

Appendix B: Newspaper articles (Insert)

- Geers, K. 1990. *It may be fun but it fails to 'explore'* The Star. 27 September, p. 12.
- James, S. 1986. *Black's abstracts impress US fundi.* The Star. 23 October. p.16.
- Richards, C. 1987. *That Authentic African Look fades into glib cliché.* The Weekly Mail. 28 August, p. 21
- Richards, C. *Alternative, abstract art. It's all in his mind.* Undated
- Ainslie's Letter to The Editors, The Weekly Mail, referring to Richards's article *Alternative, abstract art. It's all in his mind.* Undated
- Smith, C. 1986 *Black Artists: We're fed up with political labels.* Weekly Mail October 31 – November 6. Page 18
- Podbury, J. 1986. *Bill fights to get artistic voices heard.* Sunday Express. LIVING

THE CRITICS

It may be fun but it fails to 'explore'

ART ... By KENDELL GEERS

EXHIBITION: David Koloane "Explorations"
VENUE: Gallery on the Market

In a paper delivered to the South African Association of Art Historians at Wits University on August 29, Albie Sachs referred to a mode of artistic production that was "warm, spontaneous, affirmative and fun."

David Koloane's current exhibition, "Explorations", is one of the rare instances where art does in fact embody all of these Utopian principles.

The title of the show is completely inept since it sets the viewer up with certain expectations that are never fulfilled. Koloane utilises the formal and conceptual language of a historically located movement that occurred in the United States nearly half a century ago.

The language of the abstract expressionists is appropriated wholesale, without any consideration given to either its specificity or that of our particular context.

There is very little evidence of exploration of any kind in Koloane's

work itself, which displays very little development from the earliest works of 1976 to those produced this year.

Where Jackson Pollock's drip paintings were the product of many years of exploration and analysis of the nature of representation at that specific point in history, David Koloane merely plagiarises an existing style without engaging any of the issues involved.

There are a number of small representational works from various points in Koloane's career that demonstrate his inability with this particular genre, suggesting that the move into abstract expressionism may have been due to a lack of options rather than the product of any real exploration.

Koloane uses lyrical titles like "Melody", "Dancers", "Marabi" or "Fusion" to lend the works a sense of poetic authenticity by cross-referencing other aesthetic mediums. It is evident through the repetition that the titles



David Koloane

are nothing more than an old formula and the antithesis of any real exploration.

The smaller works on paper are notably more insipid, substantially losing presence as their scale diminishes. This loss is cunningly dis-

guised by the gold leaf frames and appropriate mounts that produce a slick, consumable object.

The lack of recognisable subject matter and absence of elucidatory titles leaves the work substantially without

meaning beyond the self indulgent. There is nothing within the works themselves that is able to shift them beyond the purely decorative.

Their status as authentic works of art is however ensured by Koloane's unmistakable signature. On the surface of every single piece, his signature disrupts any potential formal and spiritual tensions in favour of authenticity. A similar signature on the rear would have been sufficient to authenticate the work without undermining one of the few potential strengths that the works may have had.

Art is the product of specific histories. In attempting to engage those histories as well as account for the present, it is anything but "warm, spontaneous, affirmative and fun".

Koloane's current exhibition may please theorists like Albie Sachs, but in order to achieve the impact that the original abstract expressionists had on art history, Koloane would need to begin exploring issues in representation and art history far more intensely than he does in his exhibition.

A long tale of lions and

There is an old axiom in the world of showbiz which warns actors not to appear on stage with either children or animals because they are in danger of being upstaged.

Well, in this extraordinary and engrossing film the young actor and actress are in a lot more danger than merely being upstaged. They appear as lion tamers.

The storyline of the movie is simple. A young man, Thierry

FRENCH FILM FESTIVAL ... by GARTH VERDAL

FILM: Roselyne et les Lions

PLAYERS: Isabelle Pasco, Garard Sandoz.

DIRECTOR: Jean-Jacques Beineix

(Gerard Sandoz), disillusioned with school, happens upon a young woman, Roselyne (Isabelle Pasco), training lions in Marseilles zoo with an ageing lion trainer.

The film is about her obsession with the noble creatures, an obsession which fires the young man's interest in both lions and the young woman.

They fell in love and set off together to try and establish their own lion act, but their youth and relative inexperience makes the going tough.

Eventually, they get a job with a big German circus run by a man whose interest lies more in the publicity and commercial value of the couple — particularly the beautiful

blonde in the lions.

This long and despite some tainme

Apa usualn matter has be that ri tion.

The by Jean is outst format and Pa In the

LOVE HATE LOVE LOVE

Test our new
NO HATE diet.

Phone us now to join our computer designed shape up programme. The NO HATE diet comes with your Slenderline Passiv-X-Rcise course. A few slightly overweight ladies needed urgently now to demonstrate the dramatic effectiveness of the NO HATE diet. The computer rejects the foods you hate while making you slim on the foods you love! Help us launch this exciting

Poore

ORANGE GROVE

268 LOUIS BOTHA

ART

Blacks' abstracts impress US fundi

"Black artists in South Africa have a remarkable gift for abstract work. It requires great spontaneity, the emphasis is on freedom."

An American authority on contemporary modern art, Kenworth Moffett sits forward in the armchair as he talks; near, its edge, fresh and alert.

"These guys haven't done enough yet to really give any indication if they're going to go the route. But in terms of level, I would say you already have something exceptional. I point to this show at the Rembrandt Gallery as being an enormously exciting achievement."

The words are praise

The American art critic and lecturer Kenworth Moffett was here recently to lead the Thupelo Arts Project two-week Broederstroom Workshop for black artists which is funded each year by the US-SA Leader Exchange Programme. He was for many years curator of the 20th century collection at the Boston Museum of Modern Art and is the author of major works on contemporary art. Moffett spoke to art critic SAMANTHA JAMES about his interesting discovery of South African art.

indeed from a man wholly immersed in art and intimately familiar with the work of such giants as Poons, Olitski, Nolan and Louis.

"It's the same talent that you see in the mine-dancers. You watch them dancing, and two or three will go off and do something with that tendency to improvise which of course is also true of jazz."

"Despite the lack of background, they are very sophisticated."

The Thupelo Workshop has been "upbeat and exhilarating with a lot of surprises."

"These artists are mostly used to working in very tight quarters, at somewhere like the Funda Gallery in Soweto which is rather small, or in their homes. At Broederstroom they were given lots of space, big rolls of canvas and lots of materials."

