



ART SCHOOL

GRADUATE SHOW 2013

RHODES FINE ART 2013 GRADUATE EXHIBITIONS

CAITLYN LONG

DANIEL NEL

MICHELLE NEL

MANDY MIDDLETON

DEE ELLIS

CHIRO NOTT

MADELEINE DU TOIT

CHARIS FUTCHER

AIMEE-JADE SMITH

GEMMA MARION GARMAN

PHIWOKUHLE KHUMALO

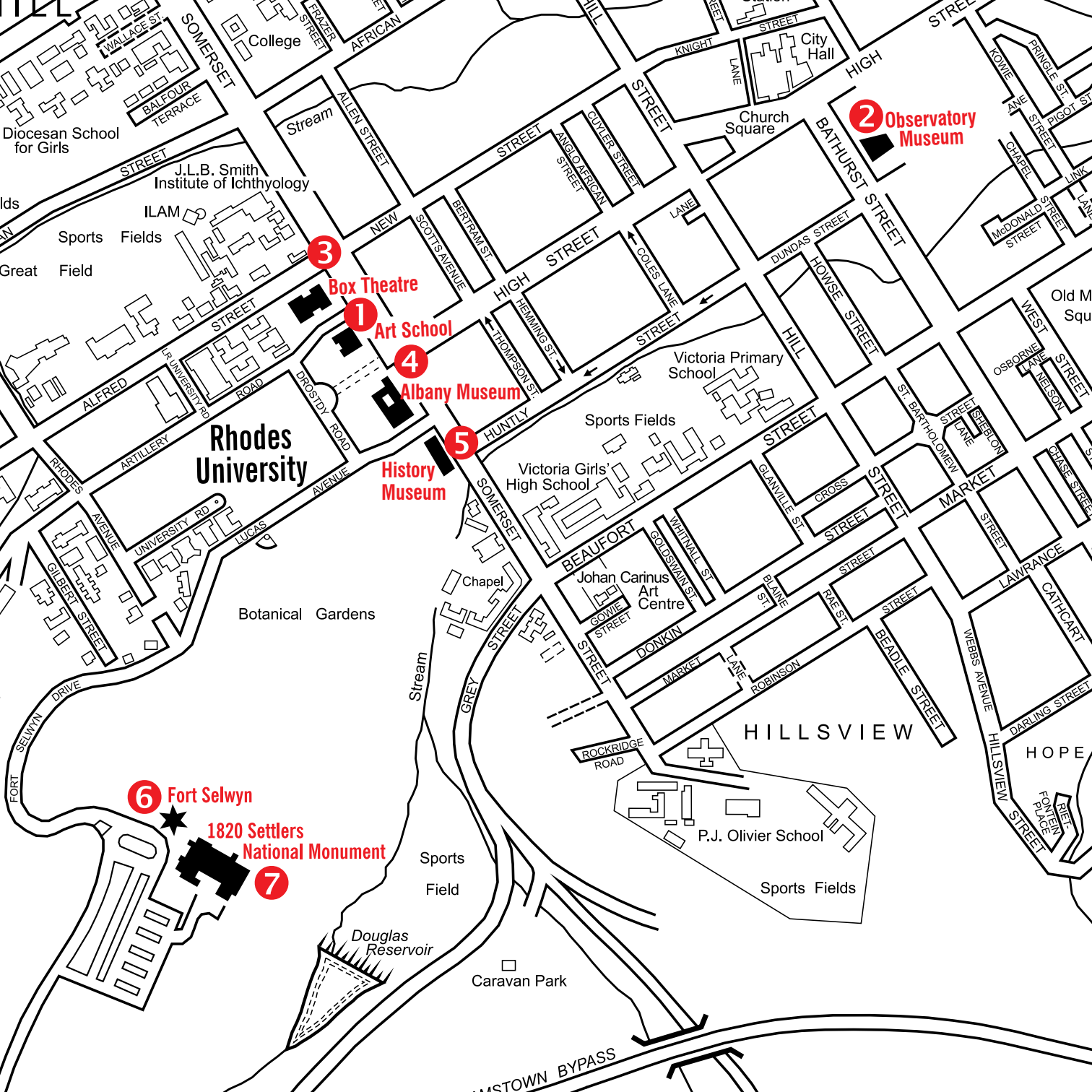
JANA TOMAN

KELSEY LEIGH ASPELING

INGE HEIDE

JOSEPH COETZEE

DUDLEY MARC THIRKELL HIBBERT



6 Fort Selwyn

**1820 Settlers
National Monument**

7

Douglas Reservoir

Caravan Park

Sports Field

Rhodes University

Botanical Gardens

History Museum

Albany Museum

Art School

Box Theatre

2 Observatory Museum

P.J. Olivier School

Sports Fields

Johan Carinus Art Centre

Victoria Girls' High School

Sports Fields

Victoria Primary School

HILLSVIEW

HOPE

FOUNTAIN PLACE

RECREATION

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SIXTEEN EXHIBITIONS by the Rhodes University Bachelor of Fine Art class of 2013, produced for examination purposes under the careful guidance of their Studio Practice lecturers:– Dominic Thorburn, Brent Mestre, Christine Dixie, Rat Western, Tanya Poole and Maureen de Jager.

CAITLYN LONG	Side Studio Main Art School
DANIEL NEL	Quad Main Art School
MICHELLE NEL	Seminar Room Main Art School
MANDY MIDDLETON	Observatory Museum
DEE ELLIS	Box Theatre Rhodes Theatre Complex
CHIRO NOTT	First Floor Albany Natural Science Museum
MADELEINE DU TOIT	Shell Gallery Albany Natural Science Museum
CHARIS FUTCHER	Cube Gallery Albany Natural Science Museum
AIMEE-JADE SMITH	Grahamstown Gallery Albany History Museum
GEMMA MARION GARMAN	Grahamstown Gallery Albany History Museum
PHIWOKUHLE KHUMALO	Standard Bank Gallery Albany History Museum
JANA TOMAN	Standard Bank Gallery Albany History Museum
KELSEY LEIGH ASPELING	Alumni Gallery Albany History Museum
INGE HEIDE	Alumni Gallery Albany History Museum
JOSEPH COETZEE	Fort Selwyn, 1820 Settlers Monument
DUDLEY MARC THIRKELL HIBBERT	Side Stage 1820 Settlers Monument

