

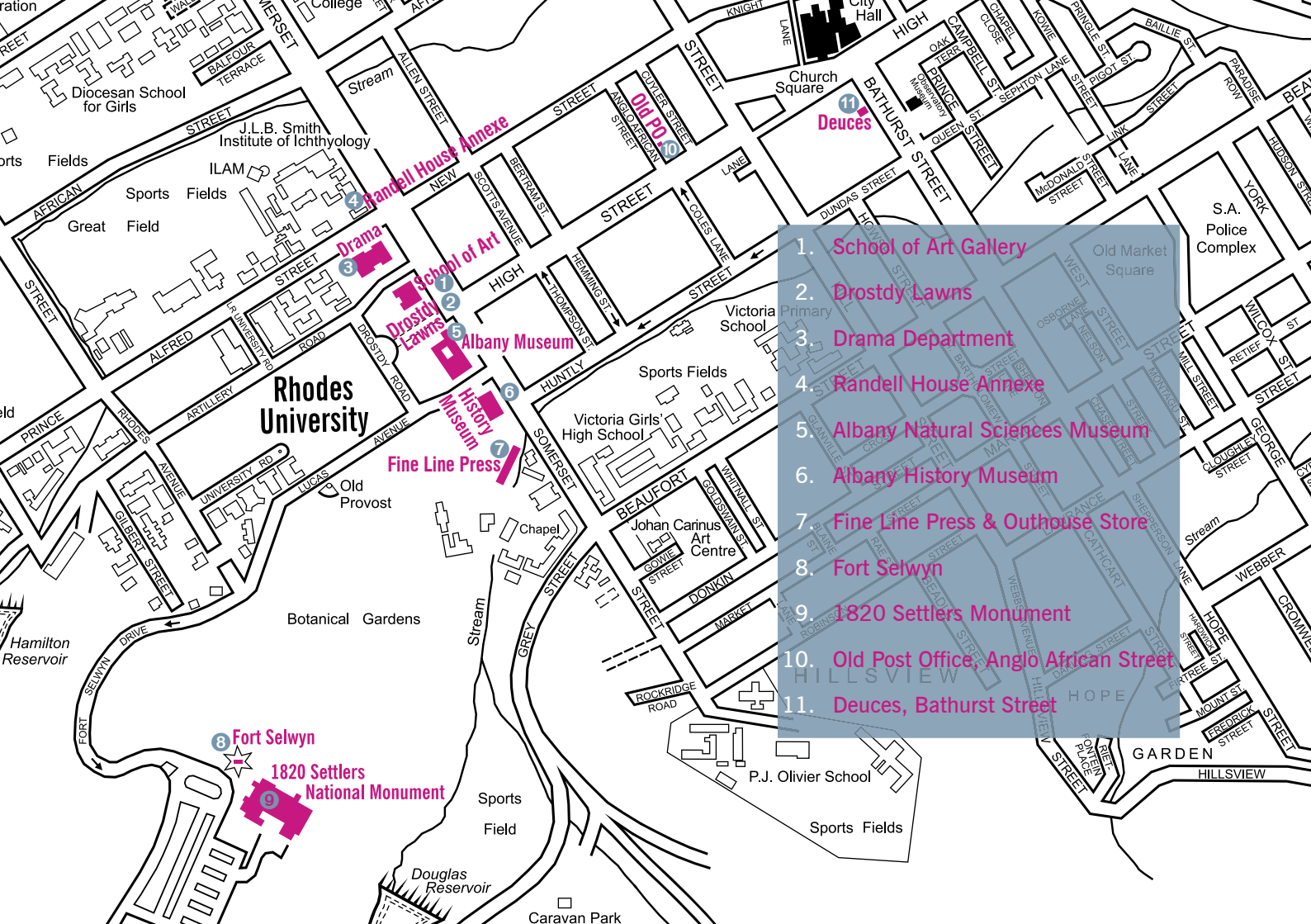
Lauren **Edwards** Leora **Jones**
Warren **Canning** Ryan **Haynes**
Jessica **Bosworth Smith** Samantha
Munro Suvania **Naidoo** Calypso
Ray Sven **Christian** Alicia **Nicola**
Denys Cramstoun **Dixie** Jennifer **Ann**
Coppinger Kate **Brook-Hart**
Nastassja **Manu** Sigourney **Hill**
Simone **Heymans** Romie **Sciscio**
Minke **Wasserman** Russell **Leo**
Brunns Zanne **Andrea** **Reyneke**