"It was a totally new experience for some of them. Yet instead of beginning tight as one might expect, right away they were doing big things."

"That surprised me a lot. I'd expected to be doing a lot more helping and encouraging. I didn't think I'd be operating on that level at all."

"The first work out of the box, I thought, 'This is going to be a long two weeks,' and then it got interesting. Your black artists seem to be very open and quickly able to improvise, to expand themselves."

"I'm not saying that abstract is the only way to work, just that it is the newest form of art, and the most modern. You can do wonderful work also in figurative idioms."

"Had I done the workshop in the States, the results would have been much safer and more tasteful, at least at first..." He searches for a word, his

eyes meandering around the charming sitting room of the Johannesburg Art Foundation where we are talking.

"Yeah," he says, "it would have been very over-controlled."

"I was very struck by the fact that when they learn something new, they think right away how they can pass this on to their people. American artists are so involved and selfish really by comparison. There is a big difference in cultures."

Moffett alludes to a man who had not worked in art before the workshop but turned out to be one of the best participants.

Can anyone produce good art? I mention Mark Rothko's axiom that paintings must be like miracles. Does the creation of such fine abstraction necessitate a practical maturing process?

"Yes," says Moffett, "though sometimes an artist does very good work right off the back. There are prodigies and late bloomers, both exist. It has something to do with finding oneself. Being in touch with really exciting art, scales can drop from your eyes."

"It did take them time to find out how acrylic dries. Technique is really a question of finding out what works best for you, but you

have to know the potential of the materials."

One of Moffett's main contributions to the workshop has been a specialised knowledge of what's occurring in the world of art today and using his experience to be a good sounding-board. What did he look for?

"What you're trying to spot is where the artist is being freest and most spontaneous, where the real feeling or intensity lies, and have the artist develop that."

Should the workshop manner of working be considered a development of South African art or an incorporated extension of contemporary American?

His reply is vehement: "It is not to be considered an American import, that I want to underline."

"I think any group of people have the capacity to work this way. It appeals to something universally human, that's proved by the way these guys have taken to it."

"I hope they continue with the kind of pressures these people are up against, physical, financial and psychological, I think it might not be so easy. Then it's compounded by not having the space to work, that is essential, and to be able to get the materials. Certain aids we take for granted in the US are not available and that's a problem."

"I don't want to leave the impression that I only saw good art by black artists. There are some very fine white artists here. I would name Bill Ainslie right off the bat as an artist



Boston Art Museum's Kenworth Moffett.

Photo: Stephen Cooney

and as a man — if he hadn't encouraged the blacks so much, we wouldn't have this kind of result at the Rembrandt Gallery — but it was the blacks with whom I worked most closely and this bursting forth of creativity among them was very rewarding for me."

I ask if he considers what is happening here more interesting than what's being done in Europe?

"Oh, yes, much. I am struck by the upbeat positive attitudes among both the whites and blacks. A sense that good things can happen and are happening."

"Coming from the outside and allowing for the deeply troubled character of the country, one might not expect it. It's something that I don't think exists in England. The UK is kind of psychologically depressed."

Regardless of fashions which come and go on the surface of art, I ask Moffett, in relation

to the serious work does he think something deep and new could come out of South Africa to link this country's art with the rest of the world.

"Yes, it's very, very possible. Already there is a tendency — specially among the best abstract artists — for a kind of decentralisation. It's no longer just in the States now, Canada is a very important force in art today, and I think the potential for South Africa to be another one of these centres is very much here."

"It's too new to make too many claims for it at this stage. We can only point to the quality that's been achieved."

"It's my first visit to South Africa and I hope it's not my last. It's a very intense place, you know, it's not like you're going on vacation."

● There is an opportunity to meet the Thupelo Workshop artists at 5.30 pm today at the Rembrandt Gallery, Wits West Campus.

THE ARTS

That Authentic African Look fades into glib cliché

Transitional art — art which bridges the 'ethnic' and the modern — promises the possibility of a take-away African Spirit for the culturally needy. A provocative view from COLIN RICHARDS

SNEAKING into the controversial Valparaíso show a few weeks ago, shortly before it headed off to Chile, I wondered whether I would catch a glimpse of what is said to make current art authentically "African"? Sure enough, there it was. Augmenting the usual rather geriatric traditional African fauna and flora, odd somewhat shamefaced curios, bits of this and that, was that fetching new arrival on the local art scene...the "Transitional" image. The great leaver.

Locally the term "transitional" was apparently first used as a classificatory convenience. Dr Anita Nettleton, African art specialist at the University of the Witwatersrand, used it to signify a change in patronage relations in "African art" which produced "a 'new' art for sale to a western market."

As a phenomenon "transitional" artefacts are not entirely new. Paging through a book coyly called *The Savage Bites Back*, published in 1937, I found many images strongly reminiscent of the 'genre'. They record with sly wit and wisdom the often unflattering responses of indigenous peoples (mainly African) to "the white colonizer". While there is not much local material we do find a "boer farmer", a clay tricycle and a "bushman" painting alleged to be of none other than Queen Victoria.

The 'transitional' imagery of Dr Phatuma Seoka, Noria Mabasa and others also resemble certain 'folk' art traditions. But there are telling differences. Seoka and companions are more likely to share a common cause with the *Bite* above. Their works are also likely to outlive the 'appropriation' — a polite form of theft — described below.

The term has now become more promiscuous. It, and the artefacts it refers to, seem to have been recruited to serve certain interests in the rarer realms of our visual culture. How so?

Well, if we are to believe our artworld sages, we are currently witnessing a spirited new awakening in the visual arts. Signals of hope started appearing some time ago. For instance we read in the 1985 Cape Town Triennial catalogue of "a new creative surge" confidently identifiable as truly South African. The redemptive message remains undimmed.

By now the twin fable of rebirth and authentically South African visual art has taken on the gloss of a truism. A designer truth which has what were once ritual crises dissolving into ritual rebirth. We can at last forget the lashing of conscience and confidence so endemic in the domestic artworld of recent years.

What has happened to lubricate this glide from past to present, to relieve us from our sense of seige? Could it be, in part, the advent of transitional art? It seems the cavalry has arrived, and it's enchantingly part Red Indian. Suddenly high culture has a more seductive self-image, confident again of its 'relevance'.

As commodity, transitional art promises the possibility of a take-away African Spirit for the culturally needy. It's beginning to look like an alibi. Local art critic Marilyn Martin sees it as "an adaptation answering to contemporary needs and aspirations". Quite. But perhaps very differently for its consumers than for its producers.

