

Falling and Rising

In the Wake of Cecil John Rhodes

Tamar Garb

One spectacular event, many competing images. On the April 9, 2015, the University of Cape Town (UCT) enabled the removal of its most contentious public monument, the statue of Cecil John Rhodes, one-time prime minister of the Cape Colony (1890–96), arch imperialist, benefactor of the university's estate, and protagonist of white supremacy.¹ Both veteran documentary photographer David Goldblatt and emerging performance/visual artist Sethembile Msezane were there to witness the scene. As their images testify, they were not alone. Equipped with mobile phones and iPads, hundreds of onlookers attended the auspicious unseating, stretching their arms heavenward as if saluting or hailing history rather than merely capturing its symbolic passage. **Figs 1, 2**

Goldblatt's and Msezane's iconic photographs are particularly notable for capturing alternative views of an ongoing, sometimes bitter, argument. Despite the formal, aesthetic, and affective differences between these two photographs, the proliferation of handheld devices of recordkeeping and personal testimony that frame the scene are shared, providing the contemporary context for the newsworthy spectacle, democratized dissemination, and embodied experience that the scene of removal represents. Not only is it meaningful that the controversial, now visibly diminished, statue was taken down, but the public manner and individuated mediation/consumption of its removal makes the event significant at both a subjective and social level.

Few cultural commentators in South Africa do not have a view on the matter. Opinions range from celebration at the belated unseating (in the name of decolonization, reappropriation of democratic public space, removal of oppressive and intimidating symbolism, embrace of the future, and the cathartic cleaning of slates) to lamentation (for the erasure of history, the repression of painful pasts, the destruction of heritage, the sanitization of memory, and the resurgence of recently removed censorship).² Debate has extended far beyond the university campus where the ruckus began. The spectacular and symbolic removal of Rhodes from his pedestal has become emblematic of a moment that is technologically and politically intertwined; this is what both Msezane and Goldblatt reveal in their photographs. But where Goldblatt placed himself behind the camera as occluded witness to the moment of Rhodes's unseating, Msezane inserted her costumed self into the picture as an imposing counterpoint to the dangling fragility of the deposed and diminished patriarch.

For Goldblatt, the act of witnessing and recording the removal on camera was an extension of business as usual. For over sixty years he made it his mission to mobilize a forensic attention to the details of daily life in South Africa, a project that lasted until his much-mourned death in June 2018.³ His legacy is undisputed. Goldblatt's searching, black-and-white prints, often collected in books, have provided a visual lexicon of life lived under duress. Grouping his images under thematic labels—for example, *On the Mines* (1973), *Some Afrikaners Photographed* (1975), *In Boksburg* (1982), *Lifetimes: Under Apartheid* (1986), *The Transported of KwaNdebele* (1989), and *The Structure of Things Then* (1998)—Goldblatt produced an inventory of experience under apartheid at a granular level, from its physical structures and signs to its forms of sociality and subjectivity.

An early photograph such as *A plowholder and the daughter of a servant, Wheatlands, Randfontein. September 1962*, first published in *Some Afrikaners Photographed*, is exemplary. (Fig. 3) It depicts a simple scene of an elderly man in his sparse interior,

accompanied by a shabby but neatly dressed child. In the context of apartheid in South Africa, their situation is puzzling and potentially fraught. For one thing, the skin tones of the man are pale in contrast to the dark-skinned girl at his side. He, the label tells us, is an owner of land; she is associated with servitude. He is in his own home, reinforced by what we assume is an ancestor in the framed portrait on the wall behind, while she is an outsider, or “guest.” Yet, the two appear united in an intimate proximity that belies the legislated separation that their alleged difference required: he is “white,” she is “black,” as decreed by reigning racialized statutes. Far from appearing fixed, though, these identities seem pictorially unstable. For one thing, the man’s paleness seems contingent and insecure. He is easily subsumed in shadows, his sun-burnt skin and weathered appearance tarnished by time and experience. The child’s illuminated face and demeanor are far from subservient or cowed. She stands assertively, arm akimbo, eyes brazenly confronting the camera. At her side are artificial lilies; above her head is a poised pair of plastic lemons, associating her with ornament and care. The “Afrikaner” and the “native” are thrown together here in space and time, their legislated separation undercut by their cohabitation in the domestic domain.

