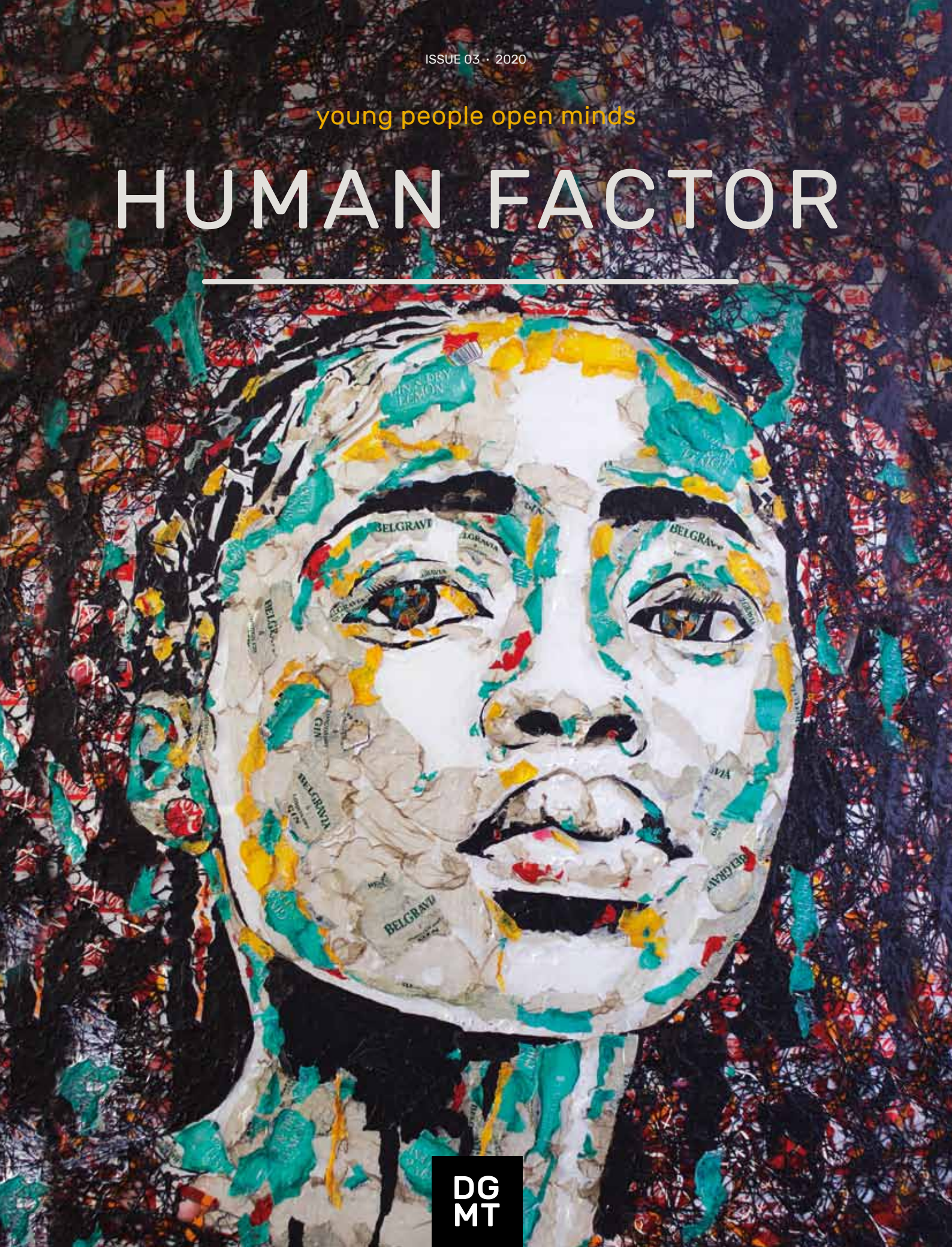


ISSUE 03 · 2020

young people open minds

HUMAN FACTOR



DG
MT



Ené THE WAY I GREW UP	Ené I CAN EXPLAIN	Ené THIS COULD BE US	Ené YOU ARE THE PROTOTYPE	Ené DOCTOR TEACHER POLICE
Ené I PRAYED FOR YOU	Ené TAKE CARE	Ené CALL ME	Ené LET'S TALK ABOUT SEX	Ené HER
Ené CARE FOR ME	Ené MASK OFF MASCULINE	Ené HIM	Ené EAT MY ASS	Ené ONLY FACE BEAT BY YOU
Ené KEEP YA HEAD UP	Ené I HATE SLEEPING ALONE	Ené WORTHY OF THE THRONE	Ené THEM	Ené DON'T CRY
Ené YOU BEAUTIFUL TO ME	Ené U.N.I.T.Y	Ené BITCH BAD WOMXN	Ené IT WILL GET	Ené BABA, THEY HURT ME

Ultimately, there are only two ways to improve the world – through technology and through behaviour change. This publication focuses on the latter.

What drives people and what dispirits them?

What ignites new passion, new ideas, new commitment in people, and what stands in their way?

Far too often people are viewed as the ‘problem’ in development; through the lens of the *Human Factor*, we see them as development’s greatest asset.

(front cover)

PRO THUSI

‘Feminine Pride’

DG
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"My vision is to see Khayelitsha having a theatre, an art gallery, and a dance studio. I want to see Khayelitsha having its own museum, something that will tell a story about Khayelitsha. My neighbourhood inspires me to do the things that I do because I get the ideas from my township. I look at the problems in my neighbourhood and come up with solutions. In the township I have learned about life and about not getting tempted by unimportant things."

SIYABONGA MBABA

NGO founder, community activist and mobilisor in his 20s

Photograph by Bart Love



Who are you? It's a question that has challenged humans since our earliest recorded history; a question that you've probably been asked or asked of yourself a hundred times before. While aspects of our identity may settle over time, adolescence is a stage of extreme and dynamic change, when exhausting internal and external forces affect our thinking, behaviour and emotions as we attempt to forge a meaningful sense of self.

Identity formation may be deeply personal, but it's also a collective phenomenon. Consider South Africa's own ongoing identity crisis. The country is pushed and pulled in every direction; our own anxieties seem to manifest, sometimes, in national headlines. We grapple with inequality. We try to reckon with a history of incredible cruelty. We reach back 26 years in search of the same hope that painted 1994 as a golden year. It hurts us. But no matter how uncomfortable the process, it also shapes us.

So it is for young people's collective identity crisis. They are hurt, and shaped, and enraged, and calmed and, ultimately, they become themselves – whatever that self may be. All of this happens simultaneously: there are no neat lines here, and no easy answers. Those of us who've survived the fires of youth lean too heavily on uncomplicated stories about those who are still in the forge. Young people in South Africa are too often portrayed as angry, volatile victims of the country's poor systems and economic decline. We insist they have nothing to offer. But their own daily journey through identity formation is, in reality, a powerful, untapped resource that could bring us through the crisis and out the other side.

In this third issue of the *Human Factor* we explore young people's own stories – in their own words and through their own art. We delve into the secrets of their rapidly developing, ever-evolving brains. And we consider what might happen if, finally, we see young people as potent allies who are fully part of a society that's as complex, changeable and profoundly beautiful as they all are.

YOUNG PEOPLE OPEN MINDS

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EXPERIENCE: THE STORIES THAT DEFINE US *page 74*

SETHEMBILE MSEZANE

Chapungu - The Day Rhodes Fell, 2015

For just under four hours, Sethembile stood with a beaded veil, wings made of hair, a leotard and stilettos embodying the Zimbabwean bird Chapungu on the day that a statue honouring Cecil John Rhodes was removed from the University of Cape Town during student-led protests. This performance piece represents one of eight soapstone birds that were taken from Zimbabwe during the colonial era and given to Cecil John Rhodes. As the Rhodes statue fell, she lifted her wings in a gesture that gave many hope Africa would overcome its colonial past.





INSIGHT

COM PLEX LIVES

“Whatever affects one directly, affects all indirectly.
I can never be what I ought to be until you are
what you ought to be. This is the interrelated
structure of reality.”

MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.

South Africa's identity, in the 26 years since its first democratic elections, has been a perpetually moving target – and there's no sign that it's about to hold still. What the country is in a chilly August month of developing this edition of the *Human Factor* (a global pandemic, an economic recession, the ever-present threat of rolling blackouts, fear and hunger) couldn't be further from what it was on 27 April 1994 (freedom, change, justice and hope). Next month, it will be different again – and next year, and in the years to come.

So will both Lovelyn Nwadeyi and Francois Lion-Cachet, two young South Africans whose stories about themselves and their country couldn't – at first glance – be more different. Beneath the surface, though, the two have been carried by similar currents: a feeling of "not belonging"; attempts to disguise fundamental parts of themselves to fit in; student protests that ruptured their own assumptions, disguises and destinies. Like many good narratives, there's a twist towards the end – a strangely joyful surge towards an identity that is entirely their own. That's what so many of us, trying to tell young South Africans' stories from a distance, often forget: there is loss and panic. There are endless misdirections and distractions. There is almost constant, exhausting movement – and there's no real end in sight. Most of all, as young people themselves will tell you, there is also joy and hope.

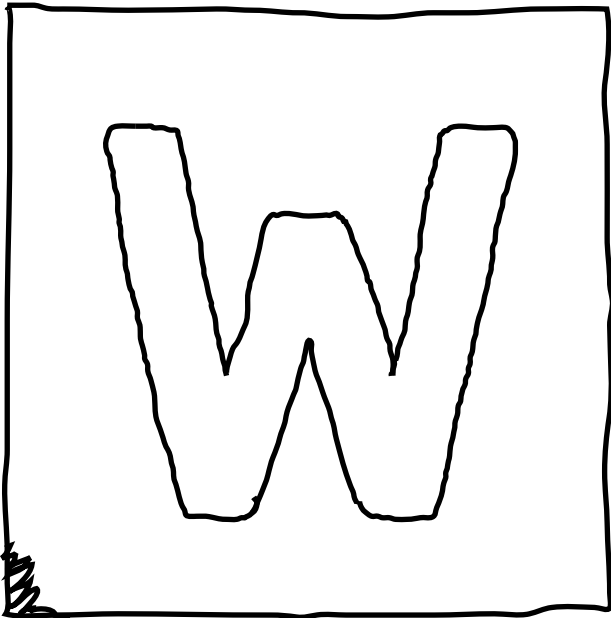
IN MEMORY OF WHO WE ARE

BY LOVELYN NWADEYI

INSIGHT



“When I think about identity,
I like to borrow from writers who have
referred to identity as a story...”



When I think about identity, I like to borrow from writers who have referred to identity as a story. We often talk about identity as something that we can define and determine for ourselves as individuals. While that may be true in part, it is perhaps valuable for us to think of identity as a story we tell ourselves about ourselves, as well as the stories other people tell about us. Professor Emmanuel Katongole, in the introduction to his book *The Sacrifice of Africa – A Political Theology for Africa*, so beautifully captures this understanding of identity as a story when he writes the following:

“...we are how we imagine ourselves and how others imagine us. But this imagining does not take place as an abstraction in the world of fantasy or as the unbounded free play of a mental faculty called the imagination. The idea that we can be anything we wish to be is one of the most insidious lies we can ever entertain. Who we are, and who we are capable of becoming depends very much on the stories we tell, the stories we listen to and the stories

we live. Stories not only shape our values, aims and goals, they define the range of what is desirable and what is possible. They are embedded in us and form the very heart of our cultural, economic, religious and political worlds. This applies not only to individuals, but to institutions and even nations. That is what a notion like ‘Africa’ names, not so much a place, but a story – or set of stories about how people of the continent called Africa are located in the narrative that constitutes the modern world.”

At the risk of taking liberties, I’ve rewritten that last sentence for South Africa. *“That is what a notion like ‘South Africa’ names, not so much a place, but a story – or set of stories about how people of the country called South Africa are located in the narrative that constitutes the modern world.”*

It is difficult to write truthfully about identity among South African youths without contextualising the identity crisis that South Africa itself is. Having grown up in what is often referred to as ‘post-apartheid’ South Africa, there are two parts of the South African narrative that my generation has inherited from the generation before us: ‘rainbow-ism’ and ‘born free-ism’. It is intentional that I have added the ‘-ism’ suffix to both these words. I believe that both of these concepts have emerged not only as a comforting rebranding of the national identity after 1994, but they have also come to serve as powerful ideological tools that are sometimes weaponised against young people or used to lull them into passivity.

My observations as a speaker, facilitator and strategic advisor in several restorative justice dialogue spaces suggest that the activation of ‘rainbow nation’ rhetoric often occurs at moments when South Africans want to sugar-coat or

disregard race-related issues. To name it more explicitly, although well-intended, 'rainbow-ism' tends to focus on the parts of multi-culturalism and diversity that are comfortable for a white minority. Even when a black, coloured, or Indian person invokes the 'rainbow nation' in discussions, it often functions against them. I have noted how often the 'rainbow nation' is invoked when real attempts are being made to deal with structural inequities – be it in ex-Model C school staff rooms, private school playgrounds or corporate boardrooms. I, like many other young people of colour in this country, have come to note the 'rainbow nation' shorthand as a tool to silence and invalidate our lived experiences of oppression, perhaps because they may not be occurring under the veil of formally legislated apartheid.

