



RHODES FINE ART

2012

The Finish Line

In this series I explore the two sides of greyhound racing: what is shown and what is hidden. On the one hand are paintings of greyhounds racing with glorious speed and precision, on the other is the reality of what happens to those who fail to bring glory. The oil paintings zoom in on the dog and allow the viewer to see what the dog is experiencing: the fear in the dog's eyes, the strain of their muscles, the desperate push to run as fast as they possibly can.

While the oil paintings give the viewer the sense of something brutal and unsettling, the series of ink drawings bluntly exposes these cruel realities and reveals the reason behind the dogs' desperation. When racing dogs are too slow or too old, or break one of their legs, they are of no more use and are simply disposed of. The images are of starved dogs that have been hung or simply dumped on a pile. I have used the delicate technique of ink drawings and its association with serene, calm scenes to contrast with the harsh content.



FRANCES SPANGENBERG

1A

School of Art, Somerset Street



Somata

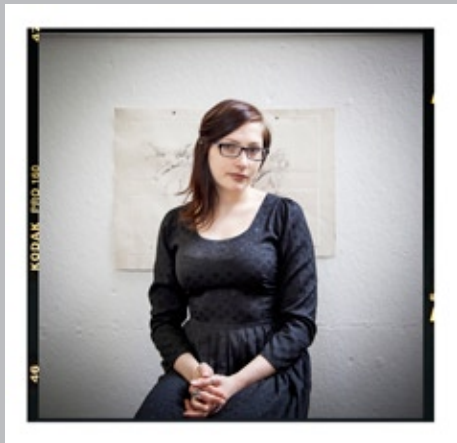
soma (n) n. pl. so·ma·ta (-m -t) or so·mas
the body, as distinguished from the mind or psyche.

Exploring themes of transformation and death, these pieces are executed on a small scale intended to create an intimate relationship between the work and the viewer.

The drawings are expressed in a format uncharacteristically associated with 'finished art' and must be actively explored rather than passively viewed. In this way the diminutive sketchbooks become art objects, or artist books, in themselves - as opposed to being preliminary versions of a later piece of work. Their humble format by necessity renders them both intimately tactile and easily accessible.

Narrative content is oriented around the body and its various metamorphoses, each rendered delicately in ballpoint pen. As reflected in the physical forms depicted, the books are revealed to be fragile; the paper translucent as skin and at times challenged or compromised by the intervention of intricate cut-outs.

KATHLEEN SAWYER



1B

School of Art, Somerset Street



Pinky Promise

"I heard it from Alice. She came and cupped her hand around my ear and whispered it so soft I could only just hear it. I turned around, my eyes huge. She looked at me and smiled from ear to ear. 'I'm not lying. Jemma said that Julia told her. But you can't tell anyone I told you, okay? I promised Jemma I wouldn't tell anyone. I crossed my heart and hoped to die.' Now you have to promise me you won't tell." – Catherine, 14



ANNCHEN NAUDE

1C

School of Art, Somerset Street



Remains

My exhibition comprises a series of works displayed on five light boxes, through which I have attempted to capture the nostalgic remains of the past. The work is a fusion of past memories and found objects related to past experiences, which have been rendered tangible. My process is intuitive, repetitive and inspired by the endless amounts of hoarded objects that people tend to accumulate, as traces of the past. These remains or remainders have been reworked into organic forms, evoking the bodily.

In some works, the objects have been dipped in polyurethane, cleansed and solidified, then cut up into several ambiguous cross-sections. In others, manipulated forms made out of tissue paper have been wrapped in gauze and dipped in various products, as though they are nursed wounds of past experiences never to be forgotten. In this sense, the exhibition speaks of past losses (in particular, the death of my baby sister many years ago), their impact on the body and psyche, and the futility of trying to capture the existence of something that has been and will never be again.



1D

School of Art, Somerset Street



Awaiting Harlen

I fell pregnant in March this year.

