



Fig 6. Exhibition in the Library Atrium, UWC

## My hart se tuiste

I live in a house that is small, Bambi dwergie se huisie wat jaar na jaar wind en weer weerstaan. I live in a house that smells like Ouma's many perfumes, cleaning products en wasgoed wat ruik soos sonlig, daai skerp Kalahari sonlig. I live in a house with Ouma and God, both speaking to me at the same time as one voice. I live in a house vol liefde en liedjies and old stories. I live in a house where blokkiesraaisels en biblioteek boeke, embroidered blommetjies en blommetjies in die tuin fill the hours in a day. I live in a house of laughter, Ouma's contagious laughter, the kind that brings happy tears to your eyes and makes your belly ache with enjoyment. I live in a house that is my haven want Ouma is daar, en daar waar Ouma is, there my hart en huis will always be.

Gené Van Wyk

---

*My hart se tuiste* – My heart's home (Afrikaans)

*Bambi dwergie se huisie wat jaar na jaar wind en weer weerstaan* – Bambi dwarf's cottage that resists wind and weather year after year

*Ouma* - grandmother

*en wasgoed wat ruik soos sonlig, daai skerp Kalahari sonlig* – and laundry that smells like sunlight, that sharp Kalahari sunlight

*vol liefde en liedjies* – full of love and songs

*blokkiesraaisels en biblioteek boeke, embroidered blommetjies en blommetjies in die tuin* – crossword puzzles and library books, embroidered flowers and flowers in the garden

*want Ouma is daar, en daar waar Ouma is, there my hart en huis will always be* – because Grandmother is there, and where grandma is, there is where my heart and home will always be

## Writing is visual

“For Paulo Freire, our expert in literacy and education, teaching literacy was about bringing people together in what he called ‘cultural circles’. These, he said, were important to break the hierarchy between teacher and learner, because in a pedagogical situation, all we have are learners. So, teachers learn and learners teach. In this culture circle, there would be discussion, a dialogue, where both sides would learn together, from each other. Part of this culture circle was always done with images. It’s interesting that Freire always began his literacy courses with images. He said that there is nobody who is not capable of reading. What do we really mean by reading? We read images all over the place, so even before we learn to be literate, in the alphabetic sense, we read images, we read sound, we read voices. So, when we have become literate, especially when we reach the stage of having a university education, which means decades of literacy, it is important to go back, to recuperate the visual aspect of our written culture, which we tend to forget about. We forget that writing is visual. Think about poetry, one of the characteristics of the poetic genre is visual. Poetry has to be written visually, in a vertical axis. We can also simply understand images as a form of writing, as a text which we read, although we don’t read them in the same way as we read alphabetic writing. And this was one of the reasons why Freire began his literacy classes with reading images. So, when we become creative in writing it’s important to go back to our visuality, and recuperate that visuality, which all of you have done in this exhibition, where you have made writing visual.”

Professor Lynn Mario T. Menezes de Souza at the opening of the *Re-imagining Multilingualisms* exhibition, in the UWC Library Atrium, 6 June 2018.