In the early Eighties, negative attitudes to earlier attempts to create a South African Art, authenticated by heavy lashings of African Mystique, hardened into open criticism. Such efforts at absorbing or miming "that old black magic" were mocked as naive and superficial.

What also hardened was a certain self-regarding chauvinism among those critical of



Phatuma Seoka — fire in the artist, wit and wisdom in the work that will probably outlive this most polite form of theft

the old artistic regime. Embarrassment about the worth of internationalist visions of art on the domestic front curdled into aggressive, petulant assertions of 'holding our own' anywhere and everywhere. We had to look independent and above all, credible. So an Authentic African Look was still very desirable.

And irritatingly unattainable. That is until the arrival of the transitional. It was the complete ethno-rustic readymade, well fitted for what one loud artspeak with characteristic modesty called "the contemporary context" (longhand for upmarket gallery and museum).

Now we have the spectacle of some major local artists and touts pinning their hopes on the cultural cross-over. The air is thick with 'synthesis'. At Wits some art classes are beginning to fill up with quasi-traditional, pseudo-transitional and transitional artefacts. All grist for the mill of high culture. I haven't noticed much anxiety about their use.

Elsewhere, in softly lit professional ambience, we find paintings described as if they were extra-political playpens of the gods.

These are routinely eulogised as triumphs of cultural 'synthesis', the metaphysical occasion for telling juxtapositions, trenchant quotes and artfully eclectic healing.

The new aesthetic liturgy — praising the trinity of rebirth, identity and synthesis — is dutifully recited by influential 'authorities' at art world initiation ceremonies (exhibition openings, prize givings, etc). In all this the fêted 'transitional' cuts a dashing figure. What special favours is it made to dispense?

Well, for the critics of the old African Spirit and defenders of the new, it probably has all the promise of the original but without the stigmas of being *passé*.

It still provides fresh satisfaction for the cult of the exotic without letting go of that crucial ingredient: 'The primitive'. Simple formal pictorial mixing of the 'modern' and the 'primitive' pretends universality. Aesthetic unification purports to transcend all difference, mysteriously repairing rents in the cultural fabric. 'Synthesis' is invisible mending. It's also

about losing one's social memory. Is this how we make, or fake our history?

Further, should our artworks look too 'sophisticated' or 'pure', an injection of the right dose of the 'transitional' roughens and toughens the image. It introduces at least a semblance of rude populist form and a token of materials drawn from the debris of our consumer culture — bric-a-brac, bits of rag, shredded paper, plastic, wire, strips of animal skin. But of course these pollutants are aesthetically sanitised, lest they mess up the inexorable "pure visual statement". Too much day to day realism would spoil the picture.

And this idyllic picture trades on elegant, quite bloodless collisions of disparate images — the computer diagram, the morbid rose, the curio, the transitional artefact, the soldier...all terribly good form.

An added bonus is the merest trace of the 'transitional' flavours the picture with Political Awareness. The presumed identification with the subjected community is a balm for the needed conscience. This much was clear in the Valparaíso exhibition.

The sheer beauty of the whole business is that it's in tune with the hottest news from abroad. We can be ourselves and international at the same time. From selected (carefully!) post-modern communiques we hear that the local, the vernacular, the idiomatic are in favour.

Turning to the apologists of synthesis we find they use oddly passive words to characterise the traffic between 'differing cultures' — "dialogue", "cross-cultural adaptation", "interaction", "borrowing", "lending" ... on and on. The picture this presents suggests a cheerful pluralism, a congenial reciprocity between cultures at peace with one another. Is this the world as we know it, or as we wish it?

This is also the playground for some critics to indulge in some questionable rites of cultural self-identification. "Our" culture against the foil of "their" nature. We hear oppositions such as "naive" versus "sophisticated", "primitive" versus "civilised", and so on. Thus is our dire need to define ourselves. Even in its less puritanical forms this tactic tarnishes any serious claim to "synthesis".

Of late discomfort over the adequacy of the word transitional has pushed some to suggest a replacement — "acculturation". Now that word is a political blindfold. The late Steve Biko wrote that it was "presumptuous" to describe past or current domestic exchanges between cultures as "acculturation".

"Acculturation" or "assimilation" emphasise the subjected cultures adjustment to the dominant culture. These notions do not register the subject community's resistance to colonisation, racism, genocide and oppression. They suggest fusion where fission, domination and conquest are the reality.

Perhaps this is not really the right climate to be bathing in the romance of aesthetic synthesis. Or for mounting premature spectacles of national identity. Such nostalgic flights may be too heavily subsidised by skinning other cultural traditions alive.

In such a scenario "aesthetic detachment" looks suspiciously like social indifference. Any "spiritual fragrance" emanating from such syntheses does little more than deodorise the stench of politics.

Much of the current quasi-traditional and "transitional" presence in visual arts has an aura of self-serving convenience about it. Is it really synthesis, genuine cross-over. Or just another synthetic double-cross?

ANNE BANCROFT ANTHONY HOPKINS

84

CHARING CROSS ROAD

NOW SHOWING AT:

Ster City, Constantia Rosebank, Sunnypark Pretoria

Kippies

Market Music Place

FRI SAT SUN TUE WED THUR

WATUZI

PONGOLO

JAMA With Eddie Koko, Victor Mendi & Basilio Loni

Cocktail Hour

Friday & Saturday

5:00 to 7:30pm

Basilio Loni & Victor Mendi with Tette Ndamabisa on Piano & Sammy Brown - Vocals

FULL BAR AND LIGHT MEALS AVAILABLE

10:00pm till late Tuesday to Sunday

Free the children

invite you to a

JAZZ EVENING

WITH SAKHILE, ROBBIE JANSEN'S HEART THROB

SABENZA WITH BASIL COETZEE

WITS GREAT HALL 8PM TUESDAY 1ST SEPT

Alternative, abstract art. It's all in his mind

SOME weeks ago I was asked to an art "presentation". Touted as "the only event arranged specifically for selected people from the art world ...", attendance was by invitation only. This air of exclusivity and the promising scope of the title — "Abstract Indoctrination: The Present Situation. Canada, USA and Europe and its relation to SA", threatened an interesting evening.

The presentation took place at the Johannesburg Art Foundation in Saxonwold — the last outpost of abstract art in an art world inconsiderately out of step with such things.

Bill Ainslie, who heads the foundation, bills his establishment as providing "alternative education". Alternative to what? The unreasonable may well ask. On this score he is not modest. Nor is he averse to simplification.