Similarly, the notion of a 'born free' was intended to mark a calendar year as being synonymous with freedom for a portion of the population. It was intended to suggest that those born in 1994 were gifted with this new lease on life, never having to experience the violence, terror and injustice of apartheid because of the transfer of political power from white minority rule to black majority's hands. I am concerned, however, that to label a generation as 'born frees' is to politicise the act of birth in a way that couches the beginning of that narrative in a convenient untruth. To politicise birth is to politicise the existence of unsuspecting children – except the existence of some children is more political than others. And by using the blanket term 'born frees', we falsely equate the political nature of their differentiated experiences. When white South African children were born in 1994 and thereafter, from what were they born free? From what were coloured, black and Indian children born free? I'm a firm believer that the systems of colonialism and apartheid have been damaging to all South Africans regardless of race, mainly because they were built on lies. However, just because something was built on falsehood does not mean you cannot live in it.

We have all been hurt, but definitely not in the same way. I am not convinced that white children in South Africa have been liberated from their inherited superiority complex, or that they have been freed from the entitlement to be seen, heard and served by mostly black and coloured women simply by being born in or after April 1994. I also do not believe that children of colour in this country have been born free of the shackles of inferiority, or the limitations placed on their ability to dream due to a lack of representation and real constraints on their inherited material conditions. To call this generation 'born frees' is to disguise the intentionality, the structuredness and the thoughtfulness of colonialism – and its extension in and beyond apartheid – such that freedom becomes a matter of birth and not a matter of well-constructed stories.

Whilst the notions of 'born free-ism' and 'rainbow-ism' have indeed served a purpose, their purpose has not been one of emancipation for this generation. I believe that the imposition of these labels has denied young people the opportunity to name themselves.

To name themselves, South African youth must know who they are and where they come from. Such knowledge is a matter of stories. Histories and Herstories. It is at this point that a conversation about memory becomes useful. Dr Lebohang Pheko, an activist and academic, talks about memory in instructive ways. She speaks of remembering as in "to recall things from memory" and on the other hand, she speaks of what it means to 're-member' as in "to put something back together". In an October 2014 article, Dr Pheko put it even more powerfully by saying: "Memory is an act of defiance because erasure is an instinct of conquest." There is something very powerful about teaching in general, but specifically the teaching of history. The success of colonialism

“We deserve the right to put our stories back together
as a way of putting ourselves back together.”

apartheid is that it embedded in the practice of teaching, the habit of erasing African identities and contributions to what we consider important bodies of knowledge today. In this way, something like education cannot be neutral as it shapes, distorts and vandalises the minds of the young.

Many pieces of ourselves are lost and scattered in history – as young Africans, we do not fully know who we are. As we grow up, pieces of ourselves may be lost in the ways in which our names are butchered and shortened to make them more ‘pronounceable’ for our white peers and teachers; our cultural practices are often ‘against the school rules’, and so we unwillingly sacrifice our heritage on the altar of compliance and conformity in order to safeguard our futures. Very few of my white friends have had to sacrifice the same parts of themselves in order to receive an education or have a shot at becoming successful. Seldom did they have to twist their tongues into submission to engage in a language that was used to delete their ancestors from history; seldom were they required to critically engage with their inherited complicity so that they can hold in tandem that they are not to blame for what happened *and* that they continue to benefit from it *and* that their fellow learners of colour don’t have to hold their guilt.

At the same time, we have paralysed young people of colour in this country, especially black children, by making them experts in the study of their oppression such that the focus of much historical teaching is on the ways in which we have been disempowered. I am a firm believer that black and brown children deserve so much more than to be forced to remember themselves only as slaves and indentured servants to colonisers. Black girls deserve so much more than to be forced to remember their foremothers only as sexualised subjects of violence and violation. We deserve so much more than a history of conquest as though we were

passive participants in our own subjugation. We deserve the right to remember ourselves, our parents, our ancestors as people who fought viciously and valiantly to keep their land, their families, their cultures and their communities safe and protected. We deserve a memory of ourselves not only as fighters and warriors, but also as thinkers, inventors, philosophers, doctors, taxonomists, pharmacists, counsellors, midwives, etc. – as people who held these titles and practised these roles long before these jobs were given names and a price in our capitalist economy.

We deserve the right to put our stories back together as a way of putting ourselves back together.

Apart from the purpose of remembering collectively and alone, memory also offers us something else. Memory is the birthplace of hope. To place it in familial terms, if hope is the child, memory is her mother and critical thought is the midwife that allows for a healthy delivery. For hope to exist, it can only be rooted in story. Hope is not baseless; it does not emerge out of thin air. If, however, we are to have a healthy hope, we cannot leave memory uninterrogated. Rebecca Solnit refers to history as our collective memory.

Our history is a question of what we all remember, but it is also about what we are able to remember together. For us to remember together, we must practise humility, a comfort with complexity and a justice-inspired suspicion. We must ask: Who and what is remembered? Who and what is considered worth remembering? Who does the remembering? We must avoid stories that are uncomplicated and nicely wrapped with shiny ribbons. If we reduce our stories of ourselves to only perfect golden ages of victory and advancement; or only to grief, defeat and complete conquest, we do ourselves a

great injustice. In many ways, when it comes to history, the more a story sounds neat and uncomplicated, the more likely it is that the story is inaccurate.

We must learn to flex our muscles for discomfort; to become accustomed to stories about both our victories and our losses, our mistakes and our wisdom, our complicity in injustice and our crusades against it. For young people in this country to forge a healthy identity, their presence in history must both implicate them and vindicate them because their stories are connected.

In October 2016, I interviewed Ntate Zulumathabo Zulu on my 702 radio show, *Friday Night Talk*. We were discussing his amazing work on the Basotho Origins of Mathematics and he explained how the ancient Basotho's belief in the cosmos led them to develop a vocabulary around various arithmetic sequences. The development of this vocabulary helped their children to grasp arithmetic through the games they learned to play at an early age. One of these games is called *diketo*. Children would dig a hole in the ground with about 12 stones. Then they would throw a stone up in the air, remove a stone from the group of stones, catch the stone they threw up and repeat the process. After each lap, the total number of stones left in the hole could decrease by a stone or more.

Diketo comes down to the formula $f(x)=x-1$, which we today know as a recursive system. Recursive systems exist as a term in seSotho known as *legotla*; this is something that we have been aware of for centuries – something that six-year-old African children are able to grasp quite quickly. In isiXhosa, this game is known as *uphuca*. In Western society, an intimate understanding of these recursive systems is reserved for discussion among engineering students at university.

The value of this knowledge is not just in knowing that there were black people hundreds of years ago who could do maths. It is rather about the fact that young people, specifically children, can find and situate themselves in the history, the present and the future of these scientific endeavours – which are considered valuable, revolutionary, and critical to human existence. Imagine how many black and brown children in this country are afraid of mathematics because it is presented to them as foreign, and not as something that is as close to their lived experience as a childhood game. I have often wondered how many of our children do not pursue their dreams to become engineers, astrologists, architects, doctors, physicists because they think they can't do functional algebra – whereas they have been doing algebra since they were six years old. It just was not called algebra, it was called *diketo* or *uphuca*!

This knowledge also offers liberation for white children in South Africa, whose relationship with the notion of being white and African is at best complicated. It is extremely important for white children to develop a deep respect and reverence for African knowledge in a way that does not exoticise 'African-ness', but situates it deeply as a part of who they are. It is critical for their development of a healthy sense of self, to see what originates in Africa as desirable for who they want to be, not something they are above or something they need to transcend. Perhaps it even offers a greater opportunity for white children and their parents to heal themselves, knowing that what their ancestors may have considered unimportant and inferior knowledge, they can now hold with honour and share in that history as a form of epistemic restitution by restoring African knowledge and history as a primary source of their stories of themselves in Africa.

Despite the efforts to divide us and suggest that we are an 'un-storied' people in this country, in this continent of Africa,

INSIGHT

for young people especially, looking back at history is a way of reclaiming our freedom. It does not always mean that we will find pleasant stories or simple, straightforward ones. When we critically inspect our histories, none of us come out completely faultless, but we will find something, and we can learn.

Something shifted within me when I learned that *uphuca* was my first introduction to functional algebra. Part of my looking back is how I have learned to put myself back together again. HF

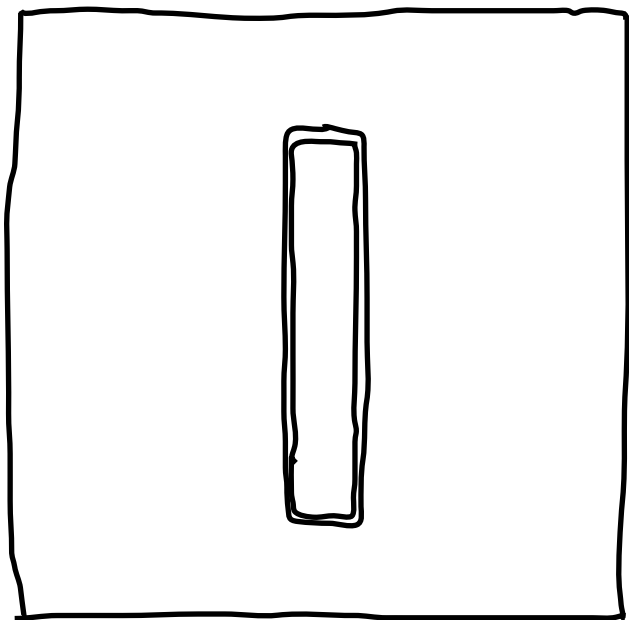
THE
PARABLE OF
THE LOST
AFRIKANER
SON

BY FRANCOIS LION-CACHET

INSIGHT



“I find it peculiar that most of what my generation knows of apartheid is the legacy it left behind...”



I find it peculiar that most of what my generation knows of apartheid is the legacy it left behind. Yet, we live in its wake. The term post-apartheid aptly captures this: we do not live in a 'new South Africa' but in apartheid's continuum, with no expected end. How does a South Africa look outside of the legacy imposed by colonialism and apartheid? Marvel Comics' Wakanda? The long-lost ancient Tswana city that was found in the unspoilt Suikerbosrand hills, south of Johannesburg?

I am a white, 25-year-old Afrikaans-speaking South African queer. I was born in the year 1994, only a couple of months after South Africa held its first democratic elections. People of my age are referred to as the 'born-free' generation, having come to life into a new South Africa. The 'rainbow nation' had, at last, become free from the shackles of apartheid and colonialism. Or had it?

My parents, grandparents and their ancestors benefitted

from, and voted for, the system of racial segregation known as apartheid. In South Africa, where rampant inequality is all-pervading, I continue to benefit from the injustices of the past – because I am white and come from a privileged background.

I come from a community that wanted me to propagate its racism, homophobia and patriarchy. However, I chose to follow a different path. My rejection of judgment and self-repression caused me to confront the wrath of Afrikaner nationalism, bound up with religious fundamentalism.

But, to start at the beginning.

I had a sheltered childhood in Ontdekkerspark, a residential area in Roodepoort in Johannesburg's western suburbs. White picket fences gave way to 3m high walls, topped with electric fencing, two German Shepherds and armed response monitoring. All of this served to keep safe from the outside world what was inside: a fundamentally Christian, Afrikaner home.

I am the eldest of two children. My sister was born seven years after me; our parents were born in the late 1960s. The origin of the maternal side of my family is that of the Boers (Afrikaner farmers). On the paternal side, it is Afrikaner people descended from Polish Jews, who converted to Christianity in Amsterdam in the early 1800s. They arrived in South Africa as academics and preachers.

I attended two Afrikaans, Christian and predominantly white Model C state schools and received a good education. I was the editor of the high-school newspaper, with an office and expenditure budget – educational luxuries for a public school in South Africa.

These schools weren't the only form of education I received, though. A Calvinist education was central to my upbringing. Apart from being in schools that followed Christian values and practices, I was baptised a *Dopper* into the *Gereformeerde Kerk*, or Reformed Church – one of the most conservative of the Afrikaans church denominations. After 12 years of being catechised through Sunday school (*katkisasie*), it was time to confess my faith by Confirmation.

Some years earlier, I had raised doubts with my parents and *dominees* (ministers). I was not comfortable with what the doctrines taught – one of these was unconditional election, which held that only the elect people receive salvation. The rest are subject to eternal damnation. Even as a young child, I did not understand why some people would have been created just to be damned. The answer was always the same: "It is God's will", with the reassurance that I shouldn't worry because I was elected to go to heaven. I was growing up in a South Africa and world that seemed out of kilter with the community in which I was deeply embedded, prompting me to ask why.

Through the church's teachings, it was made clear that there is a separation between "us" and "them" – playing into a godly conception of politics. "They" were destined to eternal damnation – the Other mostly being homosexual, black, liberal or unrepentant about other hideous "sins" against God's will. "We" – being white and Afrikaans – were direct descendants of God's chosen people. The same thinking went into the conception of apartheid.

I was sceptical of the church preaching non-judgement, yet being exclusionary and consistently reminding us of eternal damnation at the same time. Once, while I was arguing with my parents about their prejudices against black South Africans, my dad remarked bluntly, almost regretfully, about

having voted "Yes" – a reference to the 1992 South African apartheid referendum that asked white South African voters whether or not they supported negotiated reforms to end apartheid. Universal suffrage was introduced two years later. It was almost as if my dad felt disappointed by the promises of a new, democratic South Africa, which had manifested in his son.

It was around 2am one morning when my father shook me awake in bed for an urgent discussion about my religious doubts. A few days prior, I had told them that I did not want to go ahead with Confirmation: I did not believe in the church's dogma, and did not want to swear otherwise. My mother told me that I would no longer be welcome in the house if I didn't go ahead with confirming my faith. In the final meeting with the priest and church council to determine my fitness for Confirmation, I gave all the right answers.

