

rixalka

Cultural Journal of the African National Congress

BA 820.5 Rix
S. 88/92

RECEIVED BY

1992-05-12

ASA



INSIDE

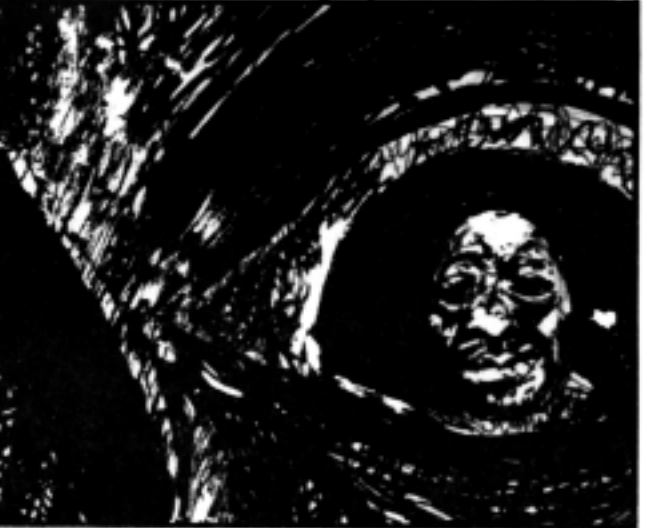
SPECIAL ISSUE:
CULTURE IN ANOTHER SOUTH AFRICA



Njabulo Ndebele



Pen and Ink drawing by Gordon Metz



CONTENTS

- 2 To the Reader
- 4 **JOHNNY DYANI: A Portrait**
By Pallo Jordan
- 9 **SPORT AND CULTURE**
By Zanele Mbeki
- 13 Poetry
- 17 **CASA SUPPLEMENT**
- 29 Poetry
- 32 **FREE THE CHILDREN**
- 33 **INTERVIEW**
with Pallo Jordan
- 35 Poetry from Palestine
- 38 Film Review
- 40 Short Story: **IN THE NIGHT**
- 44 Briefs

LISTEN TO:

Radio Freedom

Voice of the African National Congress and Umkhonto We Sizwe, the People's Army.

Radio Luanda
short wave: 30 & 40 m. bands
medium wave: 27.6 m. band
7.30 p.m. daily.

Radio Lusaka
short wave: 31 m. band, 9580 KHz
7.15-8.00 p.m. Monday to Friday
10.05-10.35 p.m. Wednesday
10.30-11.00 p.m. Friday
7.00-8.00 p.m. Saturday
8.00-8.45 p.m. Sunday, 17895 KHz.

Radio Madagascar
short wave: 49 m. band, 6135 KHz
9.30-10.00 p.m. daily.

Radio Ethiopia
short wave: 31 m. band, 9545 KHz
9.30-10.00 p.m. daily.

Radio Tanzania
Short wave: 19 m. band, 15435 KHz
Sunday, Monday, Wednesday, Friday,
8.15 p.m.
31 m. band,
Tuesday, Thursday & Saturday,
6.15 a.m.

READ

MAYIBUYE

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!

WORKERS' UNITY

D'AWN

Monthly Journal of Umkhonto we Sizwe

Voice of Women

ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO:
RIXAKA EDITORIAL
P.O. BOX 31791
LUSAKA, ZAMBIA.

FORWARD

BACK COVER: Jonas Gwangwa — Oscar nominee for music in Cry Freedom
FRONT COVER: South Africans coming together at CASA

PHOTOGRAPHS in this issue by: Sandra Cummings, Paddy Donnelly, IDAF, Gordon Metz & Basetsana Thokoane

TO THE READER



As this is being written, the world media report about the raid on Gaborone where people designated as 'ANC terrorists' have not only been slain in cold blood in their sleep, but petrol or some extremely inflammable solution has been doused over the bodies to make them unrecognisable. A Botswana Minister, Madame Chiepe — when asked what Botswana could do about this gross violation of her territory — says that the international community could lodge the strongest protest so that the perpetrators of this ghastly deed should get cold comfort. She mentions, also, that two of the murdered people were Botswana nationals, young women.

What she omitted saying was that the world community has always been asked not only to protest against these unspeakable acts by the Pretoria racist regime against its neighbours, but also to act. The countries, the governments that have always traditionally supported the apartheid state have been shown, in every possible way, that one of the most effective methods of bringing forth a peaceful solution to the South African tragedy is the imposition of mandatory and comprehensive economic sanctions against racist South Africa. Most governments, including the Reagan Administration, have been enjoined to respect the injunctions of the United Nations: certain measures have been taken. They are not enough and there is always that attempt or willingness on the part of that Administration to give with one hand and take away with the other.

The British Government, through its spokesperson Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, has been more insultingly vocal in its refusal to heed this call for sanctions, a call, it must be remembered, that was voiced by the Eminent Persons' Group. What this means is that all the suffering and bloodletting that takes place in our country is summarily ignored just because the imposition of sanctions would, in the minds of the British Government, 'open a way for the African National Congress to seize power'. All those corpses, all those displaced communities, don't matter. Moreover, there are all these investments that need to be protected. Someone once made this chilling observation: 'When they pour in the dollars, the soul goes'.

Since it has become glaringly clear that we're dealing with a situation where the soul has gone, what do we, cultural workers, do about the situation in our country?

The people in our country are writhing under the State of Emergency, a most cowardly method through which an unpopular regime can try to impose its will. On top of that, on February 24, 17 organisations were effectively banned; this was followed by the announcement that certain organisations would be barred from getting external funding. The *NEW NATION*, a mouthpiece of a gagged nation, has been dealt with in a way that would have made Hitler smile in the knowledge that the last bastion of Nazism is still holding sway. Our job is to wipe fascist smiles off the face of the earth.

In this issue questions about the direction we should take are raised; in the last decades of the 20th Century we should be striving to eradicate from the face of the earth all vestiges of mediaeval practices. This is why the CASA Conference and Festival which was held in Amsterdam in 1987 becomes so important. That was where all of us, cultural workers operating outside within the liberation movement and those of us still in the belly of the beast, came to an understanding that we're facing a most cowardly and heinous regime. Cowardly people tend, all the time, to wrestle with shadows.

We have included here some of the papers and discussions that took place in Amsterdam. It is the intention of this journal to publish in future some aspects on Language and Literature and also the paper on the visual arts.

We have been successful in holding out even in the teeth of the most cowardly of regimes. It is a regime which has spawned such obscenities as swastikas and murder; history has proved that swastikas have no place within the ranks of civilised humanity. Our task is to turn those swastikas, all

those symbols of man's descent into the jaws of chaos, into democratic images that speak of a people elevated from all forms of self-hatred and self-destruction.

This issue, then, celebrates all that is best in us; it speaks about the children who were represented at CASA, it speaks about the fact that we have to use all our arts and crafts to defeat the racist culture of death. It means we have to bear in mind that we have to employ a collective view as to how the struggle should be executed. Gone now are the days of our using our creativity on an individual basis without tapping the creative crucible, or drinking from the fountain that the people in our country have dug and nurtured for all these centuries.

Our work must finally dictate to us and, through our acts, to the enemy, that it is very easy to ban names of organisations and their affiliates, but it is an insuperable task to ban the thoughts in people's minds. As they say, you can kill the dreamer but it is impossible to kill the dream. Let our creativity be a death blow to silence.



JOHNNY DYANI: A Portrait

JOHNNY MBIZO DYANI, one of the most accomplished bassists to have come out of South Africa, died on stage at the Berlin Festival on Friday, 24th October, 1986. He was born in East London on November 30, 1945. His first instrument was a piano, but he was later attracted to the bass which, to him, has the deep notes resonant of the folk choirs back home. In this profile, PALLO JORDAN, who knew Johnny very well, traces some of the influences that made him a great artist.

Freedom was the lodestar of Johnny Dyani's life. He sought it for both his country and his people. He sought it also in his chosen career — in music.

Johnny Mbizo Dyani's path to a career in music began like that of many others in the bustling townships of South Africa's urban areas. He was fortunate in one singular respect — an early exposure to some of the leading musicians from the black community. His home, in East London, had for years been a regular stop-over for musicians on the road. He thus rubbed shoulders with seasoned professionals from an early age. Much of their skill was passed on to the impressionable youth. He displayed a precocious interest in the double bass, first picking up tips from itinerant musicians, then beginning to play with his peer group. The formative influence at this point in his life was Tete Mbambisa, an exceptional pianist, composer and arranger. It was as part of a quintet of singer/dancers, led by Mbambisa, that Johnny made his stage debut.

Throughout his musical career singing remained one of his great passions.

Touring the coastal cities along the garden route, the quintet made a big hit with their spirited and highly original renditions of such standards as 'A String of Pearls'; 'Three Coins in the Fountain'; 'My Sugar is so Refined'; 'This Can't be Love'; and others. It is a lasting testament to both his talent and perseverance that from these small beginnings, in non-amplified, dingy, drafty dance-halls, that he grew into a

much sought-after international talent.

During the 1950s, the decade during which Johnny entered his teens, the most influential band in East London was led by Nomvete. Playing a very eclectic repertoire that included jazz standards from the swing era, waltzes, the Tango, mbaqanga, be-bop and a host of other dance-hall favourites, this band, together with others directly impacted the moulding of his tastes and the breadth of his musical vision. But the decisive influence on Johnny's musical career came from outside his immediate environment.

In Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, Johannesburg, Queenstown and East London a tiny fraternity of black musicians found an affinity with the pioneers of the modern jazz movement in the United States — Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie and Thelonious Monk. They were avid collectors of records and sheet music and incorporated the influences of the be-bop style in their own music. Many of the names that have since become legendary in black South African music were members of this group. One thinks of names such as Kippie Moeketsi, McKay Davashe, Sol Klaaste, Christopher Columbus Ngcukana, Cups and Saucers Kanuka, Gideon Nxumalo, and, amongst the younger generation of musicians, Dollar Brand, Dudu Pukwana, Chris McGregor, Hugh Masekela, Jonas Gwangwa and Johnny Gertze.

The modern jazz movement struck roots in the major metropolitan areas, especially the port cities of the Cape,

through which the musical journals and records from abroad were imported. It was a movement of the young, daring and talented. From the beginning modern jazz was a minority taste, patronised by black workers and intellectuals in the urban areas, a growing number of 'off-beat' white students and artists, and the occasional music business impresario. Its breeding grounds were centres such as Dorkay House in Johannesburg, run by the Union Artists, the Ambassadors Jazz Club in Cape Town, the Blue Note cafe in Durban and university campuses.

In the South Africa of the 1950s the very notion of an African making a career in music was legally impossible. That a musician should hope to prosper by playing modern jazz was even more far-fetched. But despite this, the pioneers of the movement were prepared to brave the worst adversities. Perhaps it was their youth; that most did not have the additional responsibility of raising a family enabled them to steer the perilous course between the shoals of racist laws and discriminatory practice. Life itself was a tight-rope act, governed by numerous dodges to circumvent the pass laws, the Urban Areas Act, and the Group Areas Act. All this made it hard to form stable bands or groups. Record dates were even harder to come by.

At the time, the major outlet for black talent was the 'African Jazz and Variety Show', owned and managed by a musical huckster, Alf Herbert. Most of the adherents of the modern jazz



movement had passed through the mill of 'African Jazz', where they had learnt the bitter lessons of cultural exploitation and artistic prostitution Herbert was notorious for. Their determination to preserve their cultural and musical integrity was in great measure a direct consequence of this experience.

One of the first stable modern jazz groups was made up of Kippie Moeketsi (alto sax), Hugh Masekela (trumpet), Jonas Gwangwa (trombone), Dollar Brand (piano), Johnny Gertze (bass) and Makhaya Ntshoko (drums). Dollar Brand (Abdullah Ebrahim) at the time also led his own trio, composed of Johnny Gertze and Makhaya Ntshoko, which regularly featured at the Ambassadors Jazz Club in Cape Town.

It was into this milieu that a bright student at the South African College of Music entered. His name, Chris McGregor, the Transkei-born scion of white missionaries. Chris was strongly influenced by the intellectual currents affecting France and the United States in the period immediately after the Korean War. He had become a well known figure in Cape Town artistic circles as an exponent of existentialism

and a modern jazz pianist. Using both the campus of the University of Cape Town and the fledgling jazz clubs around Cape Town as his base, he had integrated himself with a group of black musicians from the townships of Cape Town. Among this number were Cups Kanuka, the tenor saxophonist from Langa, with whom he often shared the stage; Christopher Columbus 'Mra' Ngcukana. Dayanyi Dlova, an alto sax man; Sammy Maritz, the bassist. From 1961 he developed a lasting and extremely fruitful relationship with an alto sax player from Port Elizabeth, Dudu Pukwana.

1960, the Sharpeville Massacre, the banning of the ANC and the declaration of the State of Emergency, inaugurated the campaign of massive repression that characterised the next two decades. The regime definitively cut off all avenues of peaceful struggle, forcing the national liberation movement to reassess its entire strategy. An aspect of the new strategy was a concerted campaign to isolate the apartheid regime in the world community. This necessitated the creation of the ANC's international mission to co-ordinate and

plan this campaign. The decade of the sixties was to be the turning point in Johnny Dyani's life.

The nodal moments were the Jazz Festivals in Moroka in 1962 and 1963. At the '62 Moroka festival, Chris McGregor fielded a septet drawn from Cape Town musicians; Dudu Pukwana came with a quintet, the Jazz Giants, including Nick Moyake on tenor and Tete Mbambisa on piano. A second group from Cape Town, the Jazz Ambassadors, led by Cups and Saucers Kanuka, included Louis Moholo on drums. Nomvete from East London brought along a group that included Mongezi Feza on trumpet. All these were promising musicians, destined to win recognition not only in Johannesburg but internationally. In 1963 they were all brought together in one group, the 'Bluenotes', led by Chris McGregor.

The Bluenotes came into existence after the other members of the group 'discovered' Dyani while playing a gig in East London. Somewhere along the line, at an afternoon session in Duncan Village, a bold teenager asked to sit in with the band. Rather taken aback, but

'Johnny, like most of our musicians, was sprung from the loins of the black working class. He was, in the best meaning of the term, a man of the people.'

always ready to explore new talent, the band agreed to allow Johnny one or two numbers on a borrowed bass. After the first tune they played together the others on the bandstand realised that they were not dealing with some brash upstart, eager to impress his friends by sitting-in with old campaigners, but rather with a bold but gifted bassist. It went without saying that they would enrol Johnny in the Bluenotes.

By 1963 each of the members of the band had evolved and grown tremendously. Chris McGregor, the leader, had continuously interacted and sought opportunities to perform with all the key musicians of the modern jazz movement since the late 1950s. His academic training had contributed to his skill as arranger and transcriber. Playing with the likes of 'Mra', Kippie, Cups and Saucers, Dudu, Mankunku, Johnny Gertze and McKay Devashe had helped him to grow from a callow emulator of Bud Powell into a definitively South African pianist, partaking and contributing to the cosmopolitan melting pot of its evolving culture. His fellow musicians in the Bluenotes: Dudu Pukwana on alto sax, Nick Moyake on tenor sax, Mongezi Feza on the trumpet, Dyani on bass and Louis Moholo on drums each had moulted within their original settings and in the band. The meeting in East London was another fortunate break for Johnny Dyani because the Bluenotes were preparing to go overseas. The trip materialised in 1964.

Their popularity and prestige had brought them to the notice of the European Jazz Critics. Consequently, the band was invited to play at the Antibes Jazz Festival, in the south of France, during the summer of 1964. Assisted by a grant raised from amongst the Rand mining magnates, the band left for Europe in mid-1964. Antibes was to be the gateway to a new world for all of them.

After its initial 'hit' impact at the festival, the Bluenotes had to weather the storms and chilly winds of the 'free marketplace', dominated by the en-

trepreneurs of the music business, whose chief concern is business and not the promotion of talent. The first three years after Antibes were the hardest. Flushed with a perhaps naive enthusiasm for the relative freedom of Europe, the musicians fell victim to one flim-flam artist after another. To all intents and purposes the Bluenotes ceased to exist in 1965. Nick Moyake opted to return to South Africa. Johnny Dyani and Louis Moholo joined up with the US saxophonist Steve Lacy and became stranded in Buenos Aires. Dudu, Mongezi and Chris made their way to London where they tried to make ends meet with intermittent club dates.

Somehow the dispersed members of the Bluenotes managed to retain their old loyalty to the conception of the original group. Huddling together for warmth in London, the core group assisted the two prodigals from Argentina back to London.