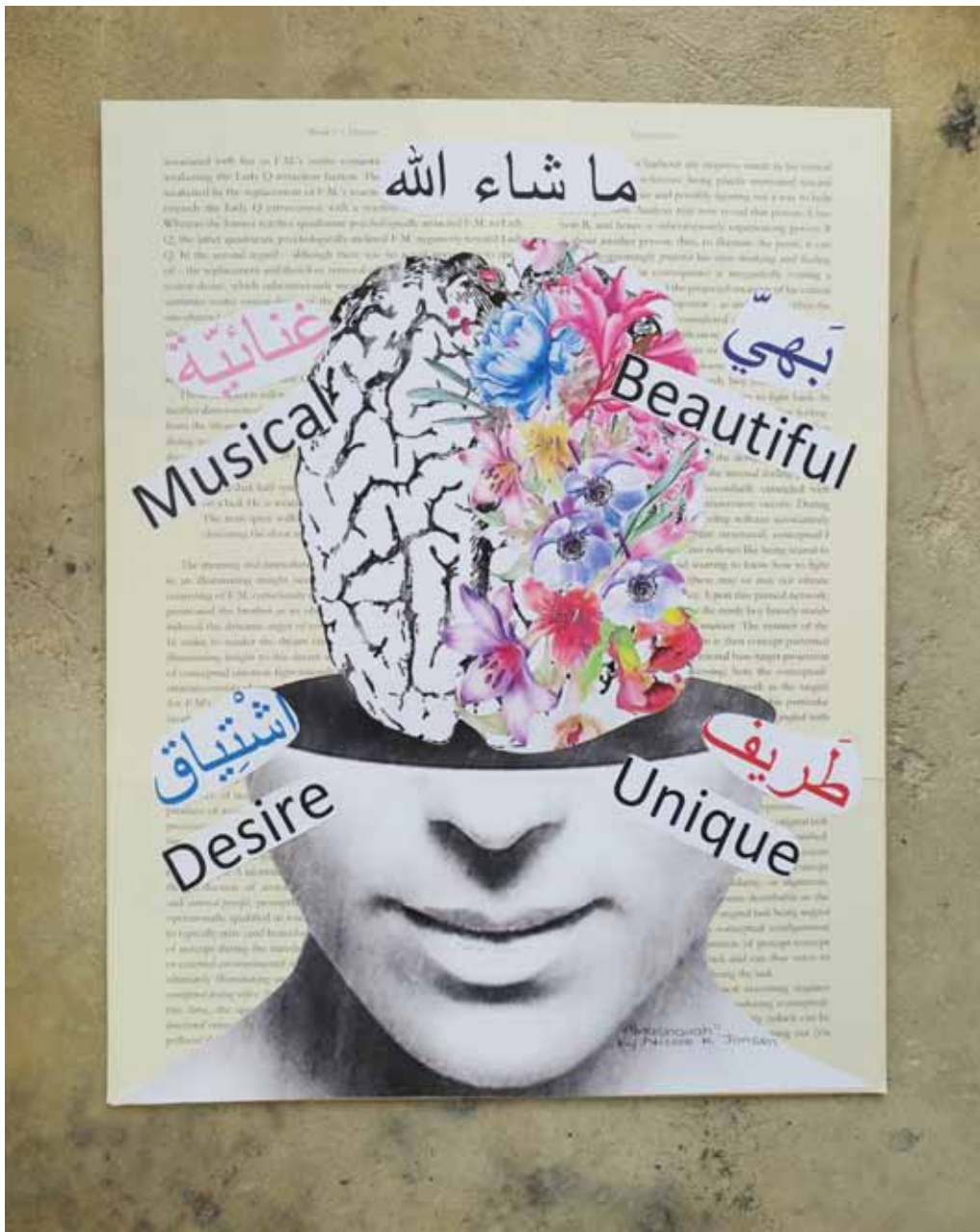


Fig. 7. Exhibition piece #4: 'Mashallah', by Nicole K. Jansen

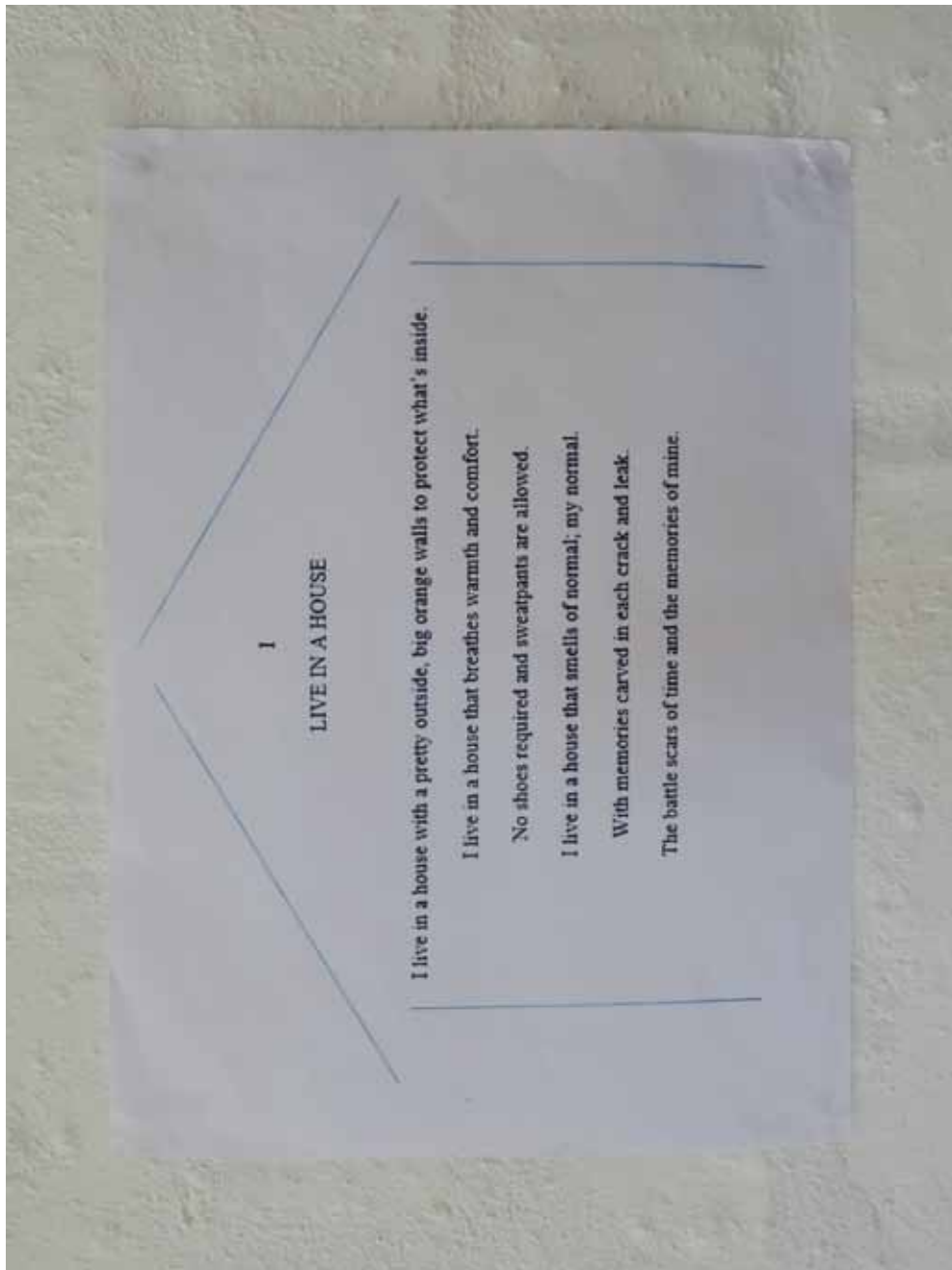


Fig. 8. Exhibition piece #5, by A. Braaf

## **I live in a house**

I live in a house filled with memories. I live in a house that does not illustrate the joy and pain which its inhabitants have experienced in it. I live in a house that is always cold no matter what the weather's like outside. I live in a house that looks small but it has always been big enough for the six of us. I live in a house which people find happy. I live in a house with a lion, a cub, a squirrel and an owl. I live in a house I cannot imagine my life without. I live in a house which I spend too much time in.

Shannon Cogill

## **I live in a house**

I live in a house with thick walls, too thick for my electric drill. I live in a house with a flat, sloping roof where owls sit at dusk, and which leaks. I live in a house with sagging floors that creak and spring when you walk down the long passage to the toilet at night. I live in a house with no en suite bathrooms, no built-in cupboards, no wall-to-wall carpets. I live in a house whose walls move when it rains, with rotten sash windows and cracked hand-blown glass. I live in a house that still remembers the VOC slaves who built it by hand.

