



Traces

LEDELLE MOE
MIRANDA PFEIFFER

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Ledelle Moe
Miranda Pfeiffer
Traces

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Traces

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EXHIBITION STATEMENT

Ledelle Moe's monumental cement and steel sculptures situate the viewer in a preternatural relationship to her subjects due to scale and by shifting the conventional axis of the form. In this way her work provokes ontological and phenomenological questions about human relationships to nature, to the spaces we occupy and the markers/monuments/memorials we leave behind. Moe's central installation, featuring two sizeable recumbent birds, recalls the mythology of the sunbird and the ancient form of the sarchophagus thus resonating with contrasting motifs found in nature such as birth and death, light and dark, the solid and the ephemeral.

Miranda Pfeiffer's large-scale drawings, rendered in painstaking detail with the fine tip of a mechanical pencil, capture moments and locations with dramatic implication. The narratives she evokes are not easily located in a specific time or a familiar setting, instead portraying a fictitious land in limbo. They extend the boundaries of the known and the possible: When did rocks migrate, charge and battle for territorial dominance like animals? Under what gravitational conditions could they rise to challenge, migrate or settle down?

Form, scale and material are, in a positivist sense, indications of the conditions and limits of nature and human existence: what things can look like, the size to which they can grow, how they move and how they rest. Both artists ask us to consider a different set of rules, allowing imagination and mythology to intervene.

Ledelle Moe
Traces





LEDELLE MOE IN CONVERSATION

with Conor Ralphs

Regarding the title of the current show, *Traces*, in the natural world we can associate the words ‘track’, ‘path’, ‘mark’, or in the animal kingdom, ‘spoor’. In literary theory, Deconstruction considered citation, contingency and critique as persisting qualities of the *trace*. In what sense do you relate the concept of the trace to this new body of work?

For me ‘traces’ speaks to the act of searching for something definitive and discovering an intangible sense of something such as a shadow or a scent of something. Having not lived here for almost twenty years, there are traces of the history I knew and these take many different forms. I am trying to navigate my way through them consciously and unconsciously, personally, politically, mentally and spirituality. I have become aware of the ever-changing qualities of life in relation to permanent markers such as mountains and monuments. There are traces all over the place.

This show also represents an on-going conversation with the works of Miranda Pfeiffer with whom you exhibited in Baltimore; a show curated by Max Guy and titled *Solitary Stones on a Rocky*

***Shore*. There are obvious intersections, not least the physical size of the works and the play on scale within them, but also the idea of reality and time. You two must have interesting discussions about the nature of things, how has this conversation developed since that show?**

In conversation with Miranda over the years the labour intensity of our processes emerged as common to both of us. The accumulative gesture becomes a meditative act and an inherent part of the time taken to create the work.

Regarding reality and time in both of our landscapes and figures, we delve into narratives that are at once very personal but also somewhat reflective of our surroundings. In that sense they allude to a sense of reality but depart from any specific chronology or time period.

Both of us speak to the broad scope of mythology as we deal with our own personal mythologies and ways of being in the world. We find the closest reference point and expand from that in the mind’s eye into a part fiction and part ‘reality’. For her it might be a building or structure or a cat/pair of shoes, and for me it’s going on a

walk, coming across these birds and creating drawings from the birds. Creating sculptures of the birds. These objects become symbolic placeholders. In that sense I see both of our work as being autobiographical; reflections of our observed and imagined worlds.

In this work you present a new set of scale relationships: the birds – reminiscent in form to those attached to the body of the central figure in *Ground* – are now magnified to a size as big as that figure; whilst the human figures in this show are now really small and appear more as observers – little ‘fly’s on the wall’. What is the connection between the two installations and the changes in scale and sense of attachment/detachment?

This show once again looks at the idea of solid sculptural objects as concrete placeholders for ever-changing transitional moments. Focusing on the bird is a way of monumentalizing this tiny creature and scaling it up forces us to slow down and be with it. We pause and pay attention to this otherwise forgotten creature in repose. In that sense the bird becomes the placeholder for this quiet unseen moment. The idea of the bird is loosely connected to the story of the two golden sunbirds found in the Zimbabwean ruins (discovered a century ago). The pair of birds represents two swallows – swallows are migrating birds and arrive in Southern Africa in October.

The myth of the Shona people relates that the sunbirds originally belonged to goddess Dzivaguru (the goddess of night and of water and earth). The darkness is broken by the light. When the sunbirds were caught in a trap, the day broke and light came.

The bird sculptures ‘Husk I’ and ‘Husk II’ downstairs sit in relation to the small figure carvings upstairs. They co-exist in the space, in relation to each other; almost like a heightened foreground and background.

As one enters the gallery the contour of the bird is in focus as a foregrounded horizon line and the small figures sit in the background. For me this references a kind of psychological backgrounding/foregrounding. The birds are anchored, large and weighty, they have heavy solemn shells – cavities that define what is no longer there – thus acknowledging the absence of form. The carvings upstairs are solid, they are hinged on a narrative and process of finding, searching and looking: an act of remembering spaces.

Could you speak about your recent trip to the Cradle of Humankind and the work that you made there, some of which are now exhibited in *Traces*.

My intention with travelling up to the Cradle of Humankind to work was to create and reflect on the history of that ancient place and the traces we leave behind. I lived and worked in the space for four days and three nights, digging in the earth and

mixing the ground with the local cement. Temporarily isolated in this geography, the process was a deliberate act of staying still and alone, the carvings became a product of my imaginary and real search to articulate narratives of that place.



