Cheri Hugo

"I am an African womxm, story teller, designer, a writer, teacher, social justice activist, dancer, swimmer, mother, wife, community leader, supporter of dreams, a builder of visions, a creator inspired by the most High, I am haunted, I stand on the dreams of my forefathers, I live my grandmothers wildest dreams…"

Cheri Hugo was born in Bishop Lavis, Cape Town, South Africa in 1980. She received the National Diploma from the Cape Peninsula University of Technology (CPUT), Cape Town, in 2002, and HEDHET 2010 and M. Tech 2016 also from CPUT.In 2010, she joined the Department of Graphic Design, CPUT, as a Junior Lecturer. After being appointed as

a Design Teacher/lecture at Belhar High School, Northlink College, Damelin, Rosebank College and Allenby College. These ranged during 2006 to 2009. Thus she has an understanding of a design student from high school through college both public and private and higher education.

She does not believe in the publication method of accreditation but here are just a few of her contributions. Most recently she contributed to a Book chapter for, Teaching in Extended programs which can be down loaded here http://teachinginecp.com/download-a-copy/. She is also part of an NRF project , Reconfiguring Higher Education: Doing Academia differently .

Publications: DHET accredited journal publications Garraway, J., Hugo, C., De Waal., B. (2014). Futures studies and scenarios of degrees in universities of technology. Progressio. 36 (1): 191-205.

Conference presentations

Design Develop and Research conference (DDR) , 2015, Mentoring Graphic Design Students, DDR Georgia Atlanta USA, September

First Year Experience conference (FYE), 2016, Mentoring ECP graphic Design students, Johannesburg South Africa, March 2015 & 2016

Non-accredited journal publications

Hugo, V. (2013). Design Degrees for the Future. In Garraway, J. and Rip, A (eds.), University Curriculum and Society Through a Scenario Lens, Paradigms (18): 26-31.

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On (un)becoming in academia: a coloured female academic's narratives in post-student protest Higher Education in South Africa

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Abstract

I am embarking on an autoethnographic study, exploring narratives of coloured female academics in a post-student protest era. I am interested in how coloured women negotiate this space, what has been made possible through the unrest and what still holds us back. Autoethnography is an approach to research and writing that seeks to describe and systematically analyse personal experience in order to understand the broader cultural and social experience. This approach challenges colonial ways of doing research and representing others and sees research as a political, socially just and socially-conscious act

Hauntology - a concept explained well from Derrida (1994) - suggests that social-economic and political phenomena, such as apartheid, racism, inequality and injustice are not dead, but haunt and define our presence. My ghosts go back over 300 years when the first slave ships arrived from India and Ceylon. My ghosts have been with me for all my life, my mother's womb, from birth, through growing up, my studies and now my academic life.

In the current context of emotionally charged debates around coloured identity, I aim to explore shifts in how a coloured female academic is engaging with these ghosts of our past and how they may be use to help navigate these still troubled spaces. Weaving stories of my own becoming with black feminist theory, in particular the notions of respectability politics, anger and creative resistance, I will depict what is being made possible in our own academic and personal spaces through these shifts, when we embrace our ghosts, welcome them, free them and us.

Keywords: ***Academic identities, coloured identity, autoethnography, decolonisation, counternarratives, hauntology***

Introduction

Hauntology - a concept derived from Derrida (1994) - suggests that social-economic and political phenomena, such as apartheid, racism, inequality and injustice are not dead, but haunt and define our presence. My ghosts go back over 300 years when the first slave ships arrived from India and Ceylon (Erasmus, 2001). My ghosts have been with me for all my life, in my mother's womb, from birth, growing up, studying and now performing an academic life (Lewis, 1996).

Against the current context of emotionally charged debates around decolonisation, positionality and raced (coloured[1]) identity, I use narrative to explore how I - as a coloured female academic - engage with these ghosts of our past (materialised in my imaginary as

[1]Coloured isused as an ethnic label for people of mixed ethnic origin, including Khoisan, African, Malay, Chinese, and white.

ballerinas) and how I might use them to help navigate these troubled spaces.

I have been drawn to ballerinas my whole life. I find ballerinas fascinating: these magical, spiritual creatures with near superpowers. They glide over stages, ghostlike figures who appear to be flying; they mesmerise audiences. When you study the audience, they are spellbound by the ballerinas on stage. Ballerinas are haunted and haunting. Beautiful and mystical. Edgar Degas, a well-known French artist, has managed to depict this in his pastel drawings and oil paintings, the loneliness of these dancers within their complex relationships with each (seen in Figure 1, the dance class).