Hermann Wittenberg

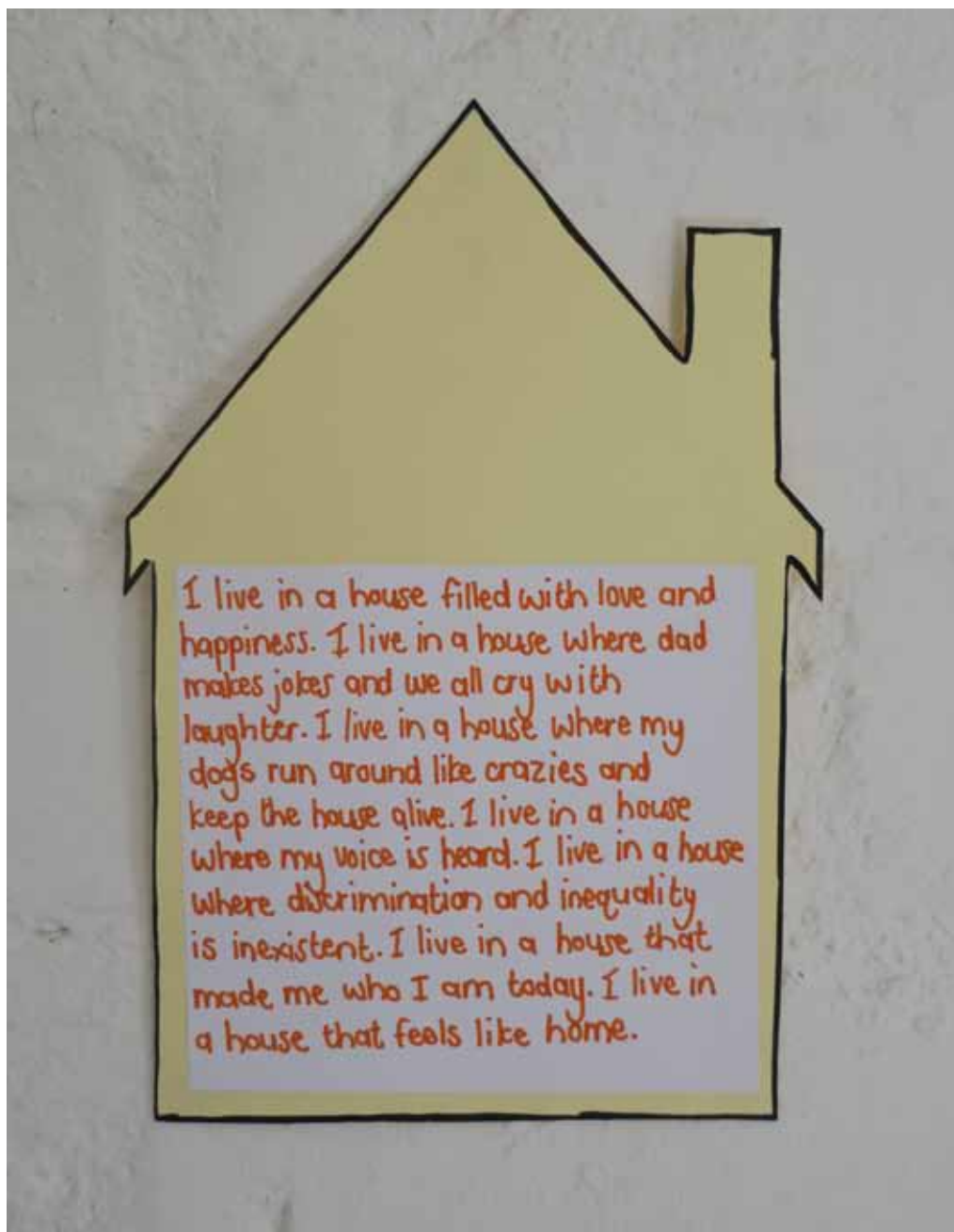


Fig. 9. Exhibition piece #6, by Minali Parshotam



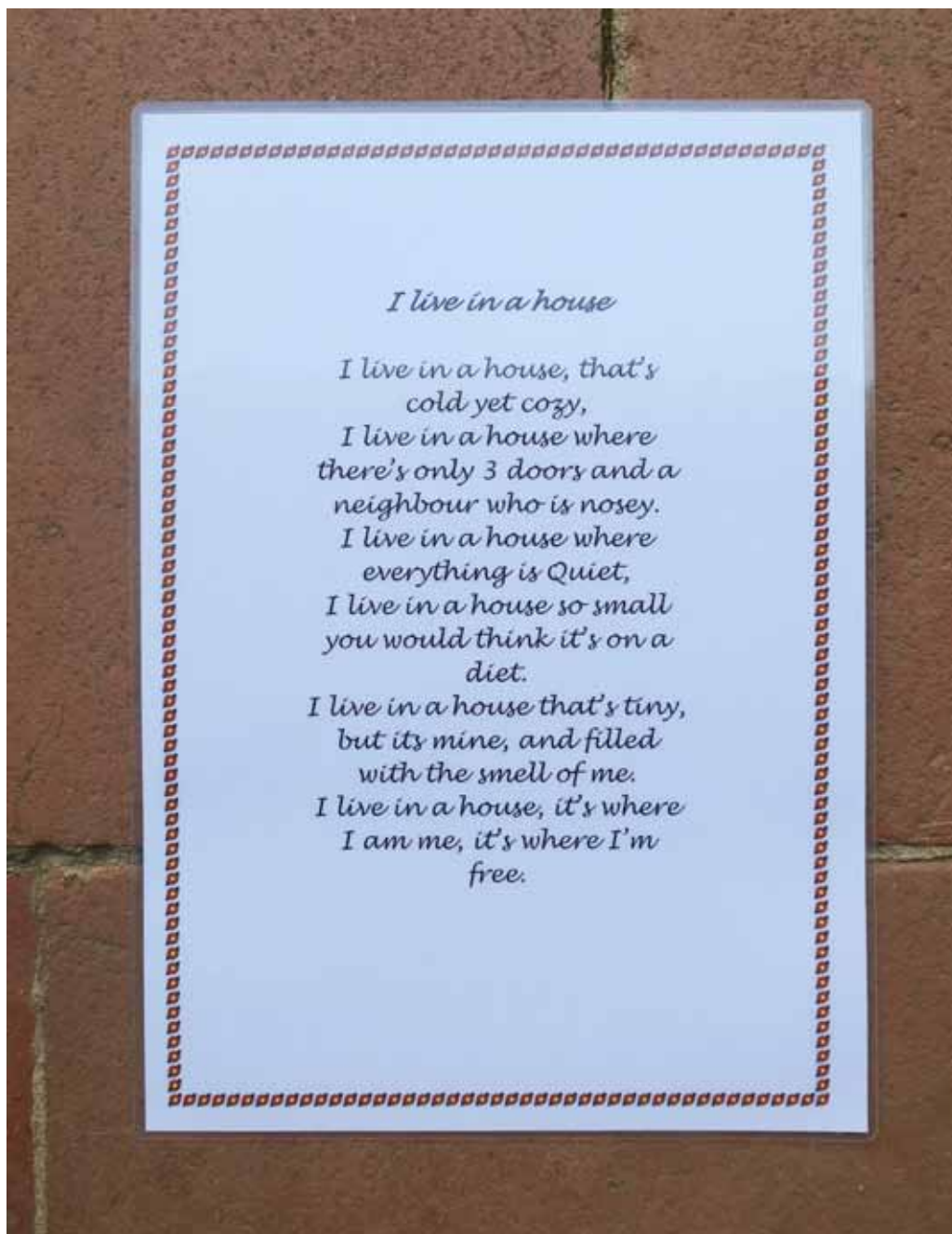


Fig. 10. Exhibition piece #7, by Lauren Abrahams

## **The Mind**

I live in a room with spider webs, a smell of decayed cheddar cheese lingers. I live in a room that overlooks a sea of factory tops; I am Charlie. I live in a room with things hiding in the strands of webs. I live in a room with words, they crawl over my bed covers, fill up my walls, take the spaces between my folded clothes and make their way into my shoes. I live in a room where the sun slices through my window. I live in room with spiders, they snake their way up my spine. I live in a room with hiding things, they talk to me. I live in a room with rat visitation hours. I live in a room without a door.

