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PHOTOGRAPHY  
Evaan Jason Ferreira and Georgia Herron Lekorotsoana

ART DIRECTION AND DESIGN  
Raphaela Linders

This class started with 35 people in 2016.

This was the year of both the #RURreference list, and the second #FeesMust-Fall protests. This set the tone for our following years at Rhodes since it is hard to unsee the flaws that we face in South Africa. These issues have continued to come to light over the years.

In this series of exhibitions, our class explores a variety of themes: mental health, land, space, identity, sexuality and environmental concerns. These are themes that we entered Rhodes wanting to talk about - four years later we have developed the visual literacy to express them.

The honours year has given us the space and time to process ideas, yet what seemed like a long time at the beginning of the year very quickly became no time at all. This is because the works you see before you are not the first, second, nor third of their kind...these represent a whole year of reworking and rethinking.

In an era where media has encouraged instant gratification and short attention spans, we have forgotten to trust the process.

We want to get to an end before even getting to the beginning.

What you see before you is, however, a beginning.

The beginning of an artist's career.

I hope you enjoy.

Philippa Taylor

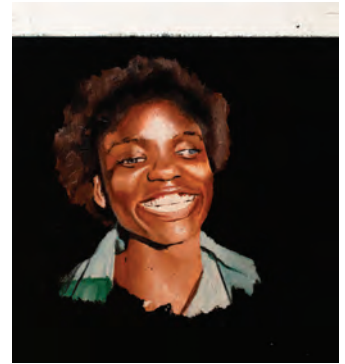
FAP 4 Class Representative.



*N'lamwai Chithambo*

INTROSPECT:  
THE ADVENTURES OF  
AN URBAN HERO

main gallery | school of art, somerset street



*Portraits, 2019.*  
Oil on board.

Using the framework of the graphic novel, this exhibition explores how I view myself as a citizen of an urban culture. I explore how I grapple with my identity as a Christian, and how these topics influence my introspection in public - by myself, but most importantly before God.

The walls of the gallery space act as pages, while the paintings imitate panels found on the pages of graphic novels, shifting this aspect of pop culture into the fine art space.

*Alias, 2019.*  
120 x 100cm  
Oil on canvas.





*Shame, 2019.*  
60 x 80cm  
Oil on canvas.

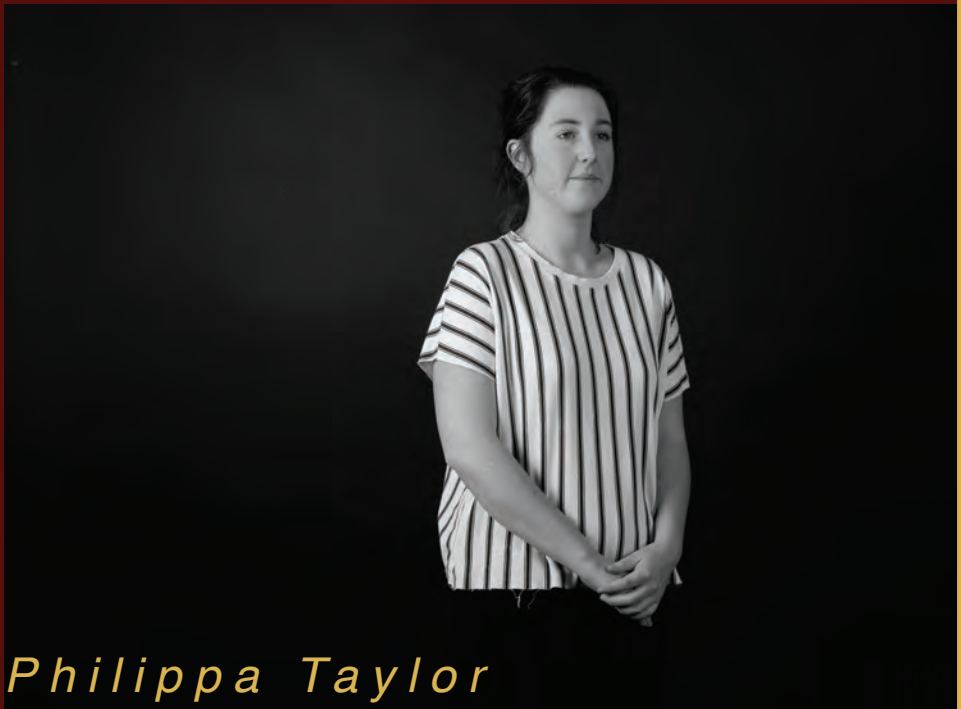


*Urban Hero 2, 2019.*  
60 x 80cm  
Oil on canvas.