By the time Dyani and Moholo came back to Europe in 1967, the modern jazz school had undergone its most far-reaching metamorphosis since Parker and Gillespie at Minton's in the late 1940s. The names associated with these changes are those of Ornette Coleman, an altoist from Texas; John Coltrane, a tenor man, formerly with the Dizzy Gillespie Big Band, later with the Miles Davis Quintet; Eric Dolphy, a former Mingus sideman; Albert Ayler, an altoist from New Jersey; and Archie Shepp, tenor saxophonist from Philadelphia.

The accent among these innovators was on freedom. Freedom, they said, could be attained by breaking out of the conventions of be-bop and seeking out new modes of expression by total improvisation. They forcefully re-asserted the African musical idiom, borrowed freely from Indian, South American and modern European traditions. For good measure they threw in elements from the Shamanism of Asia and North America for further experimentation. It was called the 'New Wave' or 'Avant Garde'.

Individually and collectively the members of the Bluenotes had kept abreast of these developments. The core group in London was already making a mark on the Avant Garde scene where they had a regular weekend gig at Ronnie Scotts 'Old Place' in Soho. On their first weekend in London, Dyani and Moholo demanded to be allowed onto the bandstand after the first set. In sensational second and third sets, the reunited Bluenotes set the club on fire. There was an evident empathy amongst the musicians despite the years of separation. Critical acclaim was not long in coming, followed by a record date early in 1968, the outcome of which was an album, 'Very Urgent', on the Polydor label.

'Very Urgent', which features compositions by Dudu Pukwana and Chris McGregor, was expressive of the mastery of the musical idiom of the avant garde by the leading South African musicians in Europe. It remains a collector's item.

During the succeeding years the differing directions sought by the individual members of the reunited Bluenotes contributed to the dissolution of the group. By 1970 Dyani was freelancing with various British, Continental and American groups in addition to leading small groups of his own in and around London. The extreme fluidity of the avant garde assisted his development. Stable groups were the exception rather than the rule as musicians from the US, South America, Europe and Africa sought each other out for the chance to perform together and thus share experience and ideas in the act of creation. For a little while Paris became the centre for avant garde American musicians, who coalesced around the 'BYG' label.

The strength of the avant garde was that it arrived at a moment when developments in the electronics industry made recording facilities more readily available to small scale operators. This effectively broke the monopoly over reproduction formerly held by the



Pen and ink drawing by MILES PELO

'He clearly understood that freedom, for the artist and in the arts, is inextricably bound up with freedom in society.'

'Throughout his musical career Johnny has actively associated himself with the liberation struggle.'

record companies. The musicians, too, were more concerned to effect direct communication with their audiences rather than transmittal through radio and the record industry. Small clubs proliferated, concerts, festivals and loft gigs, closely associated with the changes in lifestyle, had also undermined the star system so assiduously cultivated by the promoters and music hustlers of the 1950s.

Johnny Dyani made his own distinctive contribution to the contemporary cultural climate of a healthy cosmopolitanism, reflective of the recognition of the universality of aesthetic values and the need for humanity to share its common cultural heritage. Dyani's first album featured Mongezi Feza plus a Turkish drummer. This was to be characteristic of all his subsequent albums. Carribean, American, Danish, South African, North African and Swedish musicians all, at one time or another, were drawn into his various small bands, the most recent of which was called 'Witch Doctor's Son'. He gave his work an explicitly political tone in recent years, with albums such as 'African Bass', 'Born Under the Sun' (1984), 'Mbizo' (1983). He also made an invaluable contribution to a most fruitful collaborative relationship with Dollar Brand (Abdullah Ibrahim), the product of which was two albums, 'Good News from Africa'.

Among his other musical co-workers can be numbered some of the most outstanding exponents of the avant garde school. These include Don Cherry, Jon Tchichai, Allen Shorter, Oliver Johnson plus his old colleagues from South Africa, Dudu Pukwana, Louis Moholo and Chris McGregor. The memorial album, dedicated to the memory of Mongezi Feza, 'Bluenotes for Mongezi' (1975), and a subsequent album 'Bluenotes in Concert', are glowing examples of their mature interpretation of the avant garde idiom.

After 1973 Johnny Dyani once again moved from London, settling first in Denmark, then in Sweden. It was from

here that he led his most stable group, 'Witch Doctor's Son', a band with a heavy Mbaqanga sound, which became a regular feature at Jazz Festivals throughout western Europe. It was during a gig in West Berlin, over the weekend of October 25th, 1986, that Johnny Dyani collapsed on stage.

Throughout his musical career Johnny has actively associated himself with the liberation struggle. During Festac '77 in Lagos, Nigeria, he was part of a small ANC delegation. At the Gaborone 'Culture and Resistance Festival', he proved an articulate spokesperson on behalf of the musicians in a number of panels. In Scandinavia, he was an active member of the ANC regional structures, often contributing his services to raise funds for the movement.

In Johnny Mbizo Dyani's death, we have come to the end of a brilliant chapter in South African cultural history. It marks the final disappearance of the Bluenotes. Three members of the famous band survive: Chris McGregor, Dudu Pukwana and Louis Moholo. Nick Moyake died in Port Elizabeth in 1969; Mongezi Feza died in London in 1975 and on 24th October, 1986, Johnny Dyani collapsed on stage in West Berlin.

His passing leaves a gap among committed South African musicians that will be hard to fill. During his all-too-brief life he has left an indelible imprint on black South African music and the international jazz scene. Through his music Johnny managed to reach out to millions — touching each of their hearts with that subtle and sensitive blending of the hope, sorrow, desires and struggles of the South African people. In his music one could hear the rhythms of protest, so eloquently expressed in the work songs of the unskilled labourers; one could feel the moving pathos of the songs of widows of the reserves; one could be swept up in the spirit of defiance and revolt conveyed in the surging freedom songs. But above all, his music resounded with a joy in life, which is at the core

of our musical traditions.

Johnny, like most of our musicians, was sprung from the loins of the black working class. He was, in the best meaning of the term, a man of the people. From an early age he was possessed of a quiet dignity and self-assuredness, endowed with a vast capacity for hard work and sustained effort. These were the qualities he brought to his first love — music — which was his chosen career.

Johnny was never a pompous or conceited person. Amongst his friends and colleagues he was known for his wit — a digging, ribbing sense of humour so common in the Eastern Cape.

Unlike many of his peers, he was perhaps fortunate in having had the opportunity to go abroad. In the world beyond South Africa's borders, despite the many hardships he suffered, he was at least free from the ubiquitous racial barriers, restrictions and constraints that have smothered so many other talents amongst our people. As we cast our eyes back over the life and times of this outstanding young musician, we can feel proud of a record of no mean achievement. Yet this same record serves to remind us also of the thousands of others who never even received the opportunity to develop their potential, because of the system of national oppression that holds our country in thrall.

Johnny Mbizo Dyani was not the type of artist who subscribes to the notion that 'the double bass is mightier than the sword'. He knew from his experience as a man, and through his sensitivity as an artist, that the freedom he sought could not be achieved solely in the key of 'B flat' or 'C major'. He clearly understood that freedom, for the artist and in the arts, is inextricably bound up with freedom in society. It was this recognition which determined the path to which he hewed, as a politically committed artist.

SPORT AND CULTURE

Zanele Mbeki



Moses Kotane — one of the precursors of democratic sport

While we have scored significant victories in the isolation of the racist regime within the framework of culture — and while various Artists Against Apartheid formations are burgeoning the world over — we have never seriously addressed ourselves to the field of sport. This is lamentable in that South Africans, black and white, are people that are known for their love and consumption of this cultural activity.

Within the national liberation movement we cannot avoid viewing the subject of sport and culture in comparative terms. Sport and physical culture have become arenas of intricate ideological rivalry for the simple reason that they exert some influence on social production, on human behaviour patterns and on sociological relationships. They play an important role in ideological education as a means of social integration and in the rational utilisation of free time. In addition, sport and physical culture are an important area of peaceful competition in a spirit of friendship among nations.

The ideological struggle is conducted in both the cultural justifications (theory) and in the practice of sport. The rivalry is not of East against West, but that of socialism versus capitalism.

On one hand there is the bourgeois approach where sport is most often seen as a concern only of the individual; a feature of life which is not connected to class and social values nor to economics and politics.

Bourgeois culture tends to counterpose work and play. It presents work as a compulsory occupation and sport as voluntary play, however a sort of play which has certain compensatory attributes such as that:

- It is *revitalising* after physical exhaustion and other debilitating effects of the modern workplace. Sport acts as an elixir which heals people from physical fatigue associated with the workplace.
- It enriches the mind (psyche) against the monotony and boredom of the work process.
- It re-establishes *personal identity* against the depersonalising and dehumanising effects of modern social production.
- It is *socially integrating* where contemporary life emphasises anonymity, bureaucracy and intellectualisation.
- It is an outlet for subconscious instincts where there are no opportunities for *expressing aggression* or satisfying animal instincts in a civilised way.
- Proponents say that for civilised man, sport is a 'great and necessary cleansing for aggressive instincts'. If these are prevented from finding an outlet, they manifest themselves in a destructive manner. Hence, in their view, sport plays a social role as a *safety valve* for people's aggressive tendencies.

This 'compensatory' stance fragments and separates sport from its social context and gives the illusion that sport is somehow autonomous and unaffected by our daily living conditions and

therefore can be a way of escaping from social realities or unresolved social problems. It suggests that people should become reconciled to their problems through sport. Through engagement in sport, people are expected to ameliorate the deleterious effects of capitalist production processes.

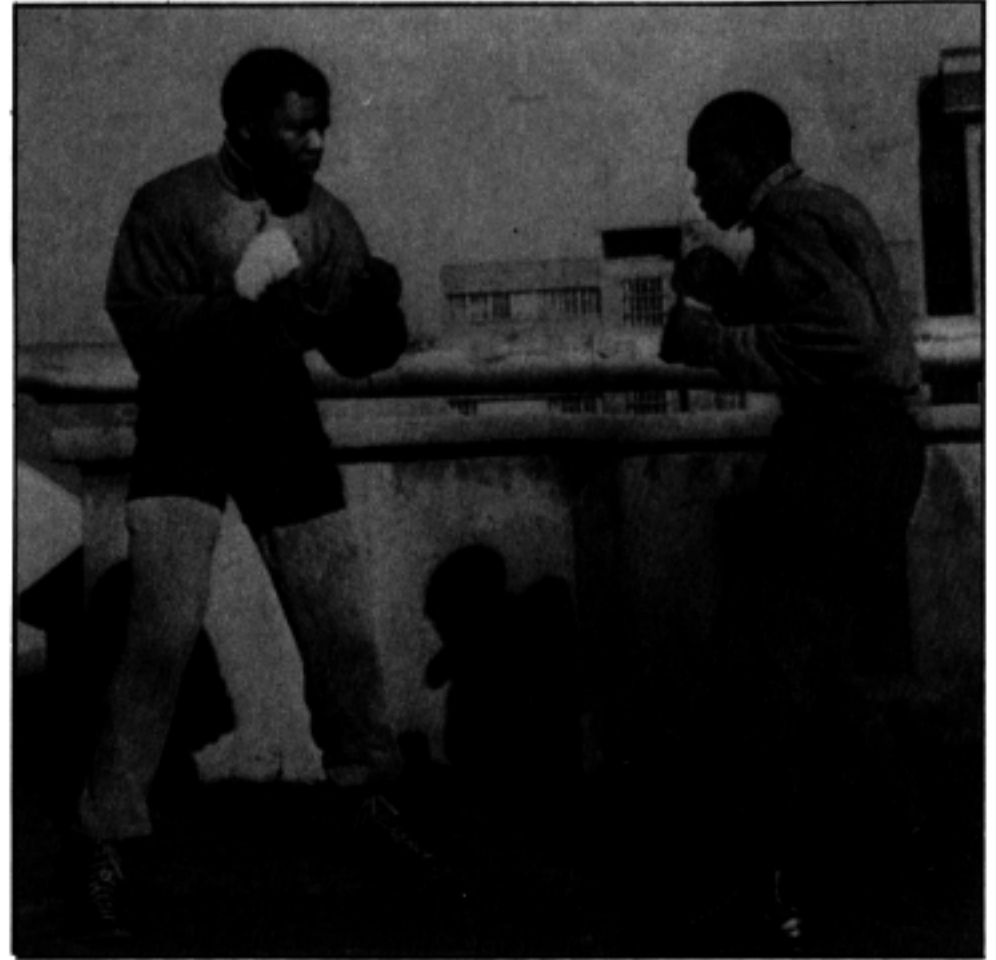
Other bourgeois cultural views are that sport and sporting spectacles have a *democratising influence* because sport improves social relations between classes and reinforces links between them. This process, it is said, encourages integrational forces which are important for maintaining the 'democratic way of life'. They argue that a person who is on the lowest rung of the economic and social ladder may take part in sport with equal benefit and satisfaction as those at the top. Similarly, 'sports grounds are equally hospitable to miners, politicians and bank presidents ...'

Hence, again, through sport, oppressed people are expected to take flight from their working conditions and escape from the everyday world of social and political struggle into a 'world of play' where they experience a sense of freedom and responsibility in fruitful communion between people of different backgrounds! This is where class peace and reconciliation are supposed to be achieved through the society of play.

This credo is belied by everyday life experiences in bourgeois culture because the vast majority of working people cannot pursue the sport of their choice. Public sporting facilities are limited and sports clubs maintain exclusivity by charging extortionate membership fees in addition to demanding countersigned testimonials vouchsafing 'civilised' conduct. Sports clubs, by definition, discriminate in regard to membership on grounds of race, sex, nationality, income, occupation and social background. This reinforces class distinctions. In any case, most sports involve expensive equipment and mandatory 'proper' attire — all of which make sport and sporting activities inaccessible to everyone who shows ability, inclination or interest.

There is today a whole new industry which exploits the sphere of leisure through advertising and marketing of sports merchandise. Sports amenities have become a profit-maximising industry. Entrepreneurs invest in exactly those sports which possess the greatest spectator appeal — the real money spinners — to the total neglect and detriment of active mass participation and recreation. Bourgeois culture also tries to use sport as a means of social control. For example, on the eve of World War II, the ruling classes in certain western countries used sport as a means of diverting world opinion from vital political issues and events. Today sport often performs the same function by nurturing violence, selfishness, base feelings and a 'get-rich-quick' mentality. Clearly, bourgeois culture — sports and physical culture included — cannot satisfy genuine popular demands. It cannot be used as an antidote for social inequalities nor can it fill the void of declining moral values. Sport and physical culture must afford the har-

'The white people of South Africa are steeped in the "Herrenvolk" philosophy of the "Master race". In a multi-racial society, such as we find in South Africa, this sort of philosophical outlook breeds certain



monious development of people and their participation in social life generally.

In a revolutionary culture the function of sport and physical culture assumes different dimensions. The practice of sport and physical culture are predicated on the fact that all time is divided into working and non-working time.

A vital factor for the use of non-working time in socialist society is the equal right for all working people to the use of free time, *based on their equal relationship to the means of production, on equality at work and on equal pay for work done.*

In his *Theories of Surplus Value, Part III*, Karl Marx wrote that free time is for the full all-round development of human beings. This is the time a worker utilises to recreate and regenerate his energies and has a retroactive effect on the productive force of work. *Free time may be seen as production of basic capital: man himself is this capital.* Marx stresses the fact that free time is 'real wealth, time which will not be absorbed in direct productive labour, but will be available for enjoyment, for leisure, thus giving scope for free activity and development'.

It is not the amount of free time available which is the source of human creativity. The decisive factor is the content of free time. Thus social control is necessary to stimulate precisely those activities which correspond to the individual's development.

It should be noted that the use of free time is by personal choice

undesirable and even dangerous pathological attitudes and reactions. It breeds the myth of racial supremacy. It breeds the complex of individual superiority.'

Nelson Mandela



and voluntary participation. Nonetheless, it is still dependent on society. The possibility for organising and filling free time reflects opportunities presented by society. For instance, where living standards fall below a certain level, people tend to use their free time for supplementary income. This limits the enriching developmental potential for the use of free time. Because of improved conditions at work and at home, most socialist societies today boast of increased sporting recreation for both men and women. But while among *men* time is spent on active recreation and physical culture is increasing on *workdays*, with *women* it is due to free time on *off days*. This shows that family status has a very large influence on the opportunities for engaging in sport, in that it is dependent on the amount of housework that has to be done. On workdays women are held up by housework while men engage in physical culture.

The main source of time for engaging in physical culture *should be sought in reducing housework* for women in particular, through rationalisation, mechanisation — where this is possible — and a *better arrangement of housework as well as greater family co-operation in tackling housework*.