Ainslie splits the South African artworld into two "constituencies" — white and black. The former, government funded, lumps "schools, universities and technikons" and sundry other service bodies such as galleries, art associations and business into one big "white" family.

The latter has as its basic ingredient none other than Ainslie's own art foundation. More specifically in its missionary role in the Thupelo Workshop Project. This project, according to Ainslie, is "emerging as the central unifying

Commitment, like pleasure, takes many forms. But is abstract art imported from America one of them? COLIN RICHARDS is unconvinced

forum" for virtually all of art culture in his self-styled black constituency.

The actual organisational base of the project, however, is a little more limited than this large claim admits. It appears to be a collaborative venture between the foundation, the Federated Union of Black Arts and the United States/South African Leadership Exchange Programme.

Clearly the Thupelo Art Project has noble aims. The first is to overcome the "restrictions on the creation of good art caused by apartheid" while the second involves "stimulating the best possible work through developing a workshop and exhibiting workshop interchange between artists on a local, national and international level". So much for the theory. The practice of "good art" and the "best possible work" is another story.

Three "international" figures have featured in the Thupelo epic — Peter Bradley and Kenneth Moffett from the United States and Ca-

nadian Graham Peacock. The first and the last are artists, while Moffett is a critic. All three work out of an ever-narrowing post-Abstract Expressionist aesthetic tradition. Peacock, professor at the University of Alberta and leader of the 1987 Thupelo Workshop, conducted the "service" I attended that night at the foundation.

Peacock is a post-colour-field painter. "Post" is important in the abstract art fable. At its evolutionary heart is that great prize — "novelty", usually paraded as "originality" or "innovation". Something new. In this art game the best is the first. And what? Well, in painting, almost anything to do with paint as coloured stuff and canvas as flat support.

Peacock's particular ambition and "innovation" lies in cracking. Moffett credits him with "a new and very distinctive kind of drawing. This results from the cracking or 'crazing' which occurs when paint is applied wet on wet. Until now painters have always tried to avoid this cracking but Peacock works to induce and cultivate it". Whatever else it does, this certainly gives new meaning to the restorer's art.

Let's imagine Peacock being "active" in this cultivation, Moffett tells us that "he lets the painting paint itself ... indeed Peacock is more

'passive' in this respect than any of his colleagues". In this particular abstract tradition this is allegedly an advantage.

The presentation featuring Peacock turned out to be like so many such events in today's artworld. Good, Bad and Ugly. The laughable, the funny and the angry made for a good deal of embarrassment, misbehaviour and incoherence all round. Still, it's worth dredging the memory for fragments of what happened. Some are bound to tell tales.

In a rash rhetorical flourish it was established that any questions were welcome during the presentation. This is tricky in a querulous art community. The alarm which questions raised suggests that they were unexpected, and unwelcome. The "select" audience seemed to have proved rather too unselected.

Priming of the audience started early and earnestly. Real value in art, we were told, is only really appreciated 50 years after the event. Some over 35-year-olds looked queasy.

Then to business. There was some critical comment about "bad quality" in art and the market being flooded with Japanese money. It seems that while the paintings may paint themselves they fall short of selling themselves. Is the 50 years mandatory for selling as well as appreciation?

One important issue was raised that night. Sensitive to the complications of feeling obliged to mix art and angst, one speaker mentioned the desirability of pleasure in artmaking. There was general agreement on this.

But commitment, like pleasure, takes many forms. Ainslie's grand abstract project suggests a limited option for both. Does the pursuit of pleasure and commitment compel one to continue some marginal abstract note imported from America, or latterly Canada? Do we want, or need, to heed Moffett and "produce a real movement (and) become like one of those centres of abstraction, New York, Edmonton or Toronto"? Are the considerable resources of the contributing groups being appropriately utilised in the community? Whose interests are really being served?

These questions seem all the more urgent if we remember the historical role of "apolitical" abstract expressionism in the years of the Cold War. Is it just coincidence that Ussalep was founded in 1958, the year "The New American Painting" travelling abstract expressionist exhibition toured Europe? This and other shows did service in the Cold War, linking the Museum of Modern Art with the CIA in executing American foreign policy abroad. Are we also beneficiaries of the remnants of this tradition?

In short, is Thupelo really what Ainslie claims it to be — something more than residual Abstract Expressionism much removed but still hanging around? If it is, is it in the way he suggests? Certainly its cult of the individual, its rhetoric of "freedom of expression", its "apolitical" posture have precedents in the history of American cultural politics and foreign affairs. And these seem to have more to do with the maintenance of American hegemony than the cultivation of an indigenous or "alternative" culture.

Ainslie's own silence on that night was disturbing. His guest seemed unfamiliar with cultural affairs in the larger community. Given the Thupelo Project's self-imposed brief this is worrying. Perhaps Ainslie did not feel accountable, or responsible, to those present. Which raises even deeper questions. Ainslie has, in the past, likened the art instinct to, among other things, "the instinctive needs of the dung beetle to build the ball ..." I wonder whose court the ball is really in?



Nomhle Nkonyeni ministers to ouma, hidden by her overstated bonnet and played by Lida Meiring

'Naughty' play won't make the censors blush

ACT'S production of the new classic *Die Van Aardes van Grootoor*, a satirical allegory on Afrikaner history, is a pale spectre of the brilliant and outrageous spectacle that infuriated censors a decade ago. The irreverent jokes at Afrikaner practices and the creative use of strong language were too much for the prim guardians of public morals.

The present production, however, is rather tame and would probably leave even the rimmiest censor unmoved. The play evokes the sad image of a spinster, deserted by her room decades before, still in her decaying wedding gown or of a *boere* Ophelia who has forgotten all about her watery death and stands round hoping to be noticed.

Especially noticeable in Louis van Niekerk's production is the basic contradiction between style and content. The text's studied oddness, giving it the spirit and sense of a small town *boere-konsert*, is belied by the slick direction. Dawie Malan, director of the production 10 years ago, heightened the effect of the *Van Aardes* as a one night stand in the local school hall by going all out for melodrama. Van Niekerk opted for a more controlled style suited rather to British commercial farce. This shift of emphasis results in crudity and vulgarity not associated with the play before.

One gets the impression that especially the avatatorial humour is set up in inverted commas. As a result the production is naughty rather than daring.