▲ Cradle of Humankind, 2014

The carvings are my own story, they evolve out of reflecting and imagining, remembering a path and people current and past. Once the pieces are made and I replace them in the gallery, they speak to the idea of an alphabet or map. Once these objects are re-placed they provide a set of *orientation points*; moments of being still around which the variable and changes of life occur.

Concrete and steel are both materials that have significantly informed the modernist design aesthetic and represented new possibilities in architecture. Despite using these materials, you evoke a timelessness of form, more connected to the slow accretion of mass than a homage to the possibilities of technology.

Cement is created from limestone. The Sterkfontein caves were mined for limestone of which cement is a by-product. In this sense, concrete/cement is a modern substance and an ancient one, both connected and disconnected to the earth. It is a glue that binds the soil and dirt back together; to hold a form that is no more than a lump of ground, but begins to reflect the stories in my mind of people known and unknown in the present life. In urban areas we are surrounded by concrete –and I find the use of it for my own narrative ends is an application that both contradicts and reinforces its mundane and monumental presence.

The moon is also a reminder of the effect of massive bodies on earthly cycles: the tides, the female cycle, the creative cycle, etc. There is a natural time in these cycles that you seem to allude to in your work.

The alluding to the moon in the ‘Finding’ series is a nod to my own use of the moon as an orientation point. Each evening I look for the moon and use it as a time keeper-a marker, and a gage or compass. There is no

scientific or mythical background to this; it's a habit I have had since I was very young. This exhibition is the first time that sense of scale and perspective is brought into focus by the use of the orb. I find it humorous that it is a concrete moon, referring to the impossibility of weightlessness on earth, and possibly, my desire and search for a sense of floating.

In relation to this I feel a sense of waiting and limbo – having moved back to South Africa last year – and finding my place in this land seemingly impossible. I find myself located *between* places; space that is a combination and exclusion of either place. In this sense, I belong to both and neither. This sense of connection and simultaneous disconnection is my reality, and yet, I understand that this perspective is not unique to me. The limbo, waiting, and sense of prolonged anticipation is a state of being, like holding one's breath. (I have recently been reading Max Du Preez book, *A Rumour of Spring* and remembering back to Albie Sachs' *Spring is Rebellious*.)

You recently exhibited in the *Earth Matters* exhibition in Washington DC. In the catalogue Karen Milbourne writes:

Ledelle Moe understands the tensions that bind individual and collective relationships to the land. She describes how her art has been "influenced primarily by the landscape that we are in, whether that's emotional, psychological,

political or nuclear family." Her family history of migration has strongly influenced both her bond with land and soil and her attention to the transience of belonging.

The presence of earthen materials- their tactile look and feel- offers connection to generations both recently deceased and long departed; it can also counter the lingering ghosts of primitivism and help us grapple with migrations that are at once personal, familial, and cultural. Earth lures "the fixed boundary of the body" (Jacobson-Widding 1989). With the earth, bodies are implied, a relationship that finds further expression in ritual and performance. (Milbourne 2014, p.81)¹

Can you speak further about the idea of ground and migration and the use of soil and aggregate in your sculptures?

For the last few years I have been exploring notions of the human form through a series of carved figures using aggregate from specific places. This process begins with the digging and gathering of soil from various locales. I create these figures in order to open up narratives that speak through both image and materiality.

At the core of these works are reflections on place. In addition to the work here in South Africa, I have travelled to Dhrangadhra in India, Gaborone in Botswana, Durban and the Karoo in South Africa. In each location I gathered sand and dirt and embedded this

sampling of earth into cement carvings of small birds and figures. Experiencing the particular terrain of each site and creating work on that site was a way for me to engage intimately and physically with the very stuff of a place. In digging into the soil and using it as raw material and making my cement forms, I reflect on landscape as ground and literally draw from it. I have also thought of how political and personal histories are inherent in the ever-present awareness of place. Or how ground, land, soil, and earth reference a sense of belonging. Perhaps the very act of taking dirt and including it in these works was a momentary act of appropriation of the land and soil; by including it in the work I take it, I replace it. This small gesture for me speaks to a larger issue of land as identity.

I was also conscious that in journeying to locales both familiar and unfamiliar the works that I created were a very direct response to my tactile experiences of that site. For each work I used the local aggregate from that place in an attempt to 'mark' or reflect on that place and its history.

'Finding I, II, III' and 'Study For Traces' is a continued investigation of this process. While visiting the Nirox Foundation I lived on site and created small carvings from and on the land. This work is a way of marking space and place, but framed

as something temporary, not permanent. The work will be the beginning of a series of larger pieces that include these multiple carvings. The repetitive act of carving each sculpture in various locations on the Nirox estate will give voice to the act of being in a place while considering the collective, history and migratory patterns of animals and humans. At the core of this work is an investigation into issues of permanence and impermanence, location and dislocation, and place and displacement.