Physical culture is a requirement for all-round social development at the societal, familial and individual level. Education is a prime factor in shaping people's awareness and attitudes to the benefits of sport and physical culture.

The main function is to satisfy the need of society for training of people for *participation in production*. With physical culture

an all-round and harmoniously developed person emerges; an individual whose abilities and talents are proportionately developed.

For the group, the family and the work team, it is beneficial where the success and harmony of *team actions depend on physical preparedness of each member separately*.

From the individual point of view, physical culture offers all-round development and sustains personal vitality at a high level. Other overall attributes are that it increases efficiency in work activity and reduces the sickness rate. Writers of the Marxist tradition consider the basic functions of sport to be as follows:

1. Creation of the material and technological basis of socialism.

This encompasses the improvement of health, work capacity, labour productivity; the fighting capacity of the armed forces is enhanced because of increased productivity in mental labour. There is a reduction of illness with a subsequent improvement of co-ordination. There is an increase in training effectiveness and expansion of creative lifespan. These are just some of the points. There are many more.

2. Formation of socialist relations.

This presupposes the shaping of class relations by removing contradictions between physical and mental labour. It bespeaks forming social and political relations; it touches on forming national relationships, in the shaping of socialist relations and strengthening family relationships, and so on.

3. Educating a New Person.

Sport and physical culture go a long way as a medium for shaping socialist outlook. They contribute to morale, work consciousness, aesthetic and spiritual education.

The authors note that the function of physical culture is manifest in economic, socio-political and spiritual areas of life in society. Hence in socialist societies today, most town dwellers pursue the sport of their choice, using facilities largely free of charge through their trade unions and other structures of society. Unlike some western sports clubs, societies do not discriminate with regard to membership on the basis of sex, nationality, income, occupation or social background. Even expensive sports equipment is available to those who show ability and inclination. Finally, we make references to the role of physical culture and sport in the struggle for peace, progress and friendship among nations.

National relations are of fundamental importance in human development. Lenin once noted that only great attention to the interests of different nations can remove the grounds for conflicts, mutual distrust, all forms of intrigue and, 'Create that confidence, especially on the part of workers and peasants speaking different languages, without which there absolutely cannot be peaceful relations between people or anything like a successful

Solomon Mahlangu Freedom College

— A future South Africa in action



development of everything that is of value in present-day civilisation'.

Strident nationalism and racism are antithetical to this creative process. As a social and educational phenomenon, sport offers both national and international forms of development. The national form of sport depends on the particular mode of life and historical development of a society. It also manifests itself in traditional forms of recreation, in the use of native language and training of indigenous specialists. National sports are closely connected with the culture and way of life of the nationality.

Internationalism occurs through the convergence of national sports and various groups of countries. Nations and international sports supplement one another.

By maintaining international contacts with many countries, many more people of the world are brought closer together to exchange ideas and information. Through affiliation with other international associations, sportsmen and women get the opportunity of *working within these organisations to fight against racism and apartheid and to champion the democratisation of the international sports movement.*

Racism in sport hampers human relations. The fight against racism in the international sports movement is one of the most important aspects of the overall problem in democratising contemporary sport.

Under apartheid — which is a particularly vicious form of racism — there is inequality in social and economic relations between blacks and whites: whites who dominate and control sporting facilities; blacks who earn miserly wages, lack education, have no free time and are discriminated against. This hampers the development of sport and physical culture among blacks.

Thus, in 1968, the International Olympic Committee, as pressurised by Sanroc, took a decision to expel racist South Africa from the Olympic Games. Thus South Africa was not to be seen at the Games in Munich in 1972, Montreal (1976), Moscow (1980) and didn't participate in Los Angeles in 1984 either. The international sports movement is maintaining pressure for their exclusion.

The subject of war and peace being today's principal issue, sport as a social and educational medium cannot stand aside. Millions of people within the sports movement are active fighters for the cause of peace because, by its very nature, sport is only possible under conditions of peace. The nature of peace championed by the Olympic Movement is not merely the absence of war, nor a time used in preparation for fresh wars. It is a protracted state of normality, progress and social development.

For the Prisoners in South Africa

What squats its vast bulk
at the end of my mind's
shadowy recesses
dominating my thinking like a
legendary bastion, Bastille,
labyrinthinely convoluted
like a basilica upthrust on the
Horn where ages intersect
staring with basilisk-power to
turn my brain to stone
is knowledge of you, thousands,
imprisoned,
(The Fort, Rooi Hel, Pollsmoor, the Island)
and the wound of knowledge
knowledge of my powerlessness.

Dennis Brutus



Christmas 1976

In the Golden City
Sacrifice is once more
At firing hand
Young blood spurts out
Fanatic celebrants
Dressed in camouflage
Extend the rituals
These ceremonies of death
May rage on to another Dingane's day
These rivers of blood
Could flood over the high walls
Not too soon
Into the manicured gardens

Here in New York
Recorded voices croon
A white Christmas
Puppets at Schwartz grow
More human than the Fifth Avenue mobs
That doll in the window
Tagged five-hundred dollars
Smiles mocks
My seven hundred children dead

Snow
White silence
The quiet rain of foreign parts
Cannot powder sunshine memories
Shall not wind a shroud
Round my South Africa yearnings

Barbara Masekela

What are they Doing to our Beautiful Cape?

In the days of our guilty innocence
 we lay on the sun-warmed sand
 we looked out and away to the curved edge
 where the dark-blue sea reached light-blue sky
 we gazed afar at the distant changeless
 ever-changing lovely mountains.

We absorbed the breathtaking beauty
 and the ache when beauty took our breath away —
 then breathed again.
 We did not know
 when violent death takes breath away
 all breathing ends.

Now reddened grey smoke of fires
 consuming pitiful shelter
 blots out hazy blue of mountain
 obscures purer blue of sky.
 Cries of suffering victims
 shouts of courageous defiance
 pierce through our deaf-willed ears:
 our eyes dragged unwillingly back
 from contemplation of distant beauty
 perceive at last the horrors about our feet.

Crossroads on the face of the mountain
 black shadow that won't go away
 shroud enfolding mutilated beauty
 spoilt for ever for us
 for us never unsullied again.

Yet we know that a future people
 with their banner of black, green and gold
 will lie relaxed on the sun-warmed sand
 gazing afar on the distant changeless
 ever-changing blues of mountain sea and sky;
 they will absorb the breathtaking beauty
 and the ache when beauty takes their breath away
 then they'll breathe again, deep contented breaths,
 in the days of their unblemished innocence.

Barbara Grace



I am the face ...

I am the Solomon Mahlangu
you won't recognise
when you emerge from the KLM plane
and walk down the stairs
onto the tarmac at Jan Smuts
dreaming — perhaps of your safari holiday
so gorgeously described in the brochures
which you found in Amsterdam

You won't see me as you put on
your safari suit, ready for
the 'trip of your lifetime'
in sunny South Africa.

Yet I am the boy in the blue overalls
walking next to you in the hall,
I shall be picking up the cigarette stubs
strewn on the floor by the likes of you.
And, when you use the toilet,
know it was my hands who washed it clean.

I am the black man
you won't recognise
as you are whisked off
to your Holiday Inn
somewhere in e-Gawutini.
I am the Solomon Mahlangu
you don't know.

I am the Benjamin Moloise
who dangled at the end of their rope
at the crack of dawn,
now, safely with the Izinyanya,
you won't notice me when you step off
your KLM plane ready for your 'Bushveld' holiday.

I am the man who filled your newspapers
only a few months ago,
when you made your first enquiries
about this holiday in the sun.
I am the Benjamin Moloise
you won't recognise.

I am the man called Ahmed Timol
who they said jumped from John Vorster Square
you won't see me as you shop around
in the curio shop
in this city of gold
built by the sweat
of my black brothers.

I am the man whose blood was shed on this very spot
where your wife now poses for her picture
in this land of death.

I am the Ahmed Timol
whose shadow you'll never feel.

I am the Hector Peterson
whose life was cut short by a bullet
when he was only eleven years of age.
You won't hear my child's voice
as you watch the Zulu
and the Gumboot dances
arranged especially for tourists like you,
'primitive Africa' as part of sunny South Africa,
better than the brochures in your land.
I am the boy whose limp body
was seen in every picture in the world.

We are the ghosts
who will accompany you
on your trip
through the majestic Drakensburg
the scenic Garden route
the Kruger National Park.

I am the man
who was at the Cape
when you came in your three ships
'De Reiger', 'De Dromedaris' and 'De Goede Hoop' *

I am the corpse
the mutilated body
the Imbongi
the Izinyanya
the angry mob
the freedom fighter
whose face you'll never find
in the brochures luring you
to sunny South Africa.

I am the face
you can never ignore.

Vernie February
Amsterdam, 21 February, 1986

* The Heron, the Dromedary and the Good Hope

In Mazimbu

In Mazimbu
when I see the mountains
In Mazimbu
when I see the fields
I think of my Motherland
I think of South Africa.

In South Africa
I see the mountains
In South Africa
I see the fields.
But these are only dreams
Dreams of my Mother land.

I will not forget Mazimbu
I will not forget South Africa
For this is my land
Land of my people
My South Africa.

Lentsoe Serote
11 years (1985)

CASA SUPPLEMENT



Veterans of South African Jazz — the Pioneers and Peter Radise greet CASA

ASA

**TOWARDS A DEMOCRATIC
CULTURE**

Culture IN ANOTHER South Africa

The following is the keynote address delivered by BARBARA MASEKELA at the opening of CASA in Amsterdam. Comrade Barbara is the Secretary for Arts and Culture.

In this year of the 75th anniversary we salute you in the name of the ANC and congratulate you for all the risks, sacrifices and varied contributions you have made toward the 'Advance to People's Power' in our beloved country. This, a conference and festival for anti-apartheid cultural workers, comes five years after two historical cultural festivals, 'Culture and Resistance' organised by the MEDU Cultural Ensemble in Gaborone in July 1982, and the 'Cultural Voice of Resistance' — Dutch and South African Artists Against Apartheid, December 1982.

Among cultural activists who were the key participants in these festivals were some who are no longer with us — Thami Mnyele, our magnificent people's artist whose life is a monument and example of the best we can attain, cut down by the murderous SADF commandos in Botswana 1985, James Madlope Phillips, Johnny Dyani and Kingforce Silgee, to mention but a few. We remember them now for their illustrious contribution and take a minute's silence in their honour and for their spirit, which can never be vanquished.

This festival opening is an occasion for tribute paying for the meritorious work done to achieve our common ideals. It necessarily also is a time for humble assessment of the objectives we have set ourselves to eradicate the apartheid monster which feeds so greedily on diversion, division and manipulation. This effort is a powerful reminder of our own potential as cultural activists and solidarity workers hand in hand. We must express our deep appreciation for this chance of reunion and discussion with our Dutch counterparts and the all too brief but enormous opportunity to embrace our brothers and sisters, our compatriots

who come from the frontline of the politico-cultural resistance, who in their daily confrontation with apartheid, are still decorated with the scars and stars of courage, determination and sacrifice displayed daily by all our people in struggle. Comrades, your example is an inspiration to us and your patriotic performance strengthens our own dedication to our joint just cause and all the tasks we have set ourselves to create a united, democratic and non-racial South Africa.

We can never be exiled from our homeland because daily your songs, your poems, your plays, your paintings and films — magnificent manifestations — keep our attention riveted on our inevitable freedom. Through your excellent work the reality of ANC presence is now even acknowledged by our enemies.

We would rather that the scene of this festival had been closer to the battlefield and indeed, for some of us here, it may have been cause for concern that we must meet here in the Netherlands from whence the ships of colonialism sailed to exploit our people 335 years ago. Notwithstanding, this meeting confirms our conviction of the oneness of the human race and that colonialism is not of the Dutch people in general, that resistance against apartheid is not of black South Africans only. Rather, that colonialism and the support of apartheid is designed by specific groups that sought and still seek to gain from exploitation, oppression and other forms of barbarity. Thus, we are here because our friends and supporters in the Netherlands, in common with the majority of humankind, have taken a principled stand against apartheid and have constituted themselves into a significant component of the pillar of international

solidarity. Nonetheless, the major thrust is on the shoulders of the South African people, who value the complementary efforts of international solidarity.

Our gathering here, to share in and have discourse on the burgeoning alternative culture in the making of South Africa, is also an acknowledgement of the integral contribution made and still to be rendered by cultural workers in the bitter struggle ahead. It constitutes part of the seeding that will bring about 'another' South Africa.

The theme of CASA Festival underlines the dichotomy of apartheid South Africa, which in its dying fits, is vainly struggling to throttle the birth of a democratic, united, non-racial South Africa, refusing to yield to the inevitable. But that which is already fully formed and shaped will emerge against all odds. It is the law of nature, and as one of our poets has sung, 'To every birth its blood'.

The real South Africa, struggling to be born, is represented by the fighters of freedom, the popular spirit of resistance and self-affirmation. That real South Africa is seen in the strong emergence of the Mass Democratic Movement that straddles every aspect of South African life and culture today. So that in education, the workplace, the churches, even in the enemy camp, there is today evidence of this encompassing inclusive culture of liberation. The dying social system which seeks to pull everyone into the murky bottoms of antiquity, which does not represent the best of South Africa or Africa, is an inhumanity which has been progressively rooted out. That the two South Africas are not defined by geography or skin colour is daily becoming a vindication of the ANC position that South Africa belongs to all who live in it. While the overwhelming majority of the oppressed have chosen to fight for and build a new South Africa, the spirit of resistance is also filtering into the former strongholds of white supremacy. Reality dictates that ultimately those who have enjoyed the

c a s a

privileges of white South Africa must cast their lot unequivocally with the oppressed, in word and deed. Unarguably this will hasten the demise of apartheid and the establishment of a new order.

We are a generation that has witnessed the birth, in the sub-region, of Angola, Mozambique and Zimbabwe. We know of the apartheid efforts to nullify the hard-won independence and sovereignty of these states because of what they represent and because they

COSATU Choir — the voice of struggling workers won't be silenced

and must never, succumb to racial solutions. The challenge of these grim conditions of necessity dictates that we, cultural workers, are freedom fighters first, that political creativity be the mirror in which we reflect our creativity. Thus we are an integral part of the overall struggle, not artists who merely contemplate the cataclysms of our era. Our art springs directly from the experiences that have been moulding our national consciousness over the centuries to the present. Now, at the brink of dawn of our freedom, in the process of becoming, it is essential, as our President has stated when dealing with

to the giants of the present, to Mandela, Sisulu, Kathrada and our other political leaders in the resurgent mass democratic movement.

Recently we have witnessed the release, after 23 years of imprisonment, of Govan Mbeki. Last Friday Govan Mbeki was placed under strict banning orders by the racist South African regime. The banning of our leader Govan Mbeki makes a mockery of his supposed unconditional release. Clearly, the welcome accorded him on his release by the South African people has frightened the racists.

However, it is not an accident that

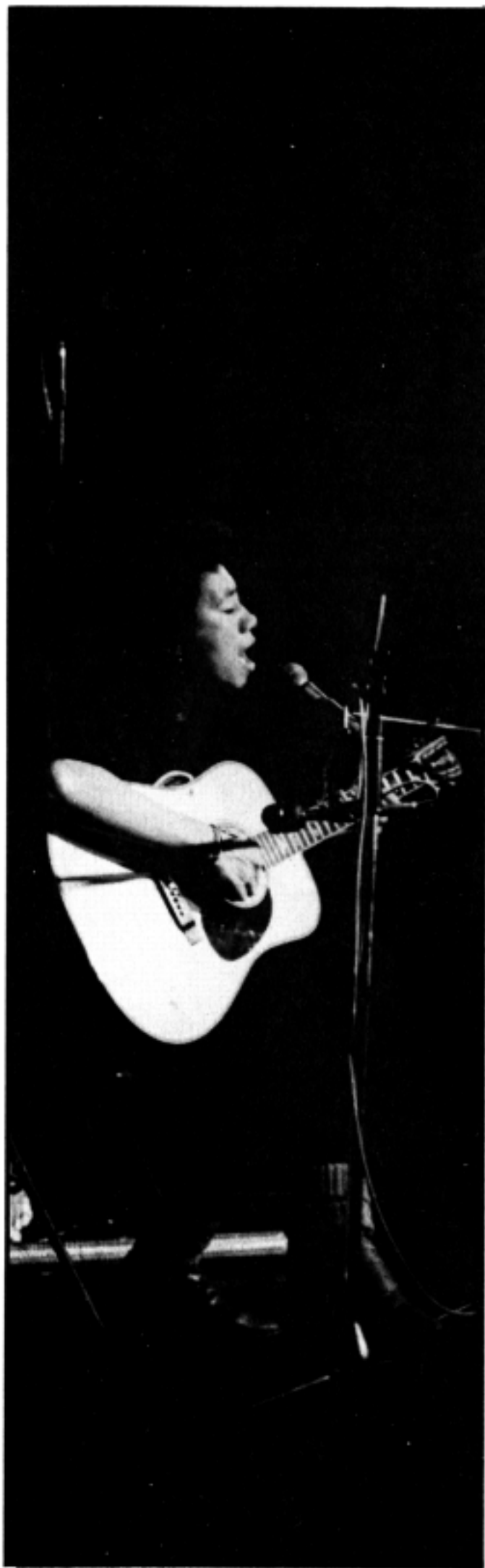


support our cause. Certainly, we are also products of an era when economic and political destabilisation, when military aggression, is commonplace. We are also familiar with the impunity with which apartheid causes mass hunger and famine, massacres and dislocation. The apartheid tactics of divide and rule, paternalism, promotion of negative traditional customs and the co-option of collaborators as a buffer system — all these are carried out in a 'constructive engagement' with those Western powers who bolster and support them. Indeed, it is a wonder and achievement that in the face of such concentrated racist sway we have not,

the role of cultural workers in his January 8th 1985 address, to: 'Let the arts be one of the many means by which we cultivate the spirit of revolt among the broad masses, enhance the striking power of our movement and inspire the millions of our people to fight for the South Africa we envisage'.