RHODES **FINE ART** GRADUATE EXHIBITIONS **2011**

RHODES **FINE ART**

**graduate
exhibitions**

2011



1. School of Art Gallery
2. Drostdy Lawns
3. Drama Department
4. Randell House Annexe
5. Albany Natural Sciences Museum
6. Albany History Museum
7. Fine Line Press & Outhouse Store
8. Fort Selwyn
9. 1820 Settlers Monument
10. Old Post, Anglo African Street
11. Deuces, Bathurst Street

FOREWORD

The 2011 Rhodes Fine Art Graduate Exhibitions reflect the conclusion of four years of specialist study and exploration in the visual arts leading to a Bachelor of Fine Art degree. The ‘degree shows’, as they are colloquially known, are varied yet interconnected and reveal the largely self-directed pursuits of personal vision and diverse concepts by a cohort of emergent artists. The exhibitions evidence the fact that they have embraced individual creative challenges and expressed themselves confidently through a range of traditional mediums in addition to expanded approaches of installation, performance, trans-media and digital arts.

The solo exhibitions are curated and hung by the final year students themselves, thereby taking control of an important and affirming initiation into the gallery or public arena. This catalogue aims to both introduce and celebrate these nineteen submissions by our graduating students.

Trying to define the postmodern (or more aptly post-postmodern) context within which the student artists have worked has been aptly described as trying to nail jelly to a ceiling! They have nevertheless embraced and navigated this contested contemporary terrain with courage, enthusiasm and determination. In turn the present-day art school of the twenty-first century is a continually shape shifting being, one that ideally responds to flux within a dynamic field in order to facilitate appropriate artistic agency, impart informed criticality and transfer creative skills. Within this realm Rhodes Fine Art is privileged to have committed and talented staff — without their dedication to stimulating intellectual and creative capital, the reciprocal artistic transformation of these young artists and their resultant exhibitions could not happen.

Dominic Thorburn

Professor and Head of Department



LAUREN EDWARDS

1A SCHOOL OF ART, SOMERSET STREET

Over an Open Gate

On a shoot one night I had positioned my tripod and set up a shot. Two young women were approaching, so I stood waiting for them to pass before releasing the shutter. They saw me, stopped in their tracks and turned to run. I hastily explained that I was just taking photographs; they exhaled, giggled nervously, expressed their relief that they were not about to be mugged, and carried on their way.

This was a pertinent moment: as a young woman, traipsing the streets alone at night with armfuls of valuable photographic equipment, I was afraid, and not without reason. But now, for all my fears about being out there, I had become the thing to fear.

Bright flashes illuminated strangers' boundaries, I was left blinded by the light and the darkness was deepened. Those on the inside were wary of the strange lights, while I was fearful for my safety in the open. I was up against fences, walls and forts constructed to keep some people in, and some out. The rigid security structures became malleable and fluid as the shoots became a performance of these dualities.





LEORA JONES 1B SCHOOL OF ART, SOMERSET STREET

I like that

Bruised sin, the fruit within the fruit.

I like your split lip desire...It started with a promise of paradise that ended in pink. And so it is.

I am waiting to wish, there is nothing to do today (don't hold me accountable).

Leave me unsatisfied, what more could I want?

Burn down the disco.

Forgive us our decay.

Give us cures for the inexplicable.

Yes

Please, we both know why.

Stretch out the heavens like a curtain.

A play with light, sound and text. These missed moments; the spaces between.





WARREN CANNING

1C SCHOOL OF ART, SOMERSET STREET

Metes & Bounds

Urban fringe spaces often disintegrate into the surrounding landscape. Looking at aerial shots of inhospitable and inaccessible areas across the world, I found that the relationship between the man-made elements and the surrounding topography is both fraught and dynamic.

Each painting within the series has a corresponding QR code. QR codes enable users to scan a computer-generated image which directs them to a virtual space on their mobile phones. This allows the viewer to further engage with the location.



RYAN HAYNES

2 DROSTDY LAWNS

It's none of your business

The question that so many of us have to deal with is not just that of our identity or inner turmoil, but at some stage having to confront the deeper question of 'Who told you so?' when you become aware that, that sense of being 'different' has been exposed.

