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The South African landscape in painting and literature

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philosophic, expressionist poem - Droogte in die Karoo.

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The poet has attempted to express a very big subject. He achieves a certain grandeur by the slow, heavy rhythm and with severe metaphors. He has maintained this grandeur by omitting any reference to the small human being. Yet it is interesting to note that the almost surrealist image of the minute ants adds a gruesome horror to the otherwise majestic whole:

> Oor hierdie rde het die son so groot
> vergulde toorts met walm van roet gewaai,
> en alles is in die verwronge dood
> so greep verstil en vasgedraai.
>
> Windduiwels dans spiralend in die gloed
> wat bo die verste flikker-rante tril;
> hoe dun vloei in dié land die sap en bloed
> waar die lewe so onseker beur en ril.
>
> Die doernis is hier uitgekalwe tot
> diep longas van geletenheid en pyn;
> die grys-geraamtes deur die dors geknot,
> woel miere in die ingevalle brein.
>
> Ver strek die vlakte soos 'n skitter-see
> wat in sy heuwelgolwinge verdof;
> hoe stemloos roep dié branding in sy wee,
> hoe sing die dor ballade van die stof!
>
> Die dag is eindelik moedsaam leggebloei
> agter 'n verre doringstruik se rug;
> en teen die uitgebrande maan vervloei
> 'n windelose skemering tot nag.
>
> (included in Afrikaanse Natuurpoësie.)

Van Heerden has not really expressed the Karroo, but he has used it as a magnificent symbol of an all-destructive drought. And therefore, because the poet has not attempted to express or recreate the Karroo, but because he has used it to express something else, he has far more control over the Karroo and has consequently given a more striking and a more permanent poem than the others.

It would seem that if the Karroo is to be used in art in a significant manner, it must be used as a symbol.

Chapter 6:

SYMBOL OF AFRICA:

In the first chapter it was pointed out that the development in painting and literature has been more or less identical. In the course of the essay the work of Wenning - D.F. Malherbe; Leipoldt - Naudé has been classified as representative of the first realistic or impressionistic group; and that of Pierneef - C.M. van den Heever as representative of the second "semi-realistic" group. In the third group - accepted by the critics as the most important from the aesthetic point of view - we find two artists who again show noteworthy parallels in their work. Both of these artists - N.P. van Wyk Louw and Alexis Preller - have frequently been regarded as the most important in South Africa in their respective fields. (1).

In Digters van Dertig Opperman enumerates the tendencies and characteristics of that particular period. Although this work is exclusively concerned with poetry, the characteristics which Opperman discusses generally apply to the work of the painters who are contemporary with the poets, although their best work may have been produced after the 1930's.

Opperman focusses the attention on the following points:

There is an inclination towards freedom from the patriotic and the local although these aspects are not entirely excluded. But whereas the earlier work was inspired almost entirely by the immediate surroundings, conditions and events, the work of "Thirty" strives towards a more universal expression. Many of the artists are city dwellers and so have less direct contact with the rural. Simultaneously the field of interest widens. The artists now consider oriental, exotic, philosophic and religious arguments, and present their own personal views which may be in absolute conflict with the accepted opinions of the

community /

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1). Opperman, Antonissen, Grové, Bokhorst, Merwe Scholtz are a few of the critics who have referred to these two artists as being the most important in South Africa.

community in such matters. Yet the artists now dare to defy public opinion far more boldly than their "eccentric" forerunner - C. Louis Leipoldt. The artists become strongly aware of their artistic mission, calling or compulsion. They feel that they are apart from the general populace, and that they (particularly the poets) are dutybound to be the spiritual leaders of their people. Yet they often feel that they are misunderstood and consequently ignored. The lonely wandering artist has replaced the popular artist; the self-conscious prophet has taken the place of the simple peoples' mouth piece: "Ons is die geeste wat dwaal" writes N.P. van Wyk Louw (2) and one is very frequently conscious of an over emphasis of this isolation. The theme is used repeatedly, but often unconvincingly in the early poetry of the period. Sometimes this conviction of being an all-important, prophesying, ego centric individual threatens to become an invaluable cult or pose.