*My City: The Divide, 2019.*  
80 x 60cm  
Oil on canvas.





*Philippa Taylor*

WELCOME HOME,  
MIND YOUR MANNERS





Top and bottom images:  
*Wash the dishes, 2019.*  
Measurements variable,  
plates with engravings.  
Middle image: *Lets not  
argue, 2019.* Knives, forks,  
chain, steal piping.

"A home that guarantees lush, open spaces and easy living. It is a secure gated community, which offers security and peace of mind".

A place where being quiet and being grateful are the same thing.

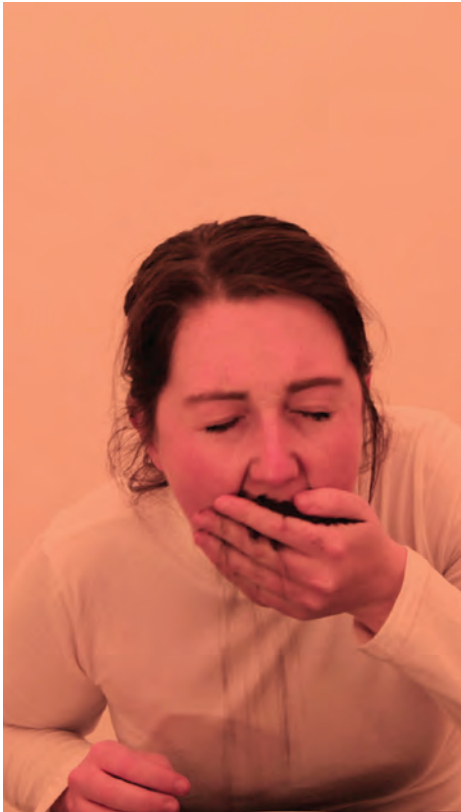
The weaponisation of the everyday object is used to alienate.

Welcome Home, Mind Your Manners, is an installation that looks at the discomfort that takes place in a comfortable environment. The writer K. Sello Duiker talks about the term "quiet violences" which is used to refer to suburbs that try to remove themselves from the rest of the country.

In this exhibition, I highlight the unspoken language of the household object through installation, film and photography. By navigating this place I call home, I uncover the uncomfortable ideologies that surround it.



*Don't talk back!, 2019.*  
Collage.



*Dont eat with your mouthfull, 2019.*  
Video projection.



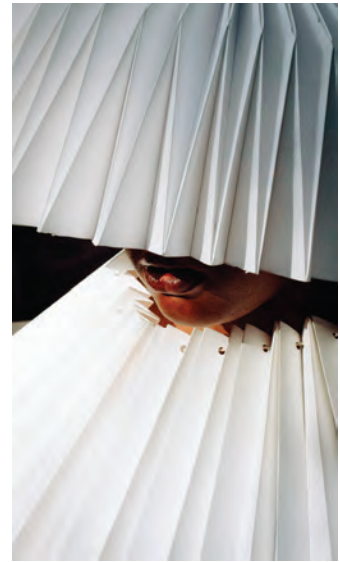
*Georgia Herron Lekorotsoana*

## IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE



*Nowhere, 2019.* Digital prints, lanterns made from fabriano accademia.





*Some place Here or There,*  
2019. Digital prints.

*10, 9, ... ignition sequence starts...  
6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 0... All engines run-  
ning!  
Lift off! We have a lift off!  
To infinity and beyond!  
Is there anybody out there?  
Are we alone?*

*We are all surrounded by aliens.*

*In the Middle of Nowhere*, is an immersive installation which encom-  
passes the use of sound, paper, sand and video. It is an insight into  
the world of *Adventurer Loud*, also known as *Paw Mythic* as well as  
*Magician Twinkly*, an alien who happens to live on earth.

The work explores ideas of the alien and how *Adventurer Loud* cre-  
ates a home for herself on earth with a hint of 70s nostalgia.

So, cool cats, welcome to *In the Middle of Nowhere*.

Be cool and feel the funk.





*Nowhere, 2019.*  
Digital prints.