This is the kind of subtle unraveling of dogma and orthodox thinking that documentary photography, at its best, allows. For Goldblatt, reality is rich with contradiction. While his life’s work has been to mobilize the camera in conscience, often against a clearly defined enemy, he has never resorted to simple slogans or propaganda, however noble or just the cause. His mission has been to portray the effects of political and institutional power on the everyday: the structures, signs, and minutiae of place imbricated by the lives that are shaped and formed in their midst. An abiding subtheme of his has long been the memorialization of the past and the careless, often wilful neglect or abuse of public monuments or shrines. For Goldblatt, history is written on the land—not only in built

structures, texts, and signage, but also in residual and incidental markings that leave a trace that is precious and profound.⁴

Destruction of monuments is a kind of desecration for Goldblatt. In a photograph such as *Memorial to Those Killed in the “Langa Massacre,” 21 March 1985* (1990), in which a vandalized tombstone, honoring apartheid victims, situated in an impoverished cemetery of mostly unidentified white crosses and mounds, lies like a shattered dream in the foreground, there is no doubt where our sympathies are meant to lie. Fig 4 The object of violent assault—the personalized inscription on the tomb—is broken, the tribute to the struggle against apartheid and its heroes partly obscured. Goldblatt tells us in his extended caption that “Black Vigilantes Funded by Military Intelligence” are responsible for the damage. The apartheid regime could not countenance the heroization of their critics. In keeping with the iconophobia and censorious policing of imagery at the time, the regime destroyed and forbade counter-insurgent symbolism. Goldblatt was there to record its demise and to salvage the pieces from oblivion.⁵

After the hopeful years following the first democratic elections of 1994, when Goldblatt regularly turned to color printing to capture the promise of a new political order and epoch, he returned to the monochrome palette of his past as if to declare that the sober necessity for realist reportage had come back. Focusing in recent years on crime, xenophobia, housing failure, and social decay, alongside close attention to the built environment, Goldblatt continued to chronicle the lives and livings of the disenfranchised and poor, as well as the physical structures that define and delimit their experience. Among his most recent work is a return to themes of memorialization and historical monuments, not least because they are subject to a new kind of censorious and radical revaluing.⁶ No longer safe on their pedestals, the patriarchs of the past have become vulnerable to a passionate and revolutionary politics.

On the morning of March 9, 2015, a UCT student, Chumani Maxwele, threw a container of human excrement at the statue of Cecil John Rhodes.⁷ The choice of feces as the material of protest was not only meant to cause a stink; it was also intended to register the scandalous crisis in sanitation suffered by the dwellers in informal settlements on the Cape Flats, situated beyond the rich suburbs that skirt the southern edge of the campus. Shanty dwellers and occupants of the rolling slums that flank Cape Town's tourist sites and natural beauty spots are forced to use inadequate plastic portaloos that service hundreds of families at once. For Masixole Feni, winner of the Ernest Cole Photography Award in 2017, the disjunction between Cape Town's legendary natural beauty and undignified sanitation for the poor is central. In his project *A Drain on Our Dignity* (2017), one image places the ramshackle shanties and precarious toilet cubicles against the spectacular backdrop of Table Mountain, from whose flanks Rhodes once looked out.⁸ In a city with one of the largest gaps between wealth and poverty in the world, the cheek-by-jowl coexistence of abjection and affluence is dramatized in the crisis over water and waste. A stone's throw from the gardens and saunas of the rich are squalid and polluted slums with primitive plumbing and limited ablution facilities. When Maxwele transported the excrement from the Flats to the campus, therefore, it was a symbolic gesture designed to disrupt and shame, scandalize and shock, as well as besmirch the bronze statue (and reputation) of Cecil John Rhodes himself

It took only thirty-one days from Feni's protest to the sanctioned removal of the statue, which in the meantime had been alternately splashed with red paint, draped, wrapped, taped, and cloaked but never toppled or actually destroyed. On the day of removal, a huge crane was brought in to hoist the statue onto the back of a truck and transport it to ignominious safety in storage. Campaigners were triumphant. In the play *The Fall*, scripted soon after the event by graduates of UCT drama school, the moment is dramatically narrated:

CAHYA: The atmosphere among my fellow comrades is euphoric. We have brought this change, we have forced management to listen to our needs and for the first time we feel the power, and Rhodes was powerless. . . .