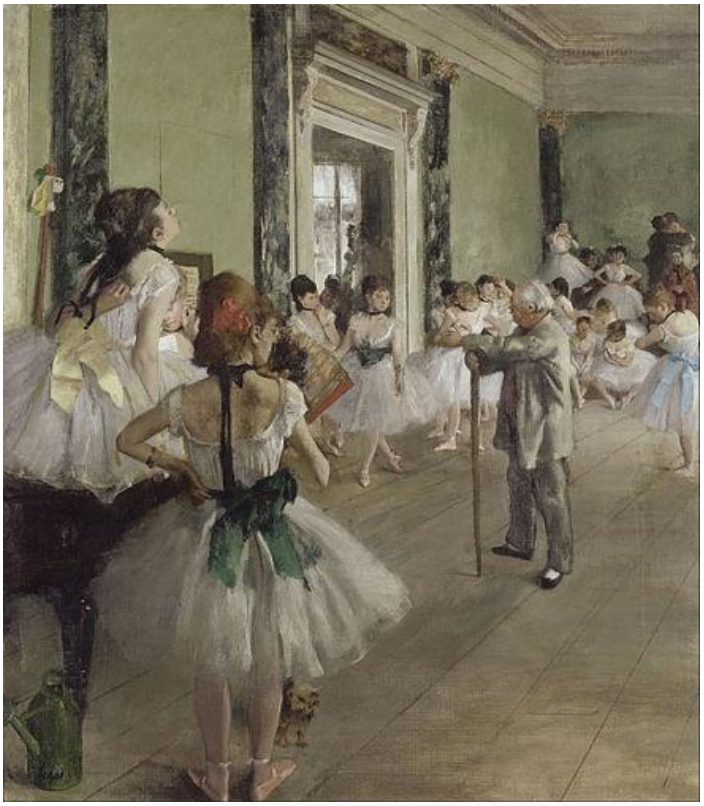

Figure 1:The Dance Class (La Classe de Danse), 1873–1876, oil on canvas, by Edgar Degas

And yet, ballerinas, as we think of them, are also white, fragile, precious, unique, valuable, far away on a stage, and represent bodies both in shape and meaning that do not look like mine. Why am I still so drawn to them if they represent everything I am not?

My stories talk about being dis- and misplaced (Hoosain, 2013). Like a ghost in the in-between. In the in-between space of excavating my PhD, I have to discover, who am I? Where am I from? Why do I feel so lost? In this chapter I am looking at scenes from my life, drawn both from my childhood and professional context, to show how I am experiencing the ballerina, this symbol of Western, white beauty and grace both as an oppressing and liberating force (Daigle, 2019; Clive, 2019). Weaving stories of my own becoming with black feminist writings on intersectionality, respectability politics and rage, I will depict what is being made possible in our own academic and personal spaces when we embrace our ghosts, welcome them, free them and us - a personal haunting that speaks to a larger political material symbolic haunting of South Africa, or the globe.

Coloured identity and current shifts in women's understanding of self

In 2019, a research paper about coloured women and their identity (Nieuwoudt, Dickie, Coetsee, Engelbrecht & Terblanche, 2019) started to possess me. In this paper, which caused an uproar in academia and was eventually withdrawn, the authors linked race to a limited brain ability. The call to fight back, to challenge a system that still allowed such racism, became loud and difficult to ignore. I felt the call to join women of colour in spaces such as "the kroeskop[2]

[2]kroeskop /-kɔp/ [Afrikaans, kop head], an offensive term for (one with) frizzy or tightly-curled hair (used especially of the hair of black or 'coloured' people).

movement" on Facebook, a movement in which women of colour proudly wear their natural hair, where women refuse to adhere to Western standards of beauty, and where the personal becomes political.

These shifts, these calls started to whisper eerily in my ear: who am I? I am the firstborn of Peter Goetham, firstborn of Boeta Gummy Goutami, from 4 Tiny street, District 6. I was born of slaves, of people lost at the bottom of the ocean bed, of people never buried. I am from displaced people on the Cape Flats, I am of "kaapse klopse[3]" born from and within a life of superstitions. Comfortable with the unexplained and hair-raising presence of things unnamed. Evil was/is real, even if not spoken of, and successfully oppressed people like me for generations and generations (Chetty, 2010).

Academic context: a merged Extended Curriculum Programme

In 2002 the government proposed restructuring the institutional landscape of higher education (HE) in South Africa as a top-down government-driven vehicle of transforming society (Frans, 2008). The mergers were driven by an efficiency agenda that now characterises the academic sector, internationally but also in South Africa, following numerous shifts in policy to allegedly respond to inequality entrenched amongst Historically Black Universities (HBCUs) and particularly among universities of technology. However, what was not considered was the potentially traumatic

[3]The Kaapse Klopse (or simply Klopse) is a minstrel festival that takes place annually on 2 January and it is also referred to as Tweede Nuwe jaar (Second New Year), in Cape Town

impact of these mergers on the staff involved. As part of the consolidation process of the merger of several Technikons and Colleges in the Western Cape, I was moved along with my department to the District 6 campus (only recently renamed) from where my family was forcibly removed 70 years ago.Working as a lecturer in Design, teaching in the Extended Curriculum Programme on this site (this cursed place, a place stolen and haunted by unmarked graves), is strange and at times chilling.

Methodology

In my search for a methodology that would be able to allow an unpacking of my narratives I was introduced to autoethnography. Autoethnography is an approach to research and writing that seeks to describe and systematically analyse personal experience in order to understand cultural experience (Ellis, 2004). This seemed to be a good match for the kind of research I wanted to engage in. My personal experiences of being an academic in the design discipline, navigating the start to postgraduate studies, are the focus of this chapter. Describing my own and my colleagues' journeys feels important, bringing a perspective to the table that is often overlooked. Autoethnography challenges colonial ways of doing research and representing others and treats research as a political, socially just and socially-conscious act (Holman Jones, 2018; Ellis, 2004). I believe that research in higher education cannot be done without these considerations. As a method, autoethnography is both a process and product. This means I am personally involved in the research - "doing" and "writing" about my own experiences and those of colleagues in similar situations - while critically reading and

analysing this narrative along and through black feminist literature and theories (Daigle, 2019; Hoosain, 2013).