One of the most important aspects of "Thirty" is the greatly improved craftsmanship. Whereas inferior techniques were excused before because the country's culture was so young and negligible, art is now produced for art's sake and it had to be able to hold its own outside the national borders.

Consequently the artistic activity as such is of prime importance. To write or to paint is no longer a hobby or a pastime to fill a few idle hours. Now it is a vocation or a profession. These professional artists are very conscious of their work. Some may have no other work besides, while others are associated with Universities or schools where they expound upon their chosen field of study (3). Several write critical essays in an endeavour to enlighten the public about art in general and about the work of their contemporaries in particular. (4).

During /

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2). Alleenspraak.
3). There had, however, already been "full time" painters: e.g. Hugo Naudé; Frans Oerder; Pierneef; Maggie Laubser; Irma Stern.
4). E.g. C.M. van den Heever; W.E.G. Louw; N.P. van Wyk Louw; Walter Battiss.

During this period mild individualism makes way for a much stronger personal expression and revelation. The artists experience the desire to break away from traditional forms and expressions which were in common use in the arts in South Africa. They wish to express an individual emotional life. As a result of this sometimes over conscious hyper individualism, nationalism - or more accurately chauvinism - in art is banned from the work by these men. The poetry becomes more intimate and revealing of the poet's most personal and deepest sensations and experiences. The poets begin to doubt the traditional forms of the Calvinistic religion and are in conflict with God (5). In painting one may see a parallel to this in what may be called an exploration of the subconscious (6).

As "a corrective for the interference with the spiritual" (7) the visual sensations and impressions are expressed more strongly and vividly. Colours are stronger (8), physical strength is admired (9) and - particularly in poetry - there is generally a glorification of earthly beauty, although depicted from a personal and original point of view.

According to Opperman the most important aspect of the renewal brought about by "Thirty" is "'n strewe na suiwerheid van vorm." (10). This results in a complete self-revelation in a technically very competent form which is a general characteristic in the work of this phase. The artist as a person, an individual now dares to reveal his innermost self. He is no longer in the background describing a visual reality or an event. He is now part of it, experiencing it acutely and compelling

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5). E.g. W.E.G. Louw; N.P. van Wyk Louw.
6). E.g. Alexis Preller. It is also well illustrated in Van Wyk Louw's mystical poem: Gesprek van die dooie siele.
7). "Na die oordrewe bemoeiing met die gees vind ons die natuurlike korrektief in die vleeslike, sintuiglike, heidense en aardse." (Opperman: Digters van Dertig; pg 54.)
8). E.g . Walter Battiss.
9). E.g. W.E.G. Louw: Adam.
10). Opperman: Op. cit. pg 55.

the receiver to experience the emotion too. The art of "Thirty" has a distinct psychological impact and an intellectual quality which was absent in the earlier work.

Because these artists frequently wish to express a reality other than the visual they often create symbols to express an abstract conception. Many of these symbols are universal and contemporary which can be found again in European poetry and painting. But a few are indigenous. Deane Anderson (11) and Walter Battiss (12) point out that although European painters were needed to show the local men the aesthetic and symbolic value of primitive art forms, the South Africans have since approximately the 1940's incorporated these forms into their art and so have introduced a slight, yet distinct African character to their work which may in future be sufficiently strong to distinguish South African art from its European model.

In the work of both N.P. van Wyk Louw and Alexis Preller there is a definite, apparently conscious, even determined intellectual development towards the peak expressions found in the epic poem Raka and in the painting Primavera. It would seem that both use their earlier work as a model for the later (13), and in order to appreciate fully the symbolic depiction that they have given of Africa in these works, it is necessary to trace in brief the development which led up to this culmination.