BOITSHOKO: At last, the crane lifted the statue, and there was a gasp from the crowd, everything slowed down. Rhodes was suspended in the air and he swung a few inches above the plinth. . . like he wasn't sure if he should get off, or not. It looked like his ghost was fighting back, trying to make him topple over and crush our black bodies one more time. But he was gone . . . he was finally gone. . . . I felt as if our land had just heaved a giant sigh of relief, a space to breathe at last.⁹

Goldblatt's signatory image captures the spectacle. A trussed-up Rhodes hangs like a miniature mascot against the predatory machinery of the crane. The statue hovers over its empty plinth, ready to be removed to the waiting truck. Not quite a public execution but certainly a mass unseating, the scene is witnessed by a crowd unified in comportment and gesture: heads strained, arms raised, thumbs poised, cell phones ready. The citizen is shown as consumer in the face of this radical rewriting of history. For Goldblatt, desire is in the detail of costume, pose, place, gesture, and context. He captures this on film. What cannot be told in the image is provided in the characteristically full caption he crafts: "The dethroning of Cecil John Rhodes, after the throwing of human faeces on the statue and the agreement of the University to the demands of students for its removal. The University of Cape Town, 9 April 2015." It is the events that have led to the removal as much as the act itself that Goldblatt is keen to register. There is nothing emotive or prejudicial about the text.¹⁰ The facts and words are carefully chosen: "dethroning," "human faeces," "agreement," "demands," "students," "removal." One cannot help but hear a regretful tone at the sequence of events invoked here.

Perhaps this reading is retrospective. The Rhodes image is only the first in a series that Goldblatt produced that tracked the destruction of artworks and the removal of property in the name of “fallism” and a politics of liberation.¹¹ In mid-February 2016, UCT students seized artworks from public display and burnt them, indiscriminately, in a bonfire. Among the ruined paintings was the work of Keresemose Richard Baholo, the first black Master of Fine Art graduate from UCT, as well as a portrait of revered antiapartheid activist Molly Blackburn.¹² In response to the pyres, UCT began covering and removing artworks deemed “provocative,” “problematic,” or “offensive” to black students. What was at stake, the university declared, was both the protection of the works and the feelings of vulnerable students. By late April 2016, seventy-five artworks had either been covered up or concealed.

For Goldblatt, these acts were lamentable. Already in April 2015 he had publicly declared his antipathy to repression or censorship of history and its residual material effects.¹³ Favoring dialogue and debate over erasure and exclusion, he committed himself to documenting the damage and obstruction that, for him, was reminiscent of the censorship of apartheid-era authoritarianism and the control of freedom of speech. In photographs showing *The Remains of Twenty Paintings and Two Photographs Burnt by Students* (2016) and *Two Hooks Where Photographs of Black Sash Leader, Molly Blackburn, Hung before They Were Burnt* (2016), Goldblatt revisits the sites and remnants of destruction. All that is left are charred remains or empty walls: hooks where paintings once hung, burnt wood that once encased canvas now arranged like relics on a shroud. The feeling of loss is overwhelming. What was gone, asserted Goldblatt, was not only the material evidence of history but its capacity to generate thought and debate. What we have left is a ruin—or a cover up. When the authorities decided to drape Willie Bester’s sculpture of Sarah Baartman (a Khoi woman once removed from the Cape to serve the perverse fascination and venal curiosity of Europeans) in a black cloth, they effectively papered over the past in an attempt to diminish

offence. Goldblatt's photographed, draped figure reads like a monster or ghost who presides over an empty library evacuated of discussion or debate. For him, the emptiness, the silence, and the refusal to stare ugliness in the face engenders a melancholic and miserable environment, one in which it is impossible to deal with the past in the light of the erosion of evidence.¹⁴ Figs 5,6,7

What of the euphoria and emancipatory glee of the fallists? Drunk on the promise of rebirth and redress, ecstatic at no longer having to confront the oppressive effigies of the past day by day, they now have to deal with the gap that their iconoclastic unseating has left. If, as Achille Mbembe has asked, "everything 'must fall,' then what exactly must stand in its place?"¹⁵