Despite an off-the-mark style all is not lost. Some of the writing is Pieter-Dirk Uys at his entertaining best. His flair for inventive comic

THEATRE: Die Van Aardes van Grootoor
Adcock Ingram Auditorium,
Windybrow, Hillbrow

the title deeds to their farm with sexual favours. ("His bullet has penetrated my church.") This variation on an Afrikaans idiom illustrates Uys' way with words.

Christine Basson's interpretation of the dour Dolla bristles with comic invention and fine timing. Her final scene as a restored Mae West look-alike is a scream.

Nomhle Nkonyeni is impressive too. Her range in the journey from submissive servant to proud and stylish mistress of the Van Aarde family farm is quite a feat.

Lida Meiring, a fine actress, is grossly miscast in the role of Elana van Aarde. Her young Nazi-Elana in full cry is offensive and unfunny. What a waste of a superb talent.

Ronel Kriel had her moments but killed them instantly with boringly repetitive gestures.

And apart from Frans Kalp's superb PW he had little to offer.

With an updated rewrite and inspired directing the *Van Aardes* could be very exciting theatre indeed.

Franz le Roux

CASEWORKER

(part-time)

Wanted by Pietermaritzburg
Advice Office (Black Sash)
Salary: R600 p.month. Required
to work afternoons. Commitment
to non-racialism, admin. abilities
and good English are essential.

Applications, incl. 2 referees, to reach the
Convener, P.M.B. Advice Office,
Box 732, Pietermaritzburg, 3200,
by end November.

**Meet a friend on
Saturday, October 31
at the Black Sash
Morning Market.**

Why?

Because that is where your friends are sure to be. And while you're at it indulge in a treasure hunt for books and baubles, clothes and cakes, knitwear, needlework, plants, pictures, produce and pottery, records, shoes, toys, trimmings, tombola, teas and white elephants - something for everybody topped off with lunch.

See you there:

Editors
Letters Page
The Weekly Mail
P.O. Box 260425
EXCOM 2023

6 Eastwold Way
Saxonwold
JOHANNESBURG
2196

Why your newspaper should provide such a large amount of space to Colin Richard's sour vendetta against the Art Foundation, Thupelo and myself is a puzzle.

Why he should suggest sinister links between the latter, USSALEP and the CIA, rather than establish the facts when they are available to all, is a puzzle.

That he bothers so much about this 'last outpost of abstract art in an art world inconsiderately out of step with such things' would also be a puzzle if it wasn't for that giveaway phrase 'out of step'. For over a century now 'academicians' have been trying to get artists into step.

Your Sincerely



BILL AINSLIE

THE ARTS

Black artists: We're fed up with 'political' labels

BLACK artists are losing patience with the cultural apartheid that paints them into either "political" or "ethnic" corners of the canvas.

They say they are being seriously inhibited by art buyers and critics — who tend to be white — resisting work that doesn't fall into a "black art", "protest art" or "township art" category.

The recent failure of the United States Leadership Programme (Ussalep) funded Thupelo Art Project to attract local buyers has brought the simmering feud to the fore.

Artists alleged that the strong abstract art content of the work by mainly black artists was resisted by local buyers and critics because it failed to fit their preconceptions of black art — essentially seen as smallish works either in woodcuts, linocuts or watercolours with traditional or political scenes.

Anthusa Sotiriades, a white participant who also co-ordinated the exhibition, said the work had been criticised for being "elitist", often because of its size.

"But for most of the artists it was the first time they had been able to work in an environment that offered them more space to work on than just a bed in a township house.

"Judging by the criticism of the work, it seems that whites can work on as big a canvas as they wish and in any way they like, but when blacks have the space and freedom to explore other art forms, they're immediately slapped down by white resistance to their new direction."

Bongiwe Dhlomo, one of South Africa's foremost black women artists and directors of the new Alexandra Art Centre, expressed disappointment at dismissive criticism of the "Americanisation" of black artists. "No-one ever talked of the Spaniardisation of American artists when they were influenced by people like Picasso. Artists can't grow if they never experiment with other art forms."

Dhlomo, who received the American Woza Africa award this year for her contribution to the visual arts in southern Africa, often conveys a strong political message in her work. However, she said she was tired of being expected to push a political line in her work.

"Political expression is a form of release, but it is inhibiting to concentrate on that."

She and other black artists are concerned that buyers are indirectly forcing them — by their very selectivity in ignoring non-political work — into political sloganeering. Not only is it risky on a personal level, they say, but it carries the risk of reducing them to art propagandists.

It would appear that white South African artists aren't necessarily expected to carry the burden of apartheid-guilt in their works, or even dig into their Dutch or English colonial roots for inspiration. But black artists, as the political situation gets fiercer, are expected to carry the banner for the liberation struggle in one hand while holding on to the goat-hide skin of their ancestral roots in the other.

David Koloane, who reacted strongly against the criticism of "American Imperialist influences" (a trendy enough banner) in African art said: "Art in the African tradition was born out of communal necessity inspired by ritual symbolism — distinguishing it from European art ...

"The aim, (of workshops with overseas artists) is not to transform artists into Jackson Pollacks, but to widen their scope by availing space, facilities, a new scale in work and providing an environment for interaction

Black artists complain that buyers ignore any works which fail to fit their preconceptions that African art should be either 'political' or 'ethnic'. CHARLENE SMITH reports

among artists."

The issue has created an additional challenge for the recently formed Alexandra Arts Centre, which is run by many of the Thupelo Workshop members.

It was created to give precisely the scope Koloane appeals for — a central hub for new and existing artists, with space, facilities and a wide range of artistic inputs which are largely non-existent for black artists.

The centre is seen not only as an educative base for the people of Alexandra, although that is probably its prime role.

Bongiwe Dhlomo is using the daily obstacles black artists experience as a growth point for the centre. They are obstacles she and her graphic artist husband, Kagiso Mautloa, know only too well.

They are on the waiting list for a house in Alexandra, but for the last few years have lived, worked and cooked in the garage they share with their two children adjacent to a Mofolo North house in Soweto.

Dhlomo works on her linocuts crouched on the floor next to her bed, trying to keep her two toddlers from playing with her inks.

"The problems are enormous. The garage has our bed and kitchenette in it. There is a communal room for the other seven people who live in the house and that is where we dry our work.

"Once Kagiso put a painting on the table to dry and his sisters plonked the washbasket on top of it while they were ironing. When he came back, it had this great ring from the basket on it.

"I hang up prints on the walls to dry, but then someone will throw open a door and they'll blow away. They hate us painting because they say it makes the house dirty."

She began dreaming of a centre where black artists could splash paint on to four metre high canvasses if they wished, and not just do small linocuts that could be carefully stored away to prevent further encroachment in the crowded lives of township families.