*Leila Sangari*

SPECIMEN 34

**Journal Entry Day 3486:**

**4:56. Traveling to outlands one last time. Hopefully I missed something important. Will be back before sunset.**

**18:07. Still no contact. Managed to replenish water supply, will begin decontamination process now.**

**18:30. Should attempt going out further tomorrow, past the junk lands.**

**18:35. Can't afford the danger outside, as well as the resources needed to travel that far... The radiation storms are getting worse. It's becoming more likely that there is no one else.**

**18:56. Restarting experiment: make a friend to share this meaningless life with.  
Initiate BioElec birth on specimen 34.**

**20:01. Specimen 34 awake.**

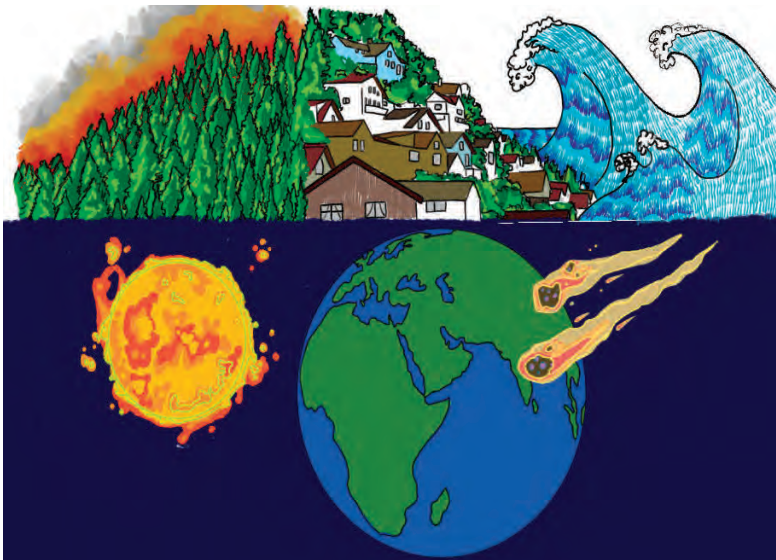
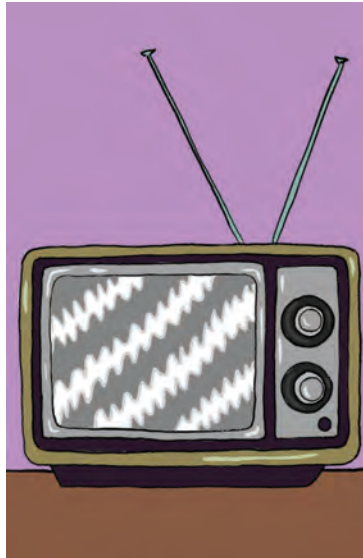
**20:05. Consciousness test: failed.**

**20:20. Attempted resuscitation: failed.**

**20:25. Disposal of specimen 34. Neutralizing workspace.**







*Specimen 34, 2019.*  
Printed zine.



*Juanito Featherstone*

51 CURRIE STREET





*Manne huil nie, 2019.*  
100cm x 71cm  
Monotype, oil paint and ink  
on fabriano paper.

*Spaza, 2019.*  
Monotype, ink on fabiano  
paper.



With the museum as the setting (representative of the colonial depiction of my people) I insert a different narrative into this space. Through a series of prints, this exhibition visually explores my world, my home, the environment in which I reside: *51 Currie Street*.

The work speaks about the production and reproduction of culture through communal spaces and experience of life in this environment. It dives deeper into how visual culture within such a space can influence, and be influenced by, the people and the atmosphere. It maps out the distribution and accumulation of this visual culture over time, through self-representation and expression.

In a post-apartheid world, these spaces still carry the legacy of former oppression, even though now one can argue that they have become something of their own. The prints draw on the colourful local lifestyle: music, fashion, architecture, transport etc. By providing an experience, not just images to look at, I attempt to bridge the gap between what 'fine art' can be and how we express ourselves on a daily basis.



*in.hair.itence, 2019.*  
70.5cm x 54cm  
Monotype, ink on fabriano  
paper.



*Alex Jarvis*

CICATRIX



**Ways of seeing**                      Ways of Being  
 Reclaiming pain                      **Violence**  
                          Taking back                      **Identity**  
                          Preserve the specimen  
 Bodily Fleshings                      **Dirty Maggot**  
                          **Healing**                      Taxonomy  
                          **Examine**                      Look  
                          **Naturale eius debent**  
                          Discovered                      **Voyeurism**



cicatrix  
 /sɪˈkɛtrɪks/

*noun*

the scar of a healed wound.