Sethembile Msezane proffers one answer to the challenge. Her work *Chapangu—The Day Rhodes Fell* (2015) counters the "fall" with a "rise." Dwarfing the suspended statue stands a female figure, posed by the artist herself, whose outstretched and extended left arm seems to fuse with the machine that has plucked the offending party from his plinth. It is as if her body has the power to raise the stone sculpture from its stand so that it dangles precariously in her grasp. The artist's veiled face and plaits surmount the torso, which is clad only in a simple black leotard. Monumental in spread and scope, Msezane's upper limbs not only span the space, but are also fringed and feathered like the spreading wings of a giant eagle about to take flight. The figure suggests a hybrid: part bird, part woman, part real, part imagined, part modern, part mythic. Juxtaposed with the weathered bronze of a diminished past, the rising flesh and feathers of the future seem about to soar and ascend.¹⁶

Msezane's strategically staged performance and costume are carefully chosen and choreographed. By the time she seized the moment of Rhodes's removal she had repeatedly placed her disguised self on a pedestal, first, as a joke, in the privacy of her own dining room,

then gradually as a way of claiming public space and undermining dominant historical/heritage narratives.¹⁷ Exemplary is her 2013 performance of ‘Zuluness’, part of the *Public Holiday* photographic series, in which her costumed body is juxtaposed with the equestrian statue of Louis Botha, first prime minister of the Union of South Africa, whose metallic form is raised on a stone base engraved with his list of “attributes”: “FARMER WARRIOR STATESMAN.”¹⁸ (Fig. 8) Situated in front of the Houses of Parliament in Cape Town, the statue of Botha symbolizes, for Msezane, the entrenchment of patriarchal values, the ubiquity of colonialist heroes and narratives, and the invisibility of women (black women, in particular) from commemorative structures and stories.¹⁹ To diminish the stature of the statesman, Msezane posed on her own platform and orchestrated the angle of the shot so that she becomes monumentalized and grand, while he is reduced and sidelined like a toy soldier frozen in time. The effect is to situate both figures in an unorthodox relation to the history-laden landscape that surrounds them—the unmistakable mound of Lion’s Head and the flanks of Signal Hill on which the first European settlers encamped rising behind, the white gates of the formerly whites-only parliament visible—but there is no doubt as to who is prominent and who is receding at this transitional moment in history. Adorned in Zulu beadwork and skin slippers, the imposing figure of a black woman dominates the scene, presides over the square, and dwarfs her erstwhile colonizer. She stands, planted like a living sculpture, to offset the dead weight of the past.

The performance in Parliament Square was followed by many others. On Youth Day, established to commemorate the student protests of June 1976, Msezane donned a school uniform for her pose.²⁰ On Freedom Day, she performed in Greenmarket Square in Cape Town on the site of the old slave market.²¹ On Women’s Day, she stood bare-breasted in Langa Freedom Square to draw attention to violence against women.²² In each instance the costume is particular to the performance. But one signifier, the beaded veil, recurs. This

intimate item, bought specially for the performances, suggests the hiding of the face at Zulu coming of age ceremonies or at weddings, where respect demands female anonymity and self-occlusion. It serves as an identifiable inscription of a uniquely African femininity at the same time as it screens the wearer from recognition. For Msezane, it is important that her performances are generic and symbolic rather than individualized or personal. Veiled and costumed, she stands, not as herself but as a protagonist of black womanhood, placed subversively in public space in order to question the ongoing erasure and silencing of her sisters.

When Msezane took up the pose of a monumental bird at UCT on April 9, 2015, all this and more was in place. The choice of the bird costume was not arbitrary. This is no generic phoenix on the rise. In fact, it invokes a particular bird, a chapungu (referenced in the photograph's title), which is the Shona word for African eagle, the national emblem of Zimbabwe and the subject of a group of famous soapstone sculptures that were removed during colonial times from the ancient city of Great Zimbabwe. All but one have since been returned. Acquired by Cecil John Rhodes, the remaining sculpture still resides at his erstwhile Cape Town residence, Groote Schuur, where it also provides the leitmotif for decorative carvings and designs.²³ Msezane's figuration as Chapungu speaks then to a number of histories: it references colonial kleptomania and the stripping of resources (spiritual and material) from the land, it invokes African belief systems and treasures that predate imperial capture, and it posits the presence and power of African women as keepers of culture and conduits for hope and transformation.