In Van Wyk Louw's first volume Alleenspraak a large number of poems still have realism as the point of departure as was noted in Donnebosse (14). But: "Louw openbaar hom in die bundel ook as natuurdigter, maar objektiewe besinging van die natuur moet ons nie verwag nie." (15). This clearly implies that the fundamental character of the volume is personal-subjective - expressing an individual human emotion or state of mind which may have been inspired initially by visual impressions. /

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11). Deane Anderson: Ten South African Artists and the Primitive Revival. Studio; March, 1957.
12). Walter Battiss: New Art and Old Art in South Africa. Studio; September, 1952.
13). Cf. Merwe Scholtz: Prelude tot Preller. Standpunte, vol. 7, no. 4.
14). See above; chapter 3. pg. 64.
15). A.P. Grové: Perspektief en Profiel. pg 631.

impressions. There is constantly and obviously a distinct inclination towards personal meditation which was noted in Dennebosse and which is again to be observed in Grense. In his first volume it is already apparent that "Louw geen stemmingsdigter is nie; dat hy eerder die kreatiewe ontdekker is as die sensitief-ontvanklike." (16). This is important because this characteristic - this creative discovery in his work - becomes all the more obvious, more powerful and more complete in his subsequent poetry. This attains a peak in Raka in a symbolic expression of a land and people, which, although essentially African, is free from time and place and has a significant universality

There appears to be a struggle in his early work to be released from the local, earth-bound expression which is common to all. The struggle is expressed impetuously, almost frantically as in Skreeu (17). One is, however, aware of a haughty, isolated attitude,, of a self-assurance which is typical of the attitude of this group of poets. In this poem one senses the lonely, misunderstood prophet of the people. But simultaneously there appears to be an uncertainty and consequently there is a searching - a surrealist seeking? - for that which is hidden from common view:

> Ek het die aarde nie gesien,
> haar lieflikheid het ek verbeur
> want starend oor die yle vlug
> van beeld en kleur
> met oë wat blind-glasig was
> en wyd van vrees en waan,
> wou ek sien wat geen mens mag sien,
> en wat geen mens begryp, verstaan:

It seems to be a land of the intellect and spirit which the poet of the twentieth century seeks (18). Eventually Van Wyk Louw creates a strange, dream-like (surrealist) atmosphere in Gesprek van die dooie siele where the "landscape" is space, where there is no boundary, no time, no tangible object, no relationship to worldly actuality.

Die /

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16). A.P. Grové: Op. cit. pg 631.
17). Appendix 2: no. 54.
18). Cf, the poetry of A. Roland Holst.

Die Halwe Kring, Van Wyk Louw's second volume, illustrates a logical development of Alleenspraak. He himself realises that he has reached a greater maturity and that youth is past. This is apparent in Opdrag. The work is more concise, shows greater clarity and more certainty and self-assurance. There is less frantic seeking, but rather a confident search (19). "In steeds sterker mate voel hy hom by magte om elke emosie onder woorde te bring, om sodoende die vormlose tot tydloosheid te verhef." (20). Therefore one finds a less excitable expression; it is more sober, more calm than some of the passionate poems of the previous volume, e.g. Herfsnamiddag (21). Vier Gebede by Jaargetye in die Boland (22) are other examples of symbolic landscape expression found in this volume. Antonissen sees these poems as the climax of the poet's development in youth, and they appear to close the half-circle.

"Die Skoonheid, die 'beeld- en naamlose' selfverwesenliking van God, voltooi die 'halwe kring' van sy vitalistiese, outonoom-lewensdriftige jeug, ontsluit vir hom iets van die sin van lewe en dood, en begin eindelik die misterie van die ewige spanning tussen ontluistering en opbou vir hom te openbaar. Die 'Vier Gebede by Jaargetye in die Boland', 'n apotheose van (. . . .) sonnette, getuig van die vreugdevolle weet: hoe alles op hierdie aarde sy vervulling kry, hoe alles eenmaal tot volheid groei in die kringloop van lewe en dood, albei goed en skoon. In hierdie (voorlopige) versoening van teenstrydighede vind die digter se jeug 'n bekroning (23).