- a scar on the bark of a tree.

- BOTANY

a mark on a stem left after a leaf or another part has become detached.

Cicatrix reframes the vulva as its own mythical specimen, so as to interrogate questions of representation and ways of seeing the female body. Through this reframing, an act of reclamation comes about: I am taking back a part of myself that had been disrespected. In this sense, my exhibition is about healing, giving myself a space to work with my pain and make it into something beautiful, something that provides evidence of my survival and existence.







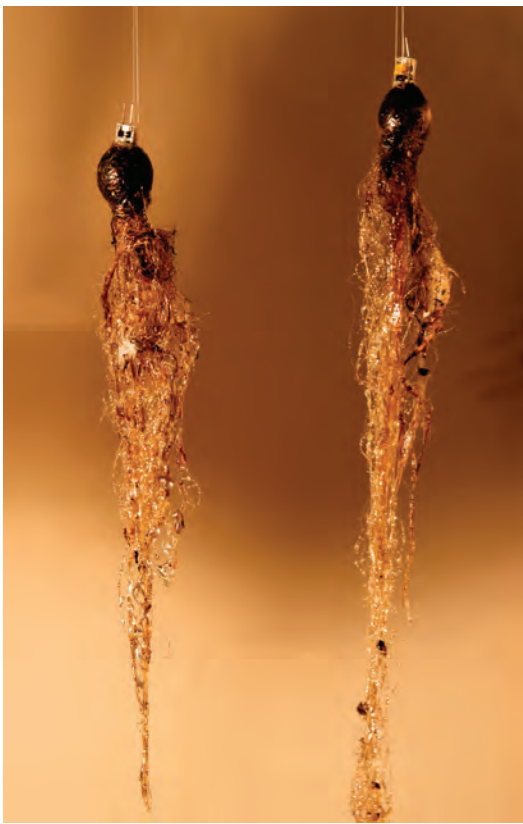
*Cicatrix, 2019.*  
Performance piece and installation,  
resin, found objects, plant matter.



*Robyn Briar Eden*

# SETTLING DUST

raw spot gallery | 5 rhodes avenue



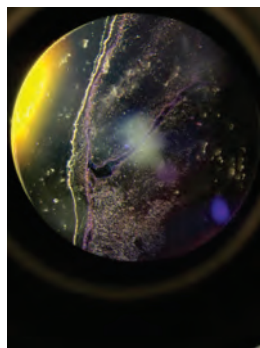
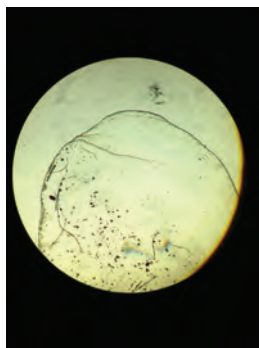
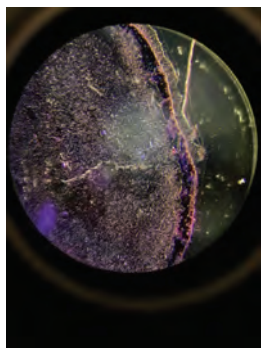
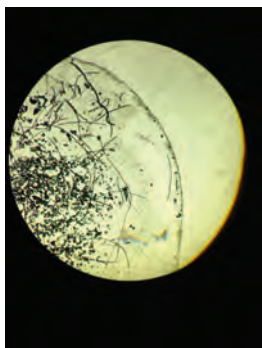
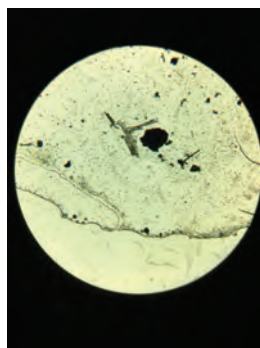
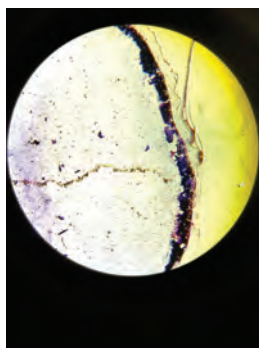
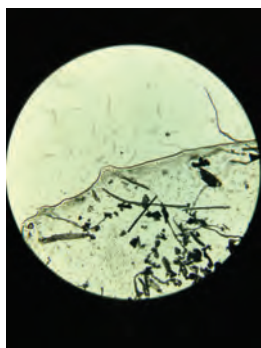
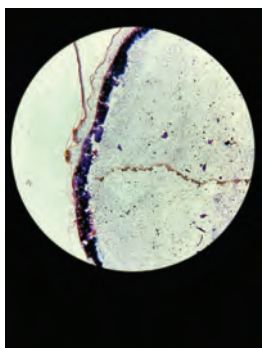
Dust; a substance that is lost in its separation from its original form,  
a form that once was, but is no longer, resides in forgotten corners.  
For dust is the by-product of living –  
it orbits my movement and rests in my stillness,  
it extends from me in tiny particles of the self.