Goodbye Horses

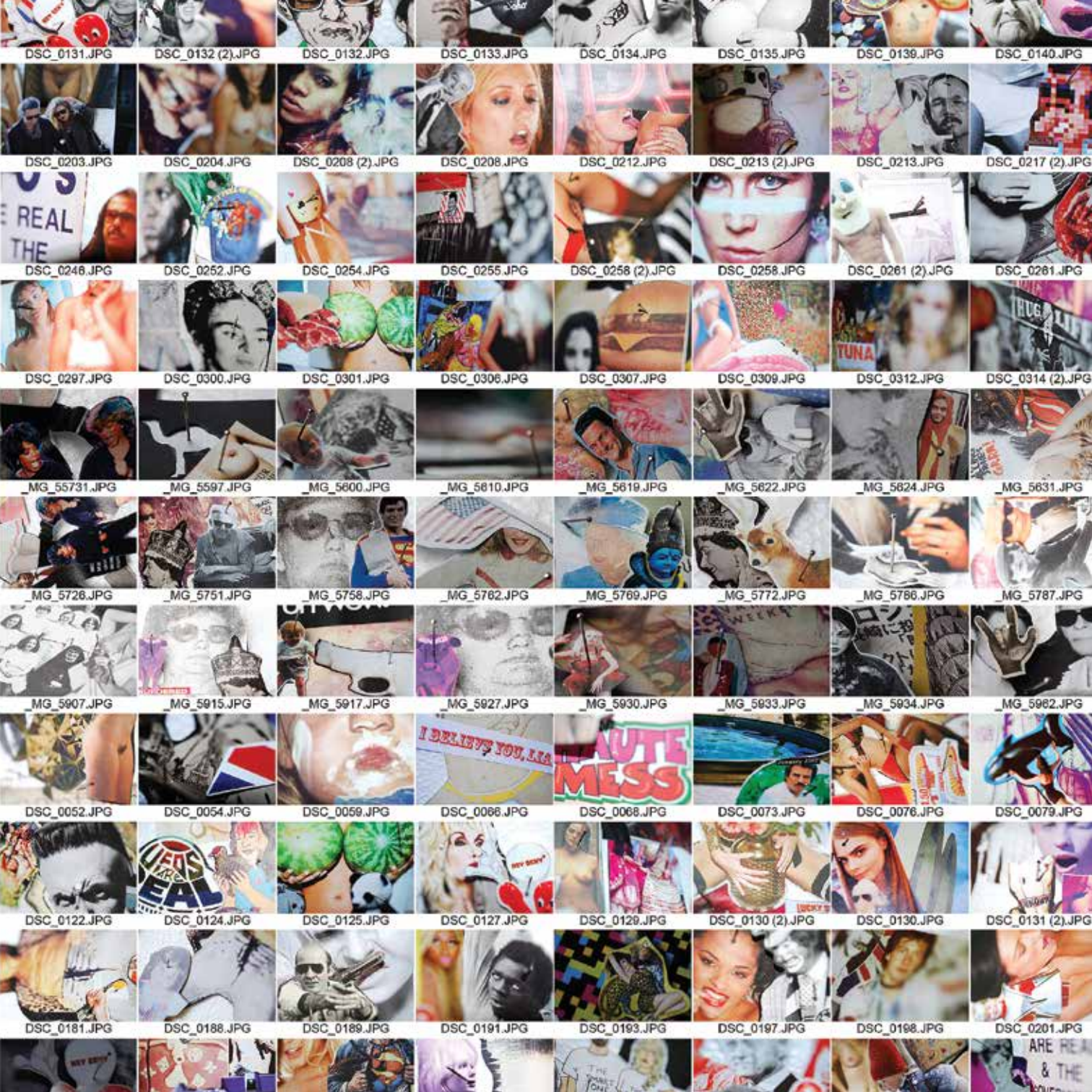
*What does he do Clarice? What is the first and principle thing he does?
What need does he serve by killing? He covets. How do we begin to covet?
We begin by coveting what we see every day. Don't you feel eyes moving
over your body? And don't your eyes seek out the things you want?*

—*The Silence of the Lambs*, Thomas Harris



CAITLYN
LONG

Side Studio
Main Art School



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Blind Spot



DANIEL
NEL

Quad
Main Art School

When I was younger, I went completely blank in front of my school while giving a speech. This act of forgetting is curiously one of my most revisited memories. It is a blind spot gazed at again and again.

A few weeks ago a friend told me that my drawings look like they have been made by a person with Alzheimer's. He said that the large white spaces and sparse, shaky lines remind him of evaporating memories.

I was fascinated by this comment because it suggested that my obsession with forgetting was coming out subconsciously in my sketches. I realised later that this idea of the glitch in memory gave me a very personal way to think about the paintings I had been making through the course of the year as well.

These paintings take storage systems (containers, pages, microchips, writing) as their visual starting point. The works also all contain problem areas – glitches and blank spots. The optical hum which their intricate surfaces create, reminds me of being blinded by bright lights. Although they all call up a traumatic memory, the disciplined and repetitive process behind their creation also brings with it a welcoming meditative nature.



Affect

Maybe it's other people's reactions that make us who we are. — Mark White

Dysphoria

Sadness, hopelessness, and depressive mood; feeling “low.”

Consternation

A sudden, alarming amazement or dread that results in confusion and dismay.

Euphoria

Exaggerated feeling of well-being; elevated mood, “high.”

Aphrodisiac

A drug or image that excites sexual desire.



MICHELLE
NEL

Seminar Room
Main Art School

The subjects in these video pieces have all been selected specifically to reflect the demographic of the people that I surround myself with daily and have been involved in various studies on reaction.

It has been my interest to investigate how other people's reactions influence our own and vice versa. Does the way we respond to each other not inform the way we perceive the world? To what extent do our reactions affect others?



Labour of Love

My sister is someone who shares many of my traits, and yet is so opposite. Someone who mirrors me physically, but whose interior thought contrasts with mine. Delivered into a household where strict parenting applied and etiquette was all important, it was believed that our upbringing should be rigorously fair and equal.