This volume, although it is not so essentially an expression of Africa as Raka, is important because:

"In Die Halwe Kring, groot skoonheid in ewewigtigheid van gees en vorm, gebore uit 'n diepe siel waarin 'n rykdom van vermoëns tot wasdom gekom het, en gedel deur 'n strenge poëtiese selftug en onvoorwaardelike gehoorsaamheid aan enkel-die-hoogheilige, het die Boere-taal gegroei tot 'n koninklike instrument, gesmee tot ververtolking van subtielste fluistering en himniese vervoering, van krag en tederheid, van drif en besinning, van soberste plastiek en geweldigste visioene, en nou en dan tot verkondiging van 'n boodskap wat dra oor die grense van tyd en plek." (24).

"Met /

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19). Cf. Antonissen: Afrikaanse Letterkunde. pg 209.
20). Grové: Op. cit. pg 636.
21). Appendix 2. no. 55.
22). Referred to in Chapter 3.
23). Antonissen; Op. cit. pg 211 - 212.
24). Ibid. pg. 212.

"Met Raka het die eerste groot-opgesette en volwaardige epos in Afrikaans verskyn" (25)
and it is of great importance that Koki and Raka as well as the setting in which they move are symbolic of the African landscape with all its variety, contrasts and conflicts.

Raka is a logical development from Van Wyk Louw's previous work, but also an

"oorgang tot 'n nuwe fase. Die psigiese inhoud bly essensieel dieselfde, sy profeetskap en die gevolglike taak, wat hom oplê om die meesterskap te beveg tot die onderbewuste bronne van ons 'eintlike menslikheid', tot die primêre kieme waaruit die lewensorganisme evolueer tot die Synsgronde self. En in ooreenstemming daarmee word ook bepaalde vormaspekte van sy poësie meer gerele-veer." (26).

Raka is an epic in five parts. It opens with a description of a typical African scene, yet concentrating in particular on the human element in the landscape (27). In vision these lines are similar to descriptions by Francis Brett Young in The City of Gold, to the painting of Irma Stern, and to the ballade Mabulú by Eugène Marais. There are other passages which give similar pastoral visual pictures (28). But the pastoral which is uppermost in Young's passage (29) and Marais' tale is obliterated in Raka by the immediate suggestion of a mysterious, ominous presence which is far more powerful and effective than the simple warning given in the ballade. "Die vroue het hom die eerste gewaar" which later presented more fully:

> [illegible], die aapmens, hy wat nie kan dink,
> wat swart en donker is, van been en spier
> 'n lenige boog, en enkeld dier.
> (pg 5.)

In previous work Van Wyk Louw had presented the conflict between good and evil; between the spiritual and the animal. In Raka this philosophy is the main impetus and is expounded to the full in symbolic terms. Raka is - as is apparent from the lines quoted - the ignoble beast personifying evil which will destroy anything that is beautiful, complete and functional,

and /

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25). Grové: Op. cit. pg 639.
26). Antonissen: Op. cit. pg 213.
27). Appendix 2. no. 56.
28). Appendix 2. no. 57.
29). Appendix 2, no. 66.

and its aim is utter chaos. This strange foreign creature - "Hy was geen boorling van dié ruim gebied / van oerwoud en groot riviere" - has, however, a strange, powerful and dnagerous fascination. It has a hypnotic power over almost everybody it meets. There is only one who recognises the danger and who realises that Raka must be exterminated if his tribe is to survive: Koki. He is depicted as an inspired leader, but also as somebody who stands slightly apart from the main group (pg 13). He even appears to be a holy man for he does not fear to swim in "'n heilige poel, waarvan sy stam / sku weggesluip het in die klam / vertroude bosse." (pg 13). Koki is the antithesis to Raka. He is the symbol of the good and the spiritual which will make a complete sacrifice to combat an over-powering evil.