Scene 1: Ms Bernie's Ballet Class

Ms Bernie was a tall white slender lady. She glided across the floor and her perfect ballet feet were always on point. She had long blond hair that made the most beautiful ballerina bun. She always had food that I had never seen before. She would nibble on a celery stick long before it became glamorous. She drove a station wagon Peugeot 504. I knew no women who drove a car. She was like a superhero.

She had no kids and her husband was a doctor. A grown woman with no kids was unheard of in the coloured community I grew up in. Choosing to not have kids was crazy to me. Women didn't get to choose whether or not they wanted kids. She had a dog who was allowed in the house, a garden and a sea view. The most important thing about Ms Bernie was that she came from a white neighbourhood but came to teach ballet in my township. She was the first white person I knew. She taught me about white people. They were better, they were pretty and had it all. They didn't work to stay alive, they worked because they enjoyed it and could do what they were passionate about - as a job.

There were only five girls in her class when I looked through the open door. I was drawn there by the music. I have never heard music like that - it calmed me. I watched through the door for a few weeks, every Tuesday and Thursday from 3:30 till 5. One afternoon she opened the door and said: We already started - come now and get in line. I liked the way she never made a big thing about what I

was doing there or asked me any questions. I liked that she never had those "sturvie[4]" girls let on that I didn't belong.

As I walked to make the line, I struggled but loved everything about it. The music, the movements, even how hard it was. I loved how you had to fight through the pain in your feet. I felt addicted to the struggle of it. To get your body to act in such an unnatural way. To learn, it was the first learning I enjoyed. At the end of the class, she pointed at a big wooden box and said: Take what you need from there, wash it and see you next week. She was stern but friendly. I looked into the box and it had used ballet shoes and clothes. The pink colours in the box were beautiful. That small bag of used ballet things contained some of the most precious things I have ever owned. I felt so pretty and in all those mirrors, I loved myself like that: light and beautiful. I saw myself, really saw me. Here I was good, and she also saw me …

Over the years Ms Bernie gave me books and music and paintings and pictures of ballerinas. She would record music for me on a cassette and give me special attention in class. She gave advice about school and bullies and family. She helped me cope and adjust to living in the township. Displaced from my mother and being raised by a hurting father and uncommitted grandmother. We did the best we could for all of us. Ms Bernie was my friend.

Then one day I overheard Ms Bernie tell the pianist that she was leaving. Her husband had found a job overseas and being white in South Africa was dangerous now. If he knew she was still coming to

[4] ***Sturvie - elegant or stylishly luxurious***

teach here he would be very unhappy, she said. White people would be chased into the sea in the near future. I stood in the same place; I stood that first day when she let me join the class. I felt my heart break harder than I have ever felt - it hurt in a way I could not explain. Harder than the day my mom left, the day Joany left, harder than anything. She continued to say that the department had already found a replacement and the lady was coming here today to meet the girls.

Ms Bernie was always kind and understanding to us girls. She once said: if I could I would take you five with me. Now she was leaving - just like everyone else in my life. I could not hold back the tears. We were all overcome by the news of losing Ms Bernie. She lined us up like we did every day we came for class. All the girls looked around, tears flowing. Ms Bernie asked us to be brave and not have the new teacher see us cry. We stood there lined up as the new teacher walked in, eyes front she said, as she entered from behind us. Ms Bernie showed her around and admitted that she had not always taught us the traditional way. Ms Bernie explained, the girls just loved to dance. They came to stand directly behind us; Ms Bernie introduced us each by name and strength. I heard the critique of each girl before me in the line. The new teacher just looked at us and I could see she was displeased. It was my turn, Ms Bernie said: And this is Cheri, she is the hardest working dancer, has good music calculation and often leads as she has excellent timing and master's complex techniques, with ease. The new teacher took one look and said: But she is overweight and short and all these pimples. She will never be a dancer. Ms Bernie said: Maybe, but she loves to dance

and if not, she can always teach. If she had Le-Donna's body, she would be a great dancer.

I felt like a horse on show, like where pa plays "peere[5]" horses. I felt something that would haunt me from that day - just not good enough, she said, as she looked me in the eye. I am never enough to make them stay. I looked up at this "kallid[6] lady" with court shoes short, herself slightly overweight and I could not believe how much she looked nothing like a dancer at all. She said: Right girls, let's give Ms Bernie our last courtesy and let's get working. I knew then, I was done with a dance class. Through all the tears in my eyes, I looked up and saw Ms Bernie walk through the door. I stood numb as I listened to her car start up and drive away into the distance.

Scene 2: The shadows in the corridors on D6 campus

My ghosts have been with me - moving in my present. Their stories untold and nearly forgotten, stolen from their home and relocated here. People go on about the land…. but I am not from this land, my ancestors came here via a slave ship. Is it any wonder we wander …we float like ballerinas, being moved from one continent to another, from one neighbourhood to the next, from one campus to another, we glide in this land never quite home?