MANDY
MIDDLETON

Observatory Museum

It interests me therefore that such obvious differences nevertheless prevail between us, given that much of one's sense of selfhood and identity takes root at that tender and impressionable stage of development.

My work bears witness to our shared history, mapping the myriad pathways we have chosen; the multitude of possibilities and options and the different consequences thereof. It also references heritage, domesticity and reminiscences woven into a close-knit unit, spun into a story, unravelled into fractured reflections. It embraces imperfections – messy and fragmentary and speaks of family ties, sometimes twisted and frayed and stretched taut, but never broken.

My intricate paintings allude to an era when raw materials were invested with value in direct proportion to the labour invested in them, in a sense, they are a way for me to honour my relationship with my sister, a bond that I treasure.





DEE
ELLIS

Box Theatre
Rhodes Theatre Complex

Rule Number One

Love Thyself

I love stories: leaving reality behind in favour of a fantastic Other World. In my own world I have wrestled with a nameless monster. Nameless, yet still labelled: Depression. Anger. Esteem. Bipolar. Balrog. Jabberwocky. Kryptonite. Dragon.

Dance has become my Other World, and the pole has become my combat arena. My goal is to beat these demons that so often steal my face. The goal is to eventually love myself.



The Tjak of Washkibat

And when thou hast poured libations and hast prayed, as is fitting, then give thy friend also the cup of honey-sweet wine that he may pour, since he too, I ween, prays to the immortals; for all men have need of the gods.

— *The Odyssey*, Homer



Mythology is socially reflexive. Those who believe in myth have tradition and those who have tradition, exist. Tradition and myth are continually negotiated through the passing of time. Ancient mythology and tradition can only be realized through relic. What is realized through relic remains as mere interpretation. The expression of mythology within tradition allows for a foot hold on more than superstition. Performed mythology unfolds every day existence to reveal that which cannot be grasped with the mind alone, but an existence that extends beyond our conceptions of reality.

CHIRO
NOTT

First Floor
Albany Natural Sciences
Museum



Kokkewiet

*But the windy night, the transparent night,
barely brushed by memory, has faded now,
is a memory. A still stunned awe lingers on,
like the night, made of leaves and nothing. Nothing is left
of that time beyond memories, only a faint
remembering...*

*At times it returns,
in the motionless calm of the day, that memory
of living immersed, absorbed in the stunned light.*

— Cesare Pavese



MADELEINE
DU TOIT

The Shell Gallery
Albany Natural Sciences Museum

The title of this work, 'Kokkewiet' also known as a bush-shrike, typically connotes a bird with bright plumage and long soft feathers on the tail. They are well-known for their whistling calls. Kokkewiet was also the nickname given to me by my father as a child. The bird and its distinctive sound has an association for me with memory only half recalled — intangible and evoked through senses of smell, sight and sound.



Contagion

Where does contagion end and art begin? — Neil Gaiman



CHARIS
FUTCHER

The Cube Gallery
Albany Natural Sciences
Museum

I am the first in a family of doctors, health inspectors and medical practitioners to go to art school, venturing away from the clinical world of facts and science that infiltrated my childhood. Expectations of choosing careers in health and medicine were pervasive in the Futcher family, transmitted (as if by contagion) from one generation to the next. As such, my refusal to follow in my father's footsteps upset the chain of familial norms. It was deemed 'unhealthy', in part because of societal preconceptions that art-making incites mental illness. Despite her immersion in the medical profession, my mother has experienced recurring mental health problems from an early age, provoking fears that I might someday become her – 'catching' her disorder like one might catch a common cold. My work deals with these complexities: with the weight of genetic heritage, familial pressures, and the ambiguity that resides in notions of being well and unwell. Cast in gelatine mixed with various medical fluids (disinfectant, cough syrup, mercurochrome and potassium permanganate), my sculptures are made to rot, blister, scab, dehydrate, and mold – evoking the intrusion of the unclean in the seemingly clean, and hinting at my constant, almost suffocating need to be ok.