It's none of your business is an installation centred on the idea of private inner emotions, insecurities that we shelter inside of ourselves from society.

The installation takes you on a journey where the act of listening is the only tool available. Hidden in cupboards are the voices that so many of us have had to confront or avoid. The cupboards themselves act as a body, a hiding place, security, entrapment or a sense of liberty.



A photograph of a door with a sign. The door is split into two colors: a textured orange on the left and a textured white on the right. A keyhole is visible in the white section. A white sign with a red border is attached to the door, featuring a dark circular knob at the top and the text "IT's NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS" in bold black letters below it.

**IT's NONE
OF YOUR
BUSINESS**



JESSICA BOSWORTH SMITH

3 DRAMA DEPARTMENT, BOX THEATRE

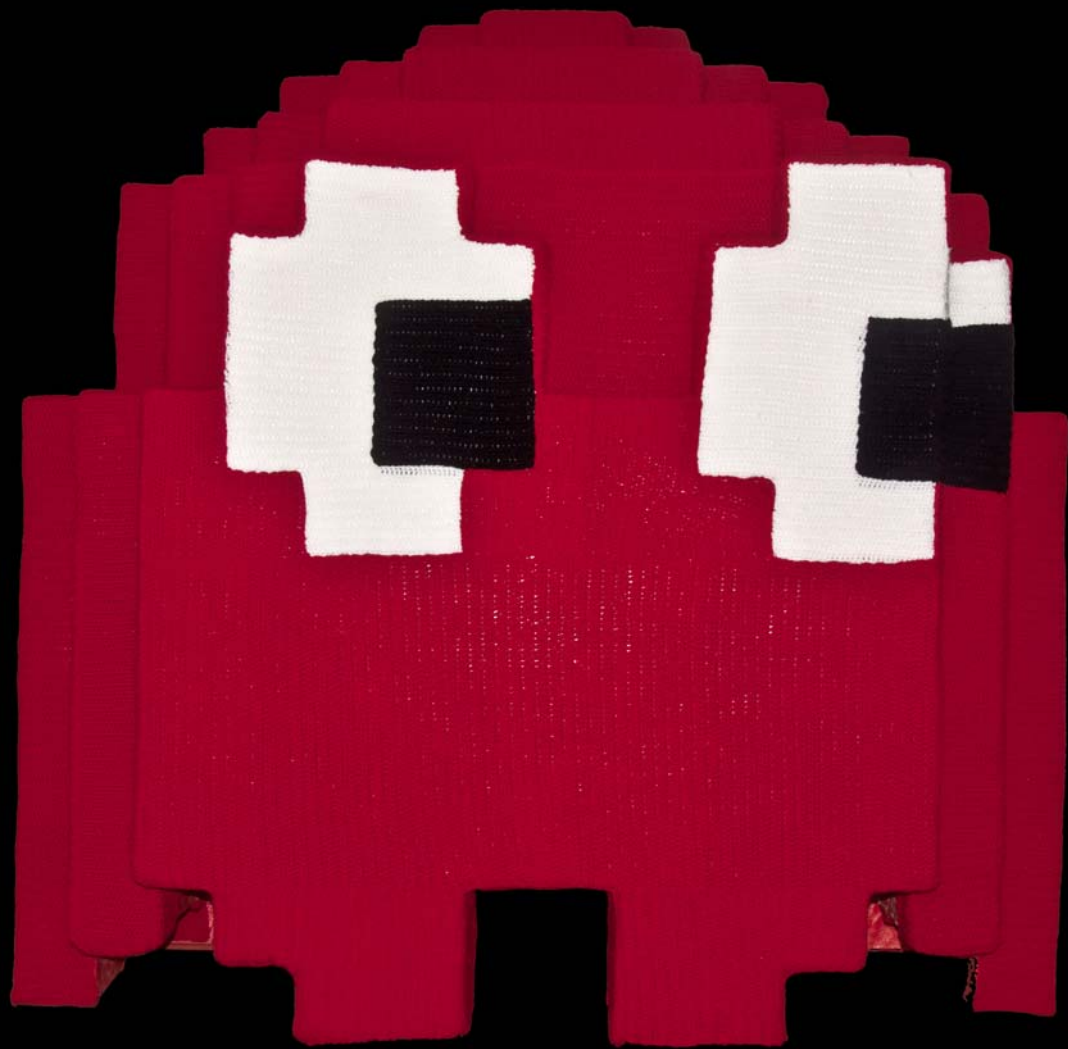
Game Over

Master Yoda once said: 'fear is the path to the dark side; fear leads to anger, anger leads to hate, hate leads to suffering'. Fear of death, fear of the end, fear of the unknown. We play a game that has no score, no save points, and there is no option that flashes 'insert 2 more credits' when it's all over. But what if there was the option to restart and play from our last save? What if we could choose to play the game over and over and over again? What if, for a moment, we could render ourselves in pixelated simplicity?