The move from the Bellville to the D6 campus as part of the reconsolidation process during the merger feels like my ancestors

[5] Peere – Horse racing -gamble on horses
[6] Kallid- also Coloured, the speaking of Afrikaans and English called Kaapse Afrikaans also known as Cape Slang (Capy) or Kombuis Afrikaans, meaning Kitchen Afrikaans. Cape Coloureds were defined under the apartheid regime as a subset of the larger Coloured race group.

being moved from their home on the slave ships or from their home in D6 to Bishop Lavis. Being forced to move somewhere without a say. You could refuse, if you wanted, but it meant to destroy your livelihood: is that not an enslavement of sorts? This creepy, uneasy feeling of being moved and feeling like a ghost on the new campus. When I see the Bellville staff in the passages, like me, they lurk in the shadows and merge into the background, like ghost-like images of their former selves. When we were alive and thriving. We look like ballet dancers on the Cape Flats, pretty and lovely ghost-like beings that don't belong, neither in the past or the present.

As we dance through these shadows, we discover more dancers revealing themselves. From the depths of the oceans, from slave ships along the spice routes sold and enslaved, dancing on the parade all around the castle. I see the chains we carry now; we can only go so far. Told when to do what with eyes always watching you. We learn the ways; our feet dance the steps but our hearts hear the drum beats of home. Homesickness is showing up in our physical and mental spaces.

Is it strange that we feel like a ghost here? When parts of me call to me from across the sea on the "SuidOoster". Lost and displaced the cries from the dark five corners of the old castle shout to me in anger and frustration. I try to look away, to shake their voices from my head as I walk past. I see dancers along the way to the D6 campus. The grand jeté[7] and pirouette[8] where Tiny Street used to

[7] a ballet jumps in which a dancer springs from one foot to land on the other with one leg forward of their body and the other stretched backwards while in the air.

[8] an act of spinning on one foot, typically with the raised foot touching the knee of the supporting leg.

be. So, my heart calls for the old... for home, where I knew my job and had clear directions as to what to do. Where I was seen.

I greet the grand parade, I hear the beats, heartbeats to meet my feet and I know the rhythm and I know the steps. It's so much part of me, the klopse painted faces, are we still hiding under white face paint? I can even hear the "pedekar[9]" going by. We all dance to this loss and displacement while we hold our ballet hands and feet and smiles in place. The show must go on. Here we go, lights camera action. All dancers in place, showtime.

The ghosts from my past present today. Reminding me of that saying from my grandmother, "die slave van java kanni rusi wan julle is nie gevind en begrave ni, ons dra die seer[10]". I feel that haunting, I feel that hurt and pain. The generations now manifest that pain of old. We too feel invisible like ghosts as we kallid people fight to be heard and seen never enough. Not yet white and not black. Other times you look right at me but through me, like you see a ghost - like I am haunting you!

Scene 3 - performing at SAVAH

I am standing in a room at the Vega School of Arts. My heart is pumping. I am looking at an audience full of academics. Some are my colleagues and I get encouraging smiles from them. But some I have never seen. Lots of white women look at me expectantly. I try to talk. I falter. I stumble. I am at a loss of words. A loss of English words. I look at Amanda, I say things in Afrikaans and she finds the

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[9]Horse carriage

[10] the slaves of Java can't rest because they are not found and buried, we carry that hurt

right words in English. I continue. My emotions overtake me, but I continue talking. The audience is quiet. Spellbound. I have captured them as I imagine the ballerinas capture their audience. But I am not perfect, I am not swift, I am not graceful and elegant. I put myself out there. I show everything, I shock them with my honesty, my raw emotions. The beautiful music I play, the ghostly performance of Sam's movie gives me wings, and I am proud of my pictures of the ballerinas in the township. All of this gives me the courage to continue and finish my presentation. When I am done, I get roaring applause. I feel good, I feel victorious, like a prima ballerina, centre stage. The room is mine. Until this one white woman asks me the question I dread - why ballerinas?

Figure 2: PowerPoint Slide SAVAH 2019 presentation. Images Pinterest with edits by C. Hugo in photoshop

Black women in academia/intersectionality

Academia is a difficult space to navigate for people of colour, but for women of colour in particular. We are not seen; we are not good enough. We are not seen to have the skills and knowledge needed as academics. We do not fit the look and the practices of an academic.

BEE,[11] nGAP[12], specific grants and other measures of redress help us get into spaces that were previously not open for us. But even if access is given, we are not necessarily given the space we need to flourish as ourselves.

Intersectionality was first used by Kimberlé Crenshaw (1989), who called for the recognition of multiple intersecting identities among women. Crenshaw recognised that women's feminism is affected by their social position through their race, colour, age, social class, ethnicity, culture, etc. Intersectionality helps me understand the differentiated oppression white women and women of colour experience in general, but in particular in academia, and to recognise the different implications it has for different races. Feminism historically was dominated by white, northern/western, middle class women representing the experiences of 'all women' as if they were unitary. This has long been critiqued by black, postcolonial, decolonial, and African feminists calling for a more nuanced engagement with feminist questions. Black feminist authors have given me terminology to put into words what I am feeling. Angela Davis(1983) reminds us that feminism must be for those at the very bottom of society: "Revolutionary hope resides precisely among those women who have been abandoned by history and who are now standing up and making their demands heard. I truly

[11]Black Economic Empowerment (BEE) is a racially selective programme launched by the South African government to redress the inequalities of Apartheid by giving black (African, Coloureds, Indians and Chinese) South African citizens economic privileges that are not available to White South Africans,

[12]The New Generation of Academics Programme (nGAP) is a prestigious programme under the Department of Higher Education and Training (the Department) which involves the recruitment of highly capable scholars as new academics.

believe and men should apply this. That this is the era of women. I truly believe that. And I am referring not to the women who just have who only have to break the ceiling to get where they want to go, but I'm referring to the women at the very bottom poor black women, Muslim women, indigenous women, queer women trans women and angry women".