Nondwe Mpuma

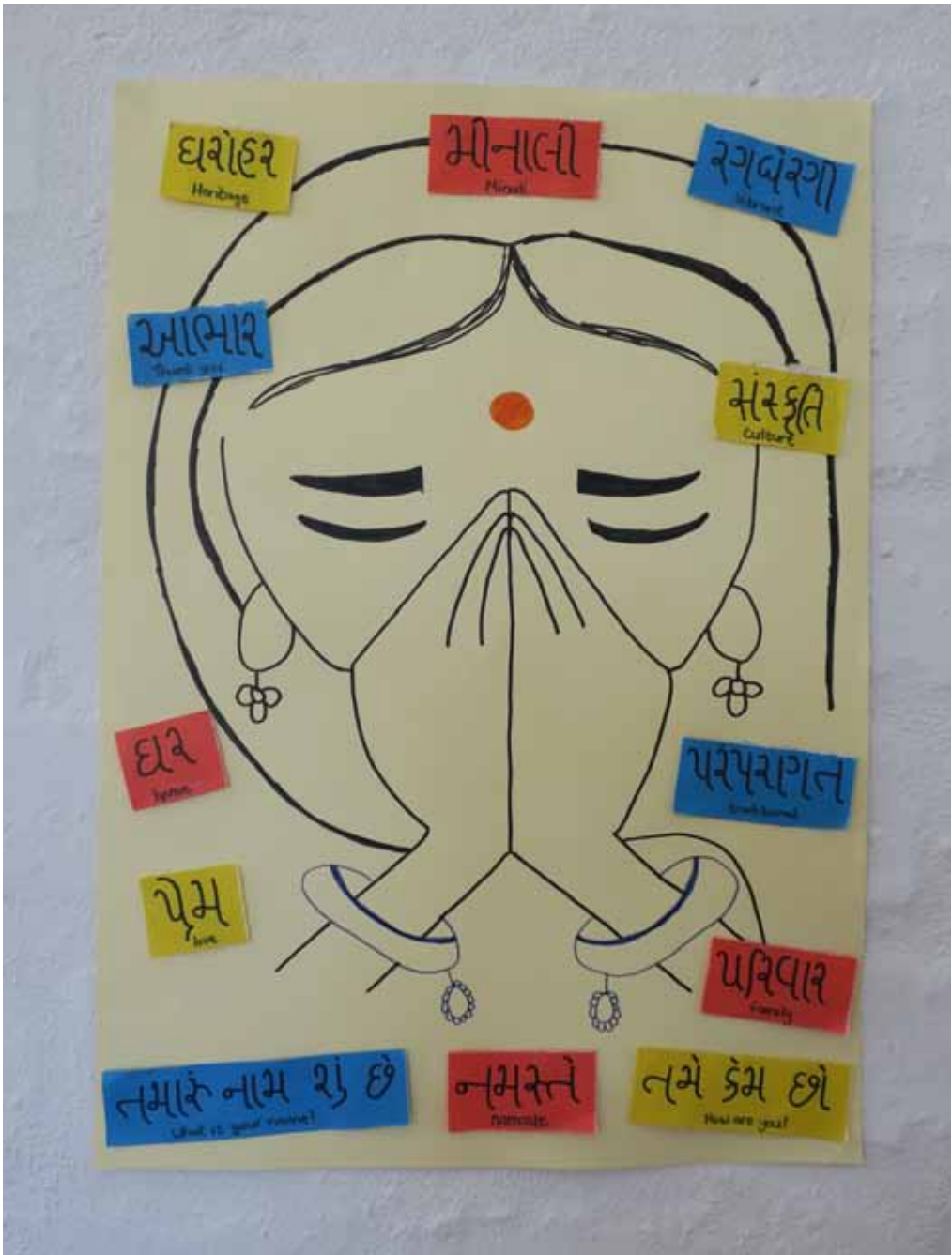


Fig. 11. Exhibition piece #8, by Minali Parshotam

## My Mother

My mother smells of freshly baked scones  
But my mother reeks of curiosity  
For the hundredth time she asks me how my love life is going  
For the hundredth time I tell her there is no love life  
A spinster  
She is terrified I will end up a spinster  
10 Cats? 50 Cats?  
How big will your space be?  
A bachelor flat will save you money.  
A sperm donor child  
Or an Oprah Winfrey type of life?  
On the bright side, you'll travel a lot as a journalist so  
I should be okay with having no grandchildren.  
I think the talk is over until I turn a year older  
Still single.  
Will I have 10 cats?  
Maybe dogs. Yes, dogs. Dogs sound good.  
But a man sounds better, she interjects.  
My mother smells of peanut butter and jam sandwiches  
But my mother reeks of oven made lasagne.  
She wants to teach me.  
She wants to teach me how to cook for my husband like she does hers.  
Tall, dark, handsome and broke?  
Short, white, bald and rich?  
Is money a factor?  
Does penis size matter?  
He should have a good sperm count.  
Tell me, are you fertile?  
I want lots of grandchildren.  
Please.  
But she always has to remind herself that I'll travel a lot as a journalist so  
She should be okay with having no grandchildren.  
The talk finally ends when I meet a man.  
Not single.  
Do I get to meet him?  
I don't like him, she says.  
I think you should find another one.

Asanda Zani

I believe a sentence should be deemed ungrammatical when it is impossible to understand or interpret - in other words, when it is no longer mutually intelligible.

This is presented in the third image. From this we can see that the order followed by patterns 1 and 2 is non-existent. Instead, the image presents a mess that is uninterpretable - this would be like making use of a sentence that has the word order of SOVV (it does not exist). The components made use of in the background of the mess are not even from the same area as that of the first two in that it bears no similarity. So for example, if another speaker makes use of words that are not found in the language at all. A sentence representing ungrammaticality, speaking of the same topic as the previous two sentence examples would be

"muttern meissie lieben ablo"



Fig. 12. Exhibition piece #9, by Taryn Dick

## Things and a child

I live in a room with things that are not mine. A statue of an angel child. A Sunday Missal.  
Gifts for his First Holy Communion.  
There are things that are never quiet. Photographs in plastic frames. Frames that don't hang  
straight and framed people laughing.  
There are things that won't stop working. Thirty phosphorescent stars glued to the ceiling.  
Lenticular images of Noah's Arc and Jonah and the Whale.  
There are things that speak. The months of the year in Helvetica above the door. Sounds from  
inside the house. Sounds he needs to hear. Sounds that help sleep and a neon box labelled  
"Meditations for Superheroes".  
And then there are things that move. Spinning tops and a bedside clock. Two cartwheeling  
legs and ten sticky fingers.  
There are things and then there's the child.

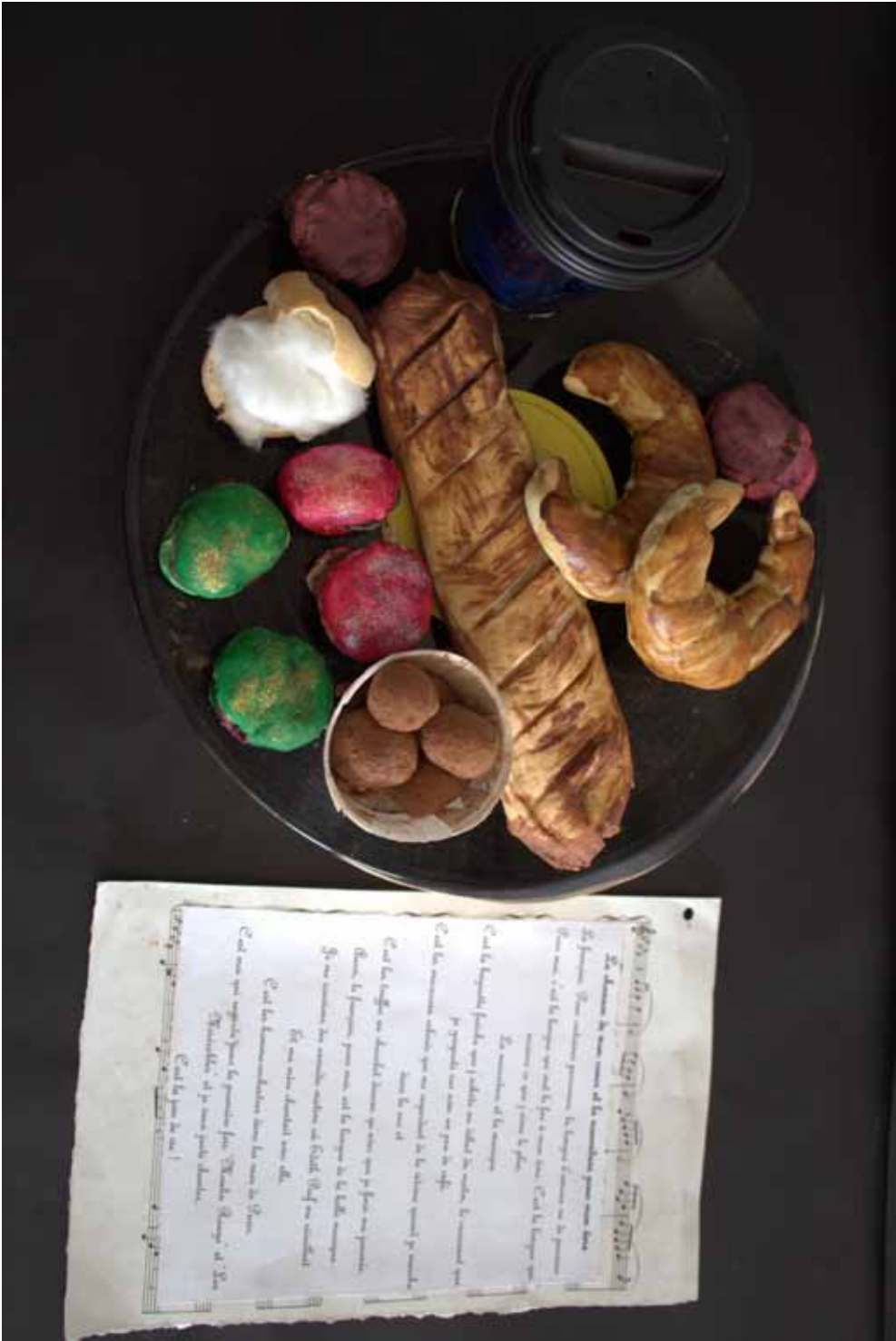
Lisa Julie

## **The Kitchen**

Each time I enter the kitchen,  
I wonder...  
What could I eat?  
Should I do the dishes?  
What are we eating tonight?  
I don't see meat defrosting.  
It smells funny, but where's the smell coming from?  
The floor is dirty but I mopped it this morning.  
Why didn't they put their left-overs in the fridge?