The day Rhodes fell was epic for both Msezane and Goldblatt. They, like hundreds of others, were there to memorialize the moment. Both inadvertently and consciously, they recorded

what it meant for the sculpture to be publicly removed. Their works reveal more than they had perhaps intended.

For Goldblatt, veteran witness and longtime teller of truths, the space vacated is empty. The shrunken figure is denuded of any power it might once have possessed, and the plinth looks dilapidated and forlorn, reduced to a barren emptiness that is yet to be filled or renewed. Around it are masses of the eager arms and appendages of the young, the “born digitals” for whom image making is quick and cheap and colorful. They lean forward, anticipating the event and its fallout. On closer inspection, however, it is clear that the crowd, though apparently representative of a new generation of citizens-cum-consumers, is overwhelmingly male: a cohort of T-shirted, jeans-clad young guys whose bodies and gizmos stretch up to seize the space. We imagine Goldblatt precariously propped on an overcrowded spot, the consummate documentarian, positioned in order to encompass the crane, the crowd, and the setting. He, the uncompromising realist, provides us with the definitive picture of the event.²⁴ We are forever in his debt.

Goldblatt captures the context in which the young Msezane performs, but she does something different with the occasion. For her to insert her costumed self into this mainly masculine environment, standing alone in the heat for many hours before, during, and after the removal of the statue, must have taken some endurance and guts. She offers a salutary female corrective to the gendered usurping of history.²⁵ Embodying difference, she offsets both the figure of Rhodes and the clamoring crowd, insisting on the visibility of the feminine in the aesthetic and political arena. Not merely allegorical, Msezane’s taut skin and tense musculature testify to the corporeal cost of her act. She is no stone Liberty or winged Venus. Her body must endure and survive the ordeal. Personal performance rather than disinterested documentation is her medium, photography its partial and mediated trace. But what comes out of *Chapangu: The Day Rhodes Fell* also exceeds expectation. Msezane could not have

known, as she waived her winged arms in the air that she would become the prosthetic limb through which her chained “captor” was lifted. It was only after the event when she sifted through the photographic record that this inadvertent product of her patient performance became clear. Figured as a conduit of transformation in the now iconic image, her costumed body offers a figuration of hope. Neither would she have been able to predict that the intertwined, multihued arms, dark and pale, brown and beige, raised and recording around her, spoke not only to the dreams of a new techno-savvy generation eager to record and relay, but to the fragile vision of a non-racialized dawn that the moment of removal anticipates. Captured in the touching of flesh and the dance of the raised, multitoned arms we see a riposte to the racialized essentialisms that once subtended the statue’s erection and still threatens to overshadow its fall.²⁶

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Notes

This article was originally written for the Mexican journal *Fabrica* to coincide with the exhibition of South African art in Oaxaca, Mexico, in October 2018. Since submitting it to them, David Goldblatt has died, and I have made a few revisions to take account of this fact. I am grateful to Sethembile Msezane for her generosity and openness in our discussions.

Thanks, also, to my friend Paul Weinberg for introducing me to the work of Masixelo Feni and for hours of robust debate. I recorded an extensive interview with David Goldblatt on the Rhodes Must Fall debacle and the related crisis at UCT on August 12, 2017. He was his customary passionate and principled self on this occasion, and subsequently in January of this year, when we held our last conversation. For me, Goldblatt has been an indispensable guide to South African photography over the last twelve years. I owe him more than I can say and

offer this piece in respectful tribute, knowing that he would not always have agreed with its arguments. I had hoped that we would one day be able to discuss them.

¹ For a discussion of Rhodes's controversial legacy, see Paul Maylam, *The Cult of Rhodes: Remembering an Imperialist in Africa* (Claremont, South Africa: David Philip, 2005).