Her dream was a place where township residents could experience art in all its facets and learn to use it recreationally as well as a means of income.

Fortunately her fantasies coincided with those of a group of Alex residents who, despite the civil war raging in their township, became increasingly determined to establish a cultural centre as an outlet for disaffected youth and other members of the culturally starved community.

"Creativity is a need we all have. Yesterday on my way here I noticed children drawing in the streets. They had broken open ceiling boards and obtained a sort of white chalk from inside and were drawing wonderful large pictures on the street and walls."

There is a need for black artists to break out of the small, tight world apartheid has imposed on them.

"Now we just have to educate buyers to accept different work from us. To accept our art for arts sake and not for any political or paternalistic consideration," Dhlomo concluded.

MEET THE ARTIST WITH A MISSION

Bill fights to get artistic voices heard

By JOE PODBREY

BILL AINSLEE is deceptively easy to speak to. There is absolutely no sign of the verbal tantrums one sometimes encounters in gifted people, especially artists.

Nor is he ever patronising or sarcastic or merely rude, foibles one so often meets among second- and third-raters. Mr Ainslee talks with the simplicity that goes with real talent.

But behind the beard and bushy eyebrows there is a fascinating store of knowledge and awareness; awareness, that is, of the true state of art in this country and the plight of local painters and sculptors who are trying to make their artistic voices heard against the constant hum of commercialism, prejudice and downright antagonism.

"The visual arts," Ainslee will tell you, "constitute the Cinderella of all the art forms in South Africa. There is very little of the support for this medium which you will find in the United States or Canada or Australia.

"Our art is non-exportable because we have never been encouraged to create our own art form here. We are rarely regarded seriously if the European influences are not immediately evident in our work."

He cites the case of American artist Jackson Pollock who refused to study in Paris and deliberately set out to create a distinctive American school. His example served to establish an indigenous American art form and, because he received the necessary support, people from overseas are now flocking to American galleries instead of the other way about.

And yet here in Africa, which has inspired generations of European artists — including Picasso, whose cubism had a direct African influence — that support is almost entirely absent.

But there is no bitterness in these reflections, merely a summary of the situation as it is. For Ainslee the artist, teacher and administrator speaks with years of personal experience and involvement.

Bill Ainslee was born 50 years ago in Bedford, eastern Cape, of 1820 settler stock. He attended school at King Edward High School and took an arts degree at Natal University.

Diverse

He taught art at such diverse places as Michaelhouse, a bush school near Bulawayo and at his old school, KES.

At the age of 30, he held his first exhibition and was given a retainer to continue painting for a particular gallery. He was the second painter to receive such a retainer, the first being fellow artist Lionel Abrahams.

However, when the gallery owner insisted on a certain direction in his work, Ainslee quit and resumed teaching in a private capacity.

Ten years ago, he established the Johannesburg Arts Foundation, a non-profit-making, non-racial venture to assist new and practising artists and to act as a training centre for young and old alike. It is

governed by a board of trustees, but Bill Ainslee is its resident director, principal and guiding spirit.

Two years ago, the Foundation was fortunate enough to acquire a large house in Saxonwold which it bought from the Johannesburg City Council for a mere R150 000.

"Cheap though the purchase price was by today's standards," he says, "we are struggling to meet the monthly payments on the house. Our pupils are growing in number, but the financial burden is onerous.

"We have all sorts of plans for the Foundation, including an art centre and exhibition hall. We would like to make it the most important art project in the country.

"What we need," he adds wistfully, "is for some public-spirited angel to pay off the R50 000 we still owe on the house. We have another eight years in which to pay for it, otherwise it reverts back to the City Council."

At the moment, Mr Ainslee is holding his own exhibition at the Goodman Gallery.

Ainslee's style is abstract and intensely personal. His use of colour is lavish and striking and yet his paintings have a quality which is most restful and satisfying. Ainslee, married, with a daughter and an artist son, has that dedication which achieves great things against seemingly impossible odds.

If anyone in this country can be said to have devoted his life to the cause of art and artists, it is surely he.

Appendix C: Personal notes and correspondence (Insert)

- a. Consent letter from Michael Gardiner.
- b. Support letters from Alan Crump of Wits Fine Art Dept. and Willem Boshoff from the Technicon.
- c. Controversial correspondence between Ainslie and Doepel, Ainslie and Erica Mitchell, Ainslie and Robert Hodgins.
- d. A letter to the Minister of the Interior concerning a refusal of a passport for Serote.
- e. Nadine Gordimer's support letter in this regard.
- f. Ainslie's personal notes on his ideas and thoughts

As the holder in Johannesburg of the Johannesburg Art Foundation papers, I have given permission to Elizabeth Castle to include some of Bill Ainslie's letters and personal notes in the Appendix C Component of her M A FA paper for the University of the Witwatersrand.

Michael Gardiner

M. B. Gardiner

University of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg

Department of Fine Arts

1 Jan Smuts Avenue, Johannesburg 2001, South Africa
Telephone (011) 334017 Telegrams 'University' Telex 54-22460 SA
716-3753



telephone ext

your reference

our reference

-date 29 July-1983. --

It is my opinion that the Johannesburg Arts Foundation is a valuable and necessary institution which serves the community at large. From the large numbers of part-time students who attend classes it is obvious that this kind of art education must continue. Students who do not wish to attend University or the Technicon have very few alternative choices to pursue art training and the Foundation is providing this facility. This view is also held by many of my colleagues.

A. Crump,
Head of Department of Fine Arts



TECHNIKON WITWATERSRAND

3293, JOHANNESBURG 2000, ELOFFSTRAAT/STREET 2001. ~~TECHCOLL~~ ID 29-7138

SCHOOL OF ART AND DESIGN
DEPARTMENT FINE ART

28 July 1983

Orig Verw / Our Ref.:

STATEMENT: JOHANNESBURG ART FOUNDATION

This is to certify that the objectives and role fulfilled by the Johannesburg Art Foundation are known to the Department Fine Art of the Technikon Witwatersrand.

The Department Fine Art trains students with a matriculation certificate for a period of three years full-time for the National Diploma in Fine Art. Because of the specialised nature of its courses, there are some demands in the Fine Art field not covered by the Department Fine Art.

The Johannesburg Art Foundation is at present the most competent organisation in the Witwatersrand area that can accommodate the educational needs for which we are unable to cater.

In the past we have been thankful to the foundation for accepting students who were unable to study with us due to our shortage of space.