Outside

Window (n)

- 1. An opening constructed in a wall or roof that functions to admit light or air to an enclosure and is often framed and spanned with glass mounted to permit opening and closing.*
- 2. A means of access or observation.*
- 3. An interval of time during which an activity can or must take place.*



AIMEE-JADE
SMITH

Grahamstown Gallery
Albany History Museum

Windows provide welcome light yet pose a threat by virtue of what the light might expose. They provide a boundary between the inside and the outside, by allowing us, in the safety of our homes to gaze at one another, observe passing strangers as well as the outside. Yet this privacy is invaded when we realise people on the outside can look in.

At different times, only reflections can be seen and a sense of blockage or exclusion can be felt. We are contained on the outside with little or no idea of what lies behind the pane. These windows are illusive and non-revealing. Each window speaks for itself, much like a portrait. A strange allegory for eyes, these windows look while simultaneously appearing secluded and concealing the interior. The viewer is faced with nothing but the external and the surface.



33°18'53.11"S, 26°31'46.65"E

The chief means of communicating with maps seeks to guide the reader on the map and provide important information regarding its purpose.

Understanding symbols on map requires use of a key. Should be answer to what, where, when.

Lat/long works with a numbered grid system. It has horizontal lines and vertical lines that intersect. A location can be mapped or located on a grid system simply by giving two numbers, which locations, horizontal and vertical coordinates.



GEMMA
MARION
GARMAN

Grahamstown Gallery
Albany History Museum



Zukiswa, Noluvuyo, Zandile

Zukiswa: "I am not a talkative; I am quiet because I am a shy person. When I am around people, I choose to remain silent because I fear saying something stupid or wrong and they might end up laughing at me. I respect people therefore I demand respect. I am an organised person; I do not like unclean spaces. My favourite thing to do is laugh because I love jokes. I am really happy to be a mother because I have the opportunity to raise my daughter. I was pregnant when I was 15 with my first baby but I gave it up for adoption because I couldn't take care of it."



PHIWOKUHLE
KHUMALO

Standard Bank Gallery
Albany History Museum

Noluvuyo: "I'm a shy and stubborn person. I am lazy; I do not like doing chores. I am a complicated person and I am very serious. I am a worship leader at my church, I love singing and I also write songs. I am quiet; I only talk when it is necessary. I have mixed emotions about being a mother because I still want to enjoy my teens".

Zandile: "I am very talkative. I love socialising and communicating with people. I love sharing my knowledge with people because I read a lot of books. I love laughing, it is my hobby and I enjoy going to church every Sunday. I like listening to music, eating, singing and I adore children. I feel very happy to be a mother because I have the opportunity to show my child what love really is."

Phiwokuhle: "I am a really shy person, I do not like speaking in front of people, it makes me nervous. I am quiet; I only speak when it is necessary. I am a good listener. I put everyone before myself that I forget I need to focus on myself too. The most important person in my life is God because He has taken me out of the most difficult situations. My family means the world to me, they keep me going. Being pregnant with Uthando was the hardest thing for me because her father wasn't and still isn't around much. She is more of my responsibility. I am happy that I am a mommy because she restored my happiness. Everything I do now is for her".



Ztraceno v překladu



JANA
TOMAN

Standard Bank Gallery
Albany History Museum

My parents escaped Communist Czechoslovakia in 1988 to South Africa with the help of my paternal grandparents who were already living here. Due to the communist regime they could not tell any of their family and friends about their escape, leaving us with most of our family overseas.

This distance has always been apparent in our lives and has affected my concept of family. Looking at old family photographs, I am greeted with both a sense of familiarity and unfamiliarity due to the gaps in my own memory and understanding.

Exploring these photographs by working directly onto them in paint, re-photographing them, and painting them, I attempt to get to know the people and places they represent. However, I am left with an inaccessibility to the images. The ruptures and barriers in these artworks are representative of the gaps in my own memory and unfamiliarity with the photographs as well as being reminiscent of the political device of removing certain people from propaganda photos by the Communist regime, allowing the viewer to experience the same barriers and difficulties I find when looking at these photographs.



Anomie

an•o•mie (noun)

A condition of an individual or of society characterised by a breakdown or absence of norms and values or a sense of dislocation and alienation.