Game Over is about the perpetual chase, the high score, the extra lives, the cheats.

GAME OVER.

Continue?





SAMANTHA MUNRO

4 RANDELL HOUSE ANNEXE, 17A SOMERSET STREET

Now You See Me...

Somebody was there and has seen me. Suddenly I realise the vulgarity of my gesture, and I am ashamed. – Jean-Paul Sartre

This exhibition explores our consciousness of the self in relation to other people. The self, in a moment of simply being, is interrupted by the awareness of a spectator. In this instant, the self becomes reflective both upon the 'interrupted' moment and of the self in that moment. The person viewed becomes an object vulnerable to judgment by both the spectator and the self which reflects upon that moment.

But, in this exhibition, the precise roles of viewer and viewed are indeterminate, through the use of web cameras the would-be-spectator is both voyeur and objectified counterpart. I have made use in my work of the media of machine and performance (which arbitrate this uncanny experience) in order to create a recognition of this symbiotic relationship of discomfiture — an awareness where the intimacy of what was a natural or a private moment is lost and becomes distanced from the self.





SUVANIA NAIDOO

5A ALBANY NATURAL SCIENCES MUSEUM, BLUE PLANET GALLERY ANNEXE

ZA/in

This exhibition is about my identity: as a South African Indian female living in a westernised, post- colonial time, my identity construction has been influenced by many facets such as my heritage, race, gender and nationality.

I am a descendent of the 1860 indentured labourers who journeyed from India to work in the sugar cane fields of Kwa Zulu Natal. At the same time I am a South African citizen. There is thus a constant struggle between my Indian birthright and my lived experience as a South African. In this exhibition, I draw inspiration from my Indian culture, my religion (as this has been adapted in a South African context), and my embeddedness in South African society.

The predominant motif that emerges is hybridity, as a metaphor for the lived duality of being both Indian and South African at the same time.



CALYPSO RAY

5B ALBANY NATURAL SCIENCES MUSEUM, SHELL GALLERY

Dis-Order

This body of work, titled *Dis-Order*, focuses on the daily management of mental orders. Not every mental disorder warrants a permanent residency in an asylum; there is a massive population of sufferers in the world around us. Ranging from Bi-Polar to Borderline Personality Disorder, these disorders make fitting in with the 'real' world a difficult task.

Drawing from my own experiences and hardships, *Dis-Order* is a collection of metaphors dealing with the invisible disorder that only the sufferer experiences. Even the most simple and banal of tasks can be rendered arduous; like keeping up appearances and functioning as a human being.

The series of feet images speak about this struggle in a quirky and obscure manner. Some of the video works license a giggle, as the absurdity of completing tasks with one's feet is played out. The series of self-portraits endeavour to reconnect childish idiosyncrasies with the person I have evolved into. The expanse of time from then to now is considered from the unknowing kid I was, with no perception of the future; and the retrospective adult today, nostalgic and heart-sore at the innocence I once had and now have lost.







SVEN CHRISTIAN

5C ALBANY NATURAL SCIENCES MUSEUM, SHELL GALLERY

It's free and it always will be

My story is on the beach in Jeffrey's bay or under a tree in the Drakensburg. It is in the fleeting memory of conversation and in the eye of a passer-by. It is locked in and amongst the Namibian landscape, sun-dried and frail. It is fresh, it is singing. It is everything and nothing, both present and past. It is at home in you as much as it is in me. It cannot be domesticated. It is bleached.

Sometimes it's faded, disintegrated, for fear of growing old.

Sometimes it's faded, assassinated, for fear of growing old.