My exhibition considers the collection of dust as a negotiation with self-decay,  
a settling with my daily need to sweep up settled remains.

The lost-hair chandelier and daily dust swabs suggest an obsessive tendency to understand  
my placement within a space and futility in the act of cleaning.

A perpetual settling, unsettling and resettling of the residues of self, results in a constant  
change of surroundings  
– the relentless act of ordering in an attempt to belong.

The organization of dust is the organization of the self.







*Settling Dust, 2019.* Installation measurement variable.  
Dust on paper, photography, microscope slides, found objects, dust, hair, resin.



*Samkela Stamper*


ISIKHUMBULO...  
EMBODYING  
THE ARCHIVE





*Banxaniwe, 2019.*  
Performance piece and  
installation.





Kuba Kaloku  
Entliziweni yam niyokuhlala nihleni  
Mfundiso zenu engqondweni yam zokuhla-  
la zihleli  
Mazwi akho Qamata ezindlebeni zam ndo-  
kuhlala ndiweva  
Inene andisayi kulibala

Yiyo lonto lomsebenzi wesikhumbuzo  
ufikile, ubalulekile...  
because to remember,  
the attempt to tell, is only the beginning  
of the embodiment of the archive.

Hayi inene andilibelanga.



How easy it is to forget  
Paths we sometimes stumble upon  
Stories we have been told  
The bridges we have crossed  
People met along the way  
and those that have passed on.

No,  
I have not forgotten  
How easy it is to sometimes remember.

*Umleqwa, 2019.*  
Dried "runaways" strung with  
fishline on wire.





*Ropafadzo Mandiveyi*

MARUWA





My work displays my fascination and deep exploration of flowers. The references for my paintings are my personal archive of photographs, which I have been documenting for the past several years. Whether I'm around campus or back home in Zimbabwe, I am drawn by the various aesthetics of the floral.

Each flower seems to imbue a different aura, it takes up a unique presence within its place in the natural environment. My motivation is to deconstruct the symbolism of flowers in relation to the feminine. Within many cultures, flowers often signify femininity and the various expectations that come with those who inhabit the feminine. My work takes on a personal standpoint in relation to this subjectivity, as I am exploring my own womanhood and personhood through my work.

The acrylic and ink paintings on large canvas represent specific moods, environments, scenes, memories and imaginations. The work, based on lived experience, inadvertently engages with the social and political. The floral in this case is a metaphor for beauty and addresses the societal constraints placed on women and girls. Although this aesthetic is imposed on women, like flowers, they whether harsh storms, wither, shrivel and bloom for a new hopeful season.

In this instance, I am the flower – growing, mutating, configuring, withering and blooming again. This is my process of development.





*Untitled, 2019.*  
150 x 110cm  
Acrylic on canvas.



*Untitled, 2019.*  
150 x 110cm  
Acrylic and ink on canvas.



*Untitled, 2019.*  
120 x 100cm  
Acrylic and ink on canvas.



*Aimée Richter*

FLACCID

For the longest time, the world has been plagued by patriarchy. Men have lost touch with their humanness in denial of the effects of their toxic masculinity and internalized misogyny.

Destruction, their means of retaliation against the eternal damnation they have brought upon themselves; only causes them the sensation of visceral emasculation. Their physical strength is no longer enough to fight fate. Hopeless and riddled in self-pity, their egos compel them to retract into the void of their unfulfilled desire to possess; to be in control: the basement of their performed identities.

Lurking in the darkness, a metamorphosis is brewing; feeding off the dampness on frightened men's perspiring foreheads. PYNK is on the rise - more than merely human, which is less than what she was afforded prior; a hybrid/cyborg of her refused humanity.