But eventually, the "right" answers ran out. I had to speak the truth. It happened in a space replete with family history. My great-great-grandfather Jan Lion Cachet was a founding member and the rector of the Potchefstroom University for Christian Higher Education, which sprouted from a seminary for the Reformed Church of South Africa. My paternal grandfather was also a professor in theology at the same institution. In 2004, through a merger, it became known as North-West University (NWU). I went on to enrol for an LLB – it wasn't my calling to become a priest, as my family would have liked – at its Potchefstroom campus.

During my time at university, I started to become aware of whiteness, which manifests as privilege. I went into a deep state of depression due to being white, asking how one could confront whiteness and go about dismantling white privilege. I read and listened to the perspectives of black South Africans and others who were engaging with

this topic, as I believed it was time for white people to sit down and listen to their fellow South Africans. This was not something that was taught substantively in law school, although through befriending like-minded individuals – including some professors and other academics outside of the classroom – and following the work of some people online (Aryan Kaganof, especially) I came to understand what whiteness is: the structures, systems, knowledge, skills and attitudes designed to advance the interests of white people while oppressing the Other.

Alongside a growing political awareness, and increasing distance between myself and the Church, I realised that I was gay. His name was Kevin, a few years my senior, and editor of the *Wapad* student newspaper where I worked as a journalist. To cut a long story short, we came out together and ended up dating for two years.

It was in Betty's Bay on Christmas Day 2014 that the schism between my family and I erupted. Upon being confronted and confirming that I was dating a boy, an irrevocable line was drawn. My parents told me that I was no longer welcome in their house. They were worried that I had contracted HIV/Aids. I was urged to suspend my studies, and to go and work for the church. In exchange for continued financial support, I was to break ties with all non-Christian friends, change my appearance, change my liberal political outlook, and engage only in activities that would be acceptable to the church and my parents. A submission to authority.

Communication had broken down, so I escaped on an Intercape bus that broadcast the gospel through its PA system throughout the trip back to Potchefstroom. Back at university, I moved off campus and into a bohemian student commune. I sustained the remainder of my studies by working as a waiter, and cancelled my *attestaat*

(membership) of the church.

Although I was studying law, it was through art and culture that I was most exposed to different perspectives and perceptions of the world – which also aided substantively in my becoming aware of whiteness. In a NWU library and archive building, which emanated Afrikanerdom and also housed the NWU Gallery, I was exposed to many striking exhibitions that explored issues related to race and identity. These included shows by Mary Sibande, Richardt Strydom, Usha Seejarim, Hasan and Husain Essop, Mohau Modisakeng, Katlego Tlabela, the Voices of Women Museum from Durban, as well as the deeply affecting spoken word poetry by Lebo Mashile and others from the WordNSound company. I was mesmerised by MBE Yinka Shonibare's *'Diary of a Victorian Dandy: 14.00 hours'*, spending hours before this magnificent photograph.

At the beginning of my postgraduate studies, I was employed at the NWU Gallery, where I worked on art exhibitions and other projects that sought to counter the pervading culture at NWU, creating a safe space for LGBTIQ+, black students and all those who needed a refuge.

It took me a few years to deconstruct my identity from the shame and hurt that had deeply affected me after being ostracised. After some time, I concluded that what happened to me did not determine what I am, but that I had a choice in deciding how it influences who I become. I had to liberate myself from the conditioned hold – both physical and mental – of my past. This personal truth can be seen as my identity crisis that led to my identity formation.

It is almost impossible to isolate religion from race and

“I went into a deep state of depression due to being white, asking how one could confront whiteness and how to go about dismantling white privilege.”

culture when speaking about matters of Afrikaner identity, encouraging an intersectional approach. Afrikaner identity is enveloped with its own brand of Calvinism, nationalism and patriarchy. Many Afrikaner people have changed; I come from a community that has not. Racism and homophobia, as well as religious dogma, continue to inform the outlook of many Afrikaners to varying degrees. From a generational perspective, using my family as a singular case study, it can be said that things are turning for the good, but a lot still needs to change.

Being queer, and part of the Other has sensitised me to the struggle of the marginalised and oppressed. Still, many of my challenges were lessened due to the privilege I possess as part of being white. My position means that my voice is heard, even if it is somewhat marginalised. This is a peculiar position for the descendant of former oppressors to be in. I am not unique, and my story is one of millions more. It's a reminder of the made-up English word 'sonder': the realisation that each random passerby is living a life as vivid and complex as your own.

I used to try and break away from the identity label of 'Afrikaner'. I was ashamed and preferred to be referred to as Afrikaans. I later came to realise that reclaiming the name from those who seek to give Afrikaners a bad name is vital. Afrikaans, with all its historical baggage, continues to play an integral part of the identity formation of millions of South Africans across a broad demographic of race, region and creed.

As part of a search for an identity free of oppression, I have sought to explore how Afrikaans is used and represented. In 1896, my great-great-grandfather Jan Lion Cachet, one of the

first writers in Afrikaans, was among the founding members of the very first Afrikaans magazine *Ons Klyntji*. It aimed to foster a literary culture and to shape Afrikaner identity. Its name, spelt in an early form of Afrikaans, translates to 'our little one'.

In the 2014, I began the online version of the magazine, *Klyntji* (klyntji.com), of which I am the editor. The non-commercial online journal engages with current-day topics related to cultural identity. *Klyntji* is informed by academic research on race, language, gender, sexuality and how it is conveyed by contemporary arts and culture across the globe.

The publication uses Afrikaans as a language among languages to transcend cultural boundaries through the telling of alternative narratives, challenging exclusion and oppression. It does this by promoting diverse arts and culture that progress towards a more equal, accepting and inclusive Global South.

In this way, I am creating a marker for myself and others of my generation. South Africa has plenty of other markers, of course; one of the most prominent of these is the country's Constitutional Court.

I work for the Constitutional Court Trust as assistant curator of the Constitutional Court Art Collection. The building and the art collection symbolise and give identity to South Africa's constitutional democracy – a political dispensation that has in recent years entered adulthood.

Our Constitution stipulates the normative principles on which our society is based, although it is not a certain ideology. Many would say that Archbishop Desmond Tutu's idea of a 'rainbow nation', based on the principle of non-racialism, has failed.

INSIGHT

Race permeates almost all aspects of South African life. Nothing about our society is non-racial. Instead, we look towards diversity rather than oneness. It is a complex situation. I guess what South Africa needs is a roadmap; the Constitution shows the way, but we still have a long journey ahead.

Many things hamper freedom, dignity and equality in South Africa. Life in the Anthropocene, with capitalism as the driving force, is causing irreparable environmental damage and rising inequality. That being said, it is through the transformative power of compassion for all living things that we can work towards a better future. HF



GULSHAN KHAN

Fees must fall protests, 2015

"This image was made at a time before I called myself a photojournalist or an artist, even before I considered that reality a possibility. The images that I made on this day, and in all the days that have followed since, are from a deep place of instinct and necessity to annotate and reflect on what I am bearing witness to."



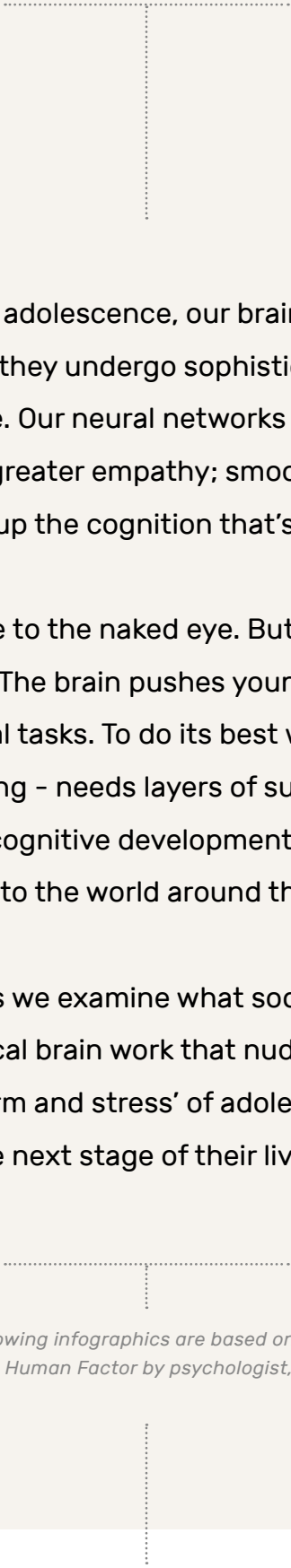
FACTS

INTERNAL CONDITIONS

“I don’t fancy colours of the face,
I’m always attracted to
colours of the brain.”

MICHAEL BASSEY JOHNSON

FACTS



By the time we reach adolescence, our brains have done most of their growing. Next, they undergo sophisticated upgrades that equip us for adult life. Our neural networks are constantly firing, pushing us towards greater empathy; smoothing over our wilder instincts and beefing up the cognition that's key to navigating life.

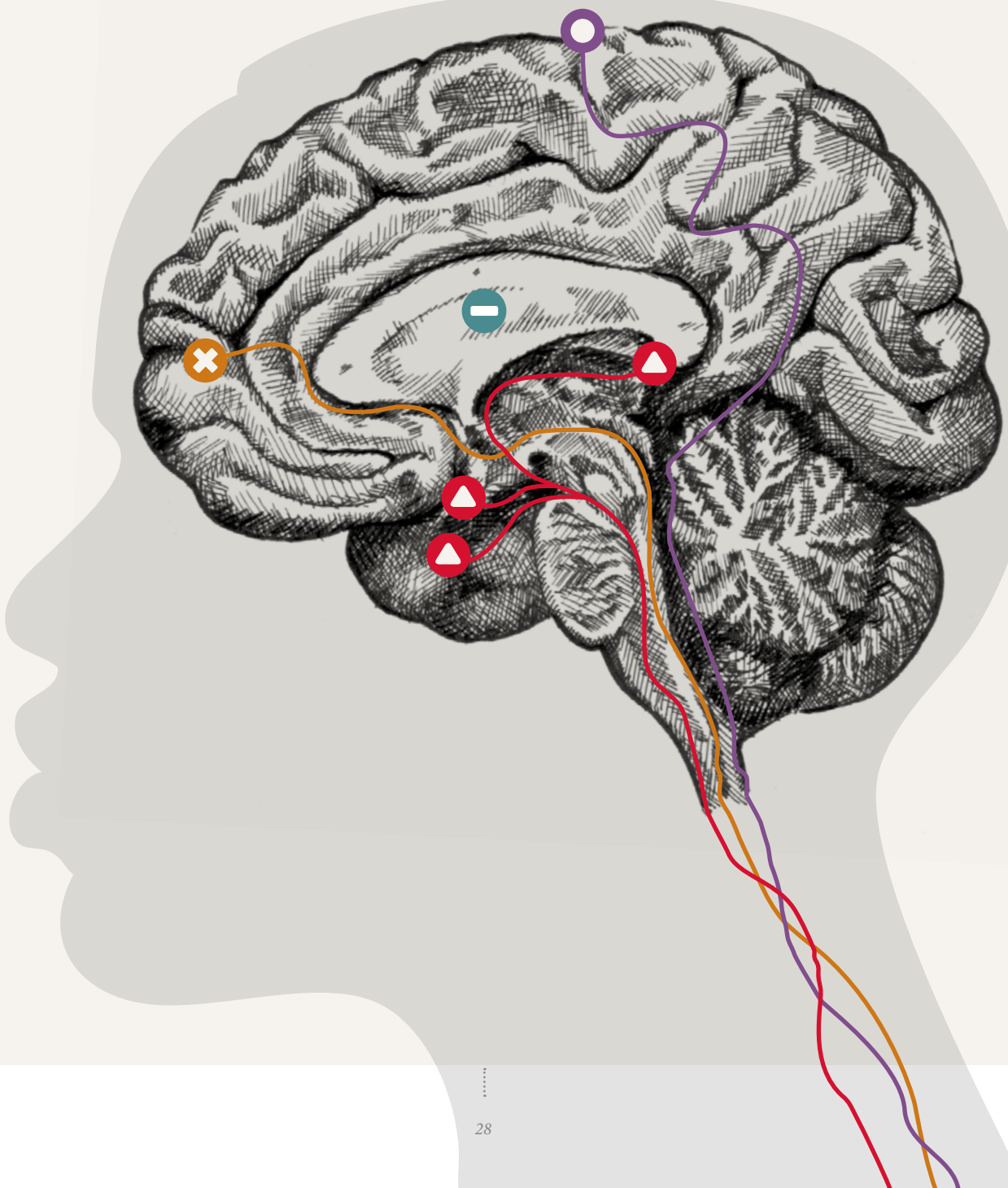
None of this is visible to the naked eye. But it's as critical as the growth we can see. The brain pushes young people to achieve certain psychological tasks. To do its best work, the brain – and the person it's building – needs layers of support: good physical nutrition, plenty of cognitive development and solid emotional ties to the world around them.

In the following pages we examine what society does to facilitate or inhibit the critical brain work that nudges young people through the 'storm and stress' of adolescence and onto the next stage of their lives.