'Respectability Politics'

Respectability politics is the belief that people of colour can overcome 'many of every day, acute impacts of racism by dressing properly and having education and social comportment' (Cooper, 2019, p. 147). The term was first coined by Evelyn Brooks Higginbotham (1993, p.187) who referred to African American's 'promotion of temperance, cleanliness of person and property, thrift, polite manners, and sexual purity'. Respectability was used as a strategy to uplift African Americans and had two audiences: African Americans, who were encouraged to be respectable, and white people, who needed to be shown that African Americans could be respectable. More recently this is known for example as 'performing a vanilla self' or 'self-editing' (Pitcan, Marwick, & Boyd, 2018)as seen in how young people of colour perform in social media spaces.

While these distinctions were and remain about class, they were and are expressed primarily in behavioural, not economic, terms. Respectability politics are deeply problematic because its emphasis on individual uplift ignores structural inequalities, which are not changed by ascending class status (Harris, 2003). Furthermore, respectability politics rather than challenging, reproduce dominant norms.

As women of colour, we know respectability politics in our bones. Through how we dress, how we speak and how we behave, we try to mould ourselves into a world that is not ours, that doesn't want us, but that might tolerate us as long as we keep quiet and play the game. A game where rules are made by others, which we have to follow without challenge or questions. We know from early on, how we should do our hair, how to sit (straight), how to talk (only when spoken to) how to make eye contact (ideally never, and never), how to move our bodies (in a non-threatening way), to keep our feet and knees together. These often painful, time-intensive and costly practices take their toll. But we adhere to these unspoken rules to be able to be part of the game. In a professional context, this means keeping our voices down, saying what we need to say, but in a polite way, not ever disrupting the status quo or making white people feel uncomfortable. Our biggest compliment by a white person: I sometimes forget you are black; you are not like them.

White women carry their own burden of 'respectability politics'. Anti-racism educator Robin DiAngelo (2018) explains the 'Good/Bad Binary' in the context of systemic racism, in her book 'White Fragility', emphasising how white women are socialised to be good. Racism is seen as something only 'bad' people can be. This makes it difficult for white women to recognise and acknowledge their own racism, which can express itself in more than simple, isolated, extreme acts of prejudice. Her argument is useful for white women who are open to engaging with their own racism, which she defines as a holistic, all-encompassing system, into which we are all born and that has affected all of us. However, for women of colour

'respectability politics' is more than that - it is a matter of survival. Respectability politics is a survival strategy in the face of a potential for violence. We know when we step out of line, brutal things can happen.

The power of black rage

Black feminist Brittany Cooper (2019) argues that respectability politics are at their core a rage management project. Learning to manage one's rage by daily tampering down this rage is a response to the routine assault on one's dignity. This regulation of one's rage is needed if one wants to keep one's job or expected if one wants to be an academic. But rage is resistance, a kind of refusal, to be made a fool of, to be silenced, to be shamed. Choosing to be respectable leads to regrets for women of colour: we regret not showing up as ourselves, not saying what we wanted to say in the words we wanted to use, wearing what we wanted to wear. We fear giving up on our opportunities to speak, we give away parts of us to appear "good", what we give up to have careers. And we slowly die inside. So, it's no wonder we struggle with who we are. As I try to find myself through this process, I have to embrace all the parts of me. even the impolite parts, the rude and "gham"[13]parts. I have to claim them all.

Reclaiming and recognising our rage is an important tool and strategy in disrupting academic spaces. South African feminist Dela Gwala (2018, p. 210) speaks of the transformative power of rage. It is the "electric current needed for a seismic societal and institutional shift". I find her sentiments echo with me, and are amplified. You

[13] ***Gham - uncivilized coloured***

should use that anger, she says quoting Maya Angelou, you write that anger, you paint, you dance it, you vote with it. She carries this rage and I can relate. Lashing out at anyone I feel is wrong, feels good. Her words could be mine: 'Ranting with friends, with colleagues, during pillow talk with my partner, is liberating. I rant over the phone, via email, via Skype, around a glass of wine with friends, colleagues, family members, standing up, lying down, sitting up' (p. 207). I feel the anger from the bottom of my belly. The anger comes over me, a ghost haunting and exercising its supernatural power over me. Possessing me, I feel the anger rise inside me and I lose control.

But anger also changes you. For Gwala (2018), anger became sadness three years after a gruelling experience of gender-based violence. For three years I was angry at the merger, the (re)moving us from one campus to the other, without consultation, like cattle, like slaves. Losing my teaching subject drawing to a middle-aged white woman, the daily reminder of the D6 land issue that I have to endure, the women in the Cape Flats being killed, being impoverished, losing my grandmother to a long sickbed of death, and my house through a fire. The three years of trying to move forward with this PhD. First, trying at Rhodes, then CPUT, UCT and again at CPUT. The money I spent on fees, travel and babysitters. The lack of support, information and loneliness. Struggling to understand what was required of me and how to do it. The constant reading of English texts. Never feeling like I belonged. All this made me mad, angry and outraged. Angry about the constant reminder that I was just not good enough, unseen, not taken seriously. This is not new anger. It's an anger that is older than me, older than my

grandparents' generation. An anger that is haunting me from the depth of the oceans.