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- 1 Milbourne, KE, 2014 *Earth Matters: Land as Material and Metaphor in the Arts of Africa*, National Museum of African Art, Smithsonian Institution, Washington

WORKS



Husk I and II Installation View (2014)

Concrete and steel

159 x 500 x 123cm (left)

143 x 420 x 115cm (right)





Husk I Detail (2014)
Concrete and steel



Husk I and II Detail (2014)
Concrete and steel



Finding I and II (2014)
Concrete and steel
32 x 11.5 x 8cm (each)



Finding III (2014)
Concrete and steel
12 x 45 x 15cm



Finding Installation View (2014)
Concrete and steel





Finding IV, VIII, X, XII (2014)

Concrete and steel
12.5 x 35 x 10cm (from top to bottom)

13.5 x 39.5 x 8cm

11.5 x 37 x 8cm

22 x 37 x 8cm



Finding VI and VII (2014)
Concrete and steel
22 x 7.5 x 6cm (left)
21 x 7 x 5cm (right)



Finding IX, XIII and V (2014)
Concrete and steel
13.5 x 39.5 x 8cm (left)
19 x 7.5 x 5.5cm (right)
32 x 14 x 10cm (opposite page)





Finding XIV (2014)
Concrete and steel
12 x 43.5 x 10cm



Finding XI (2014)
Concrete and steel
13 x 12 x 11,5cm



Miranda Pfeiffer





MIRANDA PFEIFFER IN CONVERSATION

with Max Guy¹

Sometimes when I look at a slice of steak – a slice of meat once it’s been cut – it resembles a marble surface. I start to think of meat and the body, once dissected, resembling a core sample of the earth. I want to ask, when that happens, the “who, what, when, where, why and how” of stone looking like meat?

This is something I was dealing with when I was drawing *Aeon*. I was drawing rocks with horses’ legs. The rocks came from around here. When I started to draw them they would look so much like meat. I would invite people to my studio and they would say “yeah those slabs of meat with horses legs.” At first, I thought maybe that reaction bugged me. I was working so hard on the including every detail in the rendering of the rocks; I almost couldn’t tighten it up more and make it more rock-like. Then I came to this point where, even starting at the source material itself, the rocks, I realized the studio visitors were right.



▲ *Aeon of Hurtling Bodies*, 2013 (Detail)

I began to say to myself, “Oh. It is. The rock is meat.” So one of the second or third Workbooks** I ever made was pretty much all pictures of steak for that reason.

I guess my question then would be for you to almost describe – either now, or for yourself some time – when you’re looking at the meat, try and really look at and ask yourself are you going deeper towards seeing the rock or more into intrinsic meat? And for me that’s still really an open-ended question. While drawing either the real objects in my studio or images that I find very specifically or pictures I take, I’m trying to look at elemental nature and describe the essential quality of that thing. But then as you also know, I was just working on this drawing *Oblivion*. In that drawing there’s a big ocean, two giant rocks, a lot of snow, and a couple of explosions melting into the sky and clouds. In each of these sections of the drawing, I was really delving into materials; what does a cloud



▲ *Oblivion*, 2013 (Detail)

move like? What does it feel like? How does the wind affect and move the ocean? In each juncture of the landscape I found myself using similar traces of hand for each of the necessary textures. In this sort of, “many hours of looking,” I would start to work the graphite the same way over the paper, but through using similar pattern-work, instead of looking like an ocean, the rock would be more smushed or compacted. Like if you could imagine an ocean just shoved together so tightly! Which of course we know is impossible for a liquid – the molecules cannot compact any further (one of the definitions of a liquid, say in comparison to gas). But if you could imagine –just tighter and tighter and tighter—it would look exactly how I started seeing these rocks in my studio. Alternatively, the ocean starts to look like one, extraordinarily long, wind-blown rock. The same is true of explosions, which are like puffed up oceans. And a cloud is almost exactly like an explosion! Especially when you’re using graphite to render it, and when you’re dealing with one biggie gone: color. And what does it mean if a puffy sweet cumulous cloud moves exactly like a fiery red nuclear explosion? Well, I don’t know exactly, but when I work on these drawings for really long stretches of time something starts happening to how I see the chaotic and abrasive environment we live in. With *Oblivion*, I worked longer in individual drawing sessions than I ever have before. Once I drew – and I’m scared of how crazy I sound when I admit this – for 28 hours straight. By the time I finally left my cave studio, which has no outdoor light, there was this incredible... it wasn’t peace

because peace has too much emotion to it, I was looking around Baltimore and all its concrete and overcast gray clouds in the sky and white snow on that concrete below the white sky, and I just saw myself flowing into it, and everything I could imagine beyond.

So it wasn’t necessarily a surrender of one notion or concept, but it was an acceptance of something not being the way that you see it. It wasn’t a surrender of your own idea but an acceptance of something from outside of you.

I would say yes, there was an element of surrender. But that the weird thing about it, in this way that I’ve been working lately, is that my own sense of self never disappears. At the end of the day it’s me in the studio, this fabricated space, making an object or a visual representation of these objects around me, which I in some sense have no understanding of. But all I can do is look harder, and learn more, and undo the learning all in the same breath. So then it’s not totally outside myself – in fact, drawing has been really helpful for me to address some of my stupid, self-centered viewpoints. Even just having to select certain subjects can be a real challenge. I could never include it all. That would be for some sort of omniscient eye to do. I don’t assume that my drawings are a process of obliterating the self. I’m very much in that room with the paper and the graphite and the rocks I draw. But it’s sort of like, a really good way to be there. Like I’m part of the committee.

Is it humbling?

It's humbling... I mean I'm trying... It's almost... one of my unanswerable questions might be, do we deserve to be here? Do humans deserve to be here in this landscape and what are our effects on it? Maybe not what we bring to it or take from it, although certainly our human nature is made of plenty of acts of destruction and generosity all in the same breath; that's part of our charm. But, can I look at this thing with as little judgment as possible and see how we all fit into it and not just assume we're the meaning of it, that we're the gift of life? Like we're the spores that just magically appear out of the meteorite, like, what would be happening if we weren't here? What are the other elements? Like what does water look like if I don't see it? Like that age old "tree in the forest thing."