As the tactics of our enemies become more refined and also more brutal, so we must call on all our reserves of strength and creativity to make the day of triumph come sooner. Our resistance today is built on the cumulative experience of our forebears from the ancient Khoi Khoi and Nama to Sekhukhune, Moshoeshoe, Makana and

Plaatjie, a writer, or Vuyisile Mini, a composer, were also political activists. It is in the tradition of our history of resistance. We have not invented revolution and we have and shall never imitate the presumptuousness of the unwashed voyagers of the colonial era who claimed to have discovered what was already there and commonplace to the owners of the land. That is why it is customary in our culture that on great days of celebration or observance the mbongi always praised the ones who charted the path before them. The performance, exhibitions, discussions at this festival are in no small way a praise song to our predecessors. They



Bettina Schau bringing to CASA memories of tyranny in South Africa

are also an encouragement and spur on the long and difficult journey ahead.

At the present moment there are various organisational forms for progressive people's artists. We need to address the question whether they are reaching the people, whether they represent the majority of patriotic artists and serve to accommodate the needs of groups at various levels of consciousness. It is pertinent that in the late sixties and early seventies it was the black consciousness cultural awakening which emphasised the building of self-confidence and national spirit of the oppressed. The positive contribution of this movement had been acknowledged by the ANC. In a statement issued after the Second Session of the ANC National Executive Committee in 1973, our Secretary General pointed out that:

'The assertion of the revolutionary identity of the oppressed black peoples is not an end in itself. It can be a vital force of revolutionary action involving the masses of the people, for it is in struggle, in the actual physical confrontation that the people gain a lasting confidence in their own strength and in the inevitability of final victory — it is through action that the people acquire true psychological emancipation'.

Happily we can say with confidence now eight years later that with the workers, students and many other sectors these words have become true. Is this also a fact for the cultural sector? Of course we are aware of our own traditional attitudes towards artists as well as the apartheid regime's monopoly and control of culture that have impeded the development of an authentic peoples culture. But we are greatly encouraged by the fine work of the relatively young UDF Cultural Desk and the COSATU Cultural Structures. The formation of COSAW, Congress of South African Writers, is also a happy addition to these forces. We hail these efforts and have confidence in their strength. The work of organising cultural workers is on its way but a major part of the task still lies ahead of

Mzwakhe Mbuli — one of our country's noted poets — was refused permission by the regime to attend CASA and is now in detention.

us. To break down certain assumptions about artists we have to guard against sometimes raising our own consciousness to a fetish. We must eschew exclusivism or arrogance lest we alienate potential activists. We also need to guard against relegating to irrelevance the contribution of our white democratic compatriots. We must encourage the trend of Afrikaner cultural workers of the past and present, take cognisance of and support their efforts to identify with the national democratic struggle.

Cultural workers, being of and for the people, cannot merely assume the role of teaching or prescribing for the people. We can learn from the overall activity of the people and, on occasions when they seem slow to respond, then we must exercise patience and persuasion, because mobilisation, political education and involvement differ and it takes more time than the coercion that is the overwhelming characteristic of the enemy.

As comrade Alfred Nzo, who spoke to you last night, has pointed out: 'The speed of a column on the march is determined by the pace of the slowest and weakest soldier and not the fittest and fastest. The most advanced sections should therefore at all times seek to advance the least developed ones, keeping in the forefront the principles of the greatest and highest unity of the people and at all times fighting against all tendencies of seeking to "go it alone" through impatience and contempt for the less developed forces of the revolution'. Logically, this statement infers that the advance contingent of cultural workers — many of whom are in this hall today — should of necessity move at the pace of our people. The work of an artist is mirrored in the popular response of the masses and the latter would gain a lasting confidence in their own strength and in the inevitability of final victory.

People's culture, born of cross-pollination among the artists and the people themselves in the democratic mainstream of socio-politico and



economic change, is a growing dynamic process which is defined by subjective and objective circumstances. It is a scientific growth in the conduct of struggle that determines and paves the way towards the assumption of people's power. For instance, Marabi, Mbaqanga, Sicathamiya, Kwela, today are universally accepted as authentic South African people's art forms, but it was not always the case. Their practitioners were at one time despised and shunned, and at other times completely 'buried' by the notorious Gallo and other institutionalised capitalist-orientated recording companies. It is precisely due to the development of the struggle, the involvement of the masses of our people, that these art forms have now been given their rightful place in our people's culture.

Given what our President has referred to as the changing balance of strength in our country and the shift of strategic initiative into our hands, there is therefore a sense in which the apartheid forces are becoming the opposition by unleashing indiscriminate violence upon the ascendant democratic movement, rather than the other way round. The advancing forces of a new social order in our country — of which you are part — as against the degenerating and collapsing machinery of apartheid,

are moving at a pace apartheid finds difficult and impossible to reverse. We must, as our President OR Tambo exhorts, 'move from a position of an indestructible force to a conquering force'.

It is a critical situation which requires vigilance on our part against complacency and arrogance. The gains made must be guaranteed and augmented. Among these gains have been the success of the cultural boycott of South Africa. Due to the emergence of alternative structures which are actively implementing the boycott inside our country, and the complementary actions from the international anti-apartheid movement, there are relatively few foreign artists at the moment coming into South Africa to perform. The few mediocre artists prepared to earn bloodstained money are still lured by the lucrative contracts offered.

There is no doubt as to the origin of this collaborative funding. However, it can no longer be concealed that a fully-fledged democratic culture is in place in South Africa — as stated by our President, 'a definable democratic culture — the people's culture — permeated with and giving expression to the deepest aspirations of our people in struggle immersed in the democratic and enduring human values'. Referring

to the cultural boycott issue, President OR Tambo, in his recent groundbreaking analysis at the Canon Collins Memorial Lecture, stated that this alternative culture is the core of cultural workers engaged in creating this people's culture, who are simultaneously engaged in developing our own institutions and structures which are aligned to the mass democratic organisations in our country'.

He therefore concluded that: 'This is our position. Those who belong to this category of dedicated fighters of a genuine and democratic culture should not be boycotted but should be encouraged and be treated as democratic counterparts within South Africa and similar institutions and organisations internationally'.

What this conference urgently needs to consider is the methods and means to realise the fullest achievement of our revolutionary cultural objectives, which are at the core of our overall struggle. Let us exhaust ourselves in the service of all our people as cultural workers with a vision of another South Africa, a united, non-sexist, non-racial South Africa. Let us work tirelessly for a new South Africa.

Victory!
Amandla!



The CASA conference and festival in Amsterdam in December saw progressive musicians from South Africa and from the ranks of the exiled community performing on the same stage before enthusiastic audiences. Some of the musicians such as Abdullah Ibrahim, Dudu Pukwana, Jonas Gwangwa and Basil Coetzee were already well familiar with the ways of international travel, but for most of the young South African musicians, it was their first trip abroad.

The young Ntsikane marimba players from Cape Town's Guguletu township stunned everybody with their vibrant performances and dances. Maybe the vocal harmonies were a bit shaky at times, but the percussion and instrumentation was exceptionally good.

The marimba has become increasingly popular in the past ten years. Of course, the fact that marimbas and cowhide drums do not require electricity every time a group needs to practice makes them well suited to the township environment, where an electricity supply is often a luxury!

Ntsikane bore testimony to the exciting trend amongst the young generation of South Africans to develop the use of acoustic instruments as part of our country's ever-growing musical culture. And unlike some of the other marimba groups, Ntsikane clearly do not fall into the trap of being a 'curio shop' phenomenon cashing in on racist or tribal prejudices — their lively self-commentary between and during songs kept them in good contact with their audiences whenever they played, and explained the meanings of the songs.

From a different generation, the veteran African Jazz Pioneers from the Vaal played music which was popular before most of the Ntsikane members were even born. But there was no problem of 'generation gap' for those present in Amsterdam, as everybody jived to the swing, jitterbug and bump jive pieces belted out by the big brass section.

The Pioneers played music which was popular in the townships in the 50's and 60's — music which they have kept alive long after the SABC and music industry had commissioned it to the graveyard.

Once again, it was encouraging to see some young faces in the ranks of this veteran group, showing that this is a form of people's music which young and old value, enjoy, and will continue to play, enrich and develop.

The Cape-rooted Genuines surprised many with their modernist jazz and renditions of Cape 'goema' carnival music. And where their variety of musical styles certainly confused many at Amsterdam, this four-piece band stunned all with their intricate arrangements and superb musicianship.

The Genuines have done something interesting. Since the destruction of District Six and the resultant fragmentation of the Cape 'coloured' community, 'goema' music's only platform has been the racist 'Coon Carnival', a culturally emasculated event. While jazz music has managed to survive owing to the existence of upper-class music venues and concerts, there has been no platform for the music which lived on the streets of District Six. Now the Genuines have built on those roots, and fusing the traditional elements with modern instruments, the message is clear: *Skrik wakker, mense!* Maybe not everyone's idea of what South African music is about, but the Genuines certainly let us know that things aren't stagnant in South Africa.

Also hailing from District Six is tenor saxophonist Basil 'Mannenberg' Coetzee, who performed with his band Sabenza at Casa. Sabenza played African township jazz of the variety popularised by Abdullah Ibrahim — with whom Coetzee grew up in the District.

Sabenza performed classics such as 'Mannenberg', and also new compositions

which they have recorded for a recently-released album, the first of which Coetzee has recorded since his extensive studio work for the Dollar Brand albums. Although evidently a bit tense on stage, Sabenza were well-rehearsed and gave moving performances of their 'Cape Town Blues', 'Khayelitsha Dance' and 'Song for Winnie', a piece dedicated to Winnie Mandela. Coetzee himself performed superbly.

Breaking from the big band sound, solo artist Bettina Schauw gave a moving performance with voice and guitar. Working in the folk idiom, Schauw's ballads tell of the struggle, and our people's resolve to fight on in the face of brutal repression, such as the Trojan horse incident, which she describes.

It was interesting to note that much of the music at Casa — particularly the music currently being played inside South Africa — was instrumental. The musical orientation was towards the African Jazz, with Abdullah Ibrahim's one-night appearance, Dudu Pukwana's Zila, and the Arekopaneng members all strong proponents of this music form.

Jonas Gwangwa and the Amandla Cultural Group upped the tempo with some very well-executed mbaqanga, vocals included, and impressed many of the visitors from home who had only heard vague accounts of the ANC's cultural unit.

The musicians who performed at CASA were but a handful of those working in South Africa, who are members of progressive musical organisations such as SAMA, MAPP and MOJO, or who have chosen to align themselves, and become part of the struggle. If more funding had been available, it certainly would have been nice to have heard other performers. The regime's refusal to grant passports to some performers, such as poet Mzwakhe Mbuli was noted with concern.

Casa delegates also prepared a paper on the state of music in South Africa, examining, among other things, the way in which working relationships have developed between musicians and popular organisations. A speaker from MAPP gave an example of musicians' involvement in strike-support in Cape Town: 'The Spekenham

wakker mense!

Basil 'Mannenbergh' Coetzee tenor saxophonist cueing in Sabenza



workers in conjunction with FAWU (the Food and Allied Workers' Union), Cosatu, UDF and MAPP decided to organise a major musical concert in order to raise funds for strikers and also to popularise the issues around the strike. Meetings were set up between Cosatu unionists, Fawu shop

stewards and musicians, and it was encouraging to see more musicians actively developing their perception of worker struggle,' he said.

But the speaker also cautioned organisations against being like the state, which attempts to use musicians as pawns for their

own political gains: 'Progressive organisations must guard against just calling on musicians when needed. Rather an ongoing and reciprocal relationship needs to be established, wherein the organisations can assist musicians faced with problems which have as their root cause the same exploitative system of racial capitalism.' Speakers from the floor also pointed out the need for strong musicians' structures in South Africa, so that musicians could be armed to protect their interests. SAMA, the SA Musicians Alliance was attempting to organize commercial and more established artists, but had not yet established a strong organisational base for itself. Other groups, such as MOJO (members of the original Jazz Organization) in Natal and MAPP (Musical Action for People's Power) in the Cape were concentrating their energies on grass-roots work, such as training and practice facilities for the younger musicians.

So CASA provided an opportunity not only for the performance of music, but also for discussion about some of the problems which musicians are facing working and living under the regime. Musicians constantly mentioned the need for resources so that they could continue to survive while playing the music which is culturally rich. We salute these musicians who have persevered, and turned their backs on the more lucrative options so that they can continue with the task of developing the rich musical culture of our people. Through Casa, we were able to sharpen our understanding of the unique problems which musicians experience — as the music paper concluded:

'Of all the art forms, music production is particularly capital intensive, and it is becoming clear that we need to use our resources and contacts to provide practical alternatives for the progressive musician — in particular, we need to encourage the opening of alternative venues, recording studios and distribution networks.

We should note carefully that as long as our artists are dependent on the resources of the apartheid state and capital to survive and disseminate their music, they cannot be free.'

WOMEN

The following is an edited version of the paper presented, the discussion that followed and the resolutions taken at CASA to support women cultural workers.

Women have traditionally been defined as the homemakers of our society, thus forming the cultural core of any home. They pass on old family customs and traditions, teaching children the heroic stories of our past, developing songs of the struggle for national liberation. Women are the weavers of the rich fabric which underpins the cultural life of South Africans.

The dominant apartheid culture uses women as market tools; their bodies sell fast cars, jewellery, hair straighteners, skin lighteners, whether black or white they are portrayed as fragile creatures. And yet — in the true indigenous cultural life of our

country, hidden in the hills of vast rural areas, still vibrates with the rhythm of the snake dance — the mystery of tales told by grandmothers by the fire, the richness of the rituals for those who still live or dare to live as their ancestors did.

And so — the talent of women who create magical colours and patterns in beadwork, pottery or cloth, women who sing and dance, write into the struggle for survival under apartheid an unbroken spirit of cultural resistance.

Women Performers

The small number of women involved in

the industry results in decision making by men. The content and relevance of songs is often debasing of women, selling a product commercially acceptable to the public at large. Rarely does one find a manager or producer prepared to sell a voice or relevant material — it's their looks that count. In all areas of performance women and girls face sexual and physical abuse, are financially exploited and rarely educated or trained for the profession.

Yet in our society dance, music and theatre play a key role to unify, politicise and mobilise. Women from Crossroads to Moutse, in the factories and farms, at meeting places and rallies, reflect their political and economic aspirations through freedom songs, traditional dance and performance, mobilising not only other women but the masses as a whole. So in Cape Town a group of women choreograph a dance to Abdullah Ibrahim's song 'Freedom Comes Through the Barrel of a Gun'. In Durban a group performs about issues like rape and unemployment and the women in Moutse perform to conscientise the people against forced removals.

Women in the COSATU choir, singers like Bettina Schauw, those who perform in Amandla, the Thami Mnyele Quartet, Sabenza, those who workshop and act in 'You Strike the Women, You Strike a Rock', 'You Can't Stop the Revolution' and other plays, succeed in bringing to South Africans and the international community the burning issues of apartheid and the rich heritage of our cultural tradition.