Trying to disrupt respectability politics, that tells us not to show our anger in public spaces, in spaces where whiteness rules, is difficult and possibly detrimental to our relationships in academia and our academic career. It has become increasingly more difficult to control and temper down. I feel the build-up of the music, dancing politely is not working anymore. We feel rage, we live rage, we want to express rage, but if we do, we are seen as rude, as disrespectful, some of us are challenged with disciplinary actions.

My rage has left me ravaged. I suffer from sleep deprivation, I am isolated, ignored, by association attached to trouble. I got rapped over the knuckles over and over again when I stepped out of line, spoke out of turn, and challenged my colleagues, my institution. It has left me invisible and unwanted, misplaced and out of place. Ghostlike really. My rage has led to sadness and to burn-out. To give up and try again. I live like a ghost in the in-between, in the past and the present. My people have always made good with what they have, so if I have "rage" what can I make of it? Can rage be something else, something quieter (Dawjee, 2018) or even joyful?

Research Making

Through the rage, I find sadness but I also find joy (Gwala, 2018, p. 200). Joy for me right now is creativity. I had forgotten - buried under all that rage was my creativity. I didn't have it in me for a long while. My anger robbed me of a space to dance with it. I now dance, I actively dance with my anger (see figure 9), write my way

through my anger (see figure 4). Through all my feelings, even joy and sadness. I dance with research and thoughts supernaturally. "If I can't dance to it, it's not my revolution", a quote often linked to anarchist and feminist Emma Goldman,resonates so strongly (see figure 3). This has been the greatest sense of joy for me to understand that feminism is *creating*. Positioning these ballerinas in my township scenes, my daily life, is liberating. Reclaiming them for me, my space, my community. Their grace and beauty which so naturally engage with scenes of township life. Taking them places, to conferences and book chapters. Bringing them to life, creating a space where I can be, perform, show my own vulnerability and brokenness, where I am *seen*. Haunting the audience with my loss for words, my faltering, my academic (un)performance. I discover research making as both a mode of self-care but also as activism - that suspiciously endless joy is another resistance in society (Gwala, 2018).

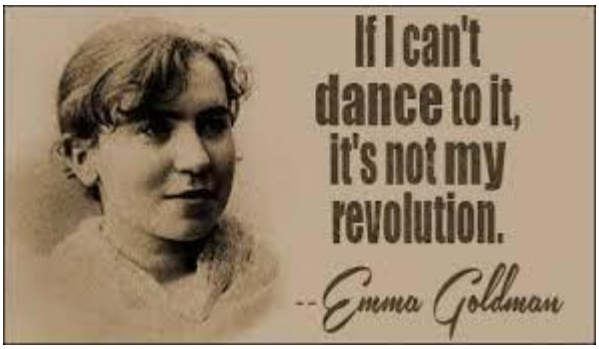


Figure 3:Emma Goldman - If I can't dance to it ...pinterest.com

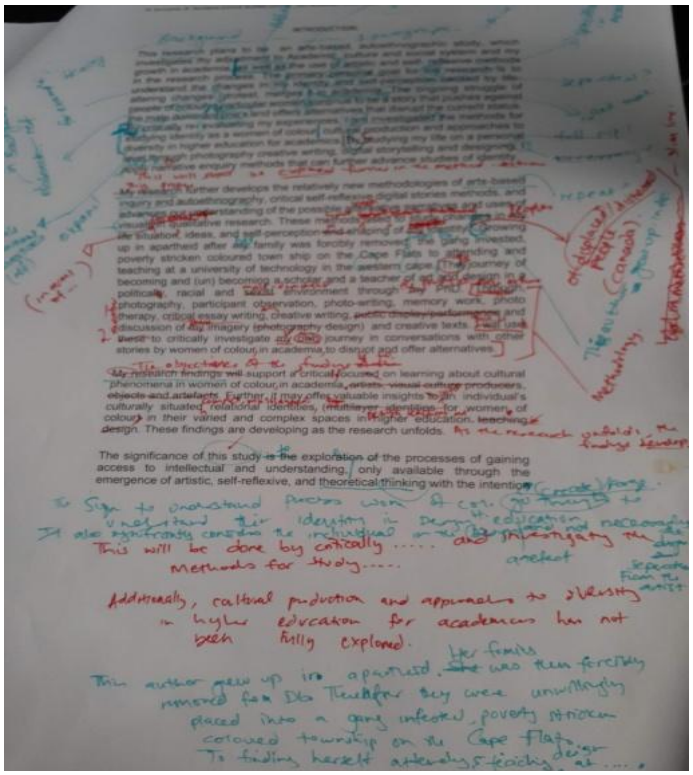


Figure 4 : My creative process of creating art with academic texts.