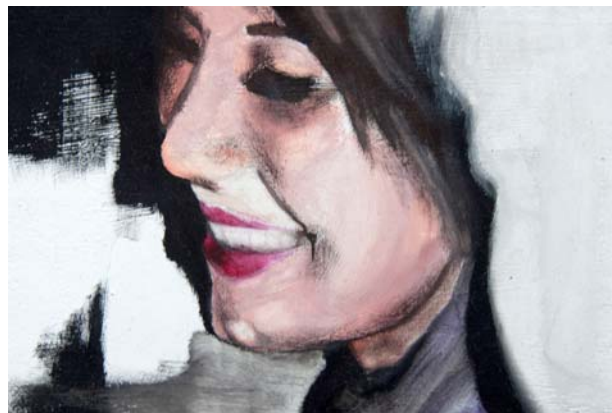
Hang on, though we try, it's gone.

We can't stop growing old

We can't stop growing old

We can't stop growing old!

– Placebo lyrics, *Pictures of you*





ALICIA NICOLA 5D ALBANY NATURAL SCIENCES MUSEUM, CUBE GALLERY

What a fine persecution to be kept intrigued without ever quite being enlightened

What a fine persecution to be kept intrigued without ever quite being enlightened.

– *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead* (Act 1, Line 351)

We must be willing to live in spite of death, create meaning in spite of objective meaninglessness, and find value in spite of the tragic, even comic, absurdity of what goes on around us. – Austin Cline

Inspired by the beauty and truth of existentialist prose and the imagery which they conjure, this exhibition is the product of a year's worth of existentialist angst and the process of finding meaning.

Existentialism is a philosophy concerned with defining the self and life through choices; we are all responsible for our own meaning, our own purpose. The work speaks of a continuum, dynamic and yet unchanging; the process of day to day existence and the monotony of life - exemplifying the beauty found within it. Colours, shapes, sounds and words become more important than the depicted image. These works ask to be interpreted through a feeling rather than a thought.

This exhibition is the product of a comedy of errors, an absurd amalgamation of a year's worth of choices and the ultimate definition of the final year of institutionalized artistic production.





DENYS CRAMSTOUN DIXIE

6A ALBANY HISTORY MUSEUM, GRAHAMSTOWN GALLERY

Somnambulance

Carl Jung coined the phrase 'dream theory' and linked it to the idea of the subconscious mind. Dreaming facilitates the subconscious and is understood as a state of mind where the subconscious overrides the conscious. This state of mind, usually experienced in sleep, can in no way be controlled or subdued.

I have worked on a series of panels of figurative compositions. The characters are replicated selves, performing inexplicable activities in an unadorned space. There is a deliberate lack of narrative sequence: figures appear to be blindly caught in a moment of dream-like lucidity.





JENNIFER ANN COPPINGER

6B ALBANY HISTORY MUSEUM, ALUMNI GALLERY

Quarry

After observing the growth of Asian industry and investment within Zambia, notably in mining, I became concerned with space and the way in which two cultures exist in a space. I was interested in this dynamic owing to the economic strength of China and the particular infiltration of such a dominant culture into a sparsely-populated country.

Through the metamorphosis of human and animal bodies, I have created hybrid forms in tense and aggressive interactions. These animal hybrids allude to specific countries. Animals, such as the elephant, are indicative of Zambia while the pigs and red ants emulate Chinese consumption and expansion.

The bone works consist of buffalo and kudu bones decorated with ink paintings. These depictions of Zambian vegetation and landscape have been re-presented in a traditional Chinese style. This series is concerned with the mining process, a practice which initially uproots the forests and destroys the land, subsequently displacing its natural history.