Women Artists

Today the tradition of communal art has changed. With the breakup of families and the migration to cities a new lifestyle was born. Now domestic utensils are bought, not made. Although women continue to plait and weave, practise the traditional art forms of beadwork, pottery and painting, they are given the low status of domestic art, that done in one's spare time, craftwork.

Visual artists' panel:

(Left to right): Bongiwe Dlomo, Mandla Langa, Gordon Metz



a fountain of resistance

*In tribute to James Phillips, Mmabatho
Nhlanhla conducting the Dutch choir*

Fine art is practised largely in the urban areas, but the European emphasis on the appreciation of mainly male artists inculcates an attitude that men succeed better in these disciplines and excludes women. Although women artists like Bongiwe Dhlomo, Sue Williamson and so many others have passed this barrier, joining their male counterparts as equals in this art form, they now need to work to promote an understanding that art — be it fine art or traditional — is for all South Africans.

Women photographers like Gill de Vlieg, Wendy Schwegmann, Bea Berman, Jillian Edelstein and many others bring new insights to how we see our struggle. Film makers like Melanie Chait and Betty Wolpert document the struggles of not only women but all South Africans to resist and fight for a new democratic society.

Women and Literature

When we think of writers in South Africa there are women who come to mind; they have received international acclaim, but do not seek or are credited with token respect or positions in the literary world. These are women who are writers, creating work that displays an understanding of the issues in the country — scratching beneath the surface. Bessie Head, Nadine Gordimer, Miriam Tlali all in their own way rip away the gloss of untruth and display a reality without forfeiting creativity. They deal with the tasks of uplifting women from their traditional subjugative role, they depict the violence and reality of township women's existence, recording the will and courage of women to change a society.

Any woman from the continent of Africa who writes fiction today is exceptional, defying prevailing tradition to speak out as an individual. Although the language and settings always differ, women as a subject in South African literature is rapidly changing. Today we witness an emerging group of writers — Gcina Mhlope, Elsa Joubert, Maud Motanyane, Ellen Kuzwayo, Liseka Mda, Gladys Thomas, Menan du Plessis, Mavis Smalberg, Ilva Mackay, Lindiwe Mabuza and many others — raising their voices against racism, sexism and political and economic



repression, all women writing about the realities of their life as South Africans.

Women Film Makers and Photographers

Sexist attitudes that women are physically too weak to carry film equipment and lack the guts to push for good stories have to be countered by men and women. Women must have access to and knowledge of how to use photographic and film equipment in order to document not only the terrible atrocities committed by the regime against our people, but also to be there to mark the great historical events and day-to-day victories in the struggle for liberation.

A Resolution to Support Women Cultural Workers

The emergence of democratic cultural organisations, the lack of training, com-

mercialisation, the usurping of traditional women's roles by men, the under-representation of women, the lack of resources, sexist and racist attitudes can be tackled by all South Africans fighting to practise non-racist, non-sexist and non-exploitative principles in all areas of creativity. The CASA resolution on women and culture confirms that women are integral to and have a vital role to play in our struggle, and notes that women are sexually and economically exploited, that women are the victims of racial oppression and archaic patriarchal traditions and practices who have historically waged a struggle against their triple oppression. The resolution demands that progressive cultural organisations have a duty to accord equal status to women cultural workers and ensure their training and positioning, and that women assert themselves in all areas of cultural activity.

Preamble & Resolutions

PREAMBLE

During the week of December 14th to 19th 1987, a conference of South African cultural workers sponsored by the CASA Foundation met in the anti-apartheid city of Amsterdam.

The CASA Arts Festival and Conference involved the participation of the Department of Arts and Culture of the ANC, the mass democratic movement in South Africa and the Anti-Apartheid Movement of the Netherlands.

After six days of extensive discussion, including thought-provoking papers covering every discipline of the literary, graphic, visual and performing arts, the participants adopt this statement and these recommendations as their collective view of the place and role of the arts and cultural workers in the struggle for national liberation and democracy in our country.

1.1 That in the course of the struggle of our people against racist domination and exploitation there has developed a vibrant people's culture, rooted in South African realities and steeped in democratic values, in opposition to the racist culture associated with the apartheid regime. This democratic culture is characterised

by a spirit of internationalism and a humanist perspective that derives from the best of the cultural heritage of the various peoples that make up the South African population.

1.2 That cultural activity and the arts are partisan and cannot be separated from politics. Consequently, a great responsibility devolves on artists and cultural workers to consciously align themselves with the forces of democracy and national liberation in the life and death struggle to free our country from racist bondage.

1.3 That in order to play an effective role in the struggle artists and cultural workers must create the appropriate organisational structures at the local, regional, national and international levels to enable themselves to take collective action, consult and co-ordinate their activities.

1.4 That within the developing democratic people's culture and the organised formation it creates we must address all forms of oppression and exploitation, especially the triple oppression borne by the black women of our country, as members of an oppressed gender, oppressed nationalities and exploited class. Democratic culture should strive to be anti-sexist and consciously promote the norms of

equality between men and women.

1.5 That the idiom of this democratic culture must strive for authenticity and be accessible to the mass of our people by speaking to them in language and symbols that they understand.

1.6 That to redress the scandalous discrepancies and disparities in skills, training and resources that are the direct consequences of racist policies, the democratic artists and cultural workers must promote a programme of affirmative action, both now and in the future, to enable black artists to take their rightful place in South African culture.

1.7 That the struggle for the total isolation of the apartheid regime must continue. Among the tactics to be employed during this campaign the academic and cultural boycott are crucial, and must be maintained. However, in view of the growing significance of democratic culture as an alternative to the racist, colonialist culture of apartheid, the conference recommends that South African artists, individually or collectively, who seek to travel and work abroad should consult beforehand with the mass democratic movement and the national liberation movement.

Resolution on the Role of Culture and Cultural Workers in the Struggle for a Liberated South Africa.

Recognising:

that culture is an integral part of the national democratic struggle, the national democratic movement therefore asserts that the role of cultural workers is inseparable from the overall struggle against apartheid as well as the moulding of the future non-racial, non-sexist, unitary and democratic South Africa.

Resolution on People's Culture

Recognising:

1. that apartheid culture is a tool of oppression intended to maintain the status quo and undermine the national democratic struggle; and
2. the emergence of a people's culture which expresses the social and political aspirations encompassing the artistic, intellectual and material aspects of culture in South African society

We hereby pledge:

to assert a humanist, internationalist but distinct-

ly South African character of people's culture which draws upon the cultural heritage of all the people of the country.

Resolution on Structures

Noting:

1. the need for and desire of cultural workers to be organised into a national democratic organisation to represent the interests of all cultural workers.
2. that the national democratic movement has a role to co-ordinate the formation and consolidation of cultural workers into local, regional and national structures in conformity with Resolution 1.

We hereby resolve:

that a national democratic cultural organisation be formed to cater for the cultural, social, political and economic aspirations of cultural workers in the national democratic movement; and

We hereby recommend:

1. that this organisation link up and liaise with

existing organisations consisting of South African cultural workers in exile which have similar aims and objectives.

2(a). that cultural workers represented at this conference consolidate and create organisations in their respective disciplines in consultation with the mass democratic movement
2(b). that these organisations then meet to create a national organisation of cultural workers.

Resolution on Women and Culture

Confirming:

that women are integral to and have a vital role to play in our struggle, and

Noting.

1. that women are sexually and economically exploited
2. that women are the victims of racist oppression and archaic patriarchal traditions and practices.
3. that South African women have historically waged a struggle against their triple

preamble & resolutions

oppression.

Demand:

1. that progressive cultural organisations have a duty to accord equal status to women cultural workers and ensure their training and positioning.
2. that women assert themselves in all areas of cultural activity.

Resolution on Funding

Noting:

1. that organisations and structures within the national democratic movement require financial assistance in the pursuance of their cultural objectives.
2. that imperialist forces are continually attempting to undermine the national liberation struggle, by, amongst other things, using funding to co-opt cultural workers, organisations and projects.

We hereby resolve:

that financial assistance for cultural projects be solicited and obtained in consultation with the national democratic movement and that an arts trust fund be formed to facilitate this process.

Resolution on Language

Noting:

1. that multi-lingualism is a characteristic feature of South African society
2. that English and Afrikaans have taken on a disproportionate role in cultural production and communication because of their status as official languages
3. that cultural workers have a special role to play in the preservation and development of all the languages of our country.

We hereby resolve:

1. that all the languages of our country be accorded equal status
2. that cultural workers be encouraged to use all the languages of South Africa in their work and that language training facilities be made available to spread the knowledge of South African languages.

Resolution on the Cultural Boycott

Confirming:

that apartheid South Africa must be totally isolated

And noting:

1. that the objective of the cultural boycott to

isolate the regime is inviolate and needs to be pursued with even greater vigour

2. the need to recognise and strengthen the emerging progressive and democratic culture in South Africa
3. that the cultural boycott as a tactic needs to be applied with a degree of flexibility which takes into consideration the developing situation within the country

We therefore resolve:

1. that apartheid South Africa be totally isolated and that cultural workers and academics not be allowed to enter the country, save and except in those instances where such movement, after consultation with the national liberatory movement, is considered to be in furtherance of the national democratic struggle
2. that South African artists, individually or collectively, who seek to travel and work abroad should consult with the mass democratic movement and the national liberation movement.

Resolution on Literature

Confirming:

1. that writers play a role in shaping the cultural values of people
2. that progressive writers are instrumental in the development of a democratic culture and political consciousness

Noting:

1. the need to strengthen links between progressive writers within the national democratic movement
2. that the recently constituted Congress of South African Writers (COSAW) is playing a vital role in the furtherance of our cultural struggle
3. that poor educational facilities for the training of writers is a direct consequence of apartheid oppression and exploitation
4. that the means of gathering, documenting and disseminating information and publications is almost exclusively controlled by the ruling class

We hereby resolve:

1. that links between COSAW and the national democratic movement be consolidated
2. that links be forged between the progressive writers and the literacy programmes and that workshops be organised for the enhancement of training in creative writing skills
3. that COSAW, in conjunction with the national democratic movement, establish libraries in both the rural and urban areas. The co-

operation of publishers should be sought in this process.

Resolution on Poetry

Confirming:

that our people have a proud poetic tradition expressing their cultural values and norms, their history and aspirations

We recommend:

1. the continuing development of poetry as a mobilising force in our people's struggle against apartheid exploitation, oppression and repression
2. that competitions, workshops and symposia be organised to promote youth and children's poetry
3. that our poets be encouraged to express themselves in their languages.

Resolution on Copyright

Noting:

1. that our cultural workers have been and are economically exploited
2. that our cultural workers have been kept in ignorance of the laws pertaining to copyright
3. that plagiarism of our cultural heritage is increasing
4. that the national democratic movement has a duty to document and preserve our cultural heritage

We therefore recommend:

1. that our cultural workers organise themselves and act in concert whenever necessary to safeguard their interests
2. that our cultural workers seek advice before committing themselves to contract
3. that the national democratic movement gives serious consideration to the concept of establishing alternative structures to secure the rights of cultural workers
4. that the national democratic movement, in conjunction with cultural workers, commence with the documentation and preservation of our cultural heritage.

Resolution on Media

Noting:

1. the present assault on the democratic media by the apartheid regime
2. the importance of international media towards the development of a people's culture as well as the political mobilisation of our people

We hereby resolve:

1. to internationalise the campaign to defend the progressive press in South Africa
2. to build solidarity between South African media workers and those abroad
3. to call upon governments and non-governmental organisations abroad to devise means to pressure the South African regime such as
 - a. reviewing the position of South African press attaches in the light of repression in South Africa.
 - b. curbing the practice of allowing foreign journalists to be used by the regime for its propaganda.
4. to call on the international community to insist on its right to be informed and to evolve methods which ensure there is a constant flow of information into and out of the country.
5. that solidarity movements internationally should increase financial assistance to media projects within the national democratic movement.
6. that media workers should organise themselves into truly national and democratic structures
7. that appropriate structures be set up in the country that will survive the state onslaught in the long term
8. that media training be seen as a priority in all sectors and that women be incorporated fully into media projects.



Resolution on a Collective Approach to Cultural Work

Noting:

the culture of the oppressors has encouraged a high degree of individualism among artists

Recognising:

that culture must be viewed in the context of people's struggle

We therefore recommend:

that cultural workers and artists be encouraged to work and develop collectively by sharing ideas, resources and skills with a view to enriching people's culture.



Resolution on Performing Arts (incorporating theatre, music and dance)

Confirming:

that the performing arts have been distorted and inhibited by co-option, censorship and exploitation by the ruling class

Noting:

1. historically the performing arts have been divided into two traditions — one representing the interests of the apartheid regime and the ruling class, and the other a true representation of people's culture and struggle
2. that the performing arts have long been exploited by capital

Therefore we resolve:

1. to restore the performing arts to their rightful role of both reflecting and being instruments of resistance to the apartheid regime
2. to organise and unite the performing arts into national democratic structures which will, *inter alia*,
 - a. protect performing artists against exploitation
 - b. conscientise and mobilise performing artists
 - c. produce progressive journals and literature
 - d. set up a progressive network for cultural products
3. to secure funding towards providing training inside and outside the country, providing alternative venues, festivals and sponsorships
4. to establish and develop archives to record and preserve traditional music, song and dance
5. to secure as much performing space as possible by bringing existing venues into the fold of the progressive cultural organisations
6. that the recommended structures urgently take steps to ensure the provision of adequate academic education for child performers and their protection against all forms of abuse and exploitation.



Resolution on Visual Arts

Confirming:

the importance of the role of visual arts in the democratic struggle

Noting:

1. that posters and other graphics have made a significant contribution to advance the national democratic struggle
2. that architects and craftspeople are often inadvertently excluded from such conferences
3. craft is an essential part of our culture and the erosion of our craft traditions by, among other things, exploitation
4. the power of film and television as a popular cultural medium and the need to develop an authentic democratic film culture in South Africa, taking into account the particular difficulties surrounding the financing of production and distribution of film and television
5. visual art education in the black community is seriously undeveloped

We call upon:

Visual artists to apply their skills and resources to further the national democratic struggle; and

We recommend:

1. that graphics directly associated with the democratic struggle, such as posters and other art work, be further developed as our revolutionary art; and that resources be allocated to this end
2. that architects and craftspeople be organised alongside other cultural workers
3. that our cultural workers undertake the documentation and analysis of our visual art in consultation with the mass democratic movement
4. that archives be established and developed to record and preserve our work
5. that cultural workers and the mass democratic movement urgently look into the question of drawing crafts people into the cultural structures of the mass democratic movement and into production and distribution collectives
6. that cultural workers commit themselves to the sharing of skills and resources in the form of workshops and other progressive educational programmes in the community.



Resolution on Religion and Culture

Noting:

The historical role of religion in the oppression of our people and the laudatory efforts of democratic theologians of various religions to play a meaningful role in the national democratic struggle

We resolve:

1. to support the efforts of all theologians struggling to find a meaningful way of expressing their faith in our struggle for a non-racial, non-sexist and democratic South Africa
2. call upon all those theologians to identify completely with the national democratic struggle of our people and to regularly consult with the national liberation movement and the mass democratic movement with a view to maintaining and strengthening the links between religion and the national democratic struggle

In Conclusion

This conference reaffirms that it is only through the implementation of the Freedom Charter by the mass democratic movement that we can fully realise a true Culture in Another South Africa.



Angola is Working

In spite of Pretoria's undeclared war
 six hundred thousand displaced
 fifty thousand disabled
 more than 12-billion US dollars worth of damage

ANGOLA IS WORKING!

Mango trees full green necklace the land
 And
 Flower petals sunlit gleam
 Transparent tangerine

ANGOLA IS WORKING!

Fish and lobsters fill the ocean
 And
 Crabs too numerous to mention
 Sit on sea-wet rocks
 Outside my hotel's door

ANGOLA IS WORKING!

I saw her muddy Luchimo electrify the north
 And
 Diamonds sparkling emerged
 From her rivers floors

ANGOLA IS WORKING!

I heard her morning sounds
 Motorbikes
 Diesel trucks
 Offshore oil drills
 Workers' voices
 Laughter —
 Children on their way to school

ANGOLA IS WORKING!

Hear me,
 In spite of Pretoria's undeclared war
 Six hundred thousand displaced
 Fifty thousand disabled
 More than 12-billion US dollars worth of damage

ANGOLA IS WORKING!

It is
 As the Poet said
 Life making new
 It is flowering!