I decided to explore the elements that came along with the pregnancy, mainly focusing on the hybrid nature of a baby. Many of my mixed-media sculptures combine casts from my own body with casts from my husband's body, to suggest the uncanny amalgamation of our genes in the growing form of our son, Harlen.

Related concepts that inform the work are change, unpredictability, expectations, stretching, pain, waiting, preparing, wondering, growth, awe and the unfamiliar. In this respect, the element of time also plays a key role, as I have tracked the pregnancy by making moulds of my own body at various stages throughout the process.



2A

KERRY CHLOE SKY CHAIA PONTER

Albany Natural Sciences Museum, Blue Planet Gallery Annexe



InFighting

Infighting: A boxing term meaning close-range boxing.

InFighting focuses on documenting an informal training space, true to South Africa’s boxing heritage. The images attempt to work in a nostalgic manner and quote the tradition of early boxing photography. All the training happens in an old, poorly lit change room at the back of the Makana Sports Centre in the Joza Township, Grahamstown.

The boxers train simultaneously. The space forces all the senses to come alive, igniting the fighters. The heat is immense and the air is thick with humidity. The chants fill the air as the boxers warm up in unison. The contrast of the loud, sharp rapid fire of vinyl-against-vinyl; the long pauses of heaving, exhausted breathing pacify the room momentarily.



2B

CHARLTON BRYCE REIMERS

Albany Natural Sciences Museum, Cube Gallery

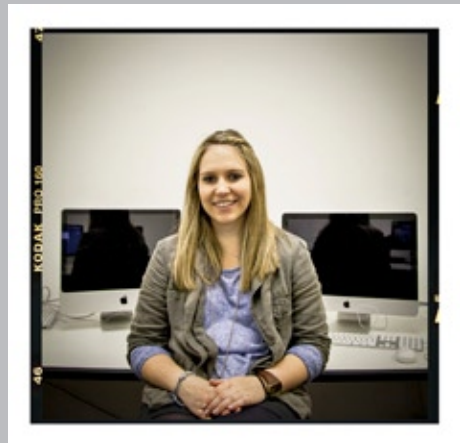


Countenance

“Faces are endlessly fascinating. Their diversity, their versatility and their unrivalled ability to communicate make them an enigma.” – Sandra Kemp

Countenance, meaning ‘the face’, is an exhibition exploring presence and facial recognition through various platforms surrounding the indentifying and interpreting of the human face or being. *Rubik’s Cube*, featured on three computer screens, is an interactive piece in which one is invited to shuffle the features presented, posing the question: is the face a totem of individuality or simply various combinations of one giant Rubik’s cube?

Through *Semblance*, large digital colour prints, I explore how one recognises and identifies with a human presence without an actual human *being* present. Finally *Streetview* comprises of a grid of portraits taken from Google Maps - Grahamstown. Google blurs each face with an automatic face detection system to ensure privacy; but despite this smudging there remains a sense of the individual which is potentially recognisable.



3A

JAIME WADDINGTON

Albany History Museum, Transformation Gallery



Jason and Andrea

I have spent the last year following Jason and Andrea around as they go about their daily lives. My aim was to document and record the everyday lives that they experience as two people from two very diverse contexts and at varying stages of their lives.

As our relationships developed I began to focus on and to deeply comprehend how conceptions of gender and societal roles perpetuate an enacted and performed self. This became a crucial element of the project as I looked at both Jason and Andrea's clothing as signifiers of 'skins', something deeply personal, precious and intimate, and in turn for these items to act as small monuments to their experiences.

This project is dedicated to both Jason and Andrea.



NINA LIESKA GRINDLAY

3B

Albany History Museum, Transformation Gallery



Everybody Loves You

You are never alone – the Internet will always be there for you.

What is phenomenal about the Internet, or more specifically YouTube, is how – despite being a public platform – it contains a surprisingly intimate insight into the lives of introverts and social outcasts who gravitate towards more remote means of making virtual, social connections. With these works, I present three eccentric characters – all of whom represent a longing for human interaction. However, in their desperate attempts to achieve a sense of recognition online, their need for intimacy will never truly be satisfied.