And yet how does something like the Brooklyn Bridge appear in that drawing?

Shit... How does that appear?

How does architecture appear without our presence?

Well it is our presence; it's the monuments we build. That is part of the nature of us; it's that we build dwellings to live in functionally. Even the caves that I so love, the sites of the cave paintings, as far as we know, most of those caves in France, like Chauvet or Lascaux, were never dwellings, they were potentially – though we don't exactly know what the terms were – they were ritual sites, grounds for spiritual practice. Some people say "shamanistic practice." Or even if you don't

believe that, the drawings still required reverence, fear and attention to the outside world. I feel like those non-dwelling sites were where early man learned to make sense of his or her environment. In my studio, I do a similar sort of reflecting on the outside world. It's just that now, the outside world is filled with human-made structures. Humans like to nest, to build objects to inhabit their lives or for symbols to represent them. These architectural monuments also, at least today, reveal a kind of an obsession with our own death too, since we think so much in terms of what is happening next, and we expect that the buildings will outlive us. Like I obsessively plan out my weeks in terms of the schedule, when that's all I can truly account for, when I look deeply at what 'life is,' is what my senses are recording, like what's happening right now. And still I refine my image, or hope for a lucky break, or even build these gigantic drawings. We want to build something that will outlive us, we want to procreate, or we want to build Mt. Rushmore or something like that. And so the architecture then comes into play because it's what I dwell in here



▲ Aurochs, horses and deer. Detail of a cave painting at Lascaux, France

in Baltimore and its kind of like these short scales of former lives and aspirations.

I think a lot about human history in terms of the thousands of years that we've been around. But in Baltimore you can go back 100 years to a time when we still thought of these buildings as symbols of human progress and expansion. Unfortunately, the past hundred years have shown us, in Baltimore specifically, that this is not the case. Or, we can't think of it quite so easily as progress; there's too much to feel despair over. And yes, so you asked about the Brooklyn Bridge, which was one of the first times that I'd drawn something in these large-scale graphite drawings that is outside of Baltimore. It's in the drawing I've just finished so I'm trying to figure it out a little, myself. It's still fresh in my mind. My experiences of that bridge are walking over it or, always being sort of a visitor in another land. New York does have certain parallels to Baltimore architecturally and at one point we were kind of lined up as very similar cities, at that point I was just describing, like 100 years ago, pre-public transportation really. I guess that's over a century ago now... Maybe the bridge and New York are somehow like the moon, like an opposite of Baltimore that doesn't need to be so opposite. I added it in the drawing to reveal a little bit of what is still unknown, and seen from afar. Like the moon as the binary to the sun, and how I'm used to the sun being myself, and the sun is Baltimore. In the daylight, we can see the known part of ourselves, but at night, so much is veiled in darkness. Baltimore, like the sun is a

wasteoid, a burning hot orb in the center of my reality, floating in the emptiness of outer space.

But then I think, no, everything everywhere is all sun, all is known, and all is on fire. Even elsewhere, it's all going through the same process, like the ocean is the rock is the cloud. Elements are related. Perception is what gives objects form and difference. Even in this totally other world and scene, like New York – a place that I really can't claim to understand very well, other than as a weekend visitor – you could walk around still see the same built up structures of dwellings and the same clatter of human differences.

You know what I wonder though. I almost consider a flame here, in Baltimore, as the same flame that simultaneously burning in New York. Or I think about water as something that's constantly perpetuated, omnipresent. It isn't more or less in the environment, and even if it is, it doesn't care.

Do you think that's because it's elemental? Relating back to the things we were just speaking about –

I think maybe these elements don't really care about their lifespan the way we do. There's no aspect of self-preservation except for the fact that we preserve them, use them and model ourselves off of them.

Well, that's why my fantasy is to be a rock. Because I think that if I let myself be a rock, I'd be a lot freer. And even if a rock slams into another rock and combusts, dust everywhere, the rock doesn't

care. But I also think that I don't know what the rock experiences and that it's like you said, something to model myself after. That's something to be distrustful of in myself in the same breath.

You have to be apprehensive about it.

You don't have to do anything; I notice that I'm thinking that. I feel like it would be unfair of me to know what a rock feels like. I'm definitely a human. The drawing I did of the rocks with the legs, I see the graphite built up on the paper and I see myself, the petty human that made it look that way, in representational shades. (Does a dog look at my drawing and see the representation of a stone?) The rocks I've been drawing are blunt. They clamber into other rocks amidst so much trash and lovely, elegant ferns...all that somewhat having come out of my imagination. I wonder if its entire existence is solely based on my sensorial perception, or if it has anything to do with the nature of rock at all. I'd like myself and the rock to be in a sort of conversation. And so as I work through these things I suddenly see myself, and I'm kind of uncomfortable, but I keep going because it's helping me to exist, to be here. I'm trying to figure out what it's like to be in the universe as well as to live in one part of Baltimore. My hope, my deep goal is that drawing helps me to be more connected to the place I live.

Maybe our understanding of elements is to build philosophies, personal praxes.

Well, I don't think they're there for that reason but I believe as humans we've utilized them in that way.

But I think we've utilized them in that way only because we propose them to be elements in the first place. As in your acupuncturist telling you that you are a metal element – it's a way of creating a philosophy in which you can live your life, sort of a doctrine.