Shannon Cogill

Fig. 13. Exhibition piece #10, by Engela de Villiers





## **“In the Kitchen”**

Each time I enter the kitchen  
I am hungry  
Yet, also, not really.  
I am excited, thirsty, hungry and bored.  
It must be clean.  
Clean. Clean. Clean. Clean. CLEAN.  
That dirty. filling. hungry. room.

Jayde Mcloughlin

## Each Time

Each time I enter the kitchen  
I would listen for my grandmother's voice  
I would tip toe my way past  
the kitchen table  
she would yell 'Ngubani ose kitchen' while  
laughing with her peers in the living room,  
relieved I would respond 'Ndim mama'

Ndimphiwe Bontiya

---

*Ngubani ose kitchen* – Who is in the kitchen (isiXhosa)  
*Ndim mama* – It's me mama



We walk through Little Europe which is beautiful and has an atmosphere so wonderful we are straight away put at ease. The streets are all clean, the trees draped in fairy lights, the kind of place you'd like to spend a lot of time. Each shop and restaurant carefully crafted, with its own look but all have been made to fit. The people around, each with their own language from around the world, visiting this little pocket in South Africa.

The Tea Shop is friendly, welcoming and distinctly English, from the people, to the menu, to the signs on the walls. The environment is happy and comfortable. People are laughing and chatting, and you are taken to your seat with a warm smile. This tea shop mirrors Little Europe with an arty and welcoming feel. Everything is English, so the people from around the world outside can come in and can understand. There are paintings on the wall and cushions for you to sit on.

There's a sign on the table about saving water, telling the public they care. Upon examination, though one thing does become clear, all of the customers are white. A glimpse into the real Stellenbosch outside of this bubble. The only other clue is the Afrikaans newspaper on the coffee table with a single Afrikaans couple sitting there reading it. When we leave this little bubble of a restaurant, everything might not be as perfect as it seems. There are still people coming up to us on the street, asking for money – in an unusual English, rather than Afrikaans. There are cracks of the real Stellenbosch sneaking through this carefully crafted illusion.

It then becomes clear, this is not a real place but rather an atmosphere created to convince people that everything is fine. The town is fine, the people are fine, and everyone is able to function happily. You don't need to leave this bubble, they have everything you need, but we study in Stellenbosch, so we know the truth. Everything is not fine – this is just an atmosphere.

Caitlin O'Donovan

## **My orange fleece top**

Marshmallow to the touch,  
Apricot warmth for the body,  
I hold many memories,  
Many jokes,  
And stories of young and old folks,  
As I am 12 years old,  
And I'll continue to mould,  
To my owner's life.

Shannon Cogill

## Internet Shoes

The shoes, black formal leather shoes,  
Bought with the first pay check  
Three decades or more ago.

Worn just on special days,  
On weddings, graduations  
And my father's funeral.

A maze of fine cracks runs  
Across the patent leather,  
Smoothed by long years of polish.

I call them now my internet shoes,  
Because they were made in a time  
Before we all lived on screens.

Hermann Wittenberg

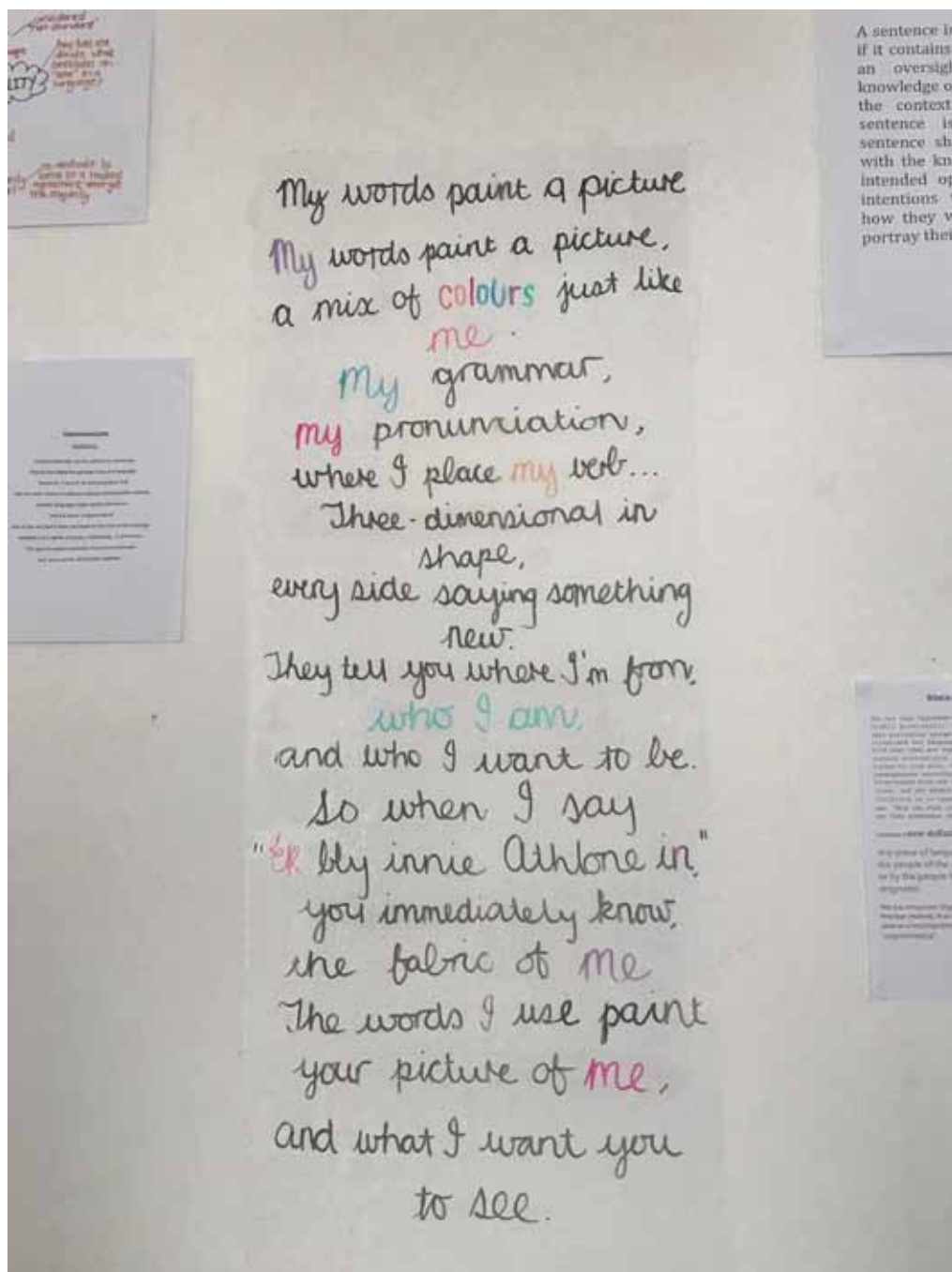


Fig. 14. Exhibition piece #11, by A. Braaf

## Reflection on the poetry session

Poetry has the ability to make people think and feel things that they usually wouldn't.

It makes you feel joyful.

It makes you feel nostalgic.

It makes you feel uncomfortable.

That's exactly how this session made me feel.