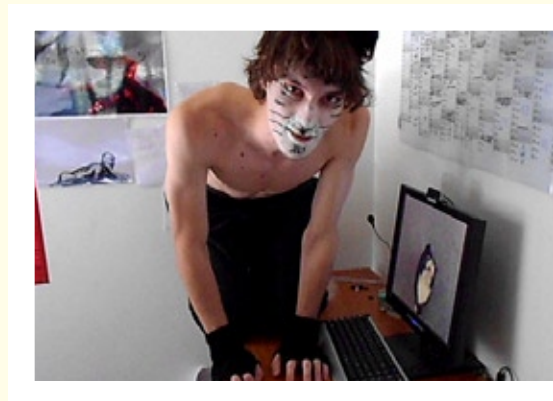
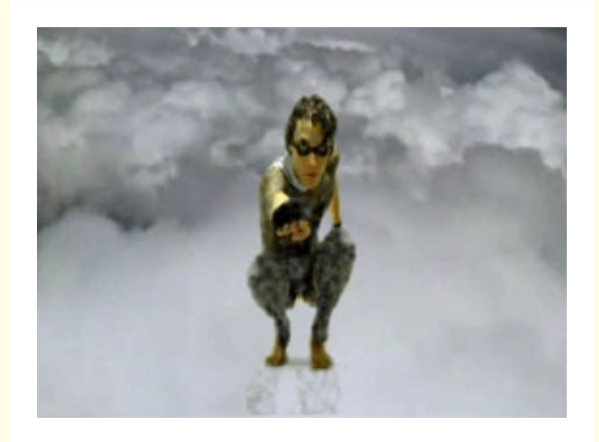
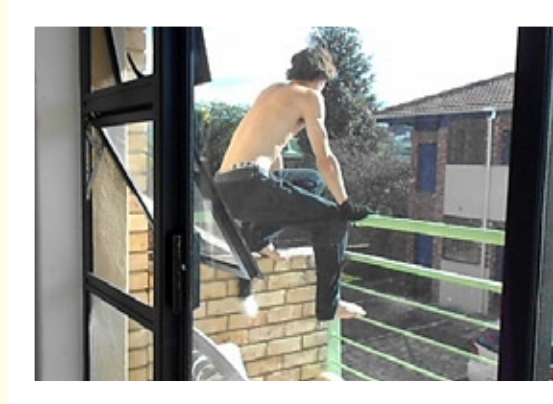
These videos, to a certain extent, mock how people replace human interaction with the Internet. But by placing myself in these situations I am also mocking myself. In laughing at ourselves we find amusement in the fact that we can never be perfect. Yet, in laughing at others we take pleasure in our own perceived superiority. As the spectator you have the option to laugh, but at the same time the sheer awkwardness of the videos has been designed to provoke a discussion, a discussion as to why you may find yourself laughing.

LUKE CALDER



3C

Albany History Museum, Project Room



Transit

I've often been aware of the feeling of loneliness whilst being amongst many people, a sense of isolation, alienation and disconnect. In this body of work, I've used this observation as a visual and conceptual trigger.

People in public or transit spaces can be packed shoulder to shoulder, but there is no communication and minimal eye contact. Everyone, in that moment, is waiting: while they occupy this liminal space, they are removed, engrossed in their own thoughts and problems.

The urban individual's yearning for presence and the seeming impossibility of attaining it is a symptom of contemporary society, which I have visually explored through painterly tension. While the architectural details are photographically real and static, the movement or presence of people within these spaces has been shifted into a more painterly and ephemeral register.

The work aims to give the viewer a look into my personal experience of alienation and to open up the possibility for a deeper personal exchange between me and the viewer and the viewer and the work.