Melba Kgositsile

*Luanda, People's Republic of Angola
 October 1986*

... Birthed in the Patience of Pain

(An excerpt from *The Depth of Memories*)

here
 you taught me to count
 with my eyelids closed
 tiny graves of little ones just about born

Leandra *

here
 you taught me to look deep
 in the eyes of the whirlwinds and hurricanes
 and saw ever-moving shadows
 taking aim: I felt the thud of grandpa's
 falling body caressing my skin.

I spoke to grandpa that somewhere
 not far from the gaze of his dead eyes
 for memory immeasurable,
 black sweating bodies of men
 bending,
 a secret of gold was hatched,
 a secret that was never to feed
 his grandchildren.

I spoke to grandpa
 that not far from his silent body
 black mothers are bending in a row
 of far stretched plantations,
 policed by a whip of green-eyed devils
 a secret is being hatched
 never to feed his grandchildren.

I do not want to speak
 in desperate tongues
 that paths are opening
 here,
 where we count the stillness of the eyes
 like stars in the silence of the wilderness.
 It is in these little paths
 that freedom-ways are constructed
 by men,
 women,
 children,
 who know that a nation
 is never birthed in endless waiting.
 Ask those teenage hands
 holding firm
 little red flags in the streets
 of liberated Saigon;
 Ask those millions of hands,
 waving,
 in Havana's freedom square
 before Che Guevara's unwinking stare;
 Ask the blooming red roses in Angola,
 land of Neto the liberator.

Red is not the colour of our blood.
 Red is the colour of a victory birthed in battle.
 The red of our blood is freedom birthed in the patience of pain.

so say great men:
 to cry over pain
 is to lack respect for life.

here,
 it is in this helplessness of the hour
 and the silence of bodies flamboyant
 where freedom paths are being constructed,
 little paths
 of distances walked from horizon to horizon,
 in search of shelter,
 in flight and battle retreats,
 in search of work
 of a brother, an uncle,
 a sister,
 a cousin,
 of a father lost in the rhythm
 of Jo'burg City's bizarre nights
 of glistening lights policing your memory

these little paths
 are freedom ways
 in search of destiny
 of hope
 in search of humanity,
 a new day and a new horizon
 a new life constructed in battle.

Leandra,
 we have walked your little paths
 and those amongst us
 with a pulsating memory
 to measure the distances we have covered
 can measure freedom's flowering journey.

those amongst us,
 with a living nightmare to recall
 the loneliness and coldness of pain
 can count graves in the making of history

for,
 we are to history
 as crumbs are to bread
 we are to history
 as blood is to our veins
 we are to history
 as smell is to our rotten dwellings
 we are to history
 as a smile is to our cracked lips
 we are to history



Gerard Sekoto

as bidding farewell is
to a child's waving hand
we are to history
as Robben Island is
to the anguish of the Atlantic Ocean
we are to history
as Solomon Mahlangu is
to the glare of the African sun
we are to history
as their bullets are
to our ever vulnerable flesh.

on this road, this:

flowers watered by our own tears
have grown, withered and bloomed
again. Dawn has found us here, intro-
duced the day, and nightfall opened
the darkest chapters, closed them like
we close eyelids of our fallen finest
sons, under this earth that covers
Moshoeshe, Peterson, Barney,
Molokoane ... we have buried spears
and dug the earth to claim them again
into our itching hands. We have left
marks and patches with our feet
hardened by the townships' brazier
splinters, towards a beckoning tomor-
row. Flowers grew and withered
again and when children asked, 'Why
do willow trees whistle and sing for
angry rivers?' we had no answers for
nature's hidden secrets. But we know
for sure that darkness has claimed our
children in full stare of the moon.
When willow trees whistled and sang,
was it not because there were no
mothers to hum lullabies for little
graves mushrooming?

on this road,
mothers
we have seen distances
with no visible destinations
the night without sunrise,
but we,
your children,
are making history
with the smallness of our hands.

by *Bachana Mokwena*

* A small radical township in South Africa
which was completely sealed off from the
rest of the world during the emergency.
After some weeks secret graves were
discovered.

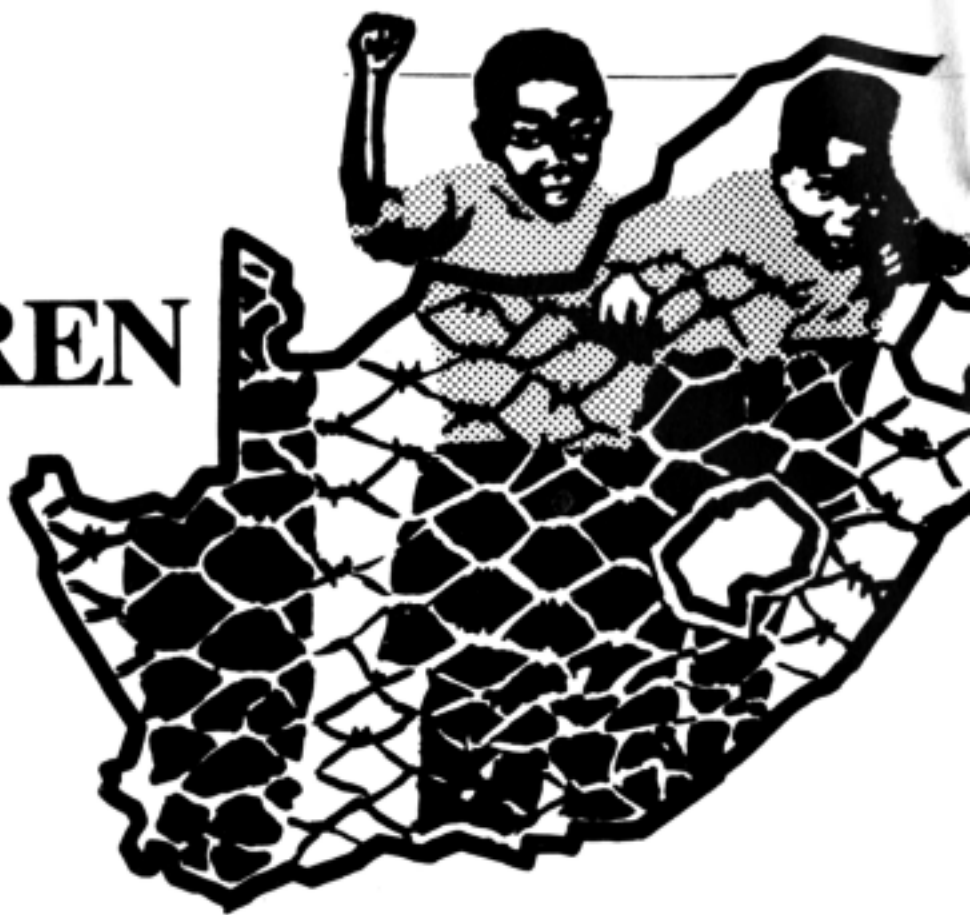
FREE THE CHILDREN

More than 300 have been killed. 173 000 'awaited trial' in custody in 1985 and 1986. About 2 815 were serving jail sentences in January 1988, and 2 280 under the age of three accompanied their mothers to prison last year.

In prison, unprotected, they are subjected to the worst form of physical and mental abuse — rape, torture, flayings. Those are children, South African children — the sick record that South Africa holds — was presented at the four-day International Conference held in Harare recently on Children, Repression and the Law in Apartheid South Africa. The testimonies given surpassed Hitler's handiwork in modern-day history. No wonder Adriaan Vlok fumed and, as befits the psyche of his lot, sadists, dispatched a telegram to the conference, warning that deliberations 'would not pass unnoticed'.

South Africa has no children. Elsewhere in the world, the United Nations Declaration of the Rights of the Child are upheld. The most basic right — the right to full opportunity for play — is costly in South Africa. A team of eleven Black children was shot dead playing football — making the habitual detention of children walking or simply in the streets lighter in comparison to that heinous act.

Is the killing of children therefore, their abduction, detention, forced indoctrination in so-called rehabilitation centres, Adriaan Vlok's conception of taking a very keen interest in the well-being of the youth of South Africa? It is an absurd way of caring for the children and defeats logic.



The world should take note that the 'independent judiciary' Adriaan Vlok invites organisations to submit information to investigation about the abuse of children detainees, exists so for consolidating the apartheid state. Under the State of Emergency, the South African legal system does not, in any way, take into consideration the Child Care Act nor the Criminal Procedure Act. The whole process of detaining minors — children, therefore, makes a mockery of the so-called just, independent South African judicial system that we hear about. After all, whom does the South African legal system serve? Obviously, not the oppressed Black majority, as South African laws in general do not benefit the masses.

It is vital therefore, as the Harare Conference declared, that the international community should intensify more than ever before economic and political pressure on the Pretoria regime. The world should not be deceived by those who claim that the sanctions campaign has run out of steam and that sanctions are ineffective. The advocates of this approach coldly profit out of apartheid. It is urgent that an international campaign be mounted as well to expose the illegitimacy of the South African legal system.



Masupatsela showing the world that apartheid will crumble

INTERVIEW

Comrade Pallo Jordan is one of the younger members of the ZANU's National Executive Committee. Below RIXAKA prints excerpts from an interview with him, conducted in the Department of Information and Publicity offices in Lusaka.

On the role of the artist in the liberation struggle

The cultural worker has to fulfil many roles. I think we can best understand his role if we examine societies in our part of Africa before conquest. In those much simpler societies we had poets, various types of graphic artists; we had people engaged in various forms of the performing arts. The artists were expected, in the first place, to be chroniclers who handed down from generation to generation the cultural and historical traditions, usually in the form of tale and epic poetry. They were also expected to be entertainers who provided relief for the people from the humdrum of life. They were supposed to galvanise people into action in the face of crisis, in the face of the larger tasks of the day ...

We feel that the artist and cultural worker now can play more or less the same role. We expect them to transmit to our people in this time the traditions of the struggle, transmit to them the traditions, the achievements and also to project the people's aspirations and expectations. We expect them, at the same time, to be entertainers, to assist in getting over the humdrum of life. The important element of course is entertainment. In the struggle for liberation, the cultural worker has a place no different essentially from any other activist. But we expect of our cultural worker that he or she will contribute their skill for the purpose of the struggle for liberation.

On the place of popular culture, fashion, film, music, fiction, etc., in a liberated country.

Popular culture: I sometimes have difficulties with that term because the notion of popular culture arises specifically in the 20th Century. But what is usually referred to as popular culture is the culture which one gets in the urban areas, specifically among the lower strata of industrial society. What is referred to as the culture of the music halls, for instance, what you see in the popular press, your comic books and then, later, with the introduction of the electronic media, the gramophone record, film and so on. All that was considered part of popular culture. Now, popular culture as it has evolved in the 20th Century has two dimensions. There is one dimension of it which is accommodative and in a sense can play the role of an opiate, lulling the people into acceptance of their lot as underlings in society, giving people to subscribe and even support not only values but even crimes of the rulers and the dominant class. There is, for instance, the word 'jingoism' which is used in the English language now. (It) derives from a musical song during (the) Korean War. It gives an example of what popular culture can do. This was a song, saying something to the effect:

We don't want to fight
But by Jingo if we do
We've got the ships
We've got the men
We've got the money too!



And this was an expression, in music hall song, of the ordinary poor in Britain (of) support of British imperialism. But there is the other side of popular culture which is a means of giving expression again to the life experience of the ordinary people in urban areas in an industrialised society. In Germany, for instance, you had workers' musical groups, choirs and bands. If one is familiar with the German workers' struggle against fascism, one would know what a very important role these groups, orchestras and bands played in terms of mobilising workers in the struggle and in defending their rights against the onslaught of the Far Right.

////// *And film?*

If you look also at the role that film originally played: you had two great pioneers of film. In the west there is Griffiths, and in the Soviet Union there is Eisenstein. One of Griffiths' early classical films, called the *Birth of a Nation*, is an utterly racist, fascist movie which praises the Ku Klux Klan. Conversely, if you look at Eisenstein's great films of the time — he was a contemporary of Griffiths — *Strike*, *Battleship Potemkin*, *Ten Days that Shook the World* — the message is completely different. You get these two dimensions of popular culture even from its very inception in the case of film.

In the world of popular fiction, much has been written about the PLO, PAIGC, FSLN etc. What do you think about writers in the ANC writing about the movement in fiction, about MK, bearing in mind that they'd have to draw their creative sustenance from experiences of contemporary figures?

People have actually written fiction about the struggle. To take an example of a quite famous short story, *The Bench*, by Richard Rive, about an incident in the Defiance Campaign. I think it had quite an impressive impact not only nationally but internationally as well. If memory serves me well, Rive won some literary prize for that particular short story. We also have something like *In the Fog of the Season's End* by Alex la Guma, which again treats of a phase in the struggle for national liberation in fictional form. You also have Enver Carrim — *The Golden City* — which is, I suppose, a much more flamboyant account of aspects or effects of the liberation struggle.

I think what the fiction writer needs to do is to look at the experiences of the movement, experiences of the people and see which subject he can treat, which aspects he can treat fictionally. One, of course, has to try and observe certain standards in that important secrets — or individuals — are not compromised. But I think it is a legitimate exercise in itself ...

So, that is what the fiction writer who writes about the liberation struggle needs to do. He takes an actual situation and allows his imagination to elaborate upon it and broaden certain ways without going overboard in terms of fictionalisation, that is, like over-romanticising or, in a sense, telling artistic lies, if you like. But within those parameters I think there should be no objection in principle to people writing.

On whether he sees the arts in future South Africa being under state control or whether cultural workers would have a free-for-all, a cultural laissez-faire.

I don't think that cultural work falls under state control in any particular society. I think the role that the state plays in relation to culture, cultural work and cultural workers is largely dependent upon the nature of the state itself. For instance, in many parts of the world you hear people complaining about the state playing an inordinate role with respect to culture. You usually get this complaint, let's say, in the United States where the state is supposed **not** to play any role in respect of cultural work ...

Two years ago I had an occasion to be in the United States and I was travelling on a train between Washington DC and New York and a retired actress who happened to sit next to me provided a conversation. She was talking about a difference she had detected between theatre in the US and theatre in Western Europe. Western



Europe is not the Soviet Union, Czechoslovakia, GDR. But there is a difference even there. And I said to her one of the reasons why that is so is that you go into the South of France and you find some small town which has a fund set aside for cultural activities. And in the summer, that small little town will sponsor a music festival and will bring musicians — classical, folk, jazz, rock and roll, reggae — all sorts of musicians who live in the vicinity — and pay them and have this wonderful festival where they will perform and get paid, bring many tourists into the town. And that is local government, the state at that local level, which takes a hand in promoting the arts ...

Now, on the other hand, in a country like the USA, what happens is that this role devolves on a few individuals who happen to have money, that is, a handful of wealthy Americans who determine the cultural tastes of everyone else. I think that part of the problem that some of our artists have about state intervention in artistic activity is that they have the experience of the racist and oppressive state and don't recognise that state per se. But I wouldn't go for an artistic free-for-all because what is called an artistic free-for-all is not an artistic or cultural free-for-all. It is a free-for-a-handful, for a few. What creates the possibilities for a free-for-all is when the state does begin to take a hand and make available its resources for cultural and artistic work. That assists and promotes cultural activity, rather than repress it.

Blockade

Black nets,
nooses, traps —
but love allows no withdrawal.
Anguish is only increased
by this magic bottle
of transparent glass.
The bitterness of oblivion only brings new visions.
And again
only love allows no withdrawal.

Let us grant
that the glass is half empty,
or wholly empty —
what can this do to assuage our present grief?
The glass is half empty.

It is known,
that you are still full of optimism,
hypocrite!
And so I pay my humble respects
to the flower-pots with their daisies and roses
on your terrace, recently bombarded.
I bow respectfully
to the bird of prey that grieves
at your sunny chirruping
on the threshold of death.
I pay my humble respects to the way
they put in an endless stream
your recently slain children to sleep
in tiny graves.