KELSEY
LEIGH
ASPELING

Alumni Gallery
Albany History Museum

Wards A C D: 110 beds for the treatment of mental health care users suffering from acute mental illness referred from listed facilities following 72 hour assessments.

Ward B: 20 beds Substance Abuse Treatment unit, the only state provincial facility, for the treatment and rehabilitation of substance abusers.

Wards E F G H: 134 Beds for the treatment of Forensic State Patients (alleged offenders who are criminally non-responsible or non-trial able) admitted through the courts following a period of observation.

Maximum Security Unit: 49 Beds, serves as a national resource for the treatment and rehabilitation of high risk state patients and mentally ill sentenced offenders referred from provinces throughout the country.

Fort England Psychiatric Hospital is a government funded psychiatric hospital and rehabilitation centre for the Makana Local Municipality area in Grahamstown, Eastern Cape, South Africa. The hospital is a 313-bed facility.



Mein Pass

Passports allow us access. In addition to providing historical context, examining these documents discloses one's origins, biological facts and distinguishing features. The documents we carry, whether forced or willingly, have the potential to divulge how we are shaped by our personal histories and experiences.



INGE
HEIDE

Alumni Gallery
Albany History Museum

My grandfather, Oskar Heide, left Germany for South Africa in the 1950s, moving from mandatory participation in the Hitler Jugend as a young boy and the restrictions of post-war Germany, to being told where to live and having to report to the police every week. He was further restrained in his new life by being forced to work as a mason for three years, despite his qualifications as a structural engineer. These documents are representative of particular periods in Oskar's life. Their function is that of access, yet their very existence denotes control and moderation.

Oskar unfortunately died in 1986. These documents, therefore, allowed access not only for Oskar, but also for myself as I attempt to piece together his history. In painting these documents as realistically as possible, I aim to render the control and restraint that they represent, as well as re-document the documented and preserve the histories they reveal.



An excerpt of a poem I found amongst my grandfather's documents:

*Zwei Hände
Umschlingen das Tuch,
Zwei Hände
Von Arbeit zerfressen.
Zwei Augen
durchnässen das Tuch.
Sie haben nichts vergessen*

Two hands
wring the cloth,
Two hands
Consumed by work.
Two eyes
drench the cloth
They have not forgotten

The Invaders



JOSEPH
COETZEE

Fort Selwyn
1820 Settlers Monument

WARNING//LUMKELA

GRAHAMSTOWN HAS BEEN INVADED BY MASKED RED COATED COMMANDOS. THEY HAVE TAKEN CONTROL OF CENTRAL PARTS OF THE TOWN AND SEEM TO BE PAYING PARTICULAR ATTENTION TO GUARDING THE VARIOUS SETTLER MONUMENTS AND MEMORIALS. THE INVADERS CARRY BOOKS AS WEAPONS AND THE PUBLIC ARE URGED TO AVOID CONTACT AT ALL COSTS.

CREATE AWARENESS//NAZISE NABANYA:

www.facebook.com/HelpGrahamstown



The Orchards

Dudley's Art

By Angela Hibbert



DUDLEY
MARC
THIRKELL
HIBBERT

Side Stage
1820 Settlers Monument

For me, Dudley's art at the moment may be reflective of the losses in his life. Last year he recreated his Gran's recliner. It was as though he wanted to create a place where he could visualize her as being safe and alive.

His adult life has been marked with sadness, his own losses and the losses of those he loves. In carrying this raw pain, I feel he is trying to go back to before any pain began, even before his Gran was murdered, before his Grandpa died, to when he was carefree on the farm, where there was no sadness.

In trying to reconstruct his vast and carefree playground, I believe he has found the loss he had not counted! The loss of his farm, his home. I believe it is this loss that has unknowingly informed his work.

His art seems to pay tribute to the raw pain in his heart and for those he loves. The old, rusty materials depict the wear and tear of life but the focal feature of the tall "windmill" speaks of rising above it all, a beacon, finding a sense of hope, following his Dad, someone he can trust!



PHOTOGRAPHY

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RHODES UNIVERSITY