I know! And as I talk to you I laugh about it, because I don't know how much I can convey it to others, but for me personally, having that elemental guide has helped a lot to have some sort of sense of self. Max – also, look at my foot right now. You see also the wrinkles in my foot now that it's not all twisted up? That looks exactly like the ocean, right? The little waves in my skin?

Yeah

Right before we started doing this I was drawing the ocean sort of warped into a bubble. So I'm really still thinking about it. My foot right now looks exactly like the ocean.

Same way you can kind of make a landscape out of bed sheets. Sakuteiki, the first recorded instructional guide to gardening in history describes kara senzui “dry mountain water” which was used to generally describe portions of Japanese gardens during the Heian Period that did not contain water.² Or like the Zen monks used to build rock gardens. They saw the ocean in the sand. Monks would contrive a small paradise landscape from the arrangement of stones and raked sand. The challenge was perhaps to accept abstraction as something organic, the nature in abstractions both metaphorically and visually.

Actually, yeah, I'm about to start drawing sand! And I'm worried. I'm worried that I don't give enough respect to sand while I draw it – like I need to go get some sand and do wind tests – that because something in my attention span is askew, it's actually going to look exactly like the ocean, too much. I don't want to become biased. I want to feel like I'm looking at the materials for the first time. But I don't know. You're right; they look exactly the same, especially without the color. What is keeping them apart? Mountains?

Mountains are keeping them apart.

The way something... when the wind blows sand over an object it builds little lips around it. You rarely see that in water. Do you know what I mean? Like the moment that the object sits in the sand there's sometimes a little donut in it.

But I think that you don't see it in water mainly because it happens so quickly.

Oh you're right! Okay. Oh, opacity? Sand is opaque? Which is really difficult to render in graphite, but doable.

Maybe it's the fact that water will absorb most of the light into the depth. No, it is pretty reflective as well; it has a vitreous quality. Sand makes glass once it's heated. Which is the same reason why I'm confused that ice is never thought of as a stone? It's the same thing. It's crystalline. But I think it has to do with time, how quickly an element or compound changes phase.

Hugh Pocock just did a piece where he collected

snow for drinking water and bottled it. When I saw it, I remembered that when you see snow all over a landscape it's like a whole ocean. I'm about to go to visit a friend at his barn in upstate New York, and there's going to be snow everywhere. I'm so excited to be on a mountain and see an ocean for the first time, to have it really hit me.

I've never seen the ocean from a high place.

You're talking about seeing the ocean in the distance or below you or seeing a water-form at eye level while standing on a high place? Just so you know, if you were in Korea, there are definitely places to see the ocean while standing on a mountain. I'm also talking about being on a mountain, and almost imagining that the frozen snow is the sea level because it is an ocean, a mass of water.

As if you're on a frozen lake? I've seen that many a time. I think about how often I saw snow growing up and all of the white space. I wonder how that affected me. It was always very quiet. I used to go skiing, snowboarding, hikes in the snow. It's a very strange thing knowing there is so much water below you going over a frozen lake.

Was it scary?

I think I scared myself. Nothing ever happened, but I was excited to imagine that all of a sudden the ground would crack and there would be so much snow below me. It would be so cold.

I can't believe animals live under there.

And they just sleep; they rest at the bottom, something solid above and below them. It's almost the opposite of us.

Because I've turned my bedroom into a cave like my studio, I think a lot about being a sleeping bear. I just lie down in my bed and start thinking "even though I'm just going to sleep for tonight until I have to go to work tomorrow, I'm actually a bear going to sleep for the winter." It's really nice you should try it.

Yeah, I think that my room is cold enough.

REFERENCES

1 Edited extract from an interview titled "Where and what are we?" Conducted for the exhibition, *Solitary Stones on a Rocky Shore*, curated by Max Guy