When Koki meets Raka for the first time the contrast between the two figures is clearly felt. Koki upright, proud and confident; Raka besmudged with the blood of animals which he has needlessly slaughtered, swift, but cringing, cowardly, currying favour when it is conscious of a greater power, sly, for it attempts to attack when the more noble character is unprepared.

Koki attempts to win support from his tribe against Raka in a ceremonial dance, but Raka's power is too great, the fascination too strong, and finally Koki dances the lonely dance of death.

The poem reaches a powerful, extremely tense climax when, after a search through a varied, but essentially African landscape, Koki meets Raka a second time (30). This time Raka does not cringe, but offers a horrible, bestial challenge. A pause follows. When the tale is resumed the tension has disappeared. A badly wounded, infuriated Raka is near to the kraal where the inhabitants are panic-stricken, but passive. Men set out to search for Koki and they find him

> in die verskeurde papkuil en die poel waar hy,
> half in die modder getrap, op die skag
> van sy stukkende spies gelê 't, . . .
> (pg 29).

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30). Appendix 2. no. 58.

An old woman keeps watch over Koki's body and sings a song of his life, character and leadership. But the drunken, fickle, unthinking herd celebrates Raka's victory. At that moment the infuriated Raka storms into the kraal utterly destroying the strongest and creating complete confusion and chaos in the little community. And, fearful and subdued, the tribe admits Raka's destructive rule.

When Koki and Raka are compared and contrasted, the poet introduces a subtle change in style. This is very well illustrated in the passages where the pools where each goes to drink and bathe, are described. It is interesting too, that the poet was able to express the two main characters which are symbolic of a great universal strife through the medium of an expression of the African landscape. (31). In the passage where Koki's pool is described the sounds are clear, open and pure. Therefore the rhythm is easily flowing and it suggests elegance of movement. The image of the pool itself symbolises profundity by its bottomless depth. There is a suggestion of purity and uprightness as well as depth: "skaduloos, maar koel / van die diepte" which also is an implication of Koki's character. The pool is like a holy shrine for it is practically unapproachable and it is the abode of spirits which sometimes disturb the smooth, serene waters. The holy pool is unpolluted and clear. When Koki - "die verwate enkeling" - swims, he experiences a sense of elevation and exhaltation - "verlore / in die glansland van lug en wolk." There is even a suggestion of a close association with the spirit world where the reader is told of Koki's dive into the black vortex and his subsequent thrill of joy.

Raka's pool, on the other hand, is a centre of decay. This is suggested mainly by the dragging tempo, the heavy, cumbersome sounds. The images create a picture of a hot, sultry, sluggish, disease-ridden jungle marshland. Raka is by no means an associate of the spirits, but he is essentially an animal which has no sense of purity. He is filthy, clumsy, uncouth.

One frequently finds magnificent landscape descriptions throughout Raka. But one can never exactly determine where the action takes place. It has been ascertained that the poem found form after the poet had read a book about the Congo. But although the jungle descriptions may indicate Central Africa a great number of other /

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31). Appendix 2. no. 59 and 60.

other aspects of the country are included and set alongside one another so creating a complex image of Africa as a whole. For example, the jungle and cultivated fields are side by side. After suggestions of the forest this image follows:

> In die silwer oggend toe die wêreld nog koel
> en winderig was en net die kraal reeds 'n poel
> van warm son, het Koki uitgegaan;
> ver oor die lande het hy die vroue sien staan
> soos kraaie in die groen, waartussen blink
> die nag se waters.
> (pg 10).