I was confronted with so many different thoughts, especially thoughts that I would never want to dream about, such as which five items I would pack into a rucksack if I were to leave my home and never come back.

I found this poetry session inspiring and therapeutic in a way, as it was good to not have to focus on being analytical and writing in an academic manner.

Many years ago, I used to write poems about odd things that kids wrote poems about and I used poetry as a way of expressing the thoughts that I was too shy or too ashamed of.

Sadly, I have lost touch with this artistic side of myself, but this session helped me re-engage with the process of creative writing.

My poems did not rhyme.

My poems did not make sense.

My poems had no structure.

And my poems were unconventional,

But did they make me feel different?

Did they make me think about how I should appreciate my mother?

Did they make me think about the meaning a piece of clothing could carry?

Did they make me think about the construction of my home?

Or how I should take comfort in the fact that my home is my home, and my kitchen is my kitchen?

Yes, it did!

I learned to think about poetry in a new way and I also learned that my idea of a poem was not the only idea possible, but it was refreshing to know that poetry is not the rigid and rule-governed kind of expression I once thought it was. For example, it does not take much for one to reflect on the sights, smells, sounds, tastes and feelings of an event. We all have the ability to experience things in a unique way, so why not write it down?

Shannon Cogill



**Fig. 15. Exhibition piece #12, by Engela de Villiers.**



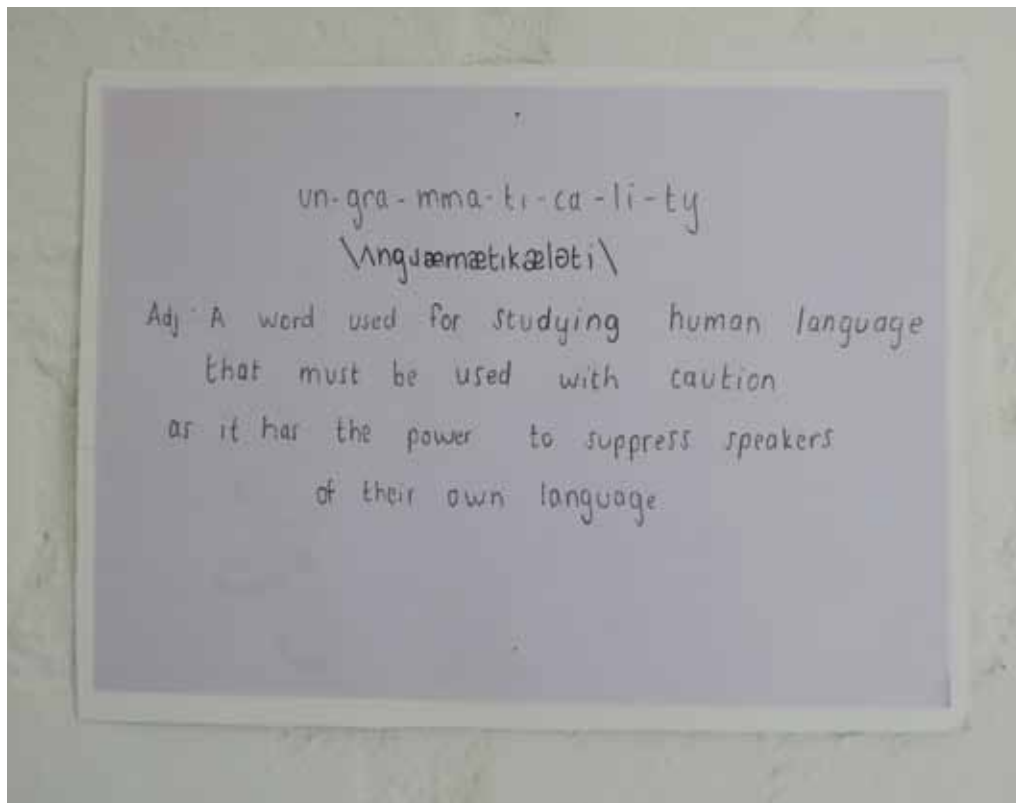
## **Ungrammaticality: a word created for studying human language that must be used with caution as it has the power to suppress speakers of their own language.**

One of the biggest problems with the term *ungrammaticality* is that it creates a standard and this standard means that anyone who deviates from the agreed upon norm is seen as inferior to those who are speaking this created standard. This is clearly seen in South Africa, for example people who speak Kaaps change to the created standard Afrikaans when finding themselves in a situation where others are not also speaking Kaaps. They are also told to change to this standard Afrikaans when in a school setting or in a work environment. People are made to feel as if their dialect is lesser. Another factor within South Africa that needs to be taken into account is that so many people are functioning every day in a language that is not their first language. This means that people are prone to make mistakes.

When coming up with a definition for a word that impacts people's relationship with language, it is also important to look at linguistic citizenship. This is when speakers have the power to take control of their own language. This means that they can decide what they believe is important and what they mean when speaking. This theory takes into account that the use of language has an impact on the speakers. It can be economic or political and, in many cases, can be seen to be a 'site of struggle'. Language is essential in shaping a person's identity and so denying a person their version of a language due to a broad definition means that you are taking part of themselves away from them.

Despite this, grammaticality is necessary in order to study language. It is a necessary feature to understand how our brains process and produce language. It is also important to look at in cases of language loss. Therefore, grammaticality is necessary in a scholarly arena but has large implications in the social arena. This needs to be taken into account in order to make people more aware of its implications. If people's primary understanding of this concept involves its implications, people should then exercise its power with caution.