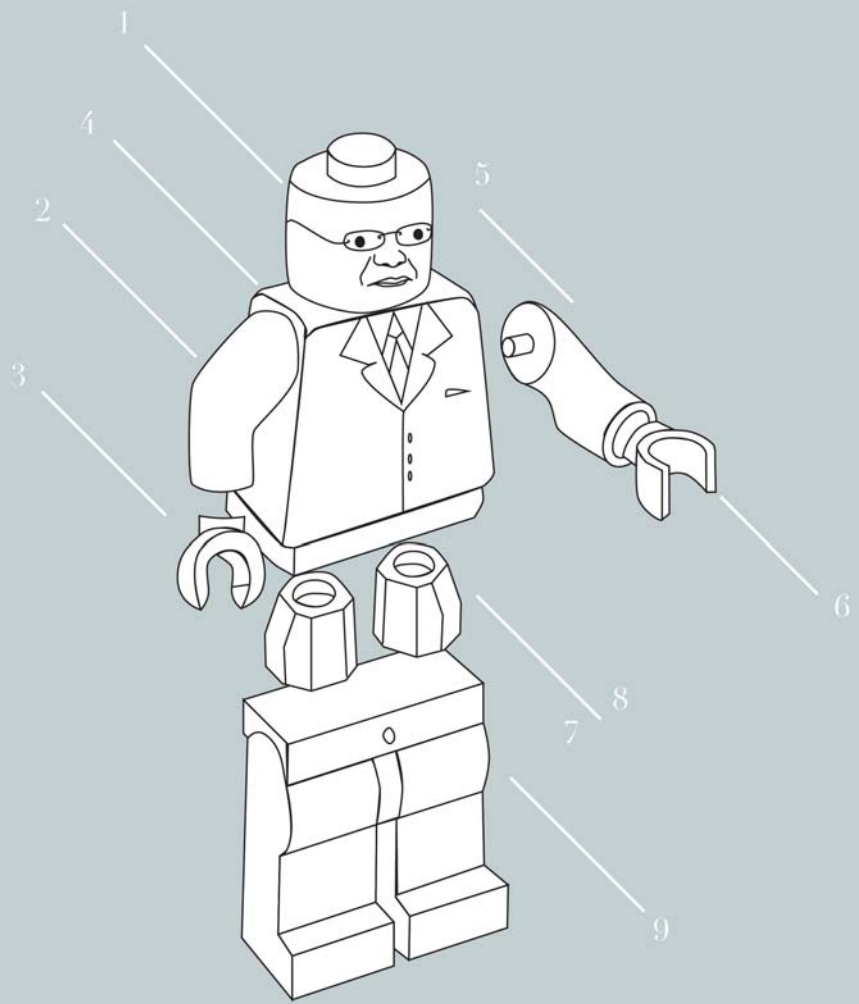
KATE BROOK-HART

6C ALBANY HISTORY MUSEUM, ALUMNI GALLERY

Machination

Machination illustrates the inner workings and intricacies of the democratic veneer behind which South Africa currently operates. The functions and practices of the government are interpreted as mechanistic plots and self-seeking schemes, stemming from the word 'machination' – the machinery of a nation. These plans take the form of diagrams, assembly views, and instructions.

The 'dislocation' of the country is depicted in the final analysis through the use of puzzles, mazes, and instruction manuals – the assemblage or solutions of which hint at the chance of national unity. There is, however, an underlying irony to *Machination*, and a cynicism that suggests the futility of the action it bespeaks.





NASTASSJA MANU SIGOURNEY HILL

Expiration 6D ALBANY HISTORY MUSEUM, ALUMNI GALLERY

As an adolescent, I was fascinated by zoological foetal specimens, dustily displayed in the Natural History Museum in London. These delicately confined creatures were the catalysts in an aesthetic exploration. This exhibition constitutes two separate but connected collections: the first consists of a series of watercolour paintings depicting foetal specimens preserved in formaldehyde solution, or, 'wet collection'; the latter a display of ink and gouache paintings of bird and small mammal skin studies, or, 'dry collection'.

The West, with its compulsions to explore and to know, is driven to study, name, preserve and explain every specimen it encounters. The 'collected' specimen does not decay naturally; rather, it dies from being transplanted into the order of a Natural History Museum. 'Museumification' erases the very animal being studied by embalming it in categories, replacing its reality with an explanatory account, by reducing it to scientific terms. Jean Baudrillard notes that preserving the specimen signals a mastery over putrefaction, which represents a mastery over the whole exchange of death.

In this exhibition, I have sought to transcend the 'collected' specimens from the imposed classifications.





SIMONE HEYMANS

7 FINE LINE PRESS AND outhouse STORE, ST PETERS CAMPUS

Spilt Milk?

It's the end of the world as we know it and I feel fine. – REM lyrics, *It's the End of the World as We Know It* (1987)

A boiling pasta-filled pot leaks onto the stove top, a fresh slice of whole-wheat bread is cremated in the toaster, the greasy remnants of last night's roast adhere to the surface of an oily oven-proof dish like punishment for leaving it in the sink to 'soak' until morning.