² See, for example, "A Time of Reckoning: Contemporary South African Art: Okwui Enwezor in Conversation with Sue Williamson," and Rory Bester, "In and Out of Art History in South Africa," in *Being There: South Africa, A Contemporary Art Scene* (exhibition catalogue) (Paris, France: Fondation Louis Vuitton, 2017) 28–29, 39–44; *Rhodes Must Fall Movement: In Conversation with Prof. Achille Mbembe*, filmed by Wandile Kasibe (2015), <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=g-IU4BCsL8w>. For a cogent argument on how the statue might have been repurposed and made the focus of critical engagement, see Brenda Schmahmann, "The Fall of Rhodes: The Removal of a Sculpture from the University of Cape Town," *Public Art Dialogue* 6, no. 1 (2016): 90–115, doi:10.1080/21502552.2016.1149391. Further, as suggested by Ashraf Jamal in his Ted Talk, "Africa Will Give the World a Human Face," <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IQIkDIPTOWM>; Robin Scher, "I Will Not Compromise about My Work: David Goldblatt on Artistic Freedom, Censorship, and Moving His Archive Out of South Africa," *Art News* (2017), www.artnews.com/2017/06/23/i-will-not-compromise-about-my-work-david-goldblatt-on-artistic-freedom-censorship-and-moving-his-archive-out-of-south-africa/. See also Njabulo Ndebele for an interesting narration of the statue as pivotal to UCT's spatiality. Written in 2013, before the height of the controversy, Ndebele sees Rhodes 'as a factor of history rather than an active determinant of the future . . . unable to threaten any desired future. His removal from his vantage position will not eliminate the fact of his gift of his lands, however much that ownership may itself be

questioned.” Ndebele, “Introduction,” in *Viewpoints: The University of Cape Town and its Treasures*, ed. Paul Weinberg (Cape Town: UCT Press, 2013), 12.

³ Tributes to Goldblatt have been extensive and international. In South Africa, his passing was marked by the Xhosa greeting emblazoned on the newsstands of Cape Town: “Hamba Kahle David Goldblatt,” bidding him to “go well” in local African style. Such a send-off is rare for those once classified “white” under apartheid’s deterministic race laws. Among the obituaries and eulogies were those of his friend and fellow photographer, Paul Weinberg, “David Goldblatt: Mensch, Mentor, and Master,” *City Press*, July 1, 2018, citypress.news24.com/News/david-goldblatt-mensch-mentor-and-master-20180701. See also, Paul O’Hagan, “‘Colour Was Too Sweet for Apartheid’: The Austere Genius of David Goldblatt.” *The Guardian*, June 26, 2018, www.theguardian.com/artanddesign/2018/jun/26/david-goldblatt-south-african-photographer-apartheid.

⁴ See Tamar Garb, “A Land of Signs,” in *Home Lands – Land Marks: Contemporary Art from South Africa* (exhibition catalogue) (London: Haunch of Venison, 2008) 8–27, for a discussion of Goldblatt’s work in these terms. See also, Okwui Enwezor, “The Indeterminate Structure of Things Now”, in *Home Lands – Land Marks*, 28–39.

⁵ The photograph was included in Goldblatt, *South Africa: The Structure of Things Then* (Cape Town: Oxford University Press, 1998).

⁶ These are collected in Goldblatt, *Structures of Dominion and Democracy* (Göttingen, Germany: Steidl Books, 2018), an update of *South Africa: The Structure of Things Then*

containing photographs taken between 1983 and 1993. See Jeremy Kuper, “The Structures That David Goldblatt Values,” *Art and Design*, April 24, 2015, mg.co.za/article/2015-04-23-david-goldblatt-structures.

⁷ See Rory Bester, “In and Out of Art History,” *Art Africa* 9 (2017): 062–064

⁸ See the photograph *Township sanitation: A row of the Mshengu communal toilets is visible as you enter Khayelitsha* in Masixole Feni, *A Drain on Our Dignity* (Johannesburg: Jacana Media, 2017).

⁹ Baxter Theatre Centre, *The Fall* (London: Oberon Books, 2017), 32–33.

¹⁰ Goldblatt discusses the care he takes with captions in his interview with Tamar Garb in Garb, *Figures and Fictions: Contemporary South African Photography* (Göttingen, Steidl, 2011), 268–69.

¹¹ **‘Fallism’ is the term that has come to describe the student protest movements that began with the ‘Rhodes Must Fall’ protests of 2015 and developed offshoots such as ‘Fees Must Fall’ targeting the high cost of university education in South Africa.**

Although focussed on particular issues, it has come to stand for the more generic decolonizing project and a catch-all for student discontent with current ANC policy in relation to education, service delivery and inequality. For an articulation of fallism, see A. Kayum Ahmed, “Fallism as Public Pedagogy,” africasacountry.com/2017/07/fallism-as-public-pedagogy (accessed March 26, 2018).