In a turn of events, the pussy bites back – when women pair up with 'mother-nature', their never ending stereotype of likened characteristics, accommodating perceptions of what it entails to be a woman; beautiful, gentle, submissive and sweetly scented.

The sexual predator in her awakens, but is asexual in self-love, resurrecting the phal-luses of fallen fuckboys in her pleasure factory to empower her suppressed libido with multiple orgasms. The monstrous feminine comes to life to haunt those who have taunted her with misconfigurations of her image in gendered bodily being. Enough is enough. No longer are men in charge when the world is at its end and women hold the power. Dying off in numbers, men no longer serve a purpose; artificial insemination deems them useless to the survival of the human species.

The lair between her legs, a death trap - for those who thought their dicks could dictate the future of man; they will perish in the flesh, returning to the soil like worms; only penetrating the surface when her vaginal fluids make moist the ground they no longer walk upon. With men no longer in the picture, the only blood that will be shed is the lining of her uterus.

Women will be women and boys will be boys lamented.







*Flaccid, 2019.*  
Installation and performance piece.





*Aadila Chand*

(IN)ORGANIC



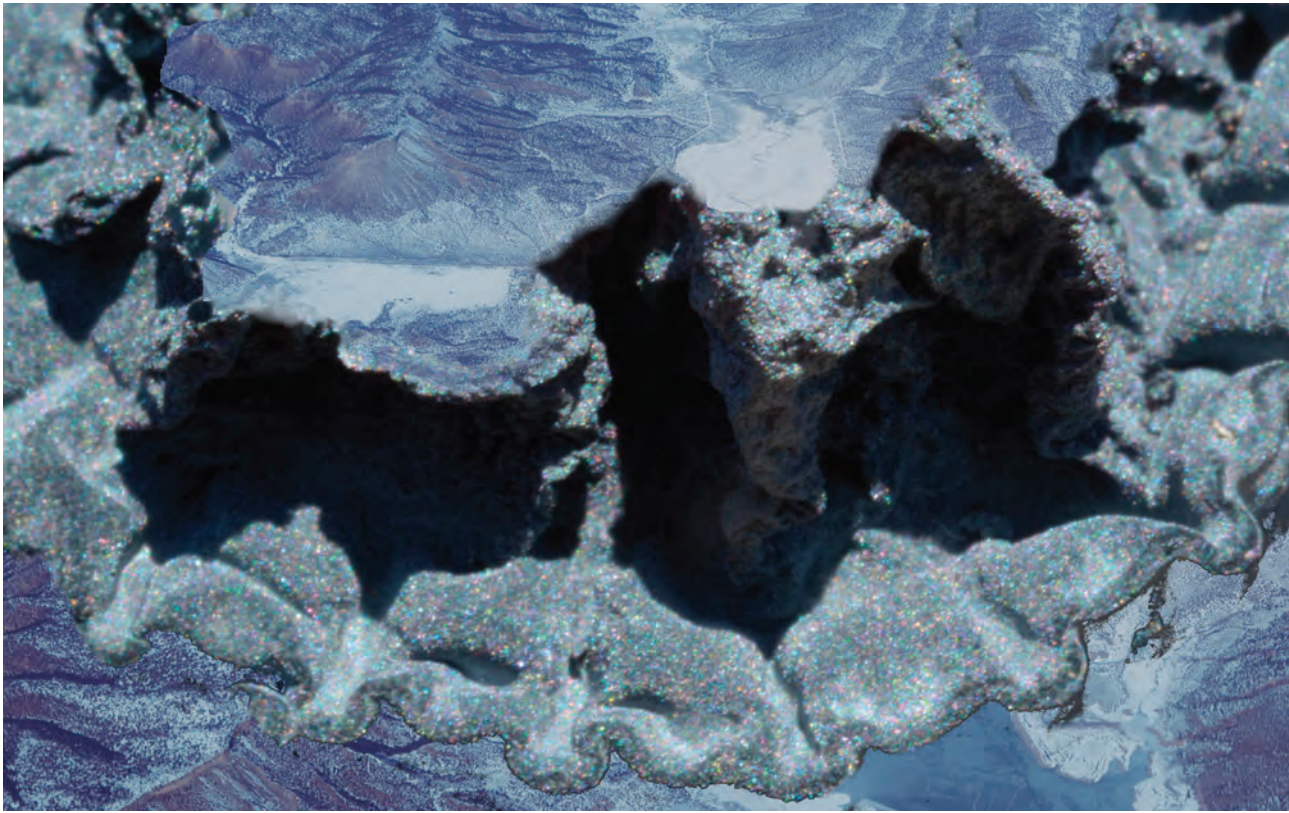
The turbulent nature of the sublime refers to an overwhelming sense of terror, yet as humans, we are still somewhat seduced by this fear and destruction. This is a strange characteristic of the human species, almost as though we are programmed to destroy without realizing it.