Looking at various global natural and environmental disasters often mediated by electronic mass media, I have tried to emphasise the pathos of distance and the manner in which detachment stifles our capacity for comprehension and compassion. Through experimenting with chemically infused kitchen cleaning products alongside traditional and contemporary printmaking procedures, I have amalgamated various processes in order to juxtapose parochial 'domestic disasters' in our immediate environment with external catastrophic global events.

A post-apocalyptic kitchen has been recreated using multiple source materials. The prints which accompany the installation combine controlled print techniques with spontaneous erratic substances to ambiguously reveal the smoked, stained and moulded remnants of what may be left behind (thereby also exploring notions of the often favourable 'happy accident' of process and the disastrous 'unhappy accident' of the subject matter).





ROMIE SCISCIO 8 FORT SELWYN, 1820 SETTLERS MONUMENT

‘the house is a machine for living’

Every night, for the past two years, artificial street light has filtered through my bedroom window and cast a burglar-barred silhouette on the wall.

This has long become a habitual sign of reassurance for me.

This experience became a starting point to consider my bedroom and the objects that occupy it. A bed, table, chair, bookshelf and wardrobe - reduced to their bare form and stripped of the meanings we invest in them - become standard apparatus for sleeping, or sitting. We begin to see that ideas of comfort, wealth and security are merely projections.

In my mind, without narrative, these objects become like silhouettes or shadows as attention is then shifted to the way these objects occupy space. This exhibition considers how structures, in their bare form, become strategies which can predict and control our movement and interaction with a space. The bedroom acts as an access point to consider our public spaces more broadly - the systematic layout of streets and buildings.

My practice engages with elements of our urban environment (foundation rods, street maps, artificial lighting and the reflective surfaces of windows) to create a dialogue between the forms of our public and private environments.





MINKE WASSERMAN

9 GALLERY-IN-THE-ROUND, 1820 SETTLERS MONUMENT

Dissonance

This exhibition is a personal reimagining of my state of precariousness, which derived from my recollection of some rather disturbing dreams. Set in a carnivalesque environment, *Dissonance* features a number of outlandish and strangely timid creations emerging in a scene of humour and chaos where reality and fantasy clash. As such, they become an externalisation of my psychological state of unease, whilst also alluding to the precarious liminal space between wakefulness and dreaming.

To achieve a sense of dissonance, I used muted colour, dramatic lighting and sound. In the subterranean space of the Gallery-in-the-Round, this creates the illusion that one is stepping into a subliminal playground, where anything is possible.





RUSSELL LEO BRUNS

10 OLD POST OFFICE, ANGLO AFRICAN STREET

New Dorp City

Growing up on the margins of the conservative town of Paarl enabled a unique way of seeing and experiencing my environment. The combination of people and the surrounding environs always seemed one-dimensional, resulting in me constantly escaping, searching and exploring for another place and space – the city.

In the city I experienced strong feelings of alienation which never subdued. I always found myself drawn more to the landscape of isolated buildings spread across the skyline than to the people on the streets.

This body of work creates a city, a generic city. Not a city that is directly recognizable, but a place where there is a questioning of the degree of actuality and reality. The structures serve as anchors – rigid voyeurs, while the portraits of the city's inhabitants are hinted at, temporal and at times spectral.



THE MUSE



ZANNE ANDREA REYNEKE

11 DEUCES, BATHURST STREET

Love love... Blah blah...

Once upon a time I wanted to wear my body out so I took a train at midnight to the river where I dove right in. A skinny dipping girl made the blue birds sing. I am a frequent dreamer but I didn't know that her body was one delicious vinyl. She told me that underneath it all we are naked and I struggled to believe her. We went to this party and we got slightly tipsy. I told her that guilty pleasures don't have any rhythm so I could never dance with her again. She asked me not to call her sir, but to call her survivor and then she flew off. I realized then that she was my guardian angel. I was convinced that we would be friends because we compare our hearts to things that fly but cannot land. Then a boy told me that I should not bite the hand that looks dirty and I told him that it feels more like me on a good day. We made up pseudo-names for ourselves, names our parents never gave us. We could be whoever we liked in this world. There were photos of me in my underwear but I do not remember the girl with the camera. There was so much dirt and glitter covering the floor that I got a headache and had to leave... I got home, crawled into bed and tasted the pillow with my grin...



DESIGN | Jane Burnett

PRINTING | The Repro House Port Elizabeth