**Caitlin O'Donovan**



**Fig. 16. Exhibition piece #13, by Caitlin O'Donovan**

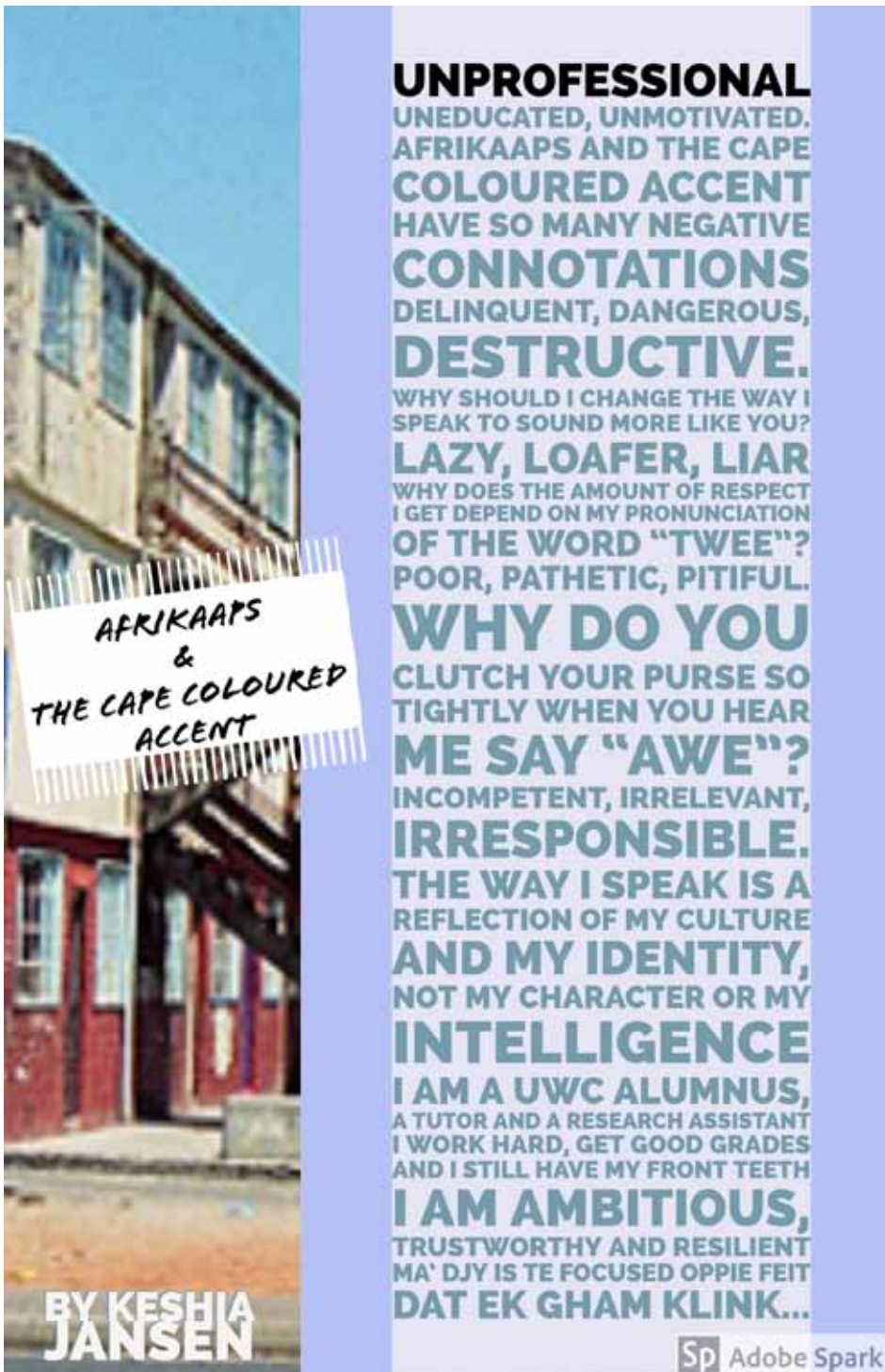


Fig. 17. Exhibition piece #14, by Keshia R. Jansen.

## Le Café (an unwelcome home)

My first impression of Le Café was truthfully a silent shrug (Meh /mɛ/ emoticon) accompanied by the thought 'it's not too bad'. They said the area is called Little Europe so I expected the place to look at least somewhat European. I was not disappointed.

It looked like a tiny little French café from the outside, I could picture it softly raining and a Cole Porter vinyl playing in the background 'Let's do it, let's fall in love'. Then I went inside and my illusion of Paris was shattered. I was in a tuisnywerheid (mini supermarket). I was immediately reminded of my trips between the Western Cape and Northern Cape. The inside of Le Café made me think of those shops next to the gas station next to the road that sell little cute succulents and fast food for travellers. I silently laughed because there just so happened to be a gas station right opposite Le Café.

My two companions and I went about our business in a respectful, decent manner. We asked for permission to take pictures, sat ourselves down outside, ordered some beverages and engaged in a conversation about the task that we were given.

This was a little study so I made a few notes.

- Le Café is English because English is spoken there and the shop's signs are in English. Only the staff seem to speak Afrikaans. I know this because the staff member I spoke to had an Afrikaans accent, when I heard this I switched from English to Afrikaans and addressed her in Afrikaans. I noticed an immediate change in her friendliness towards myself and my companions. Madiba het mos gesê 'As jy met 'n man in 'n taal praat wat hy verstaan sal wat jy sê na sy kop gaan. As jy met hom in sy eie taal praat, gaan wat jy sê na sy hart'. Food for thought.
- After sitting down, and having had a little walk around the shop, I decided that Le Café has a small town 'home' feel. The word that thus jumped out at me was the word 'Home' on their menu.

I kind of felt I was sitting at a small café at home drinking ice tea.

- I can see my grandmother coming here to buy hertzoggies or a family sitting here on a Sunday afternoon.
- Le Café is white. My two companions and I were the only people of colour besides the staff, excluding the manager, he too was white. I kid you not, a group of Black people walked past, stopped in front of the shop, also had a kind of "Meh" moment and continued walking. It was a little awkward because we had just spoken about the racial makeup of the shop.
- Inclusivity may not be their middle name. I cannot say we were linguistically excluded, Afrikaans was spoken, but then again, is Stellenbosch nie Afrikaans nie? So why do I say they are not very inclusive though? Well... Die kaapse klopse was in klein Europa en die mense was nie baie beïndruk nie! They sang for charity; they were there for less than 1 minute yet you could sense the annoyance from some of the patrons and even some staff members.

- It must be Europe because where's the Africa? The only Africa I could see inside the shop was a magazine with a black person on it. Again, inclusivity might not be one of Le Café strengths.

All is well, that does not end well want die duiwel moet mos altyd lustig wees...! As we were about to exit the shop my two companions who were walking in front of me heard a staff member say something. When we were outside the shop they asked me if I heard what the staff member said. I, completely oblivious, replied 'no'. They proceeded to inform me that the staff member told a patron 'Don't worry they're leaving now'. They assured me the staff member was indeed talking about us.

What do you mean 'DON'T WORRY?????' I had a literal surprised/shocked emoji moment.



We conducted ourselves in a very respectful manner. We didn't do anything out of the ordinary besides perhaps taking pictures, but we took minimal pictures so as not to disturb the clientele. We were in no way disruptive. There was no reason for someone to have an issue with our presence. We pondered over what could have instigated this response to our presence at Le Café and it's sad to say it, but we considered the idea that perhaps we were not fully welcomed because we are of colour. There goes that 'Home' feeling... en om te dink, dit was amper 'n lekker ondervinding.

Gené Van Wyk

---

*Madiba het mos gesê 'As jy met 'n man in 'n taal praat wat hy verstaan sal wat jy sê na sy kop gaan. As jy met hom in sy eie taal praat, gaan wat jy sê na sy hart' – Madiba said, "If you speak to a man in a language he understands, what you say will go to his head. If you speak to him in his own language, what you say will go to his heart"*

*is Stellenbosch nie Afrikaans nie – is Stellenbosch not Afrikaans?*

*Die kaapse klopse was in klein Europa en die mense was nie baie beïndruk nie! – The Cape minstrels were in little Europe and people were not very impressed!*

*Want die duiwel moet mos altyd lustig wees...! – because the devil must always be funny...!*

*en om te dink, dit was amper 'n lekker ondervinding – and to think it was almost a great experience*

## Languages through other lenses

### Instructions for participation in the Homely Space

1. You are to write any words, sentences or phrases that come to mind regarding how you feel towards your home language (English).
2. You are to write as many times as you like on the pieces of paper or on the whiteboards, in any colour you choose.
3. You may also write on blank pieces of paper and stick them up anywhere on the wall.
4. You may only write one word on the pillowcase.
5. You are allowed to remove, if you choose to, any three written words on the pieces of paper or the whiteboard.
6. Each time you add or remove a word, please stand back for a picture to be taken of the change made in the space.

My piece, '*Homely Space*', is a reflection piece on the feelings, words and utterances evoked by the home-language space, with the incorporation of both my own feelings towards English (as my native tongue), as well as those who are closest to me both physically and in emotional bond.

Firstly, I created a blank but still 'homely' space above and including my bedroom bed, as canvas for myself and participants to physically write upon. This canvas was that of blank whiteboards, clear pieces of paper hanging on the walls and an unmarked pillowcase. I gave the participants instructions for how to approach this space, as to keep a consistency in changes or additions made to the space. (See instructions above). However, I was the first to write down my feelings, terminology and thoughts on this space.