Despite this intrinsic tendency to destroy, some are still deeply rooted to the land; humans share the same undeniable fundamental visual traits and cellular structures to that of nature's – an intertwinement of the natural world to the human form. Patterned pathways of interconnectedness exist within us, but perhaps decades of conditioning have rewired our brains too far by inadvertently accepting the dimly concrete reality that has become ever-present and normalized.

*(in)organic* explores the intricate relationship between humans and nature, touching on the Anthropocene- the current era we live in whereby humans are the dominant and most influential force on Earth and the workings of the natural world.







*(in)organic, 2019.*  
Found objects, photography,  
digital art (gimp/ lightworks),  
short film, sound pieces.





*Viwe Madinda*

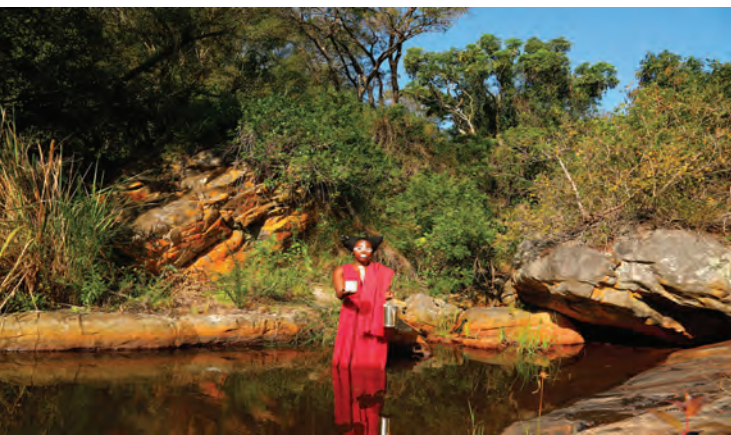
ZINTOMBI ZAM ZENANI



KweTha ukukhanya! Yamhlophe indlela, yabonakala ihambo.  
 Ndikhaphe, masambe, lide ibali ayilo lange mini enye.  
 Apho siyakhona kupha phezulu kulantaba, iza masambe!  
 We are following this trail of red ochre, it leads us to our destination.  
 How did I get here, why did I come, who am I?  
 Mandizazise ke kuqala, ndingu MaSthathu, uChisana, uNdebe,  
 uKhophoyi ndiyi ntombi ekuphela kwayo kaMarhadebe,  
 iHlubi elihle, uMthimkhulu, uBhungane.

I was shown this trail in a dream and I was told that at the end of it I will meet Zintombi  
 Zam Zenani.  
 That is why I have come.  
 To find her.  
 I am coming from the East where the sun rises and today marks the fourth year of my  
 journey.  
 I have been walking for four years now and seeing that mountain gives me relief.

Ithemba lam ngu Zintombi Zam Zenani who is on the summit of that gun fire hill.  
 I was told that she is inside that Monument.  
 That is where I have been sent to find answers to my purpose.  
 She bears the answers.  
 And she is expecting our arrival.  
 Iza ndikubalisele instomi, kuthe kanti  
 I am Zintombi Zam Zenani!



Phantse ndayel' emaweni  
 Phantse ndangen' endongeni  
 Phantse ndanyathel' umsila  
 Phantse ndahlala kwaphela  
 Phantse ndaval' umnyango  
 Phantse ndadyobh' amehlo  
 Phantse ndadudel' uhambo  
 Phantse ndalahl' umzamo  
 Nguban' oth' andinawo  
 Amandla wazi njani  
 Phantse ndammamela yena  
 Xa esith' andinawo  
 Themba limbi andinalo  
 Nguw' ithemba lam  
 (Simphiwe Dana, 2007)





Cover page:  
*Kwathi ke kaloku Ngantsomi, 2019.*  
 Performance piece.  
 This page: *Izihlwele: Sibathathu, 2019.*  
 Photographic prints.