LINDI LOMBARD

3D

Albany History Museum, Alumni Gallery

The Sleepers

Slumber, stillness, micro-movements, equanimity. These perceptions all intertwine to create a quiet moment in the subtle continuing changes in the human face which often go unnoticed. Sleep disarms the façade of the face, muscles relax and tension is released. Soft breath, blinking and slight twitching, these are the senses of the unconscious.

Hints of ambiguous circumstances and unknown events are evoked in the beds which mirror the seemingly floating displaced and disembodied faces.

Its subtle meanings lie in the quietness.



JUSTINE WATKINS

3E

Albany History Museum, Alumni Gallery

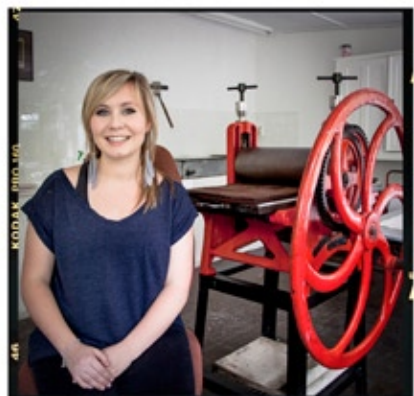


Personal Growth

Personal Growth is a series of non-mimetic graphic portraits. The concept was instigated by a particular interest in the visual aesthetics of fungus and bacteria. As a departure point I took swabs from intimate parts of my own body and let them grow until they became visually fascinating. The monotype medium in which I work is especially unpredictable and therefore an appropriate way of representing the manner in which the bodily fungus and bacteria grew, as I could not envisage or anticipate what I would see at weekly time intervals. Unlike other printmaking mediums monotypes cannot be made into identical multiples, each resultant print is unique. As such the growth in the petri dishes was analogous with my method of working with monotypes, which was dictated by the shifting medium and materials I used. Additionally the circular format of the print matrix was also variable.

As a foil to the immediacy of the monotypes I employed photographic references to produce etchings which were far more controlled and structured; this was in part a result of my heightened awareness of the health hazards of culturing bacteria. Consequently notions of contamination, disease, alienation and 'othering' became integral in the creation of these serial prints.

SHERILEE EBORALL



Oikos: An Odyssey

“Attempts to define trash lead back to a fundamental link to systems of value which are time and place specific. There is no material which is intrinsically trash. Indeed, it is a social and culturally constructed concept – the word, like its physical manifestation, is in a continually shifting state of conceptual, symbolic and material flux.” – Gillian Whiteley

Oikos (n), the ancient Greek equivalent of a household, house or family, serves as the root of the English words: Ecology and Economy. However, the average modern household resembles neither an ecology nor an economy, but instead becomes a locality for the pursuit of comfort and consumption. Food and goods enter the household from a combination of faraway mines, mills, refineries and factories which no consumer is ever likely to see, and waste is sent away to places which are even less prone to visitation. By allowing for the disconnection between our lifestyles and the economic and ecologic processes which sustain it, we subconsciously submit to a system that disregards environmental and human factors at virtually every level of aggregation. To begin to re-imagine the function of waste within the household, as a resource rather than a burden, becomes a vital step towards reclaiming this power, to finding our way back home.



5

FRANCOIS KNOETZE

Ornee Cottage, Botanical Gardens



Watchmen

"The Panopticon is a type of institutional building designed by English philosopher and social theorist Jeremy Bentham in the late eighteenth century. The concept of the design is to allow a watchman to observe (-opticon) all (pan-) inmates of an institution without their being able to tell whether or not they are being watched.

The design consists of a circular structure with an 'inspection house' at its centre, from which the managers or staff of the institution are able to watch the inmates, who are stationed around the perimeter. Bentham conceived the basic plan as being equally applicable to hospitals, schools, poorhouses, daycares, and madhouses, but he devoted most of his efforts to developing a design for a Panopticon prison, and it is his prison which is most widely understood by the term.