*The following infographics are based on articles written for the Human Factor by psychologist, **ZAMO MBELE**.*

CHANGES IN THE STRUCTURE OF THE ADOLESCENT BRAIN

While the brain goes through important changes between the ages of 13 and 19, brain structures continue to mature right up until the age of 25.¹



Global changes

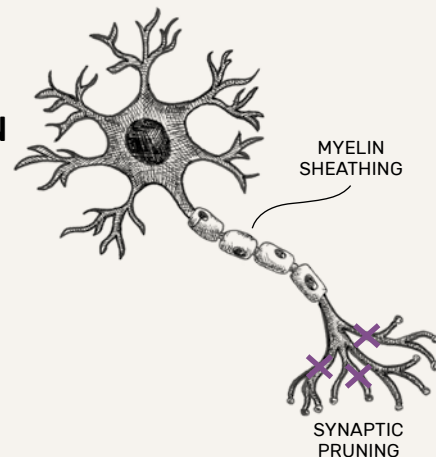
SYNAPTIC PRUNING

Synaptic pruning = The body's way of eliminating weak connections in the brain. The brain breaks down synapses – or brain structures that allow neurons to transmit signals to other neurons – that are no longer being used so the body can focus its resources on neural connections that are being used most.



MYELINATION

Myelin = The fatty tissue that covers nerve cells in the brain, helping neurons to communicate with each other faster.



Development of specific brain structures



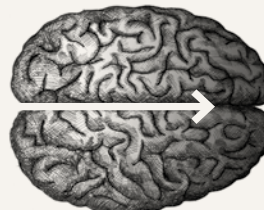
CORPUS CALLOSUM

The broad band of fibres connecting the left and right brain hemispheres.



PREFRONTAL CORTEX

The section of the frontal cortex that lies at the very front of the brain. It is responsible for abstract thinking, regulating emotions, focusing attention and impulse control – and so is key to thinking about the future, problem-solving and decision-making. The prefrontal cortex keeps maturing until the early 20s.



Brain maturation happens from back to front i.e. the prefrontal cortex is one of the last areas to mature.



PART OF THE LIMBIC SYSTEM

AMYGDALA & NUCLEUS ACCUMBENS

Parts of the brain involved in emotions, emotional responses and reward circuit.

HYPOTHALAMUS

A small but very important part of the brain responsible for the hormone system.

IMPLICATIONS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR FAMILIES

Adolescence represents a critical window in brain development, when parts of the brain develop rapidly and are highly sensitive to being shaped by experience and environmental exposure.

NEED MORE SLEEP

Compared to most children and adults, adolescents' levels of **melatonin** (the 'sleep hormone') are naturally higher later at night and drop later in the morning. This may explain why many teens and young people stay up late and struggle to get up in the morning. Teens should get nine to 10 hours of sleep a night, but most don't. A lack of sleep can make it difficult to pay attention, may increase impulsivity, irritability and could contribute to the development of depression.

FASTER, BETTER AND MORE SPECIALISED THINKING AND SKILLS

The **myelin** that starts to cover axons helps neurons to communicate 100 times faster. This increases adolescents' cognitive abilities significantly.

Synaptic pruning allows the brain to drop connections that are not needed and strengthen those that are used and practised often. This is where the 'use it or lose it' principle in brain development comes in – you get better at what you do the most.

DEVELOPING A SENSE OF IDENTITY

Adolescents' thinking starts to be more abstract, complex and hypothetical – they are now able to think about future possibilities, evaluate alternatives and set personal goals. It is through this process of abstract thinking, among other cognitive changes, that adolescents gradually start to develop a greater understanding of their sense of self and/or their own identity, including their sexuality.

FRIENDS (AND THEIR OPINIONS) ARE CENTRAL

Abstract reasoning makes it possible to consider yourself in the eyes of another. Teens may use this new skill to ruminate about what others are thinking of them. The adolescent brain is much attuned to **oxytocin** – a neural hormone that makes making friends and connections deeply rewarding. More than in any other stage of life, being with same aged peers is more than just a social preference; it becomes near instinctual. Friends also provide teens with opportunities to learn skills such as negotiating, compromise and group planning.

ON AN EMOTIONAL ROLLER-COASTER

In teenage years the **limbic system** – which is linked to emotional responses, immediate gratification and risk-taking – develops very quickly, while the **prefrontal cortex** develops slower.

Part of the limbic system, the **amygdala**, is thought to connect sensory information to emotional responses. Its development, along with hormonal changes, gives rise to newly intense experiences of rage, fear, aggression (including towards oneself), excitement and sexual attraction.

Over the course of adolescence, as the limbic system comes under greater control of the prefrontal cortex, adolescents start to have the computational and decision-making skills of an adult – **if given time and access to information**. But, in the heat of the moment, because their brains still rely more on the limbic system than the more rational prefrontal cortex, their decision-making can be overly influenced by emotions. This means that teens sometimes do unwise things when, if asked, they clearly know better.

Adolescents must deal with a huge amount of social, emotional and cognitive flux, all whilst having underdeveloped abilities to cope. They need their parents/caregivers – those people with the more stable adult brain – to help them by staying calm, listening and being good role models.

PRONE TO RISK-TAKING

Adolescents are more likely to think the benefits of risk behaviours outweigh any potential harm. In fact, until the **prefrontal cortex** has fully matured, adolescents usually rely on the 'mid-brain' to make decisions (the **amygdala** and the **nucleus accumbens**, which together are associated with emotions, instinct, pleasure and reward). From an evolutionary perspective, this responsiveness to risk and reward may have granted an adaptive edge: succeeding often requires moving out of home and into new environments; it can encourage innovation and novel thinking. However, without the appropriate boundaries and guidance, it is important to remember this orientation to risk-taking can also be very harmful and dangerous.

MISINTERPRETING FACIAL CUES AND TONE OF VOICE...

Adolescent brains are not always accurately reading or interpreting their parents' or educators' angry and sad responses. So rather than being "rebellious teenagers being deliberately obstinate or difficult", their brains may still be unable to detect subtle signs from parents, teachers and other adults or to decode them correctly.

... AND THE ABILITY TO ADOPT THE VIEWPOINT OF OTHERS IS STILL DEVELOPING

Because the **prefrontal cortex** develops last, the ability to infer another's perspective – emotional, intellectual or visual – improves with age. This means that teenagers can really struggle to see things from someone else's point of view.

MORE VULNERABLE TO DEVELOPING ADDICTION

Adolescents take more risks not because they don't understand the dangers – *but because they weigh risk versus reward differently to adults.*

The adolescent brain has a higher physical tolerance and stronger reward response to addictive substances. It is highly sensitive to rewards (like sugar or money) and to stimulating activities – far more than the adult brain. At the same time, the ability to inhibit impulses and strong emotions is not yet fully matured. As a result, adolescents are more vulnerable to developing a problem with alcohol and drugs. Of the most accessible drugs, alcohol and marijuana use can have long-term impact on teenagers' memory and cognitive function. The younger individuals are when they begin drinking/using drugs and the more they do so, the worse these affects will be as they grow older. A recent study found that 71% of 15–19-year-olds and 82% of 20–24-year-olds in South Africa reported binge drinking in the past month.²

PSYCHOSOCIAL TASKS OF YOUNG PEOPLE

Psychosocial tasks are the markers that define each stage of development. They are the mental, social and physical challenges that a person is normally expected to accomplish by a certain age or given point in life. We need to ask ourselves how easy the South African context makes it for young people to achieve these tasks. Unfortunately, as you will see here, if you come from an impoverished community, the answer is *very difficult*.

Defining identity boundaries by associating or rejecting concepts as part of the sense of self

I am my race*, my ethnic group, my group's history – or not.	I am this body, which is changing into an adult body.	I am what I know and what I can do.	I am my gender – which I associate with or not.	I am my sexual orientation.
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I am my ideas and my preferences: I am what I like and don't like; who I like and don't like; what I believe is important, unimportant, helpful or harmful, exciting or boring.

I am who I associate with. I am what other people think of me.

I am what I believe about myself – cool or dorky, strong or weak, clever or dumb, attractive or unattractive and so forth. I am represented by the physical symbols that represent these ideas about myself (for example, the music I listen to, my tattoo, my make-up/shoes, etc.).

Autonomy and independence

The roles and responsibilities of young people increase as they become more able, skilled and interested. Success in taking on new roles and responsibilities builds confidence and increases their sense of mastery of their world. They are working towards becoming independent from their caregivers – to learn, work and earn a living, and establish themselves as citizens in their own right.

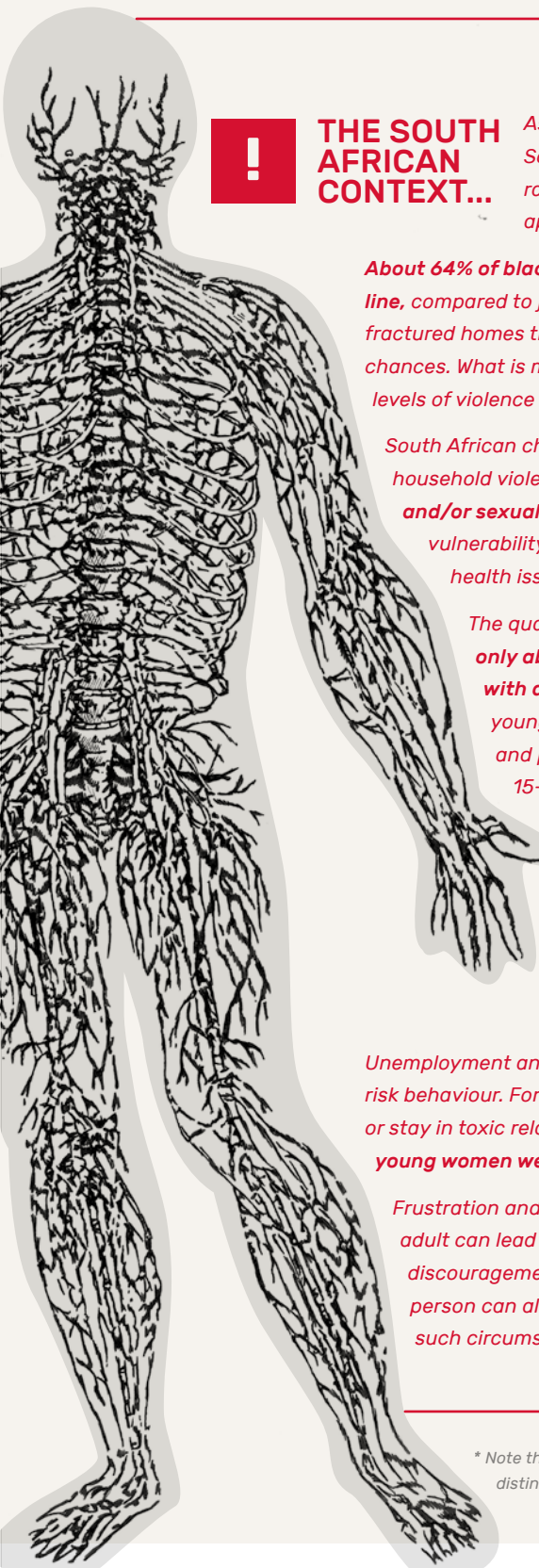
Significant relationships and social circles

The psychological development of young people requires them to form and negotiate relationships – mostly friendships and romantic ones – that are mutually close, supportive, healthy, generative, recreational, intimate and reciprocal. When helpful and healthy, these relationships offer safety, support and provision for their lives, and in some instances, for life.

1.
**DEFINE WHO I
AM AND WHAT
MAKES ME
SIGNIFICANT**

2.
**FIND WAYS
TO BECOME
INDEPENDENT**

3.
**FIND WAYS
TO FIT IN AND
GAIN SUPPORT
FROM OTHERS**



THE SOUTH AFRICAN CONTEXT...

As a result of apartheid, a system of institutionalised racial segregation, South Africa is the most unequal country in the world and is divided by race*. South Africa has been a democracy since 1994, but the legacy of apartheid remains.

About 64% of black youth (aged between the ages of 15 and 24) live below the poverty line, compared to just over 4% of white young people.³ Many young people come from fractured homes that face considerable challenges that will significantly impact their life chances. What is more, South African society is patriarchal with a violent masculinity – levels of violence against women and children are extreme.

South African children and young people have very high exposure to community and household violence.⁴ About one-third of 15–17-year-olds have been physically and/or sexually abused by an adult.⁵ Exposure to traumatic events compounds vulnerability during a period when young people are naturally sensitive to mental health issues.

The quality of education offered at about 80% of public schools is poor,⁶ and only about 40% of learners who start school in South Africa will leave with a matric certificate; of those, only 35% qualify for university.⁷ Many young people are therefore not well educated and do not have the skills and previous work experience demanded by employers. Of the 10.3 million 15–24-year-olds, approximately 3.5 million or 34% are not in employment, education or training – about 8.5 million 15–34-year-olds (42% of this age category).⁸ The spatial legacy of apartheid, which still starkly separates the rich (mostly whites) from the poor, leaves black and coloured youth with long distances to travel to be educated or to access employment. Many young people in South Africa therefore have limited opportunities to exercise personal agency and demonstrate their abilities in a positive self-affirming manner.

Unemployment and poverty influences young people's relationships, and may increase risk behaviour. For example, some young people may engage in transactional sex, and/or stay in toxic relationships for the sake of limited financial stability. In 2018, 540 000 young women were living with HIV – nearly four times more than young men.⁹

Frustration and failure on the journey to becoming an independent autonomous adult can lead to decreased self-esteem and feelings of shame, depression and discouragement. Peer groups can become an important support system, but a young person can also become increasingly vulnerable to negative group pressure under such circumstances.

* Note that race is not a biological reality. It is the idea that the human species is divided into distinct groups on the basis of inherited physical and behavioural differences.



.....

"Climate change is important for the youth to care about because we are the ones who will be affected by it. It might not affect us right now, but it is going to affect our future, and if we don't do anything about it, we might not have an earth to live on."