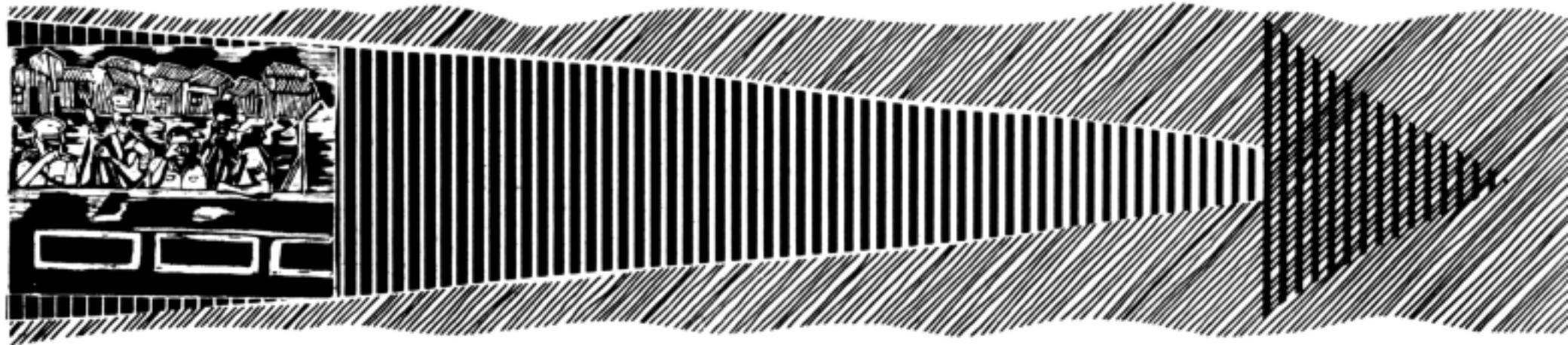
I pay my humble respects
to the lines on your craggy face,
the fingers of your long, cold hands,
reaching out like mountain ridges
on the crater of your human volcano.

If I am destined to die at their hands,
my last request will be
that I should let fall my brow, heavy with thorns,
upon your knee, profaned to sanctity
by the lusts of past love
amid the orange trees,
in the shade of dark-brown olives,
under the reeds, clay-smearred, black as soot and overgrown with grass.

O goddess gone far away,
how shall I tell you of my sufferings
in this uproar filled with hypocrisy?
How shall I breathe your healing fragrance
in this bloody storm?
How can I draw nearer,
if all the tempered sword blades
and all that prickly hatred



David Hlongwane



are closing round me?
let us grant
that a courageous ear of corn
sacrificing its life, will raise its head
through ruins that proliferate like rats —
will this eliminate all the weight of reality
and the stickiness of blood
in a desert without corn?
Ears of corn without grain
desert without acacias,
nothing there but defiant mirages ...

I pay my humble respects
to your cracked lips,
lady abundant in love.
Willingly you bring your sons
one after another
as sacrifices to life
on the altar of death.

I still have the fury of my soul
and the right to vomit
on the pavements of suffering
that are soaked with deadly alcohol.
I know that I shall inevitably die
asphyxiated by my own vomit
on the dunghill of days endlessly following
one after the other.

As for people,
they know how I love them all.
My love destroys the power of that blockade
around the desperate beating of enamoured hearts.
Snares of illusions
of kings, presidents and plutocrats
bring in their train the death of time
on that day filled with the smoke of fire.
Even a scream
can find no vent.
May it take a gigantic saw
to give your half-blind eyes
a glimmer of vision
How right you are
when you say
that the sight of a hospital for the mentally deficient

is a slimming exercise,
a scientific method of giving up smoking
and harmful thoughts.

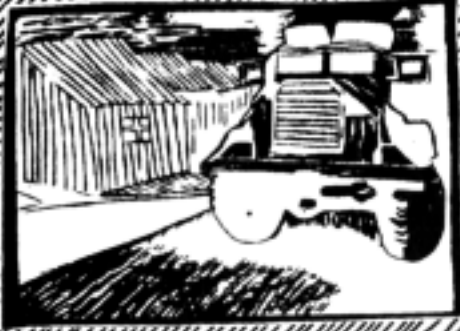
And then I turn to you,
sending words into your heart,
into your simple hands.
Of all worldly things, only one concerns me:
that you should understand the secret voice of my soul.

Long ago the time-limits all expired,
long ago they invented justifications for the
bloodthirsty monster ...

Pious mother!
May doors, torn off by the wind, preserve you,
May pitilessly slashed arteries preserve you,
May your own kind words preserve you ...
Oh, holy naivety!
The invaders hang on your ribs
submachine guns and boots,
they bivouac in the shade of your mercy
and you comb their hair that reeks of cordite
and shed bitter tears
on their hands, stained with the blood of your own sons.

As soon as you take pity,
I shall bring you my head
on a dish of the epoch's ears of corn.
In the long winter nights
I shall begin telling your grandsons
the story of the rose under torture
and the tale of the children with weapons in their hands.
As soon as you take pity,
you will grant your invaders political asylum
in the burial vault of your much respected spouse.

The day will come, and the hurricanes will die down.
As they grow up, those children who do not
at present understand
the meaning of thunderclaps in the air,
their wooden limbs will grow with them,
They will sing songs of the homeland in ringing voices,



they will get married,
 they will bear children without wooden limbs,
 they will attend sports contests in honour of
 disabled war veterans,
 they will speak pious words and distribute chocolates
 to healthy, sensible children.
 But slowly the tears will run down their faces
 in the cold corner of age,
 and that is when they will grasp
 the true meaning of thunderclaps in the air.

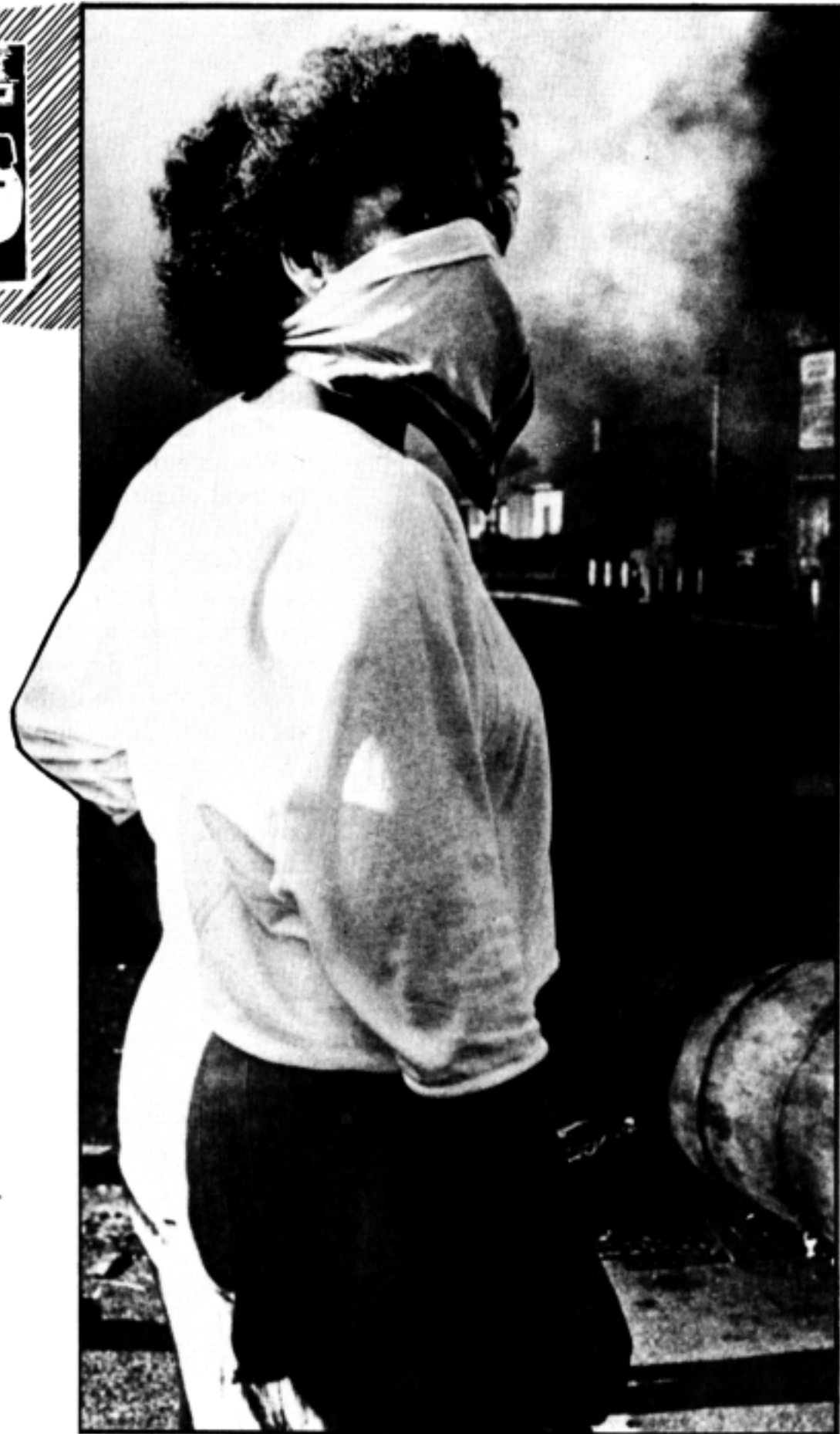
On the TV screen
 Allah's spacious land
 is only 20 inches away ...

My body is torn to pieces,
 the blood flows over the face of the handsome announcer.
 Is a lie any use as a bandage
 for each of these wounds?

Now let us chat about current affairs ..
 If we never catch the bull by his atomic horns,
 our entrails will hang
 like military telephone cables,
 like ropes along which the acrobats walk
 over the squares of youth,
 like whips to scourge our backs.

I seek no explanations,
 bathing in my own warm blood.
 I penetrate the screens of voices and conflagrations,
 I wipe away the barriers of falsehood and explosions
 and kiss you,
 prophetess gone so far away,
 I kiss you,
 I, filled with the last hope before
 rebirth:
 that I shall let fall my brow, heavy with thorns,
 upon your knee, profaned to sanctity,
 forever, with all the mysteries of my suffering,
 and shall draw close to your eternally beating heart ...

Samih al-Qasim (Palestine)



*South Africa — Palestine
 Your struggle is our struggle*



This film is one of the seminal works of cinema in developing countries. Solanas' three-part epic on the popular struggle of Argentina deals with liberation and the national question, throwing light on the politics of many other Latin American countries. The first part, Neocolonialism and Violence, deals with the history of Argentina, the ravages that have been foisted with the most abject brutality on what could be one of the most important countries in Latin America. Part Two, Act of Liberation, is a series of notes, testimonies and debates on the liberation struggle and the Argentinian people. The third part, Violence and

made this chilling observation: 'Latin America's veins are forever opened for sucking and economic draining by colonialists, and big business corporations in Washington and London, aided by the local oligarchy'. A 'Vietnamised' situation of a unique type existed and is still existing in certain countries of Central and South America. These poor countries, underdeveloped by a long succession of USA administrations up to the present one of Reagan's, are still flailing with political machetes at the USA's octopus tentacles. A passage from Galeano's Days and Nights of Love and War informs us that 'the Latin American societies are today

intelligentsia.

The film underscores the fact that cultural workers — be they film-makers, sculptors, novelists, painters, musicians, etc — cannot and should not sit idly on the sidelines and not participate in the liberatory actions that bring about meaningful freedom, peace and independence. The fact that there is now in the repository of mankind a film of the calibre of *The Hour of the Furnaces* means that mankind in the maw of oppression are aware of the connection of culture and liberation.

The film is skillfully compartmentalised so that a particular episode dealing with a particular aspect of struggle could be separated from the main reel and shown elsewhere. The political organisers in Latin America used the peculiar nature of the film's construction to exhibit it clandestinely to large groups of people in a major drive of political mobilisation. This was to raise the political consciousness of the people and to engage them in a people's uprising. This goal — as we hear about the generals who are now paying for murders and atrocities against people — has been achieved.

Hour of the Furnaces brings to our most immediate present the unbelievable horror of super-exploitation and massacre of innocents who resisted the Argentinian oligarchy which had all the protection of the junta. It shows, in chilling detail, how this systematic orchestration of op-

Liberation, deals with the meaning of violence in the process of liberation. Distributed in video by The Other Cinema, we are told the last section 'is open and invites new testimonies of combatants'.

The Pentagon hawks, manipulated by monopoly swindlers, invaded Vietnam and an international outcry against this aggression, unparalleled in history, reverberated throughout the world. It could be said that this shameful exercise in Southeast Asia detracted attention from what the USA was doing in 'its own back yard' — Latin America.

Uruguayan writer, Eduardo Galeano, divided into several categories: the living, the dead, the dying, the missing, the surviving and the fighting. To be alive is a victory'.

The film under review is about Latin America, focussing mainly on Argentina under the jackboot of military juntas in the period of 1966 to 1967; this, it must be remembered, was the same period of the aggression against the people of Vietnam. It was evolved by film-makers who worked in consultation and dynamic contact with the underground cadres of the progressive movement in Argentina. These included the workers, peasants and revolutionary



pressive rule is unscrupulously engineered by Washington and carried out by the Argentinian ruling classes. In some countries the armed forces are used to police the interests of the oligarchy or the rich classes. The army, in most instances, belongs to a lower class cleverly brainwashed to believe in what is called 'carrying out civil duties to defend the Constitution'. But in Latin America, the junta and the oligarchy are inseparable — they are the head and limbs of the same body. The narrator of the film puts the matter clearly: 'In Vietnam the people had only to look in the sky to see the enemy. But in Argentina, it is difficult to identify the enemy. It is the same national, of the same blood, who facilitates US exploitation of the masses.' Thus the whole of Argentina was turned into a landscape of hunger and violence.

Hour of the Furnaces exposes these daily statistics of violence. For instance, we learn that 43% of the rural population die every year, which is larger by far than the population that perished at Hiroshima/Nagasaki. We learn that there are a million cases of syphilis brought about by sub-human living conditions, frustration, poverty and prostitution. Four out of ten children die at birth, and there are 900 000 abandoned children. Factories are daily surrounded by the police and the fascist army. 2% of the cattlemen own 40% of the livestock and the lower classes earn 20 times less than

the higher classes. 50 families own 10-million acres of land. Of the million farm workers, 75% cannot satisfy their daily needs. Out of 20 successive governments, 17 of them came to power either through rigged elections or coups. This is the shameful record of Argentina.

The city of Buenos Aires, the capital, is a centre of economic activity, corruption, Mafia-styled commercial undertakings, etc. In a word, it is a cradle of the agrarian oligarchy and the industrial bourgeoisie. Of the seven million city population, one million are foreigners who came in to do business of whatever type. Some of them are



Gestapo criminals wanted by various organisations for their crimes in Nazi Germany. They were in Buenos Aires to 'advise' the Statutory Councils on principles of 'law and order'.

Buenos Aires was created to become an engine — a nerve centre — to run and dictate the socio-political, economic and cultural life of the entire Argentinian society. Through universities, the so-called islands of democracy within the oppressed, the system succeeded to corrupt the national consciousness among the intelligentsia so that the latter should marvel at anything not Argentinian, to glorify the foreign

masters: USA, Spain and Britain. This cultural and ideological penetration was used to annihilate the idea of being a nation worthy of charting its own destiny. The narrator sums it up succinctly: 'Buenos Aires is a city with its back to the nation'.

For someone who is familiar with the apartheid-fascism of South Africa, *Hour of the Furnaces* can be a chilling reminder of the horrors that still obtain in the so-called civilised 20th Century. The 'torture stadiums' such as Siza Dukashe in the Ciskei bantustan, the daily massacres and disappearance of people, detention of thousands of children under the age of thirteen, the

dumping of millions of people in arid and unproductive bantustans, and countless other atrocities are, for us, the long hour of the furnace. But the fact that our people are fighting back with everything in their power, the blazing streets of our time, means that we are also giving the enemy the taste of fire.

Hour of the Furnaces is dedicated to Ernesto 'Che' Guevara and other Latin American revolutionaries who sacrificed their lives to the total liberation of America.

by Bachana Mokwena

IN THE NIGHT

Baleka Kgositsile

Momathemba told Xola, her husband, about her childhood, not really being certain where she was heading, memories flashing through her mind in the dark bedroom.

'Now I understand why my parents were anxious about me. But the tension that was between us nearly sent me the wrong way.'

'What do you mean by the wrong way?' Xola asked.

She was quiet while her mind tried to sort out the best way to answer: Would Xola understand? Could he? Then a scene planted itself as it had done so many times before while she was growing up, in the centre of her mind.

Nomathemba, still a little girl, is trying desperately to convince her father that she was an hour late from school because she stayed to help some classmates understand the English Literature book they were going to write a test on the following day. Before she finishes the first sentence, the back of a big hand explodes on her mouth.

Simultaneously there is an angry 'Shut up' from her father. And suddenly the world flashes around her with light and blackness, bitter in her mouth and sweetly painful. She gets up from the floor where she has fallen, tries hard to suppress crying, while she wipes blood from her mouth and feels if she still has all her teeth. Her father lectures her furiously about how ungrateful she is.

