

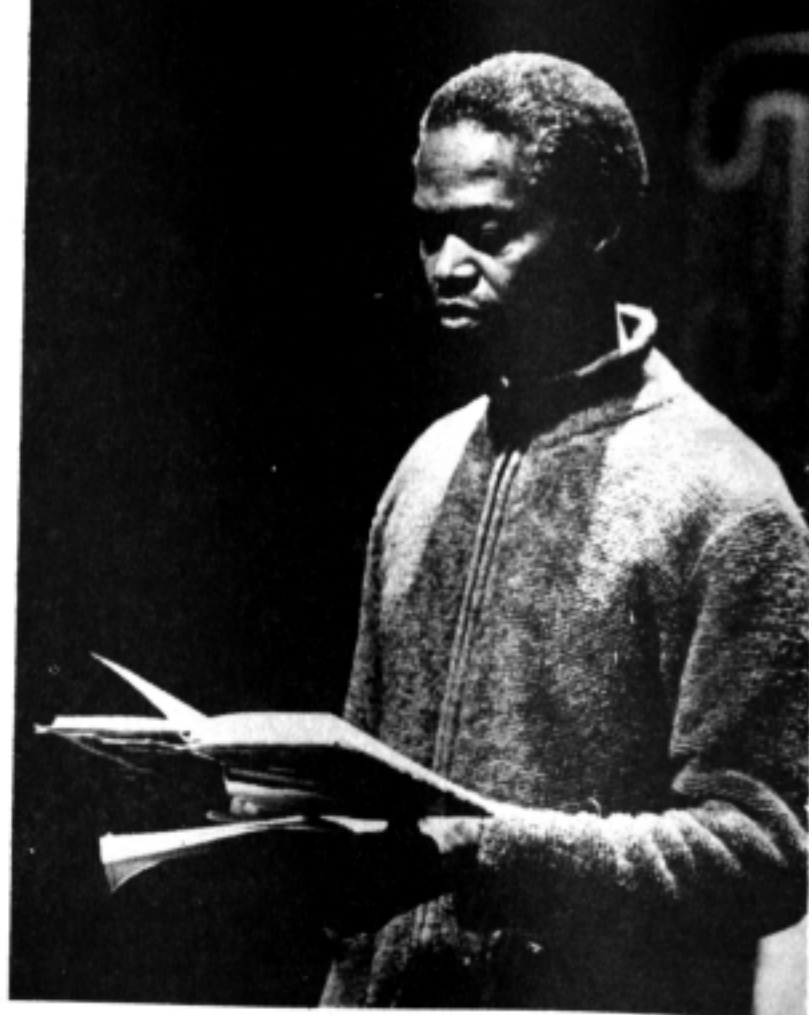


equally successful in portraying the Mozambican situation. As we begin this new road, we must also develop our own standards. Using the "correct" symbolism and imagery is only the first step down this road. In style, how do we compare Malangatana's joyous celebration of life and fertility on the Museum wall to the distortions used in the new presidential palace mural at the end of the book? Distortion and twisted features also have a meaning, one which we as graphic artists must seek to understand and interpret and control. In the Hero's Circle mural, the highly abstracted figures with raised fists complement in style the relatively realistic portrait of Machel. They in no way feel less than human. Yet the twisted faces of the new presidential palace mural seem more of a violation. Why? Is this intended? This too we can learn from.

These criticisms become more pointed, however, at the selection of a cover picture. The picture comes from a very small and unrepresentative portrait taken out of the new presidential palace mural. It imitates — when so taken out of context — Van Gogh's "Echo of a Scream", a total break from the cultural expression, depicted elsewhere so effectively in the book, of the Mozambican revolution. The revolution is not mindless screaming; as the text states and the murals themselves say, "Revolution is a highly conscious act". Yet this cover negates that statement. Confusing.

But over all, *Images* show us a future we can work towards. It is not a simple road for cultural workers. Rather it is a challenge, to shed our artistic privilege with the other rubble of the oppressive society, to strive for harmony between our art and the bloodstained awareness of our people. But in presenting us with this challenge, *Images*, also makes a promise. Today walls are furiously burning, blown up. Our people are cleansing themselves of the culture of silence, wherein to exist is only to survive. Thinking is difficult, speaking the word, forbidden. But we look forward. Tomorrow, when our people rebuild those walls, our understanding, our history, our victory will be part of that reconstruction. When national liberation frees the people from the morass of oppression and ignorance, it also frees art. There can be no greater promise for any culture.

L.A.



### WATER DREAMS (from a long poem)

One dreams of silences of  
 sleep; write out  
 mouth's  
 various voices.

Though when one spits, mouth  
 may be filled with laughter,  
 with all the body's  
 salt, and solid  
 with that weight.

One writes the poem lone;  
 live all the bodied lives.

These are the peripheries we walk through;  
 The circumference of wide-wheel turnings  
 that also spoke inward:

Silver mirror/even drinking water  
 Do not drown our thirst!  
 Where the pool's silent surface  
 Too greedy for light  
 It would eat out  
 Our eyes  
 All from the sockets of the  
 Whole body.

So we are, dare we forget  
 either  
 iron fact ; airy fable?

Today parents are living in  
 their  
 dead orphanages.

— COSMO PIETERSE