MAIL & GUARDIAN, 6 December 2019

Photograph by Ashraf Hendricks/GroundUp



Try to leave
Earth a BETTER
PLACE than when
you ARRIVED!



EXPRESSION

EXTERNAL C

“Each generation must,
out of relative obscurity, discover its
mission, fulfill it, or betray it.”

FRANTZ FANON

EXPRESSION

CONDITIONS

Young people in South Africa are transitioning from adolescence to adulthood in particularly trying circumstances. The country itself remains in social transition, struggling to mould its own identity as a nation. Many young people have been let down, their potential left under-developed because of the interplay of a large collection of social problems, arising from inequality and poverty.

One particularly debilitating issue is the highly unequal education system, which drastically underserves about 80% of learners and has been instrumental in keeping young people trapped in place as they struggle towards equality in the most unequal society in the world. Post-school, it is young people who've been hardest hit by South Africa's extraordinarily high levels of unemployment. The small group who have enjoyed relative privilege in the new system - primarily by being exposed to better educational opportunities, secured through huge sacrifice by their families - have been left with a sense of indebtedness to their families and communities.

EXPRESSION

In this section, we let young people's art speak for themselves.

When viewing these works, ask yourself:

What does this art say about the issues young people are struggling with? What must it be like to express yourself and your identity in the context of liberating globalisation, while at the same time you're being reined in by the traditions of older generations?

Where is your locus of control in a society rife with failing systems that has been designed to be unfair?

How do you achieve success in the shadow of indebtedness?

What happens when you feel you have nowhere to go, nothing to achieve — just a life lived “in the meantime”, waiting for change that never comes?

These artworks and the stories they tell remind us that young people are resisting; they are pushing back. Young people are working through their experiences, creating meaning that, over time, will shape identity – and ultimately turn into movements that will shape society.



USING THE QR CODES: Scan the QR code with your smartphone camera to listen or view a video, or to see more of the artist's work. Alternatively QR code reader apps are available for free on app stores.



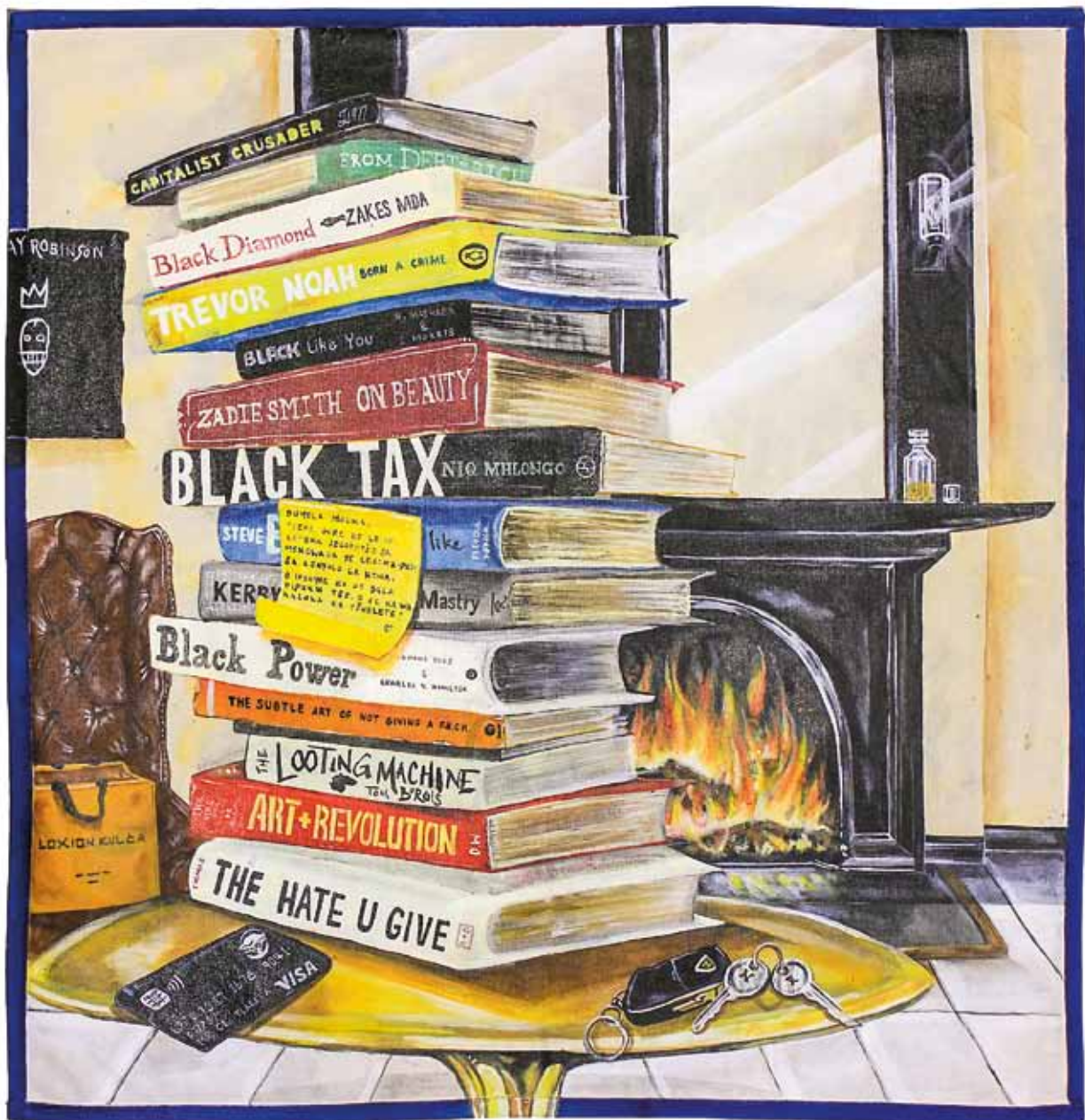
This piece explores the various pressures on black school pupils to maintain lineages of black excellence. It draws on historical references, including the development of black intellectualism in South Africa within the mission schooling system. It places this history in contrast with the uncertainty that many young people face as they exit the schooling system in a country with such high youth unemployment, which puts the value of their qualifications/achievements into question.

NALEDI MAJOLA

'VIRTUS'

.....





KATLEGO TLABELA

'Generational knowledge'



DETAIL

Translation from Sepedi:

*"Hi Son. Just to let you know that we have gone
to celebrate our 12th wedding anniversary.
Enjoy reading these books. Don't waste any money."*

...





IMRAAN CHRISTIAN

'Rhodes must fall' (March 2015)

.....



IMRAAN CHRISTIAN

'Fees must fall' (October 2015)

.....





In her series 'Good and Evil', Lady Skollie consistently probes the social violence of the dop system, in which people were paid in alcohol in what she terms 'papsak propaganda'; the arrival of the Dutch East India Company in 1652; and the land question. It is a study of the reality of people the apartheid government classified as coloured and an engagement with our collective heritage.

She explains: "It's dark. It's depressing, and I think that I have a gift in terms of showing dark, heavy, ugly, grotesque, horrible, horrendous things, in a way that draws people in, in terms of the colours and the techniques... and then when they get too close, that shock of: 'Oh my gosh, it's actually ugly, or actually it's scary or terrifying, or what it represents makes me feel uncomfortable', so I think it's all a trick. [It's like those] flowers that get pollinated by flies, because they smell like rotting meat, but it's pretty when you see them from far – that's what my work is to me."

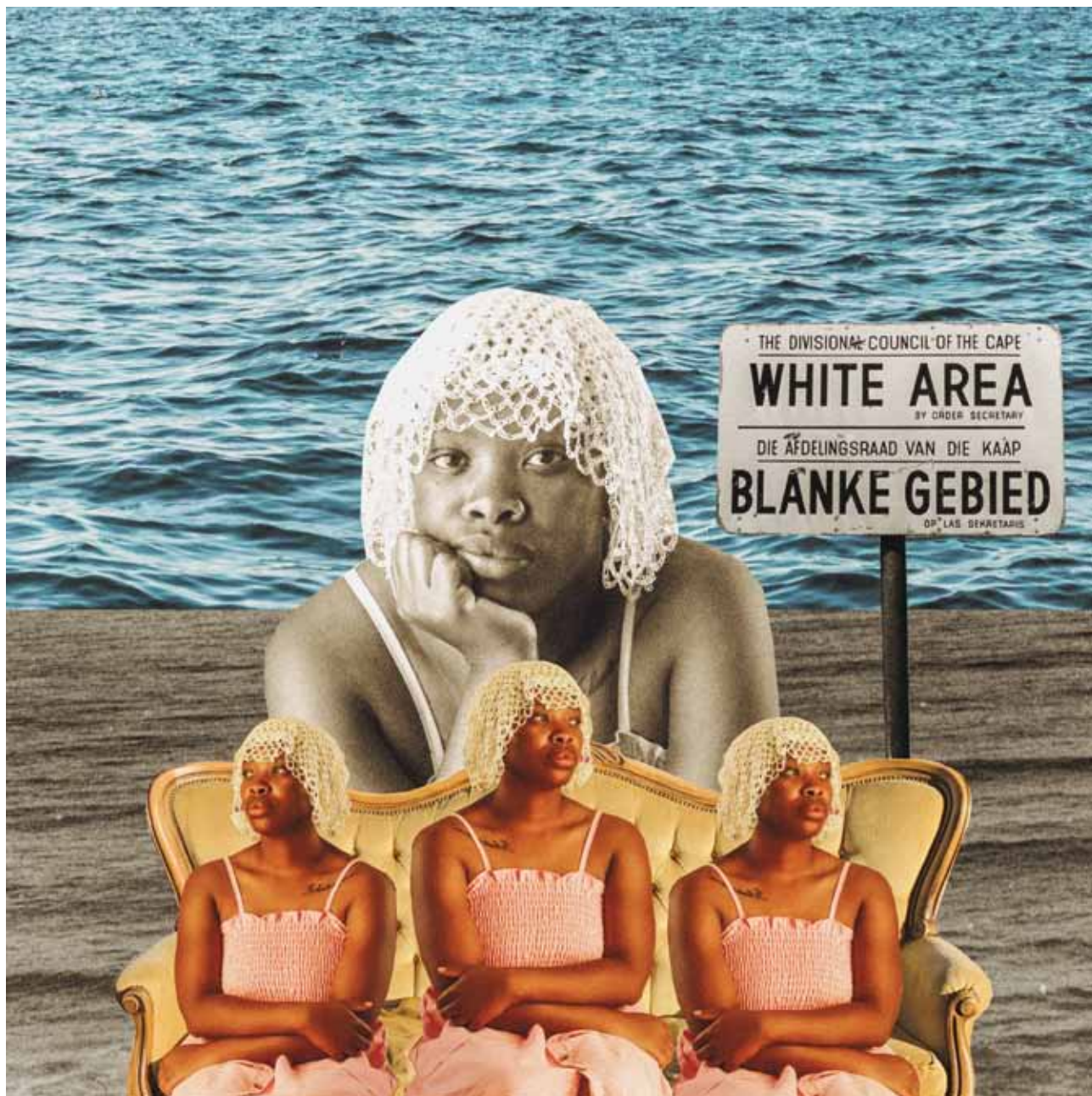
"There's a lot of unresolved trauma in South Africa, and I think in terms of colouredness, it's probably the most, and that is very evident in how we perceive violence, how we perceive power, how we perceive anything really," she says.¹⁰

LADY SKOLLIE

'Papsak Propoganda II'

...





PULENG MONGALE

'White Fragility / Life still be like this sometimes' (left)

'A girl with many lives' (right)

.....



"I created these two pieces shortly after I was retrenched. I worked in an advertising agency as a community manager and I was the only black girl in the team. During my time at this job, my entire existence was always seen as some sort of rebellion. I always had a lot of explaining to do about... everything! That's when I realised what white fragility was about, where [my] white colleagues always felt threatened by me just existing and how their fears always resulted in my oppression."





TONY GUM

'Xhosa woman / Umfazi'

.....



HUSTLER'S PRAYER

OUR HUSTLE WHO ART IN CITY
HOLLOW BE THY NAME

THY FINANCE COME

WEALTH'S WILL BE DONE

IN CITY AS IT IS IN MANSION

GIVE US THIS CASH

OUR DAILY BREAD

AND FORGIVE US OUR

BANK BALANCE

AS WE FORGIVE THOSE

WHO ARE IN DEBT TO US

BUT DELIVER US

FROM BROKENNESS

FOR MONEY IS THE

FREEDOM

THE POWER AND

THE GLORY

FOREVER

AND NEVER

AHH... MONEY



ZHI ZULU

'Hustler's Prayer'

.....



HAND-ME-DOWNS

In January,
birthdays are celebrated
with a bucket of KFC, a simple cake and Coca-Cola.
Schools open in January, so do not even consider throwing a party;
if you were allowed to invite your friends from next door,
you were lucky.

But even with January syndrome,
we made sure to not attend the first day of school
in our November uniform or December braids,
even if they were still in good condition.
Everything had to be brand new: hair relaxed or shaved,
Vaseline so thick it could withstand any and all weather.
We were shiny and hopeful.
For what?
We did not know.
From our hairline to our toenails, we were new.

The first day of school was always a contest,
a competition that secretly bulldozed some wallets.
We side-eyed school shoes to see if they were a Toughee or Buccaneer.
The boys who wore Grasshoppers were cooler than cool.
The girls who did not adhere to the knee-length rule
were delinquents sent to detention.
Stationary was not complete until it came in a Waltons box.
Learning did not begin until your black book was covered in plastic and
something colourful.