We have also referred many part-time students, for whom we don't cater at all, to the Art Foundation with its high quality courses.

Students without a matriculation certificate are not accepted by the Technikon. These students have often proved to be excellent artists. Such students would be lost to the community if they were not trained by adequately equipped institutions like the Art Foundation.

When we still trained art teachers at the Technikon, we received scores of children who showed a keen interest in art. Since this service has been discontinued, we have referred all pre-matric enthusiasts to the Art Foundation.

Many excellent artists qualify at the Technikon Witwatersrand and the Johannesburg Art Foundation is one of the places that could provide working space or employment for our graduates.

It is without hesitation that we recommend the services of the Johannesburg Art Foundation.

W. Boshoff
.....
W H A BOSHOFF (Head of Department Fine Art)

2 3rd Avenue,
Cor. Anerley Rd.,
Parktown,
Johannesburg.
20th April, 1974.

Minister of the Interior,
Ad Astra Building,
Pretoria.

Dear Sir,

This letter is addressed to you at the advice of Judge Marais. I wish to make an appeal to you on behalf of Mr. Walter Serote who has been offered a bursary to study The Art of Writing at Columbia University in New York. Mr. Serote was refused a passport in 1972 when he was last offered the bursary, and my appeal is that he be granted the passport this time. He is submitting another application later this month.

Mr. Serote was detained under Section 6 of the Terrorism Act in June, 1969 and released without charge in February 1970. I assume that the reason for the refusal of the passport must be related to the causes of his detention at that time. Judge Marais said I should be direct in making this appeal, and he said I should state that although Mr. Serote is a radical he is not a communist; this is an assurance I can give without hesitation.

Mr. Serote has given honest expression to his feelings and convictions in the poems and stories he has written, this is how he sees his vocation as an artist and this is where his radicalism lies. He has no confidence in ideologies or in political organisation of the sort that communism demands, of this I am certain.

On the basis of the talent he has already shown in his publications, and because of the benefit that such an opportunity will undoubtedly bring, I beg you to reverse the previous decision and to grant him the passport.

Yours faithfully,


W.S. Ainslie

7 Frere Road,
Parktown West,
Johannesburg.

14th September, 1974.

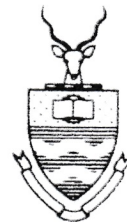
Wally Mongane Serote is an extremely talented writer with great potential. That his creative gifts are growing is evident in the development of his poems from his first book, Yakhal'Inkomo, to the greater depth and skill of the poems in his second, Tsetlo.

What he needs at this stage is the chance to acquire technical mastery and—most important—to broaden his cultural background. His opportunity to go to the Writing Division of The School of Arts at Columbia University, where poets and writers of the highest standing are brought from all over the world to teach, is an exceptional one. I know he deserves it by virtue of his talent, hard work and willingness to learn; I am confident that he will make the best possible use of it.

Nabir Ebrahim

University of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg

1 Jan Smuts Avenue, Johannesburg, 2001, South Africa
Telephone 724-1311, Telegrams 'University', Telex 43/7330 SA



DEPARTMENT OF FINE ARTS

telephone ext

your reference

our reference

date 20.3.75

Mr. William Ainslie,
Three-Ways,
2, 3rd Avenue,
Parktown,
JOHANNESBURG

Dear William,

I have thought a great deal about the series of lectures which we have given over the last six weeks. It seems to me that the indicative word about these lectures is in a remark you dropped after the last one - "How can we PROVOKE our students?"

The problem is that when I lecture I do not really set out to provoke my listeners. I am too conscious of art as an on-going process and hence am inclined to indicate its roots, its presence in a period of time and its implication for succeeding art.

Now I understand that in your terms this is, alas, not particularly provocative and I had not fully understood that for you, as the head of your school, this was the whole point of the lectures. It seems to me therefore, that I really am not the man you are looking for to lecture to your students and it seems also sensible that I should withdraw from the course. I do ask you not to take this amiss, because my feelings towards you, towards the school and towards what you are trying to achieve, are very warm and friendly and this letter serves rather to excuse my inadequacy than to suggest that I have any criticism of the course of lectures.

As the arrangement for these lectures was made through Mary-Ann and Harry I would be happy if you would show this letter to them.

Yours very sincerely,

25 March, 1978.

Ainslie Studios,
2 - 3rd Avenue,
Chr. Anerley Road,
Parktown,
JOHANNESBURG.

Mr. Robert Hodgins,
Department of Fine Arts,
University of the Witwatersrand,
1 Jan Smuts Avenue,
JOHANNESBURG.

Dear Robert,

Forgive me saying so, but for some reason you've got the whole thing mixed up. You would be deluding yourself if you thought you had failed us by being insufficiently provocative, and I would say you would be deluding yourself if you thought that your talks were unimpressive simply because they revealed art as an on-going process - indicating its roots, its presence in a period of time and its implications for succeeding art. NO. Your talks were a success because of the enthusiasm and insight they brought to bear on a number of artists and the factors that made them tick. You were provocative - you made people think and re-assess.

You were exasperating when you went on and on in that pointless discussion with David Einstein. You astonished me with your passing references to Newman's religion, as though it was something other than the core of his work, and I found the digressions into Reinhardt's black painting pointless, creating more confusion than clarity.

What I am saying is that your talks were a great success. The one given by Maryanne and me was not - but there I would blame you partly for the above reasons.

In so far as the school is concerned, there are two things that are important to me.

- 1) I am more interested in what people "know" than what they have "learnt". I feel that "knowledge-based" on personal evaluation is the only knowledge of consequence and not what has been lifted unquestioningly from books or other peoples experiences. A corollary of this is that a teacher is not so much one who has learnt more, but one who can make his knowledge relevant to a student.
- 2) I am restless with the narrowness of South African life and art. I would like to see certain general priorities clarified for people here. There are things that we should know more about than the people in Paris, New York

...../2.

...../2.

or Sydney. This is not to dispute the internationalism, or rather universality of what we should attempt, and there is no doubt we share a lot in common with those places and have much to learn from them, but it is to ask for an examination of our own most important experiences, and for an art based on this, so that the pointless derivativeness of so much that fills our galleries could be thrown into stronger relief and so that we could encourage more serious ambitions amongst people working here. I was casting around clumsily with this chiefly in mind when I made that remark about "How do we provoke".

It is for these reasons that we would be sorry to lose your participation. Our plan is to make the talk's less formal - more of a teach-in.