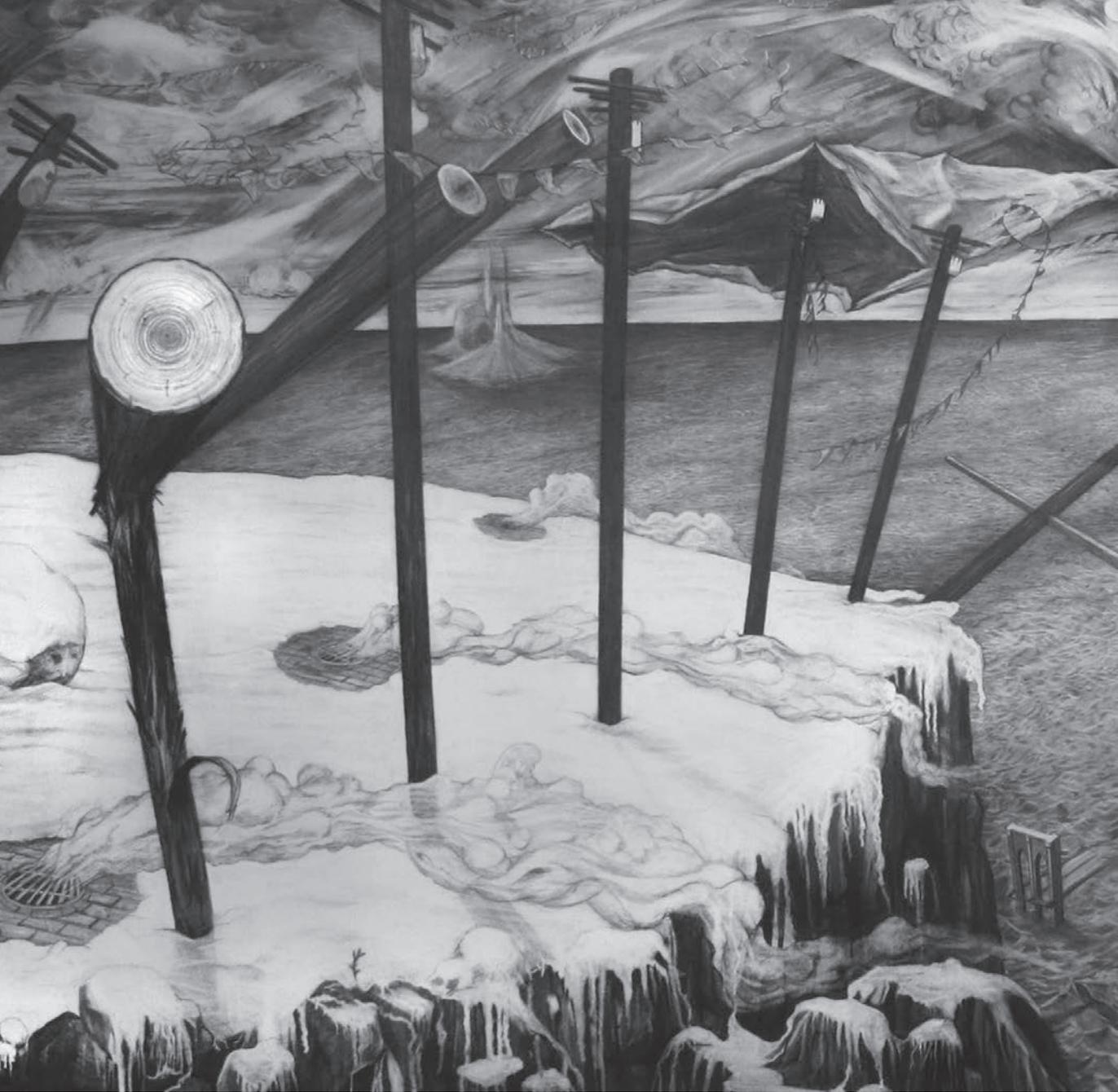
2 Takei, Jiro, and Marc P. Keane. Sakuteiki, *Visions of the Japanese Garden: A Modern Translation of Japan's Gardening Classic*. North Clarendon, VT: Tuttle, 2008. 159. Print.