New marked us, shaped our behaviour and postures.
New created an illusion that some haves had more than what they flashed.

Sacrifice made provision.
Sacrifice miraculously multiplied itself in the face of love or shame.
I come from a lineage of multiplication:
of manna from the sky,
of two fishes and five loaves,
of water turned into wine.
I also come from a lineage of borrowed and borrowing.
#e neighbour's sugar was an open jar without a debt collector.

(sometimes) new was a luxury,
was *impossible* mailed to God via prayer.

*The older sibling must wear their jersey with care and only on Sundays,
it will be yours in two years*
was as new as it got (sometimes).

My oversized school uniform was a savings account in fabric.

If it was broken, it could be fixed.
If it was dead, it could be resurrected.
If was torn, it could be stitched.

If it was lost,
you—wi—ll—fi—nd—it—be—cau—se—mo—ney—does—not—gr—ow—on—tr—ees!

New was a synonym for wealthy, even if it was not true.
New was an adjective for anxiety.

The tension between *new* and *second-hand*
was like living in a house without a roof
and hoping that it did not rain,
crossing fingers that your No Name brand would not stick out
or talk or undress you in public.

The desire for *new* cultivated ugly habits,
wove desires in us
we could only articulate through imagination.

In our imagination,
we were brown bodies
living like kings in white people's houses.
We were superheroes and skinny models
with white faces.
We were ordering desserts we could not pronounce
in accents that were not ours.
We were in aeroplanes that were going anywhere
but where we came from.

Even our blackness was unaffordable.
We were not too poor to afford a *What if?*
We were whens and hows and nows
and fingers snapping at a waiter to hurry up.

New
was
a
noose
we
used
to
cut
ourselves
off
from
reality.

I have inherited a lineage of hand-me-downs.
It has made me a mechanic and magician.
It has made my bank account a bucket with a hole.
Black tax is the water.
I have learnt how to say my glass is half-full even when it's broken.
I also know how to clone myself.
Give, even when there is nothing left.
I have my grandparents' leftovers in my habits.

Where I come from,
hand-me-downs were not always material things.
A six-hundred rand sneaker on the dinner table
was the manifestation of a hunger in us
that food could not fill.

When you are black and poor
and showing up in a system
that looks at you like you are
dirt.
Cheap.
Disposable.
Damaged.
Labour.

Talks to you like you are a hand-me-down.
Wears you out like you are a hand-me-down.
Walks on you like you are a hand-me-down.
Discards you like a hand-me-down.
We make ourselves poorer to appear rich.
We unlock 'wealth' with loans and debt
and lay-byes and Foschini accounts and bills
and a constant desire for more.
For better.
For new.

The system has us in shacks, wrestling with a hand-to-mouth syndrome.
Has us driving around squatter camps in a Mercedes.
It is always showing us
what we cannot have,
who we cannot be,
and what has been stolen from us.

Where I come from,
hand-me-downs were not always by choice.

(sometimes) it was all there was.
(sometimes) it was a love that
said: *I kept this as good as new for you.*
Said: *Wear this memory with me.*
Said: *I will not be full if you are not eating.*

(sometimes) hand-me-downs were a sacrifice that said:
I am here.
No matter the condition.

KOLEKA PUTUMA

'Hand-Me-Downs'

...







SHO MADJOZI

'Kona' video stills

(Translated from Tsonga, *kona* means 'we belong everywhere')

...

SCAN TO WATCH



"The beauty of art and the process of making art is the continuous learning for you as the conduit it presents itself through.

'Appropriate II', much like the entire series, serves as a personal reminder to be proudly African – whenever and wherever – with no need for external validation, but an almost ancestral appreciation for the rich history that we, as the new generation, continue to document, rewrite and express through our very existence, which serves as a form of resistance to stereotypical ideals. Our cultures and heritage exist beyond the complimentary public holiday like Heritage Day, and our histories are not only significant or embroidered with colonialism during Black History month. While it is true that you can challenge ideas, it is also true that you cannot kill them. The same thing can be said of our energy as African youth. Now and forever."





TSOKU MAELA

'Appropriate II'

.....





"When I think about the work, I remember that it was dedicated to reminding myself and my peers not to lean too much on people we encounter online. Yes, most of us have overlapping ideologies, but that does not necessarily make us friends. It's one of those tricky chats that help one figure out who is in their corner. The work also touches on the common aspiration of having good looking people in your squad - a completely normal yet compromising aspiration."



DADA KHANYISA

'Squad Goals (internet friends are not your real friends)'

.....



“Although he is called the same person, he never has the same constituents, but is always being renewed... This does not apply only to the body, but also to the mind: attributes, character-traits, beliefs, desires, pleasures, pains, fears – none of these ever remain the same in each of us...”

PLATO, Symposium



Plato wrote these words more than 2 000 years ago and it still applies. They say: “Nothing is new under the sun”. I mostly agree. But certain knowledge fluctuates in its popularity over the ages, and so we have to repeat it. Each generation has to insistently remind itself of the knowledge which is dear to it, or else it could disappear. When ancient knowledge is lost in memory, near completely, it seems completely new and radical when it is rediscovered.

The same could be said about human beings.

We are born, we learn things, we develop passions; and depending on the fashions of the day and the political climate, we adapt. Those long-nurtured passions are either sustained or left behind in this immutable process - we have to live, after all; first and foremost. We have to be alive. So, in order to live, we forget those passions, or carefully conceal them, and fires that once blazed become dying embers.

When I was a child in Alice, my aunts - who were young enough to be my friends - used to dress me up in their clothes, and have me parade on the coffee table for my grand uncle. He always affirmed me, and referred to me by the feminine name that my aunts had given me.

I was close to these aunts. They recognised something in me that wasn’t yet named. I wanted to be them. So when it was time for me to buy a swimming costume, I wanted a one-piece swimsuit that looked like theirs.

My mother told me that I was a boy. That swimsuit was “for girls”. I threw a tantrum. She called the shop assistants to help her convince me to buy the “boys’ costume”.

That didn’t work. What did work was when the manager came to the scene and threatened to call the police on me as a scare tactic. I stopped my tantrum and reluctantly acquiesced to the boys’ speedo. I now understood where my allotted space in society was.

This was my station all my life until I released my debut album: one of shame and the constant toil to squeeze myself into my prepared masculine space in society. I did my best to follow the rule, but soon

would lose focus and steer in a different direction, only to have my conscience remind me of the line I was to follow. Scare tactics, internalised, normalised.

Looking back at my work over the past seven years since I released my debut album, I see an artist in constant movement. Slowly, so as not to confuse vertigo with progress.

My debut album, *Brave Confusion* is a cry. The person singing those songs is sparring with themselves. They know that there is more to their body, to their voice and even to their imagination than what they've been limited to. And so they cry.

I had to stop crying and make a decision on what my life was going to be. The story is old now. I left the church, etc. But what I seldom speak about is how leaving the church not only opened up the channels of my life and desires, but the channels of possibility for my imagination. I could write about whatever subject I chose now without being worried that it was a sin. That opening up also extended to my views on gender.

An example is the grapple in the 'In the Dark Room' music video. Two masculine figures appear:

1. Performing the song to the camera,
2. Vying for the attention of the 1 who is attentive to the camera. 2 starts to caress 1. When they don't get the attention, the desire, 2 resorts to acts of violence.

By the time I got to rewriting the novel *Piggy Boy's Blues* (it needed a complete re-write because the initial draft was a bloated quasi-Christian exaltation of men - from Biblical myths, to the downtrodden protagonist), I was suspicious of masculinity. Not just masculinity but men in general. The men in *Piggy Boy's Blues* had to be something else. Something imagined. They were cast and set in places I grew up in, but their circumstances and how they behaved in those circumstances were imagined, almost utopian. This was no exaltation, but a questioning of how three men in a house would behave if they don't have to worry about consequences.

And there, in the questioning of my masculinity, I started allowing my femininity to exist. Up until that point I had been wrestling it down. The communities I grew up in treasured masculinity as something to aspire to. Femininity was something to be ashamed of in what is understood as a masculine body. So for my second album, *You Will Not Die*, I decided that my visual language would become softer, that my image itself would be more glamorous and colourful, playing with a slightly exaggerated femininity. I performed this femininity with the ferocity of someone who had been denied for too long.

Here I am now, today, in swimming shorts and a striped vest in my apartment. I know that moderation and what feels truly good is what I'm after. I'm starting to become aware of a healthier masculinity, that isn't centred on domination, and I'm interested in exploring it in tandem with radical femininity.

NAKHANE

"We have to live"

...





Initiated in 2015, 'Elegy' is a long-term commemorative performance project. Staged in various locations and contexts, each performance calls together a group of female vocal performers who collectively enact a ritual of mourning. Durational and physically taxing, the performance sustains a kind of sung cry – evoking the presence of an absent individual. Responding to the physical, ontological and structural outworkings of rape-culture in South Africa, 'Elegy' performances recall the identity of individuals whose subjectivities have been fundamentally violated – and who are, as such, all too easily consigned to a generic, all-encompassing victimhood.



GABRIELLE GOLIATH

'Elegy'

.....

65

SCAN TO WATCH



JOHANNESBURG

Johannesburg, let my people glow
All the dream-chasers
The skyscrapers that raise us
The moon that brings out the best in us
And stars that pave the way for us

The highways, the one-way-streets
The nightclubs, the township beats
Every child who dares to be:
Opens books to bring new worlds to reach

And those who carry your skyline
In their spine, like me
Who love all these brown girl
Poems into you, intimately
This city could have your back
Like Julius Caesar's was had
Or hold you up high, infinitely
Power cuts and power trips
Because there is no place like home
Jozi Maboneng keeps its own kind of electricity

So, Johannesburg let my people glow

All them, fathers, husbands
And sons who rise before dawn
Them beat rock to the tune
Of abandoned wives & children's cries
Mines them deep for an untoward sacrifice –
Can you dig that?
How history a monument of a man,
A maggot can make
Can't nothing suit your tie
When you're up to your neck in shackles
That your soul can't shake
Time turns you into a slow death
At a fast pace
But, we're born of miners and railway workers
Who built this city on their backs

Bless their souls, they dug deep so we could stay on track
Bless their souls, they dug deep so we could stay on track
Bless their souls, they dug deep so we could stay on track

And go for gold
But this blood is tired of running
So, Johannesburg, let my people glow
And, History, you let my people go

Born beneath the boot of a world
Which earthquakes on our very souls
Likes us more spineless than whole
Forces us to wear brown skin like an apology

But Johannesburg,
I have lived and loved in the way that you let my people glow

And I know
We often question the mercy of a supreme power
But have you seen how even clouds commit suicide
And still resurrect as flowers?
Each time a hero dies, we dance our cries
Into a giant's shoulders
Because gravity has never ever known
How to hold us
So, glow
Like the stars have nothing on your shine
In time,
Love us encyclopaedic
Catalogue the survival in our spines
Reference our pulse as grand centuries of footsteps
The tenacity to strive
The audacity of breath
Glow
And I swear, one day you will know that
There is a sacred sermon in the tone of your skin
The way sun rays unashamedly sing
Their fellowship to your melanin
The music that moulds brown her's and hymns' –
Reminds you, that it has always been light –
That worships you as kin

It's a new dawn, it's a new day
Here comes the sun, little darling
Now, Johannesburg goddamn –
Let my people glow

LEBOHANG MASANGO

'Johannesburg'

...



“It is time my voice was heard.
No more hiding it and keeping
my thoughts to myself.

No more shrinking myself
To take up less space in
the world.”

BANELE KHOZA



BANELE KHOZA

'We all want to be seen'

.....





JOHN BALOYI

'Untitled'

...





BOIPELO KHUNOU

'Bontle Ba Tlhago I - Dudu'

(Translated from Setswana, *bontle ba tlhago* means 'the beauty of nature')

.....





KENEILWE MOKOENA

'#8019'

.....



BLACK JOY

We were spanked for each other's sins,
spanked in syllables and by the word of God.
Before dark meant home time.

My grandmother's mattress
knew each of my
siblings,
cousins,
and the neighbour's children's
morning breath
by name.

A single mattress spread on the floor was enough for all of us.

Bread slices were buttered with iRama
and rolled into sausage shapes;
we had it with black rooibos, we did not ask for cheese.

We were filled.
My cousins and I would gather around one large bowl of umngqusho,
each with their own spoon.
Sugar water completed the meal.

We were home and whole.

But
isn't it funny?
That when they ask about black childhood,
all they are interested in is our pain,
as if the joy-parts were accidental.

I write love poems, too,
but
you only want to see my mouth torn open in protest,
as if my mouth were a wound
with pus and gangrene
for joy.

KOLEKA PUTUMA

'Black joy'

...



"We are how we imagine ourselves
and how others imagine us...

Who we are, and who we are capable
of becoming depends very much
on the stories we tell,
the stories we
listen to and the
stories we live."