Sincerely,

Dear Cika,

On my return from overseas I found your letter waiting for me. The effect of it has been to convince me that I was correct in feeling that there would be no point in and further contact between this enterprise and your department under the present circumstances.

I find your notes of 'Training young professionals' a quaint and parochial one, and smacking more of what one would expect to hear in some sort of commercial institution than in a place devoted to the perpetuation of the disciplines of the plastic arts.

You are obviously not interested in understanding what we are attempting here, which reinforces my feeling that you are also not interested in new developments in art and art education in Europe & America either.

My disappointment was not at having this 'school' excluded from the exhibition. It was that you and some others

on the Wits staff seem too complacent -
or frightened - to recognise the need for
fresh challenges and exchanges. Fortunately
there are people amongst your staff & students
who have a more open outlook.

I regret that this letter is
necessary - but it is only right
you should know my feelings
about this matter - yours sincerely
Bill Currie

Reflections on the creation of an independent workshop in South Africa

- ① The reason ^{Personal} social or whatever else ^{Jane (medicine-health)}
- ② 'Apotheosis of a crummy place' { ^{Dream amplified}
^{Transcending}
- ③ Organising programme.
- ④ Teaching Policy. ^{1st stage}
^{2nd stage}
 - ① Apprenticeship - Journeyman.
 - ② Transmission
- ⑤ Beuys - ^{a virtues} Problems - economics
- ⑥ Greenberg
- ⑦ Alchemy - Psychology & Dreams + the stone the builder's kept
- ⑧ Politics
- ⑨ Semiotics etc.
- ⑩ Islamic patronage.
- ⑪ Raymond Williams - Rhetoric
- 12 Making whole (drop out doctors) (Jane + Saul)
Hermes
13. - In the Islamic mystic tradition (uniquely being & doing) ^{underhill}
a distinction is made between states & stations.

④ The significance of process - of the path - as opposed to the end as the arbiter of meaning.

⑤ The guiding fable - Robert the model

Conclusion

① A thrust into our culture - disillusionment with technology and our present arrangements for living.

② Reappraisal of the arts as in search for meaningful life.

③ If you have been engaged in a way that you find special - try to ~~repeat~~ do it again and find

③

1 Why I am doing this?

① I wish to get rid of some of the confusion that exists in relation to art and creativity and I wish to do it more through an experience than through words.

② Art requires up the notion of an activity that is solitary and notoriety and we must accept that this is a fact but that rather than being put off by this we should welcome it because what is we

accept ~~see~~ as great art is ~~only such because~~ is the manifestation of a human endeavour that can broaden and enrich life for everybody.

③ This needs to be said because the word art carries so many other connotations: of exclusivity, prestige, money, elitism and no serious person would wish to get seriously involved with these sort of things - and

this has happened
because of a ^{division between our} split in
our culture, and
a split in our
being. But one of
the impulses behind
modern art is
to get it all
together again.

(d) Consequences
of this split in
our culture are
to be seen in the
attitude to art
in schools
skill
commercial aptitude
when in fact art

provides us with
an opportunity of
acquiring a
discipline in delight
rather

(e) In these wrong
attitudes a lot
of people who would
find that they in
fact opens more
meaningfully through
a medium other
than words are
denied expression
this evening is
an attempt to
remedy this.

(f) So I am hoping that
this evening will open
some eyes to some
possibilities and
when we hear
names like Picasso,
Monet, Matisse,
Rothko, Newman
~~and the others~~
we must see
them as the
progenitors of these
possibilities setting
out paths that many
more can follow
than we are doing
yet.

① Gestural - psycho-physical
an act in which
combination -
more total than
read alone.
Engaged being
in a dramatic
way.

② Enigmas within a
field. 2 dimensional.
Freedom is a creative
dimension arising
from going seeking
to move with the
inevitable and
not against it.

③ Collective. How we
gain in respect of
evaluations that
respect individual
tendencies rather
than absolute
models.

a synopsis of what I hope to deal with

① ^{Towards} Workshop as 'monastic' academy fostered deliberately to counter prevailing ideological structures and trends in our society. ^{Resisting market place}

^{Towards} Workshop as anti-institutional institution ^(co-operation with all true authorities) ^{open & limitless}

^{Towards} Workshop as core of new community' based on ancient principle of fostering true relation between the unconditioned and the conditioned in life art as in life - in acknowledgment of what is grave & constant in human suffering.

② Teaching ^{METHOD} ^{→ metaphysics.}

^{Towards} initiation rather than education.

① ^{Towards} transformation rather than acquisition of skills & techniques & know how ^{Towards} teacher selecting students not vice versa

③ ^{Towards} acknowledgement of autonomy of group ^{as sounding board} and closed energy circle.

^{Towards} admission of particular

2) etc.

particular insights from teacher to student as opposed to teaching of 'impersonal information'.

AUTHORITY IS INSIGHT NOT PERSONALITY

Towards - insight (flash - in the pan)

analogy of art with

TEACHING CONTENT

Out-worked as parable: demonstration of darkness:

① Teachers work rather than word primary emphasis.

② analogy of loan - chi. Imago ignota

③ From what is known towards what is essential. conditional to unconditional.

~~the demonstration of reality~~

⑤ Free - fire as manifestations of unconditional. as sacred repetitiveness.

④ Doute: To educate confront student with truth great & excite awe & curiosity & desire to emulate. MUSEUM or GALLERY or EXHIBITION.

④

Progress & problems.

① Socio/political

④ Space

② Organisation

WORK IS PRIORITY

~~commercial imperatives~~

③ Finance

④ Space.

When David Colson and I decided to see whether we could arrange things so that Peter Bradley could visit ~~SA~~ ~~and~~ ~~must~~ make a working visit to South Africa we ~~had to~~ ~~must~~ ~~that~~ both sensed that he would make his mark here, and that he would stir things up. Peter holds ~~other~~ firm and outspoken views on a number of subjects; for instance.

- (a) Abstract art is the only ~~area~~ ~~in which~~ ~~original work~~ of quality is still being made.
- (b) The art of Africa has made a more significant contribution to modern art than the art of ~~Europe~~ ~~the~~ Europe.
- (c) Black artists must get out of ghetto by refusing to make pathetic ^{derivative} pictures of broken down environments & people, and by refusing to exhibit in second rate galleries, ^{and by setting out to get the best out of themselves.}
- (d) The artist must be on guard against the knowings of the right hand ^{art is a matter of instinct not intellect.}
- (e) Tony Cape is the best sculptor in the world, the one 'to beat'.