By asking my roommates, sister and best friends to take part in writing on this space, I was allowing the emotionally close friends to mark and expose their influence on my feelings towards my native language as well as terminology used in this space. Most of the friends asked were also close in proximal distance. My sister, with whom I have shared my home environment for most of my life, was the closest. It is also important to note that all participants shared my home language (English). In recognising words such as 'love', 'care' and 'comfort', there are affectionate terminologies revealed. Yet, with other, more personal jokes and quirky vocabularies, my home language affections became physically apparent on my most intimate and home-like space (my bedroom). Participants chosen allowed for an indication of my attachment and comfort found in my home language, as well as specific kind of language terminology used in my home space.

In terms of the materials used for this piece, I wanted to highlight the ever-changing and dynamic home language and languages in general. I chose both permanent markings on the space, through words written on the pillow case, flexible or removable markings by means of the pieces of paper on the hanging string, and incredibly temporary markings on the whiteboards. When making use of the whiteboards, one notices that even the whiteboard markers do not leave much of a trace and the ink fades quickly, adding to its short temporality. These materials were used to indicate how language can evolve and change, with some words and utterances being more permanent and lasting, and others being more flexible and adaptable.

Additionally, I recorded all of the changes made to the space, so as to show the kind of movements in this home as well as the evolution of the English language in my home-space. Some participants were quicker to remove words than others, yet everyone was eager to add their thoughts and feelings to the space. However a participant entered or left the space, there were always additions and changes made to the space. These participant interactions revealed, firstly, their mark on my use, terminology and feelings towards my English home language. Secondly, however, they also exposed their own feelings and usage with our shared English home language.

More often than not, with their added influences, these people revealed much of my own feelings towards the space, reminding me of all the affection or anger felt for the language. There were moments of hesitations and much questioning around adding negative words and phrases, as everyone seemed to be wary of writing down their negative feelings or thoughts towards English. However, each individual reflected deeply on their movements, additions or subtractions, captured a few times in the pictures. Not a single individual came into my home-language space, without changing (adding or removing) my usage, understanding, thoughts and feelings towards our shared mother-tongue. Words from the Homely Space are reprinted in the box below.

Jayde McLoughlin

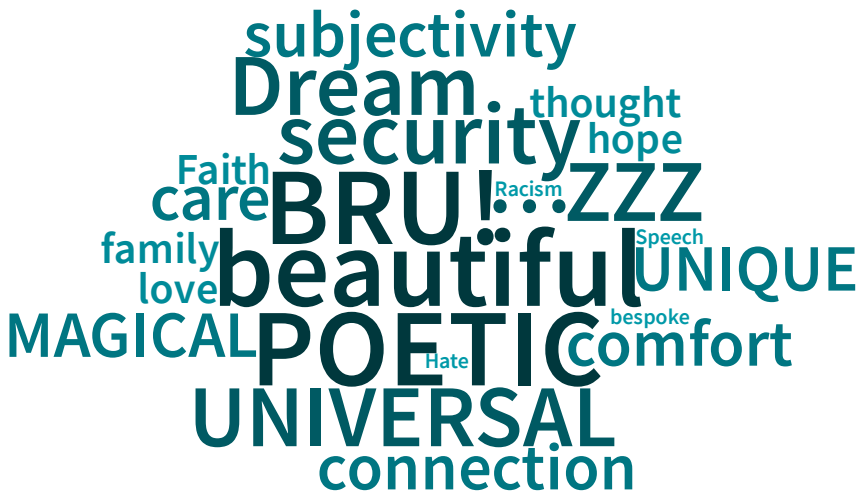


Fig 18: Images of the process





## Local is lekker

Kaaps originated in Cape Town and is symbolic of the Cape coloured identity. It is a rich representation of the diversity in Cape Town as one hears a colourful mixture of English, Afrikaans and terms referred to as ‘slang’ which have accumulated over the years. There is an assumption that Kaaps is a dialect of Afrikaans, but Kaaps should be considered a language of its own as it is governed by its own set of grammatical rules and there are various dialects of Kaaps which differ according to region.

I did not grow up speaking Kaaps, but I feel a strong affinity with the language as a proud coloured Capetonian. I have spoken English my whole life; but exposing myself to Kaaps culture and making friends with Kaaps speakers, I have grown accustomed to using some Kaaps terms, such as *‘Awe masekind’* as a greeting, and *‘Whatchu wys?’* as a way of asking another person how they are or how things have been going lately. These utterances are a way of displaying my identity as a coloured so it is fitting that I greet other Kaaps speakers this way; whereas it would be inappropriate to say this to a non-Kaaps speaker as Kaaps is often perceived as ‘ghetto’ or ‘gangster’.

The *Vannie Kaap* quote *‘Kroes is the new styl’* articulates a lot about coloured identity. Firstly, the co-occurrence of English and Afrikaans is present which illustrates the code-switching characteristic that occurs during a Kaaps conversation. Secondly, the terms ‘kroes’ and ‘styl’ are references to hair textures (‘kroes’ meaning thick or coarse-texture while ‘styl’ refers to straight, shiny, manageable). The fact that kroes is now the new styl demonstrates that coloured people are no longer ashamed of their natural hair and no longer denying their ‘roots’. Pun intended.

*‘Dala whatchu must’* simply implies that you should do what you need to do, while *‘Don’t koppel feelings’* refers to how people shouldn’t worry too much. Both of these utterances symbolise the humour and carefree-ness of the coloured community. Despite being descendants of slaves and being oppressed, coloureds have adapted to coping with situations by being casual and comical about everyday life. You see this in the way speakers of Kaaps – even while being quite dramatic – keep their tone of voice and manner of expression humorous and laid-back.

For these reasons, there are various stigmas associated with coloured people, such as being lazy, uncultured, uneducated and unconcerned with social matters. This is clearly not the case when one analyses social media posts of Kaaps and coloured culture in Cape Town as there is a new sense of pride and awareness that this is a well-loved language which cannot be broken down.

**Shannon Cogil**

---

*Lekker* – good, pleasant, ‘cool’

*Vannie Kaap* – ‘From the Cape’, an activist group and brand, active on social media, which celebrates and promotes Kaaps and the associated ‘coloured culture’.

Fig. 19. Exhibition piece #15, by Shannon Cogill



## ‘Awe’ and critique

“I’m inspired by what I’ve seen, I’m making connections between various forms of literacy, various forms of multilingualism and the political stance of critique, which is very present in a lot of the work that you’re doing that I see here in this exhibition. And this was also part of Freire’s concept of learning literacy, where his idea was that in order to provoke social and political change, we must create awe, wonder, and that’s why I was very much taken by the word *awe*\* here on this coaster, which I also read as ‘awe’. And how do you provoke awe? This is what critique is all about: by provoking surprise, bringing people out of their zones of comfort, bringing in the new. It may be difficult for some, it may be offensive but it’s important. Critique involves provoking a crisis, but through this crisis we have change. I’m thinking of the narrative of the café in Stellenbosch\*\*, which could be offensive to some because it brings them out of their zone of comfort. But for others, who were already in a situation where they may have felt the offended party, what are they doing, they are provoking change and that is what critique does from this concept of Freire: first provoke reflection or awe, then from this reflection and awe, we hope that change follows. This doesn’t always happen, sometimes we are so self-flattered by our own creativity that we don’t go beyond that. Creativity may appear to be concerned with critique, but it may not go beyond that. But I hope in your cases, I hope you take this forward.”

Professor Lynn Mario T. Menezes de Souza at the opening of the *Re-imagining Multilingualisms* exhibition, in the UWC Library Atrium, 6 June 2018.

---

\* Awe – South African slang for greeting and agreeing. It is not pronounced as the English ‘awe’ but rather as AAH-WHE or /ʌweə/

\*\* See Le Café in this volume, pages 63-64.

Fig. 20. Exhibition piece #16, by Lauren Abrahams