EMMANUEL KATONGOLE

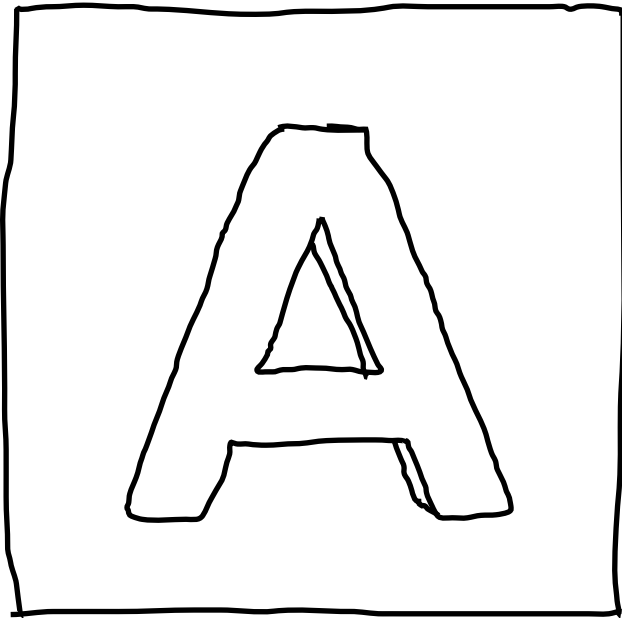
THE STORIES THAT DEFINE US



Young people's stories are at the heart of this edition of the *Human Factor*, in their own words – full of their hurt, anger, pain and their potential. It doesn't always make for comfortable reading, but the complexity of young people's lives, of the wounds they have to heal, and of the hopes they hold, are far too often simplified when filtered through an adult lens.

As Lovelyn Nwadeyi points out, in South Africa we like to tell the story of the 'born frees', the first generation of South Africans who were "born free" after the country's first democratic election in 1994. "Sometimes it falls on a generation to be great. You can be that great generation. Let your greatness blossom," Nelson Mandela told young people. This was meant to be the generation of hope, free from our painful historical baggage, or so the story goes. But the 'born frees' are now young adults and they beg to differ about being born "free".

Here we share four more stories to pull together the different strings of this issue, helping you to weave a tapestry of tales about young people in South Africa – from their own perspective, experience and insight. Not a neat, satisfying, linear cause-and-effect story, but one that is complicated, messy, interesting and inspiring.



Author Clinton Chauke documents some of the sentiments of his generation in his book, *Born in chains: The diary of an angry 'born free'*, in which he argues that his generation is still very much trapped by the enduring tendrils of the oppressive system that preceded them: *"To be born free, to me, comes with a double meaning. It's a term that a lot of people like to use, freely, forgetting its implications and connotations. That's why I put the inverted commas there in the title, because I don't really believe I was born free. If you look at South Africa, poverty is a very sad reality for many. Our poverty comes from racism, and racism locks out talent, oppressed people can't express themselves."*

This sense of disillusionment is habitually portrayed by the media and public opinion in a negative light, positioning youth as both threat and problem. Negative portrayals are by no means a modern phenomenon though; people have always loved to discredit the young. In *The Winter's Tale*, Shakespeare reflects: *"I would there were no age between*

ten and three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest; for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancients, stealing, fighting". In South Africa, people often express their fears about the power of young people as a disgruntled group, referring to them as a "ticking time bomb" that will destroy the country, and all of us along with it, should they 'explode'.

This fear of imminent explosion – the question that often ripples about why we have not yet had an uprising – demonstrates that, for all the jargon of being 'born free', we know in our bones that young South Africans are a generation trapped by the legacies of our brutal past.

And yet there is something extraordinarily positive about our young people. Not the fatuous hope we hold onto when some young person defies all their circumstances to achieve incredible feats, but rather the hope that exists in the immense potential of young people's powerful, sensationseeking, risk-taking brains.

The very characteristics that make us so frightened of their potential to destroy are what give them the potential to create.

The brain development of young people is one of the stories with which many people are not familiar. This is why we draw attention to it in this issue of the *Human Factor*, together with the many other stories told by young people themselves – through their art and their reflections.

The Nigerian author Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie warns: *"The single story creates stereotypes and the problem with stereotypes is not that they are untrue, but that they are incomplete. They make one story become the only story."*

BOLD AND BRAVE



“I tried to fit in, as all teenagers do,” Luthando Mzilikazi told us when we interviewed her for our ‘Youth Create Change’ resources a few years ago. She was 25 years old then. “My mom worked two jobs, so I had a lot of time on my own. I did a lot of things that I probably shouldn’t have done. I got sucked into the BlesserBlessee” environment in Grade 10. That’s the year I fell pregnant. I was the first to fall pregnant in my street, and after me there were nine other girls.

My family only found out when I was six months along because I was too scared to tell them. The guy was nine years older. When my family finally found out, they stopped supporting me – even emotionally. Everyone was telling me to ‘abort!’ – but how do you abort at six months along? With the benefit of hindsight, I think that was the turning point of my life. That is when I decided I needed to go back to school, even though some people wanted me to quit school and go work at Shoprite to fund my baby. My gran was one of the very few people who never judged me.

I might have been on a different trajectory if I hadn’t had these experiences. Had I not fallen pregnant at 15, and given birth at 16, I think I would’ve continued in the arts. But I don’t think I would have met the fantastic people I have met – really high-impact leaders who have changed the way I think. I don’t think I would’ve realised how much strength, resilience and perseverance I have. I don’t think I would’ve wanted to be bold and brave. I would’ve been a gypsy somewhere, smoking weed and being free. I think I would have continued thinking that life owes me an experience. Instead, I have truly lived the experience – and it’s so much more potent and so much more impactful than it would have been if I had enacted the artistic character in myself.

When I think of what unlocks potential, for me it was having the responsibility of another human being who was fully dependent on me, whose eyes are fixed on me as a role model – someone who is going to teach him about life... That created a mindshift for me.”

Luthando's is a story of two brains: one with a matured prefrontal cortex urging safety and security (*"get a job, find a way to support yourself, resign yourself that your mistake has absorbed your life chances"*); the other, the dynamic and evolving prefrontal cortex of youth (*"this cannot be it, there must be more, I will take the risk"*).

The late maturation of the prefrontal cortex (see page 29) means that the very things we wish young people would do – or the 'sensible' decisions we want them to make – are precisely what they are not equipped to do. Their highly sensitive reward centre leads them to calculate risk very differently from adults, not necessarily downplaying the riskiness of situations, but over-valuing the rewards that they will experience. In effect, their biology pushes them to seek out and stimulate this reward centre via risk-taking and sensation-seeking.

Their social-mindedness means that their dopamine hits are even harder and more powerful when they involve social recognition and status. This means peer group responses are hugely influential, which is why we see phenomena like

'Blessers' and why peer pressure is such a powerful force in young people's lives.

But it's also a force that we can harness. In her book *Join the Club: How Peer Pressure can Transform the World*, Tina Rosenberg shows just how powerful peer pressure can be in shaping positive behaviours. Her case study on the teen antismoking programme 'Rage Against the Haze' shows that rather than moralising with young people, we can harness their innate desire to feel powerful and to push back at societal constructions by creating opportunities for them to test out these strategies against social challenges. This has been one of the great successes of the global environmental movement too – creating opportunities for risky, expressive, creative demonstrations.



.....
"You don't choose challenges, challenges choose you."

LUTHANDO SIYAMTHANDA MZILIKAZI

*Business Development Manager at Allan Gray in her late 20s
(read her full story at youth.dgmt.co.za)*

Photograph by Bart Love

.....



SWAPPING THE ZOO FOR THE WAITING PLACE

“



started at Belgravia High, which was a nice school for me because I met different people there,” says Lance van Eyslend, from Bonteheuwel. “I got sports that you wouldn’t normally get at your average Bonteheuwel school, like tennis, hockey and golf. That was really fun for me. My downfall was that I started selling drugs when I was 15 at my school. For some reason I thought it was cool to sell drugs there because I saw my friends doing it and it seemed like a good way to make some money. That’s how I got expelled.

A couple of months later, when the new year started, my mom enrolled me at Bonteheuwel High. I thought it was going to be better, but turns out I was wrong. It was the worst decision of my life because I wouldn’t call that a school; I would call it a zoo. People don’t pay attention in class; they run up and down the corridors and bunk classes and smoke at school. There’s always trouble with gangsters at the school too. Children stab each other and fight with the teachers especially. I dropped out when I got there because I saw that it was not a learning environment.

I decided to leave because my report card kept coming in and I was getting 1s and 0s and that’s not me; usually I was a top student. But, since there were so many things distracting me, I couldn’t learn. I told my parents: ‘This school is not for me. I’m so sorry to do this to you guys again, but I’m going to have to drop out.’

I regret that decision every day of my life. Every day I wake up and it’s the same thing: rap, smoke, play soccer, repeat. I regret it because I won’t have that opportunity again.”

Lance and his friends are still stuck:
 “Most of the time I think, *‘Will we be stuck here forever? Society will draw us into the dangers of the world, like gangsterism. Will we be part of it or will we be the ones that get away?’* That’s the question we all ask ourselves. What will we be in 10 years from now? Will we still all be together? Or will we lose one to the system?”

In South Africa, the youthful hope of a bright and beautiful future comes up against the harsh realities of emerging adulthood: dropping out of school or getting stuck there; leaving home or feeling trapped there; finding work or hustling on the side to try and make ends meet; trying to make something of themselves as they try find themselves. Page 33 highlights some of the struggles unique to the South African context that young people must overcome – at the same time they have to navigate the everyday psychosocial tasks of adolescence.

What is particularly dangerous are the effects of toxic stress on their developing brains. While adults can process bursts

of cortisol (the stress hormone) in a few hours, young people may take much longer; this can affect the ways in which their brains make their millions of neural connections, and the pathways through the brain that are being strengthened through myelination. It is also why substance use is so dangerous to their developing brains.

Worryingly, in a recent survey, 71% of teens reported having had a binge-drinking episode in the past month.¹² Teen brains are much more susceptible to getting hooked on the dopamine hits from substances, making them far more likely to fall into addiction – at the same time their brains are far more vulnerable to the negative effects of these substances.



.....

"We're in Bonteheuwel. It's very corrupt and there's a lot of gangsterism. Children get indoctrinated by the wrong people. They throw their lives away for nothing and get themselves killed. I don't know why they do it, though. I wouldn't do it. I think it's stupid. I try to avoid it, because there's nothing in it for me. I would just be putting myself on the playing field to get killed. I don't want to do that. I want to do more with my life than just become a gangster and stand on corners and play dice for money."

LANCE VAN EYSLAND, 18 years old. He dropped out of school at the end of Grade 9. Read his story at dgmt.co.za/dropout

Photograph by Bart Love

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WE ALL HAVE DREAMS

“I didn’t do well in matric. Actually, I failed Grade 12,” shares Siyabonga Mbaba. “But I didn’t give up on life. I decided to do something that would help me to grow as an individual and help my family at the same time. I looked for a job, but I couldn’t get one because I didn’t qualify. After volunteering at an NGO for a bit, I was at home for three months doing nothing – just being depressed, thinking about life, hating myself and the way I grew up.

I’ve learnt that in black schools they teach children to become slaves. They teach them how to become employees, to work for someone; but when you go to Model C schools or to white schools, they teach children how to start their own businesses and become independent. That’s one of the things I hate about school, specifically black schools in the townships. The problem is that in the township, after people study and start their own companies and become successful, they go and stay in the suburbs... So in the township we don’t have positive role models. Those guys who steal cars are some people’s only inspiration, showing that to be successful in life, you have to steal cars and do that kind of stuff.

The transition out of school was a good experience for me. I don’t think you need an education to become successful – it’s all in your brain; it’s how you think. Some people become successful because they’ve studied and whatever, and some people because of the drive they have – they have a vision for their lives. I wouldn’t say I had a role model. That’s one of the reasons I wanted to start my own thing. I want to be the mentor that I never had.”

Siyabonga started a non-profit company, Iphuphalami Improvements. *Iphupha* means 'dreams' and *lami* (like *iphuphalam*), 'my dream'.

"We all have dreams, we all want to become someone in life, we all want to be famous, have degrees and big cars and be celebrities. Everyone has different dreams. We do art exhibitions as well as business expos. We want to help those who have dreams," explains Siyabonga.

One of the fascinating aspects of adolescent brains is just how well-adapted they are to the particular realities of being young. Young people are hardwired to deal with problems; to take on new, unfamiliar challenges. Aligning themselves with certain points of view is part of defining their identity, which is why it jars when older people say young people are apathetic.

"Young people are not apathetic. They're deeply political," says Youth Lab's Managing Director Pearl Pillay. "We cover all provinces, as far as we can – and we've not met any of these apathetic young people. Nobody has ever said to us, 'We don't

care.'" In fact, she argues, young people's everyday existence in South Africa "is politics". The problem is that young people just don't know how to translate their knowledge of the daily ins-and-outs of their own lives into change on a systems level. "You have to take three taxis to get to school; each one is overloaded, the roads are bad, and you're being sexually harassed by the driver... but without political education you don't know what to do with that knowledge. Young people are very engaged; they just don't know what to do to make that relationship between your community and politics work. The problem, too, is that the people in power just aren't hearing young people."

AN INEXPERIENCED DOCTOR DISCOVERS HE POSSESSES SOMETHING VALUABLE

“

A

really useful comment someone made to me early on was that I had an instinct for public health, and that I could see things differently, which was something I had never realised. That was really, really helpful – I guess I was a bit intimidated by the number of letters behind people's names in terms of degrees and specialisations and here I was, fresh out of medical school.

What I realised – in time – was that relative inexperience was a blessing; it had worth. I could look at things through different eyes. I could really struggle to understand what was going on, instead of trying to locate it in a particular academic theory or what others had said about it.

