I make a second submission of this artist's poetry and images to Transition Studies as her work fits with subjects canvassed in the journal. She addresses sustainability, adaptation and transition interwoven with social and human rights issues.

The following writing and images illustrate her intention to ignite a subconscious repulsion to a common occurrence. Images of burning discarded tires emitting pollution to the atmosphere, reminding us how these tires also contributed to emissions from the vehicles on which they had originally been placed.

Tanisha reaches out to us not only with her artwork, but with words from her portfolio:

#### **FERTILE ASH**

Till the black sun arrives, when all is consumed, and desert remains, weeds will hold the foundation for life to germinate on timeless soil.

While we categorize hierarchical privileges, name and protect our boundaries, and cultivate disparate systems of production and distribution, modern ecosystems experience a toiled existence. From the sweat of many, we produce the prosperity of a few.

Detached from the places of production and the source of raw material, the wheel of labour spins the voyage of land, vegetation, animals, and citizens of every strata. As the economic marketplace bustles, man, women, creature and land become agents of

production and consumption in a web of ceaseless cultivated growth. Time is quantified by volume, and names are associated with skill.

In the ashes of the engine of human production and consumption lies the eternal hope of every living being to flourish and sustain life. Inspired by the silent voices of places consumed and left behind or prepared for re-development, this portfolio depicts the saturated emptiness of dreams sold in the marketplace.

So that we may rekindle child-like desires for life untamed, and re-learn to connect the wealth of the land for its life-giving force, this series of works take the viewer back to places we left behind and tried to forget for fear of remembering when dreams were for free.

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I enjoy portraying both man's attempt to organise and control our natural and human resources, as well as nature's instinctive responses.

I particularly enjoy connecting the urban with the natural, sometimes placing man-made structures or symbols in an uncontrolled natural environment and sometimes simply capturing discarded or consumed places. (...)

To a certain extent, I see myself as a medium for the places that I depict, portraying its hidden and unspoken emotions in sometimes naive, other-worldly landscapes, attempting to take the viewer to natural subconscious where the awareness of this ecological connection lies.

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Following the notion that we must trade our symbiotic relationship with the land and vegetation to successfully develop and grow, my works aim to reconnect the viewer to the eternal cycle of life and death, destruction and creation on earth, so that we may remove ourselves from our daily roles for a moment and once again see ourselves as the ceaseless, inter-dependant link in the chain of life.

## **DISCARDS ©Tanisha Bhana**

Day's pleasure became the Night's discards

Highway's arena turned Vulture's nest

My sanctuary, your asylum of discontent,

And your delight, my threat

when seduction waned in Solitude's web.

Distracted headlights, ensnared in greed

Undergrowth of terror, overgrown in bliss

Twirling data swaying through the Lion's den

When kindness derailed

and sandcastles dissipate into ether's mesh;

Knowledge imbibed from squandering sea shells

Feeding thoughts, building judgment, starving my stomach;

Discards desecrate my psyche, and fabricate your temples

But sprouts emerge to swathe the lesion

When muddy shores exhale the toxic breath

of solitary Emptiness.

**THE IMAGES:**

**DISCARDS 4**



**DISCARDS 5**



Tanisha's medium – archival pigment prints.

Tanisha's website: <http://www.tanishabhana.com>