Bentham himself described the Panopticon as 'a new mode of obtaining power of mind over mind, in a quantity hitherto without example'." –*Wikipedia*



TARYN KING



shard

broken. smash. shatter. fragmented. remain. fragile. brittle. disintegrating. fine. segment. conserve. frangible. silent. delicate. limited. disjointed. splintered. crushed. bits. quiet. pieces. destroyed. inanimate. part. strike. devastate. crack. split. damaged. last. shred. resist. smack. injured. scarce. disrupt. sleep. fracture. discontinuous. section. bust. wreck. hit. slam. impact. bash. ruin. demolish. speck. chip. sliver. remnant. snippet. wisp. morsel. fall. crumble. portion. scrap. apart. shred. element. component. part. unit. item. fraction. vulnerable. dainty. sharp. thin. detailed. subtle. silent. still. particular. prevail. stay. kept. left. lifeless. perished. bleak. found. retain. save. preserve. lame. disabled. unique. lone. rare. detached. separate. protect. salvage. collapse. existence. growth. end.



CATHERINE ASH

Heel

*We secretly long to be some part of a car crash.
Long to see your arms stripped to the tendons,
The nudity of swelling, exposed vein webbing the back of
your hand.*

*To be a red tendoned dog,
To be red tendoned dogs,
Blood breathing by the side of the highway.*

—Lyrics from *Dead Dogs Two*, Cloudddead

Dogs are intertwined with our own lives, often acting as apt metaphors for qualities which we both admire and fear. In this regard, my bid to carry across feelings of ferocity, insanity, rage and chaos— via the visual conduit of a supposedly tame creature – is an attempt to express that these works are fundamentally about contradiction and ambiguity. They figure the conceptual contradiction between stability and turmoil, as evinced in the visual ambiguity of house-trained domestic dogs more closely resembling wild, savage wolves than pets. To this end, these works aim to illustrate the presence of violence, anarchy and barbaric compulsion dormant within all seemingly mild-mannered beings.

It is this notion which primarily presides over my work and is exemplified in the back-lashing snarl of ‘man’s best friend’.

NENA MAREE



Blemish

As women our bodies are constantly under scrutiny, our skins are expected to look like marble and our bodies like sculptures. Conventions tell women to conform to become what they're not and to be uncomfortable and insecure in their own skin. We cover ourselves and hide behind the opinions of society.

The focus of my work has been to aestheticise the 'flawed' body in a way that is a celebration of each woman I am photographing. The first series of reclined nudes is about the beautiful contours and shapes of the female form. The second – detailed photographs of blemishes, cellulite and traces on the skin – focuses on what make our skins and bodies unique.



KHULA KHALIPHA JIJI

Infected

Machines are an extension of the human hand and mind. Technologies, and more specifically, machines, are made by humans for humans, in order to remove as much effort as possible from the human body's movements and activities. Considering how machines are becoming hidden, transparent and essential to everyday modern life, they seem more and more inseparable from the human body, constantly supplementing or even replacing human biology. However, like the human body, machines break with overuse and age. Exteriors crack, joints rust, motors die. My exhibition interrogates the fallibility of both bodies and machines, as evinced in the rituals of everyday domestic life. The thrown away, forgotten and scrapped machines that I have rescued were all once part of people's homes. In this sense, they read as extensions of the people who owned them; it is as if they have become infected by the ailing, failing human bodies that they were meant to assist.



LAUREN FLETCHER

Human Cocoon

My work comments on the transitional processes that occur when immersing oneself into a new environment. I have chosen to work with the metamorphosis process as it emulates a sense of change taking place in order to adapt, much like one is expected to adapt to one's new environments. The motif of the cocoon suggests a need to protect oneself from the unfamiliar, until one is ready to embrace one's new surroundings. I have used a subterranean space (the Gallery in the Round) to evoke the feeling of being in an incubator – it is as if the viewer is herself cocooned by the space. At the same time, the materials I have used to create my sculptures are mutable and unstable: they ooze, melt, drip and discolour over time. As such, they suggest the unpredictable outcome of the countless developmental phases that shape who we are.



KESAYNE REED

8D

1820 Settlers Monument, Gallery in the Round