WORKS



An Aeon of Hurting Bodies (2013)
Mechanical pencil on Rives BFK
104.1 x 210.8cm

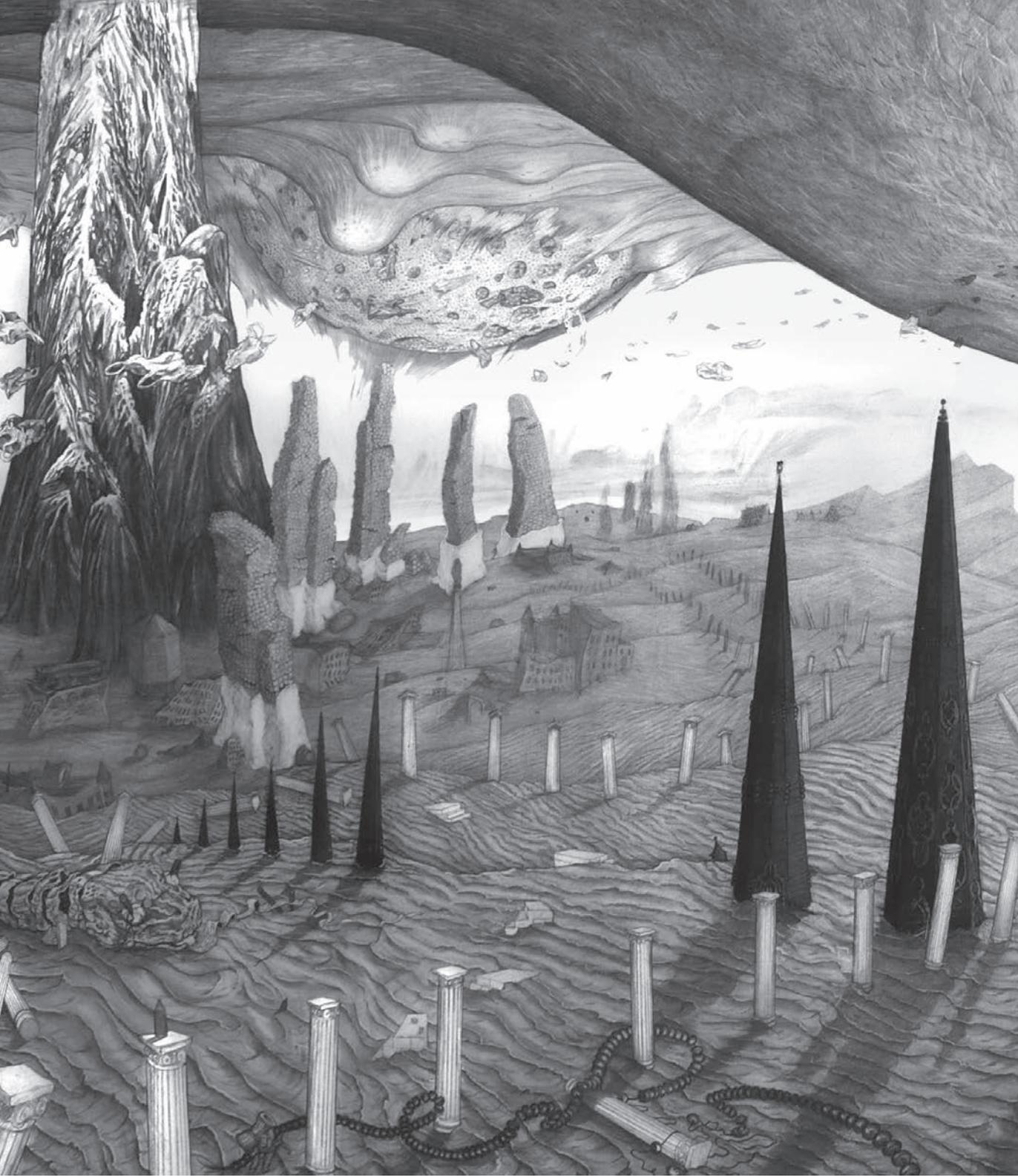


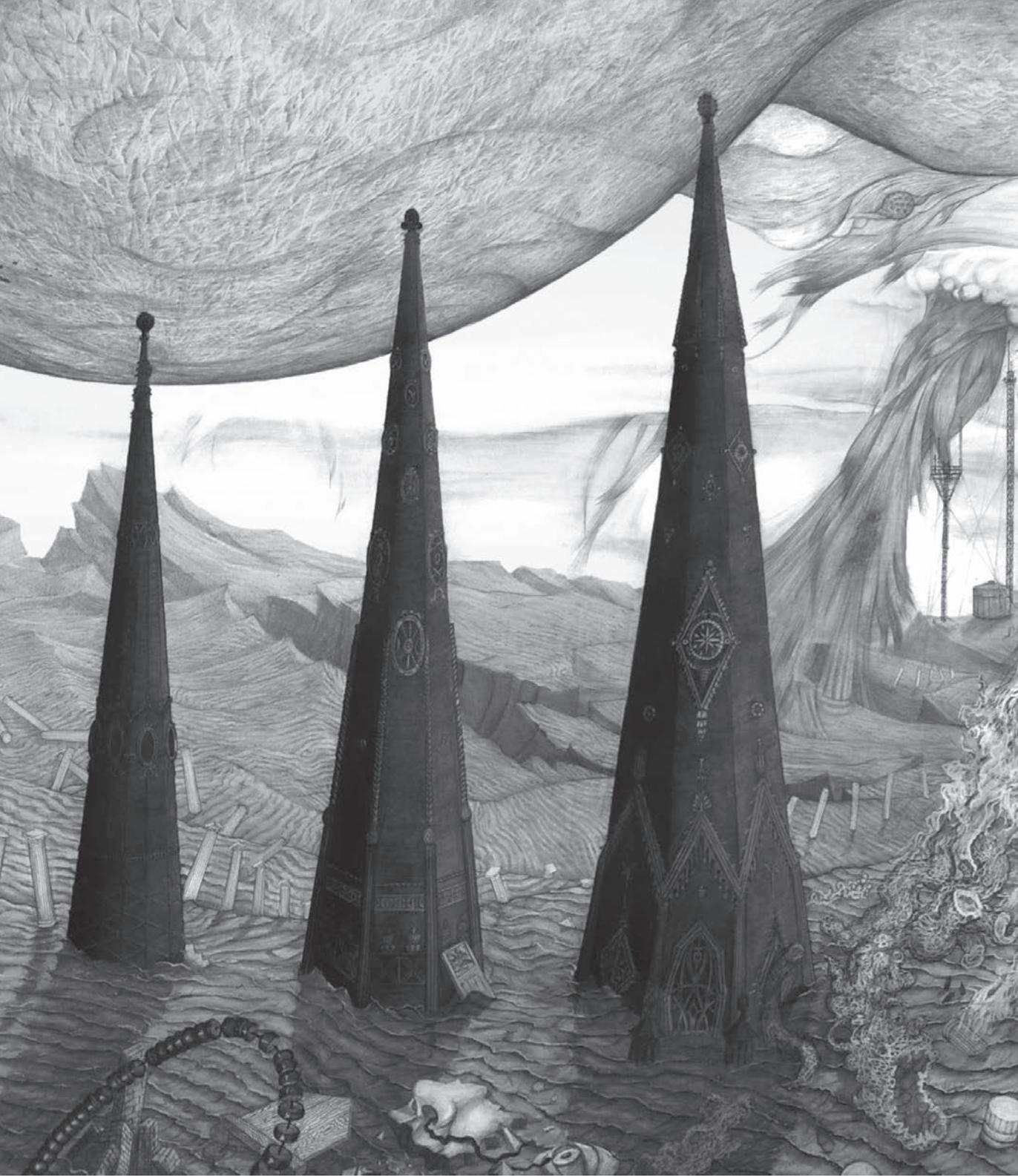


Oblivion (2013)
Mechanical pencil on Rives BFK
104.1 x 208.3cm



Following page:
Young Cats in the Dusk (2013)
Mechanical pencil on Rives BFK
104.1 x 188cm