That's helped me as I have looked for people to work with in my career – I haven't necessarily looked for people with many degrees behind their names. I look for people who are willing to think differently, to look at a problem differently, and to carve out their own path. It stemmed from someone who looked at me and was willing to affirm what I was bringing to the table even though I didn't have all the qualifications.” Dr David Harrison, CEO, DGMT

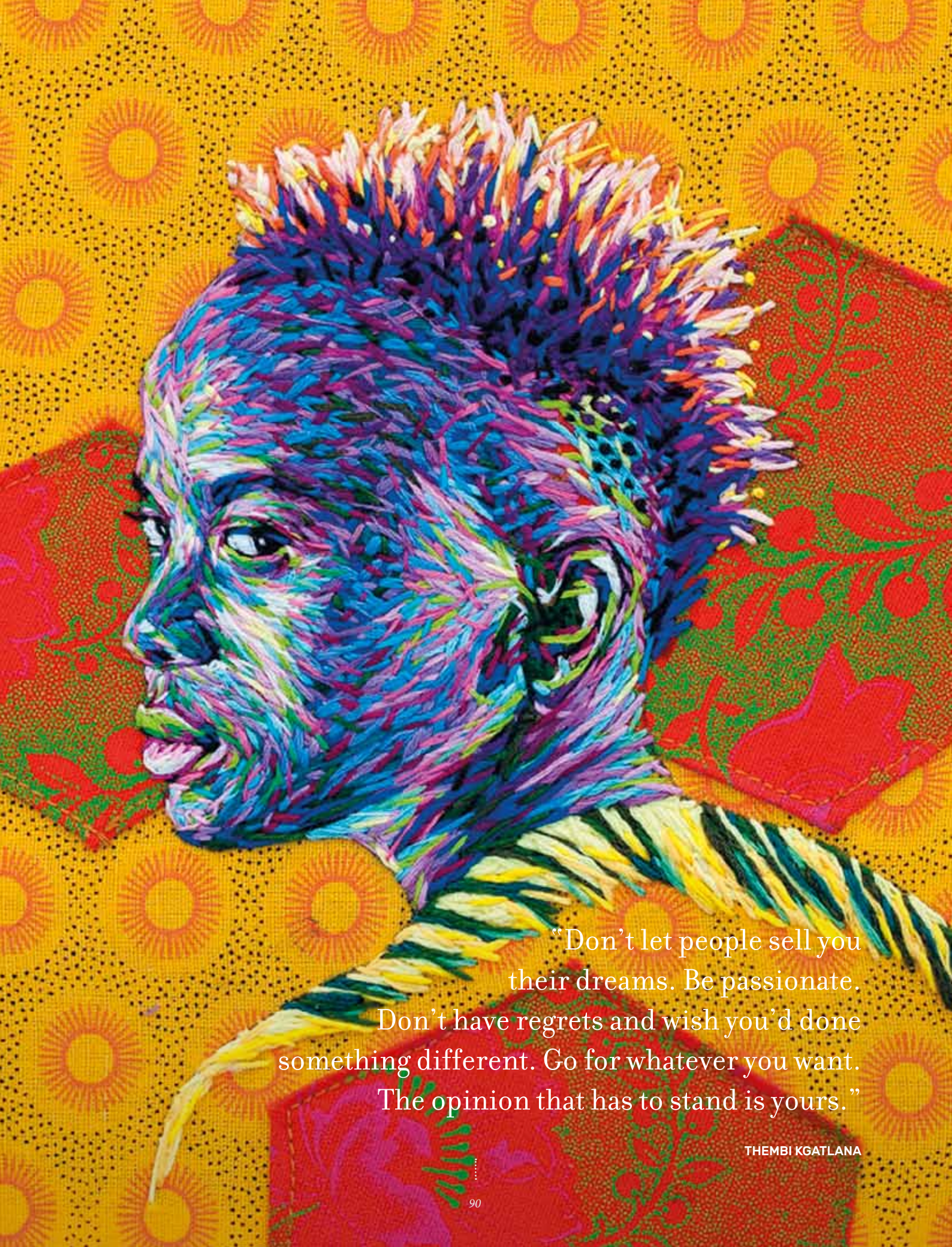
Our underlying hope with this issue of the *Human Factor* is that you see just how differently young people's brains work: how their brains are designed to make them brave; to take the risks that we, as adults, wouldn't dare to take; to be emotional, to feel things deeply and to be driven to action by those strong emotional currents. And that is how society changes.

As illustrated above, the problem or opportunity with hearing stories about yourself is that you tend to believe them – and then you make them real.

What if we acknowledge that young people's ability to make the most sensible decisions in the moment of instant response is not yet perfectly developed; that they are hardwired to be erratic and impetuous. From this perspective, it falls on us then to ask ourselves: How can we create the space for them

to think things through? And what are the possibilities they will help us see that our less flexible brains can't see?

What if we were to contain our own fears and stop ourselves from telling young people that they are social liabilities, but rather, that they are assets of great value in progressing our society? What if we recognised that how they navigate their 20 years of youth (from the ages of 15 to 35) will determine much about what we, as a nation, will become?



“Don’t let people sell you
their dreams. Be passionate.
Don’t have regrets and wish you’d done
something different. Go for whatever you want.
The opinion that has to stand is yours.”

THEMBI KGATLANA

This issue of the *Human Factor* highlights just how talented and resilient our young people are; and how hard it is for them to achieve what they are physiologically driven to achieve within the constrained environment of South Africa. Yet, most don't give up. They keep on trying and struggling to make sense of it all. Look at how committed they are to social justice; how they wish for a place where their children will not struggle the same struggles they have.

Sounds just like the rest of us.

*Embroidered portrait (front and back views)
of Banyana Banyana star THEMBI KGATLANA*

DANIELLE CLOUGH

ENDNOTES

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¹¹ Typically, this refers to the relationship between an older, rich man and a younger (sometimes unemployed) woman who is 'blessed' financially through the relationship. This 'blessing' could include shopping sprees, hair and beauty treatments, overseas trips, cars etc.

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EDITORIAL BOARD

Each issue of the *Human Factor* is developed under the guidance and direction of a guest Editorial Board, made up of people who represent different perspectives on the theme of the issue. Our Editorial Board for this issue comprised:

DR ADAM COOPER is a Senior Research Specialist in the Education and Skills Development research programme of the Human Sciences Research Council (HSRC). Adam works on a theme of research called Youth and the Future of Work. His work lies at the intersection of the Sociologies of Youth and Education. His current research interests focus on the ideas that excite marginalised young South Africans and how these can be used to create educational and work-related opportunities for empowerment.

SIPHELELE CHIRWA is the CEO of Activate! – a national network of over 4 000 young leaders driving change across South Africa. Prior to taking on this role, Sipehelele was the Executive Director and Lead Programme Facilitator for Educo Africa. She entered the organisation as a participant, grew into a facilitator and then became leader of the organisation. Sipehelele has deep experience of designing and facilitating outdoor-based experiential programmes in leadership, life skills and rites of passage for young people from all backgrounds, as well as for adults. She studied Project Management and Youth Development, and is a leader of the Youth Development Forum in Langa, Cape Town.

ZOLANI METU is a Mandela Rhodes Scholar and the Founder and Executive Director at Decolonial Mental Health, an organisation that provides disruptive and evidence-based solutions to contemporary mental health challenges in South Africa. In addition, as Programme Officer of the Jakes Gerwell Fellowship, Zolani focuses on student mental health and wellness at the University of Pretoria and WITS University, conducting functional assessments and psychosocial interventions and promoting student success through aligning experiences of daily living (EDLs) with students' strengths.

ZUKHANYE FATA is a Leadership Network member and one of the youngest IkweloLethu mentors. She is based in Mdantsane and has insight on a variety of subjects, particularly those that affect young people. She is valued as one of the most dependent and eager members of bumb'INGOMSO, a movement dedicated to supporting and motivating young people to make healthy choices to mould their own futures.

RODERICK ROMAN is a passionate community worker and activist with experience working with Activate! He is currently a youth and childcare worker at Youth for Christ and is the NACCW Membership Secretary. He wants to see more employment opportunities for young people who have an education, but also for those who don't – and believes strongly that government should create more opportunities for young entrepreneurs.

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(front cover)

PRO THUSI

'Feminine Pride'

LOVELYN NWADEYI is an established socio-economic and political voice in South Africa, holding a Bachelors degree in International Studies and an MSc in Peace and Conflict Resolution. After being involved with student and worker activism during the first wave of the #FeesMustFall and #EndOutsourcing movements (2015), she was named among the Mzansi 100 Influencers in 2017. She is founder and director of L&N Advisors, a consulting practice whose sole purpose is to see social justice normalised and embedded in both businesses, academic and religious spaces.

FRANCOIS LION-CACHET is an Assistant Curator of the Constitutional Court Art Collection, employed by the Constitutional Court Trust. He is editor of the Afrikaans online magazine *Klyntji.com* which features a variety of African artists, musicians and writers to the ends of moving towards a more inclusive and accepting society through celebrating diversity and relaying of alternative narratives. He holds a Master's Degree in Media Law.

DANIELLE BOWLER is a culture editor, writer and musician based in Johannesburg. Currently at *New Frame*, she is the former Managing Editor of *ELLE Magazine* and has bylines in *Mail & Guardian*, *Eyewitness News*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Africa is a Country* and *Superbalist*, among other publications. Danielle is also part of the team at *Bloom*, a platform for creative women entrepreneurs and freelancers by Mamakashaka creative agency, where she is the host of their bi-weekly conversation series.

ZAMO MBELE is a clinical psychologist in Johannesburg. He is also a director on the Board of the South African Depression and Anxiety group (SADAG) and the MH Foundation – of which he is also a cofounder. He lends his expertise the African Leadership Academy (ALA), acting not only as a consultant and also providing supervision and training. Zamo Mbele is currently reading for a PhD at the University of the Witwatersrand.

NATASHA JOSEPH is a freelance editor and journalist based in Cape Town. Her byline has appeared in a range of international and local publications, among them the *Index on Censorship* magazine, *The Atlantic*, *Al-Jazeera English* and the *Big Issue*.

PENNY WATERKEYN is a graphic designer who has spent 25 years in the communications industry. She specialises in creating brand identities, focusing on finding each brand's strategic relevance and designing its landscape and language.

BART LOVE is a photographer, cinematographer and producing director. He studied anthropology at the University of Cape Town, and has travelled to more than 19 countries in his role as a videographer. For the past eight years, he has headed up the team at Anotherlove Productions, producing videos, animations, photographs, graphics, and software. He works with a number of development organisations supporting their work and strategies with visual media, leveraging its ability to encourage, agitate, challenge, teach and activate audiences.

ESTHER ETKIN is a freelance communications specialist with substantial experience working in South African civil society. She majored in International Communications and Social Sciences at The American University of Paris, France. She holds a Masters in Gender from the London School of Economics.

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GULSHAN KHAN	www.instagram.com/gulshanii/
IMRAAN CHRISTIAN	www.imraanchristian.com/about1
JOHN BALOYI	www.instagram.com/john.baloy
KATLEGO TLABELA	www.instagram.com/katlegotlabela/
KENEILWE MOKOENA	www.instagram.com/ke_neil_we/
KOLEKA PUTUMA	www.kolekaputuma.com/
LADY SKOLLIE	www.instagram.com/ladyskollie/
LEBOHANG MASANGO	www.lebohangmasango.com/
NAKHANE TOURE	www.instagram.com/nakhaneofficial/
NALEDI MAJOLA	www.instagram.com/naledi_majola
ORATILE PAPI KONOPI	www.instagram.com/papikonopi
PRO THUSI	www.instagram.com/prothusi/
PULENG MONGALE	www.instagram.com/pulengmongale/
SETHEMBILE MSEZANE	www.instagram.com/sthemse/
SHO MADJOZI	www.youtu.be/_jkXL_TMEig
TONY GUM	www.instagram.com/tony_gum/
TSOKU MAELA	www.instagram.com/tsokumaela/
ZHI ZULU	www.instagram.com/zhi_zulu/

(right)

ORATILE PAPI KONOPI

'Bua Le Ênê'

"This work to me reminds me that not everything is as we always think it is. Life and people are complicated and it is a constant negotiation of the individual in relation to their situations, their actions and their desires. This work asks us to consider these everyday conversations and experiences and recognise them, acknowledge their subtle or overt impact on our lives."



DG
MT

DGMT is a South African foundation built on endowments from Douglas George Murray and his wife, Eleanor. DGMT is committed to developing South Africa's potential through public innovation and strategic investment. Our goal for South Africa is a flourishing people, economy and society. Towards this end DGMT currently distributes about R160-million per year and leverages and manages a similar amount of funding through joint ventures with other investors.

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Ênê

**RETURN
TO
INNOCENCE**

Ênê

**TREAT
THEM
BETTER**

Ênê

**KHABA
LENJA**

Ênê

**HOLD
ME**

Ênê

**SOFA
S'LAHLANE**

Ênê

**GOOD
ON MY
OWN**

Ênê

**O JEWA
KE
ENG ?**

Ênê

**THE
BLAME
GAME**

Ênê

**BUA LE
ÊNÊ**

Ênê

**AM I
NOT
ENOUGH**

Ênê

**WE
NEED
TO
TALK**

Ênê

**LOVE
YOURZ**

Ênê

**UPHI
MAKOTI ?**

Ênê

**LOVE ME
OR
LEAVE ME**

Ênê

**TLOGÊLA
NGWANO**

Ênê

**IF I
WERE
A BOY**

Ênê

**OK'SALAYO
SIYA JOLA**

Ênê

**THAT
THING**

Ênê

NGILINDE

Ênê

**WHAT
HAPPENED
TO US**

Ênê

US

Ênê

**SAID
SO MUCH
DID
SO LITTLE**

Ênê

UK'THULA

Ênê

**HOW
TO
LOVE**

Ênê

**NGI'
YAM
KHUMBULA**

If you do not create change,
change will create you.

DG
MT