¹² See Alex Dodd and Hans Pienaar, “The Removal of Art at UCT: Interview with Alex Dodd,” *Litnet* 18 (2016), www.litnet.co.za/the-removal-of-art-at-uct-interview-with-alex-dodd.

¹³ For a summary of Goldblatt’s views, see Scher, “I Will Not Compromise.” Goldblatt generously talked to me about his view on the removals in an interview conducted in Cape Town, August 12, 2017.

¹⁴ For an account of this tradition of South African photography, see Darren Newbury, *Defiant Images: Photography and Apartheid South Africa* (Pretoria, South Africa: Unisa Press, 2009).

¹⁵ Achille Mbembe, “Difference and Repetition. Reflections on South Africa Today,” in *Being There*, 19.

¹⁶ Msezane’s performance is in keeping with the sentiments expressed by the character Qhawekazi in *The Fall*: “I remember looking at the place where the statue had been, and I noticed a tiny hole filled with ash and burnt paper. I remember thinking, ‘We have to fill that space with *us*’. . . . Now the real work of decolonizing starts. . . . I remember someone yelling, ‘We must replace it with a statue of Tata Nelson Mandela,’ and I thought, ‘No . . . we have enough of those, we have enough statues of men. We have enough men,’” 34.

¹⁷ I am grateful to Sethembile Msezane for sharing information with me about her work and life in an extended conversation that took place in Cape Town, August 22, 2017. For a contextualization of her work, see her Ted talk at

www.ted.com/talks/sethembile_msezane_living_sculptures_that_stand_for_history_s_truths/
up-next.

¹⁸ Botha served as prime minister from 1910, when Union was declared until his death in 1919.

¹⁹ Msezane explains it as follows: 'Cape Town is teeming with masculine architecture, monuments and statues, such as Louis Botha. ... This overt presence of white colonial and Afrikaner nationalist men not only echoes a social, gender and racial divide, but it also continues to affect the way that women - and the way, particularly, black women -- see themselves in relation to dominant male figures in public spaces. For this reason, among others, I don't believe that we need statues. The preservation of history and the act of remembering can be achieved in more memorable and effective ways.' See her Ted talk at

www.ted.com/talks/sethembile_msezane_living_sculptures_that_stand_for_history_s_truths/
up-next.

²⁰ *Youth Day* commemorates the actions of students in the Anti-Apartheid struggle. It occurs on the 16th June every year to coincide with the Soweto Uprising when thousands of school pupils took to the streets to protest the imposition of Afrikaans (alongside English) as a compulsory medium of education in South Africa's schools. See <https://www.sahistory.org.za/topic/june-16-soweto-youth-uprising>.

²¹ Freedom Day is celebrated annually on 27 April to mark the anniversary of South Africa's first non-racial democratic elections of 1994. See <https://www.sahistory.org.za/topic/freedom-day-27-april>

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Women's Day marks one of the largest demonstrations staged South Africa's history, On 9th August 1956, 20 000 women marched to **Pretoria's Union Buildings** to present a petition against the enforced carrying of passes by black women. The first National Women's Day was celebrated in 1995. See <https://www.sahistory.org.za/dated-event/south-africa-celebrates-first-national-womens-day>

²³ I am grateful to Rayda Becker for showing me around the house, uncovering the remaining Chapangu, and pointing out the ubiquity of the bird design in its decorative details.

²⁴ I asked Goldblatt if he had used a tripod to take the shot (as he usually did), but he told me that on this occasion it was too dangerous to do so in the crowded space and that he was balanced precariously on a small spot, holding his camera in his hands. Telephone conversation with author, January 11, 2018.

²⁵ The hijacking of the protest and removal by men is a subtheme of the play *The Fall*, which cleverly shows how fallism is fractured on gendered lines and in relation to intersectional debates and politics. See Scene 6, which is subtitled “The Patriarchal ‘Plenary,’” 35–40.

²⁶ For a critical discussion of the racialized politics of fallism, see Ashraf Jamal, “Ed Young, Fatally Prejudiced,” in *In the World: Essays on Contemporary South African Art*, (Lausanne, Switzerland: Skira, 2018), 15–33.