'I sweat day and night for you, only for you to do this to me. You've started going out with boys, I know. And you have the cheek to ANSWER BACK! Where have you ever heard of a child trying to prove her parent WRONG, bloody fool!' And at this her father, blinded by fury, picks her up and crashes her against the wall. She crumples to the floor where she remains, numb with fear. He kicks her all over the body, until her mother, arriving from a prayer-meeting comes to her rescue.

'You see, the thing is that ... maybe because of the way a child's mind works, at some point I convinced myself that my parents hated me. And I think that was very dangerous.'

'But it seems that it was mostly your father who beat you up, wasn't it? Usually mothers help out and even from your stories it's clear your mother came to your rescue many times. So why

did you include her when you thought they hated you?'

'It's true, sometimes she came to my rescue. But there were many other times when she also beat me nearly to death. I think that, as I grew up, the unhappy things stuck more in my mind than the happy ones.'

'Also, some very ugly things could have been avoided if I had not been so afraid of my parents. Like ... eh ...'

'What?' Agitatedly, Xola sat up and fumbled for a cigarette in the dark. His breathing had become faster.

Her mind went back to that evening sixteen years back, when she was sixteen years old. Over the years she had thought back to that night and wished so much she could forget it. But she had to talk about it. That way it would be better for both of them. She would talk.

That afternoon when she got back from school she washed the kitchen curtains. She would iron them and put them up the following morning before going to school. She then started cooking stiff-pap and greens on the primus stove that stood on the kitchen table under the bare window. She would do her arithmetic homework after washing the dishes at night.

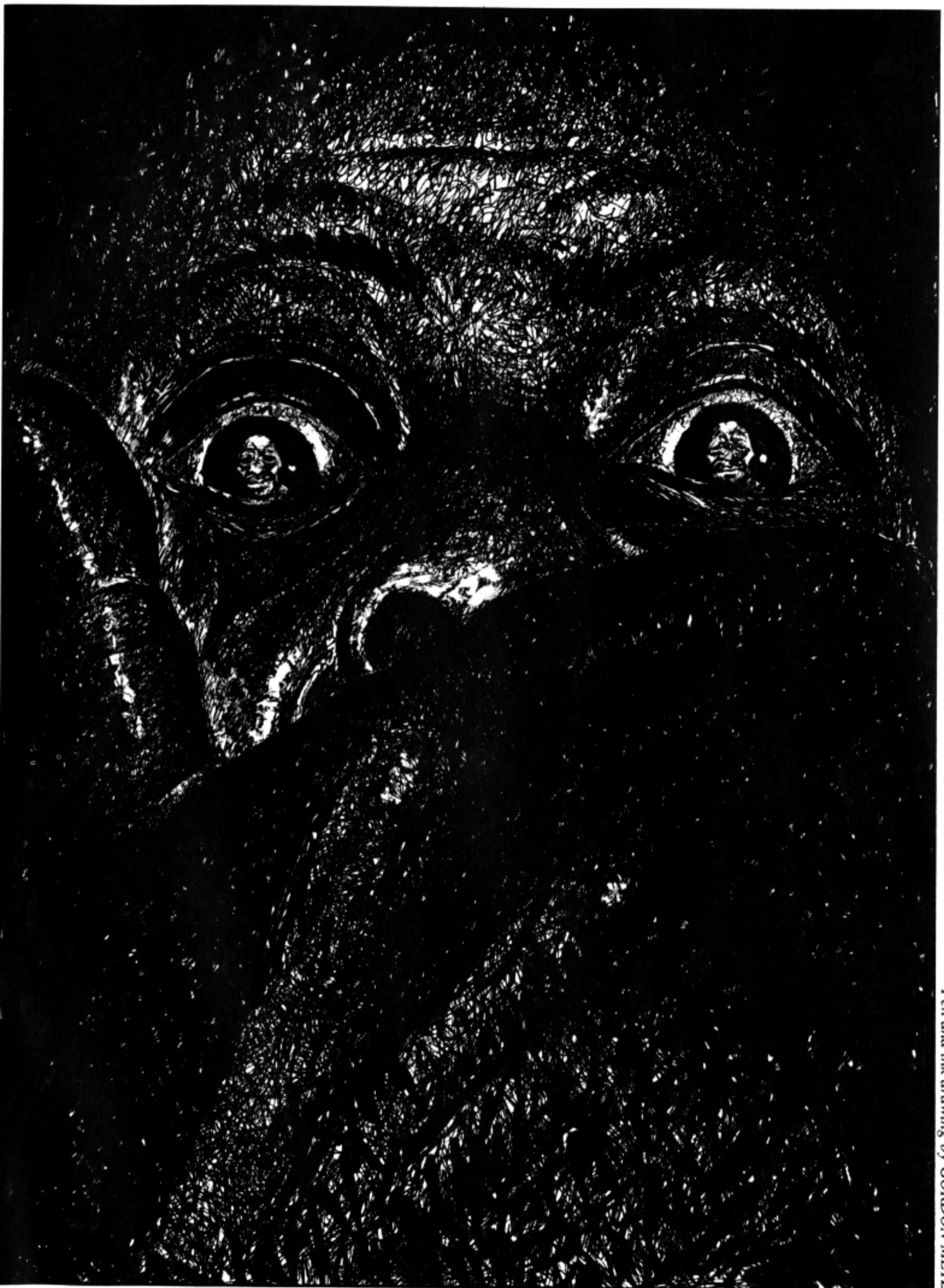
'Sis' Thembi, Sis' Thembi,' she heard her nine-year-old brother call as he came in through the gate from goodness-knows where. He sounded overjoyed about something. She wondered what he'd been up to, and stifened her face and voice into her 'big-sister' profile.

'What is it, Kwanele? Stop shouting like that! What is it?'

'The ... the ... teacher', Kwanele was out of breath with excitement and running. 'He is calling at the corner house. He gave me this money and is going to give me another one when you come with me.' He showed his sister a five-cent coin boastfully.

She immediately knew whom he was talking about. She had seen him there a few times. There was a rumour that he was having an affair with the daughter of the woman who sold liquor in that house. The rumour went that the shebeen-queen knew about it and allowed it because Mac Dubula was a teacher. That to her was a symbol of status.

Nomathemba disliked him. He taught at her school. The girls were always talking about how many girlfriends he had among the schoolgirls. She had no respect for him. He had a wife and



Pen and ink drawing by GORDON METZ

'And now here was this stupid man standing there; did he know her father? He might try to catch him. If he didn't catch him, "woe unto her", she would suffer for both of them.'

children in another township, an hour's train-ride away, on the other side of the white-man's city.

'Kwanele, why did you take that money from him? You take it back, now, before I give you a hot slap on your silly face. And I'm not going there, I'm working.'

Four or five hours later, around nine o'clock, she was washing dishes at the kitchen table when she sensed a presence at the window. She lifted her eyes from the dishes and — yes it was a big man standing directly in front of her, just outside the bare window.

She looked back at the dishes, puzzled at this ... this strange thing happening, someone standing in her father's yard at that hour. Then she remembered about the teacher that afternoon. She looked back at the form outside, and ... of course it was him.

A tremor went through her whole body. What if her father came into the kitchen at just that moment?

That day things were bad. She had made it daily practice to check her parents' mood when they returned home. And she knew that day the weather was very cloudy, first by looking at her father's face as he walked in, and later by eavesdropping on her parents' conversations.

And now here was this stupid man standing there; did he know her father? He might try to catch him. If he didn't catch him, 'woe unto her', she would suffer for both of them. And the neighbours would all hear and think she was a bad child. Oh, what was she going to do!

Urgently she went out and told the teacher to go away before her father saw him there. But he was drunk and totally insensitive to her desperate pleas.

'I want to talk to you, my sweet little darling. I love you, I loved you from the first day I set my eyes on your beautiful body. You are so ...'

This drunk fool thought she was stupid enough to believe these lies that were coming out of his stinking mouth. She realized that there was no way she could reason with him.

She went back and finished the dishes quickly, her mind grinding, desperately looking for the quickest and best solution to this problem.

Every night before her father went to bed, he came through the kitchen and took a slow walk around his small yard. You never knew what might be lurking in or around the yard in the township..

She went to the bedroom she shared with the other children to check the situation. The others were asleep. Both parents were in their own bedroom. Their door was half-open, which meant that they were still awake. It was nine-fifteen and her father would soon want to retire, especially after an unpleasant day at work.

She had to get that teacher out of the yard quickly.

She went out, making sure that her parents didn't hear her leaving the bedroom, let alone the kitchen. She signalled the teacher to follow her out of the yard, into the street, very careful not to let the gate make a noise.

Beyond the house on the right there was a footpath that led into the next street where they would be out of sight of the house.

As soon as they got there she talked calmly to the teacher, trying to persuade him to go away. She told him she had to get back home as they would miss her if she stayed away long. He threatened to follow her back there as he was just too in love with her to let her out of his sight. He held her wrist firmly and led her away, going on about how wonderful she was and everything.

She walked on, tense and quiet, only now and again being conscious of what he was saying. Her wrist firmly clasped in his hand, she walked on without decision, without purpose, her parents' screams whirling in her head.

Down in the street, on the left there were ten matchbox four-roomed houses, on the right there was a primary school. All was dark and quiet at the school. Beyond it, in front of them, was a bush with a footpath cutting through it. They had walked for five long minutes, and now stood on the street at the point where the footpath ended.

The teacher dragged her into the bush. She tried to resist and pull away, but he was too big and strong in spite of his drunkenness; he was not even staggering, which surprised and puzzled her.

'So you think you're too high and mighty eh? Respectable and decent people. In and out of church, day in and day out. So you look down on my kind, because I'm only a simple teacher ... not even a principal or an inspector. Well, my girl, we'll see if I can't do some inspecting outside school hours, my little bush-baby.'

She pleaded with him to let her go, promising to make time to see him the following afternoon. He ignored all her pleas and kept dragging her into the bush. She pleaded and pleaded. Tears started rolling down her cheeks. Oh Lord, please! She wondered

'A lonely teardrop escaped her as she swallowed the memories of many girls, eager, naive, who fell prey to cruel adults.'

if her mother's God saw her in this predicament. She looked up to the sky and saw the moon disappearing behind a big cloud, as if to avoid the plea in her eyes. Where was God, her mother's God? Why was he not helping her out of this? But of course He had never come to her rescue on the many occasions she had been beaten up until she bled for things she had not done.

She could scream, but she dared not at this point anyway. When everybody came out to see who was screaming and why, they would send for her parents. And how could she begin to convince them that she had not come out of her home and so far away because she was evil; an evil ungrateful child who wanted nothing but to see them disgraced and dying of heart trouble. Screaming was out of the question. How could she face the world after that? She could hear the women sympathizing with her mother. 'We are sorry for her; she did not give birth to a child, her womb produced rot.'

Deeper and deeper into the bush she was dragged by Mac Dubula, the teacher. And the following morning at Assembly, he would be standing in front of the 800 young faces. He would be solemn, conducting the singing. Grim-faced, delivering the morning's talk to the school, smooth-tongued, eyes half closed. Only the occasional smile towards the school-head as if begging for praise, for some approval.

She had been brought up never to prove an adult wrong. God does not like children who do that, they end up roasting in hell. But here was one adult, a teacher, dragging her into a fearful-looking bush, at that time of night.

This was her dying day; this man, her parents, the bush, she was going to be killed today. What had she done? Why? No! she cried her despair. Her body became numb and nothing registered in her mind any longer. From very far away it seemed his voice came to her in tiny capsules, tinnily echoing only this one idea: 'So they think I'm not a man; well, then, I'll show them now, all of them, all of you ... who ...'

When she came back to her senses she was conscious of a heavy burden on her and a searing pain in her groin. It was as if her legs were being pulled apart in an attempt to tear her up into two. She had never felt so much pain.

She was still crying and sweating. She did not know how long she had been in that position. She was sick. The teacher had his big moist hand over her mouth and was brutally pushing in and out of her.

It would be better if she could vomit the liquor fumes and all of this. As if reading her thoughts, he removed his hand and pushed a slimy thick tongue into her mouth. Again she had a blackout. She was shivering when she came to again. Her whole body ached. She tried to make out where she was.

'Ha-ha, my sweet little darling, now you're mine forever. You're so sweet. Ha, you nearly scared me when you started screaming. But you would have regretted it. YOU would have suffered. We would both be expelled from the school; but that's okay. I have my certificates, and you? Ha-ha, my sweet little one, I love. Your people are big ones, and you are my little one. You are sweeter than my wife. And she's a nothing. Are you not proud to hear that? Hmm ... With you by my side, I'll go places. I'll show them how much marrow there is in these bones, as I've shown you. You learned more from me now than in school. Wasn't I good?'

She was weak and aching all over. She hoped ... she silently prayed to God, any God who cared to listen and help — not to be touched by this cruel man again, that's all, he must not touch her again.

But he did. She had never remembered clearly what took place. Between the blackouts she wished and hoped to die. The pain, the pain was unbelievable. She never remembered how many times she was assaulted by the teacher that night. She never remembered even walking back home. She remembered only that the kitchen door was as she had left it, unlocked. Maybe some God heard her prayers after all. But his last words rang in her ears all the time. She heard them now still, clearly. 'You can't get me out of you now, ever. You'll never forget me. They think I'm nothing but you can tell them who I am.'

'Do you know if that bastard is still alive?' Xola asked, lighting the fourth in a chain of cigarettes.

'I think so. He should be in his late fifties now,' she answered with a slow sigh.

'That's one fool I'd like to kill in my life,' Xola said bitterly, getting into bed and pulling her to him.

A lonely teardrop escaped her as she swallowed the memories of many girls, eager, naive, who fell prey to cruel adults. She thought about her daughter, tried to visualize her at sixteen.

They lay in each other's arms in the dark, awake but quiet, till the song of the cocks reminded them that morning was unfolding.

NEWS BRIEFS

Thami Mbele, a New York-based musician and educationist, was in South Africa at the beginning of this year with an aim of introducing 'both teething and matured' musicians to overseas audiences. Included in his list are Bayete, Mara Louw, Shoshanguve Black Tycoons, Harmony and Rebecca Malobe, the latest winner of the redoubtable Shell Road to Fame contest. Should the festivals be successful, the takings will be channelled into a scholarship fund for South African students in the United States. RIXAKA sincerely hopes that such endeavours are executed after consultation with the mass democratic movement inside the country.

In one of the most bizarre developments racist South Africa has supplied tanks, trucks, troops, jeeps and mortars for the filming of an American adventure movie for release next summer. This is in defiance of the cultural boycott; this film is being shot in Namibia. One hopes that some sense can be knocked into people like Grace Jones who are supposed to take part in the film called 'Red Scorpions'. It is a thoroughly terrible film that uses all the known Cold War images. SWAPO and the Namibian masses should give this film and the crew a taste of scorpions!

A Cape Town band Bright Blue have shot to the top of the Radio 5 charts with a song inspired by the 1986 press curbs. The ballad speaks of a nation's polarisation, resignation and turmoil through nightmare visions of 'fear, fire, smoke and guns and a wall of steel'. 'Nkosi Sikelel 'iAfrika' forms a backdrop to the ballad-like 'Weeping'.

On another level, 'Cry Freedom', a film that peripherally deals with the life and death of Steve Biko and his relationship with a liberal newspaper editor, has been welcomed by the ANC as a film that shows the naked brutality of the racist regime. While many people felt uncomfortable with the inordinate length on Woods, the images that leap to the viewer show that, as Wally Serote observed, 'you can't distort the struggle'. This is also a challenge to our own film-makers.

Thina Bantu is a controversial play by Mavis Taylor. It is based on the true, tragic case of the rape and murder of a young black woman by three white South African servicemen. One of the actors, Lionel Newton, believes that the play will highly influence future plays. He feels bitter about the existing government. He observes: 'One cannot violate people for more than 200 years and not expect them to be angry'.

The winner of the First International String Competition's viola section, Japan's Hideko Kobayashi, will be blacklisted in Japan if she performs again in South Africa. Dr Koster, who hosted this viola player, said: 'Hideko said she would not be intimidated'. It becomes increasingly clear that the mass democratic movement and the anti-apartheid forces worldwide should strengthen the cultural boycott.

An exhibition that touches on the chilling effects of detention without trial — and the murder of detainees — was on in Johannesburg's Market Gallery. This exhibition coincided painfully with the brutal murder of ex-detainee and DPSC worker Sicelo Dlomo. It was hoped by the organisers that the exhibition would help both to liberate people from their own illusion and complacency, and to create a country in which there are no political prisoners.