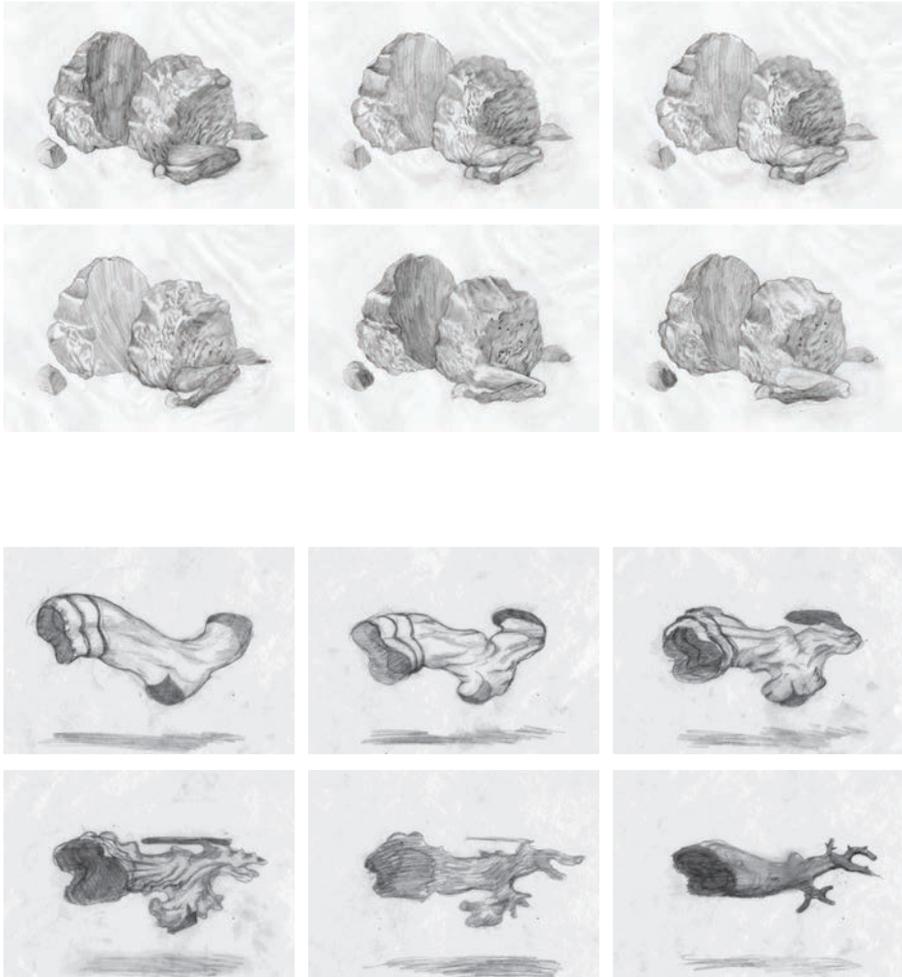
Rain March (2013)
Mechanical pencil on Rives BFK
55.9 x 76.2cm



Bright Light While Stargazing (2013)
Mechanical pencil on Rives BFK
55.9 x 76.2cm



The Three Itches (2013)
Mechanical pencil on Rives BFK
55.9 x 76.2cm



Horse Leg (2014) and **Sock** (2014)
Gif Animations



Isaac's Shoes (2013)
Mechanical pencil and ink on paper
22.9 x 30.5cm

BIOGRAPHIES

LEDELLE MOE

Ledelle Moe (b.1971, Durban) studied sculpture at Natal Technikon graduating in 1993. Active in the local art community, Moe was one of the founding members of the FLAT Gallery, an artist initiative and alternative space in Durban. A travel grant in 1994 took her to the United States where she embarked on a period of study at the Virginia Commonwealth University (VCU) Sculpture Department Master's program. Moe completed her Master's Degree there in 1996 and soon after accepted an adjunct position in the Sculpture Department at the Maryland Institute College of Art (MICA) in Baltimore, Maryland. Later she taught at the Corcoran College of Art in Washington, DC, Virginia Commonwealth University and St.Mary's College of Maryland.

Moe has exhibited in a number of venues including the Kulturhuset (Stockholm, Sweden) the NSA Gallery (Durban, South Africa), the International Sculpture Center (Washington, DC), The Washington Project for the Arts (Washington, DC) and American Academy of Arts and Letters, NY. Projects include large-scale concrete installations at Socrates Park and Pratt Institute in New York City, and Decatur Blue in Washington, DC. In 2002 Moe was the recipient of a Joan Mitchell Award and in 2008 the Kreeger Museum Artist Award. Recent projects include installations in Salzburg, Austria, Brooklyn, NY, Boston MA, India and Cape Town. Presently based in Cape Town, Moe is head of sculpture at the University of Stellenbosch and continues to work on large-scale pieces.

MIRANDA PFEIFFER

Born in the green hills of the North Carolina Piedmont, Miranda Pfeiffer is an artist and writer currently living in Los Angeles, California. In 2011, Pfeiffer received a Chair's Prize from the Maryland Institute College of Art. The grant funded a visit to South Korea to complete a series of animations onsite, atop the mountains of Seoul. In 2012, The William G. Baker, Jr. Memorial Fund awarded Pfeiffer a B-Grant, culminating in an exhibition of large-scale graphite drawings at the Baltimore Museum of Art. Following this, the Baker Fund awarded Pfeiffer the Nancy Harrigan Prize. Recently, Pfeiffer has exhibited at The Creative Alliance in Baltimore, MD, The Exquisite Corpse Gallery in Kalamazoo, MI, The Redux Contemporary Art Center in Charleston, SC, and the The Cambridge Art Association. Pfeiffer's drawings appear within the Drawing Center's curated slide registry. She is a contributor to Schematic Quarterly and Spiral Cinema's Video on Paper, as well as a member of Current Space, an artist-run gallery located in downtown Baltimore.