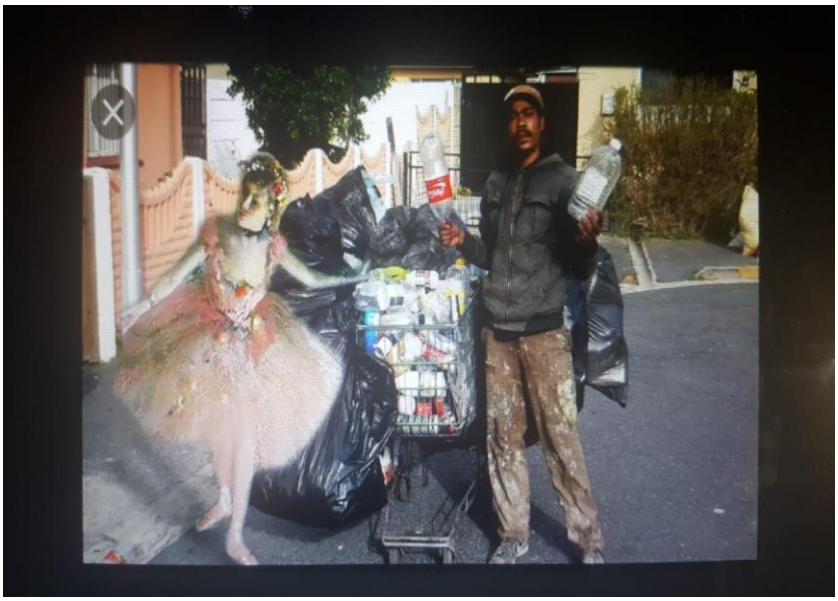
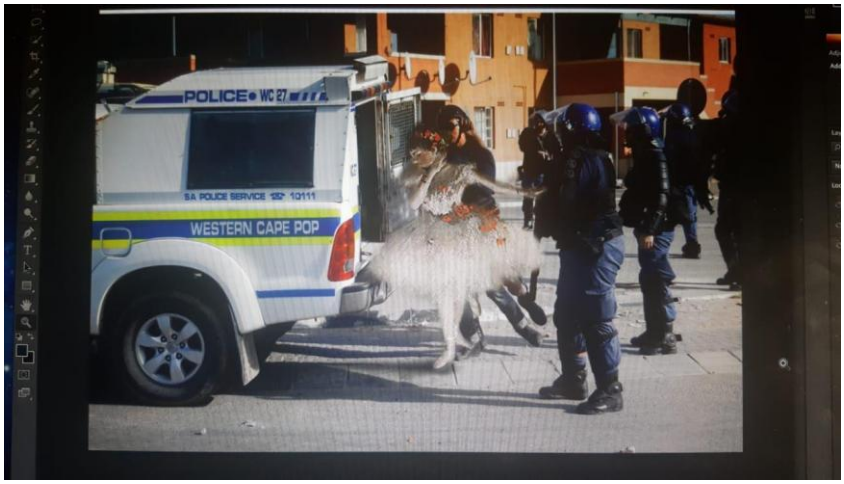


Figure 5: Ballerina on bin day.



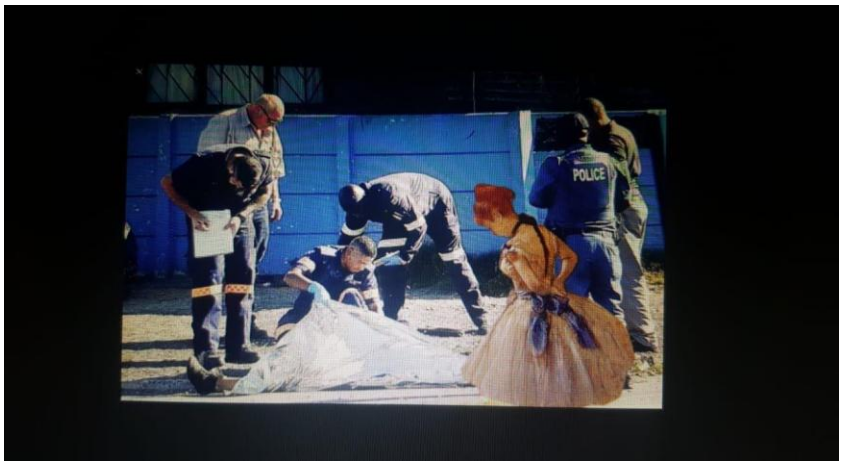


Figure 6: Always guilty, wrong place wrong time.
Figure 7: Victims and onlookers

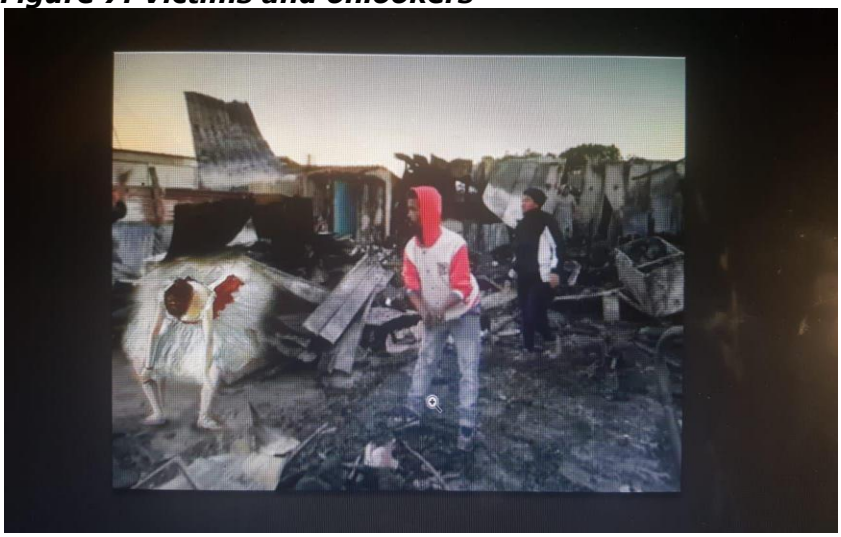


Figure 8: Unexpected treasure

Figure 9: Making a research an active process. Dancing through difficult concepts.

Embracing our ghosts

What is left for us? What ways are there to not adhere to respectability politics but not rage ourselves out of our jobs?

Over the last years women's anger has been given a platform and has become more accepted. Student movements, gender-based violence protests and other outcries on social media have opened up a space to shout out in solidarity to the rising temperature of women's anger. These movements have turned up the heat on policy changes that highlight the plight of women. Women have exercised their right to withhold labour and show up in masses to protest. Women like me have shown up at conferences and other platforms available to them. We show up as loud and angry and we are starting to embrace our anger, to fight back with joy. We use structures, laws and education such as PhD journeys, previously out of our reach for people like us. We learn to trust people slowly and make friends, even unlikely ones. We understand that rage goes through its process of sadness and loneliness and despair and like

all other ghosts we learn to live with it and evolve. We redesign, we change academic writing, we write books, we show up as ourselves more and more. We focus our anger and rage like snipers.

But beyond our rage, we also show our vulnerability in the spaces that permit us enough safety, in small reading groups and academic spaces where our research is supported. Like I did at the SAVAH conference or in this chapter, I perform against respectability politics. I control the performance and audience - I choreograph this performance to show up as myself and to tell my story.

Finding allies and using their skills, understanding your own shortcomings, is essential. Looking at allies, asking for help: I had to look across the room of the SAVAH conference to my colleague and friend for the correct pronunciation of words. Even though I practiced them all week, in front of a crowd of academics and researchers, at that moment, they were gone. Calling on our friends and allies during a presentation as I have, co-creates a space of engaging and performing differently. Showing that there is solidarity from other women of colour. Allowing other women to participate, to be part of the performance of my presentation, creates new practices of co-performance, questions and counters 'how things are usually done in academia': the individuality, the perfectionism, the flawless performances.

Hauntology is "ongoing conversation with the ghosts of the past, aiming at inventing a different future rather than fixing the past" (Lewis, 1996, p 21) This is not about fixing the past, it's about recognising the past in the present and the future. Our bodies will

haunt you - we represent the past in the present - you cannot, not see us. We remind you on an everyday basis about the past, you might ignore us but we are becoming more powerful by the day.

Avery (2008) writes, that haunting is one way in which abusive systems of power for instance dispossession, appropriation of resources or slavery, make themselves known and how their impacts are felt in everyday life. Injustices need not wait for some future remedy, because "now" is always already thick with possibilities disruptive of mere presence. In showing up, as uncomfortable as it may be, we disrupt.

The above images reveal the process of visually working through my research. My "rage" turns to joy when I create. I find the shock of the ballerinas (mis)placed in my township environment a way to disrupt ideas about where "ballerinas" are supposed to be. By placing the ballerinas in my community, I create counternarratives. I challenge concepts that have been held dear by society. I push against the ideas of patriarchy and whiteness. The ballerinas are ghostly figures, invisible to the obvious eye. They represent the past in my present. In figure 9, I show up at a dance class where I am the only woman of colour. It is hard but it is also liberating. The process to emerge myself into participating through visual art and performance art allows for the platform and space to be creative with my "rage" and find ways to fight back with joy.

Back to the Ballet Dancer:

Most recently I read an article by The Sordid Truth behind Degas by Julia Fiore, Oct 1, 2018 on her blog in which she shows up my fav

artist in ways that we have always known but could not dare say about these great men in art. She describes the dark off-stage parts of the dance that is not well choreographed. The sexual and gender transgressions by the on lookers and the manner in which Degas see the dancers as near animals enduring harsh hours and uncomfortable poses. The objectifying of the female body and bare legs. Dega even calls the dancers, "his little money girls". All the above mentioned, brings to question why we still study the figure in this way and why we still draw women (white) in these fragile poses. This further perpetuates the gender norms and leaves me raging that I am complicit in teaching figure drawing in this way. The call to decolonise design education is so needed and a reconfiguring of the womxn in design evenly so. We have to start teaching differently.

Anencore:

I am a stage, it's dark, my subconsciousness is a lonely light, a candle caught in a draft, it flickers, one minute this way then the other - everything else lies in the shadows, in the shade, but they are there. In the "off stage" areas, hallways, staircases, trap doors, at all times. Everything that lives within us or that wanders around within us, is all here, it acts, it dances, it lives on this stage that is me. Instinct, survival, rage, beauty, fear and taboos, forbidden inner thoughts, forbidden inner desires, unspoken dreams. Memories we don't want to see in the light, as we have displaced and suppressed them out of the light. Perhaps to make the trauma of life bearable, a performance is needed. They dance around us in the darkness, they trick, torment and poke us, they stork and haunt us they whisper. They flaunt themselves and scare us. They make me crazy. They

make me angry; they make me a hysterical, "raging" coloured woman. But they also make me dance.

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