There is a river of the open spaces where one finds "stekerige gras" and "seekoegate" (pg 5) and where the "goudblom-mimosa" (pg 11) grows, as opposed to the sluggish jungle river where no sunlight can penetrate (pg 14). The thickest jungle appears to be in walking distance from the open grasslands, and it even appears to fringe on the desert (32). Animals from entirely different parts of the country are brought together in one great, boundary-less setting (33). The poet adds greater force to the images by their striking accuracy. He will focus sharply on various aspects, giving them a remarkable intensity and richness of colour:

> toe die blou visvanger stil was na sy jag
> oor die gladde, warm seekoegate,
> en klein geslaap het aan 'n takkie oor die water.
> (pg 7).

Part four is almost entirely a vast, luxuriant, colourful and exciting depiction of landscape. In this section particularly Van Wyk Louw appears to gather the entire Africa together and re-presents it in one magnificent whole. In it one finds Raka's torpid, stagnant pool, colourful insects, exotic flowers, fruits, animals of the jungle - "'n vaal apie" - and the plains - "die eland en die giraf en die wildebees" - the lakes, the oppressive damp forest, the sky with its afternoon clouds, the jungle itself (34). Finally a magnificent general picture is given which incorporates it all (35). The

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32). Appendix 2. no. 61.
33). Appendix 2. no. 62.
34). Appendix 2. no. 63.
35). Appendix 2. no. 64.

reader cannot recognise the people in the poem as belonging specifically to any one particular tribe. They are symbolic of all the people of Africa - including, the reader feels, the White Man. Raka cannot be recognised as a particular kind of animal. Although superficially he may look like a splendid giant ape, he is also half human. This strange, eerie creature stands for the bestial, the darkness, the chaotic, the destructive power which is inherent in all communities. "Die simboliek het hier met die inhoud en vorm van die gedig saamgegroei en bevat 'n dringende boodskap aan die moderne wêreld wat dreig om in chaos onder te gaan." (36).

Alexis Preller has created a symbol of Africa too. Maybe not so imbued with pessimism as Van Wyk' Louw's symbol, but nevertheless Preller's figure in Primavera (fig. 31) belongs to no race nor tribe, nor is she bound by time or place. Like Koki and Raka she can wander in any part of Africa and she may be regarded as expressive of Africa as a whole.

"Preller has always been interested in painting Africans. Pre-war trips to Swaziland and the Congo provided the material for some of his best early work." (37). His Swaziland paintings are simple in design and expression, although even in these the onlooker is aware of a tense, nervous feeling which pervades the early works and which will develop in the later work. In the Congo he made a discovery which was important because it is indicative of the surrealist inclination which is to characterise Preller's subsequent work. Preller wrote: "Whatever I am after is contained by an African shape" (38) and in the Congo he found that shape which, for a certain length of time, could "contain his mood."

Christi Truter writes the following: "When he returned from the Congo, he did not arrive with a bundle of native types and exotic figures. His main treasure which he presented, baffling us, was a completely insignificant little sketch of a distorted head. This he called an 'Urn Head.'

He had found the basic shape in the children's shaven /

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36). Coetzee and Hattingh: Afrikaanse Letterkunde. pg 71.
37). Sampie de Wet: The Art of Alexis Preller. Lantern, September, 1951.
38). Quoted by Sampie de Wet. Op. cit.

shaven heads distorted from birth. To him, this form had a purity and was the ideal vehicle into which for many years later he was to pour his mood. In his painting 'Remembrance of things past', four years later, he used the same form to hold the flowers of his nostalgia. Until then, he had said that this form could contain not only his mood, but would accomodate the mood of anyone else in genuine reaction to the painting. But three years later his outlook had veered, and it was he, himself who decided to find out what this obsessing form contained. In the painting 'The Grotto', he opens the head and finds a quiet pool with glowing flowers floating on the surface." (39).

The paintings of the urn head illustrate Preller's - and the contemporary poets' - seeking for hidden concepts. It appears that if the painter is to find what he seeks he must break an existing form to find the more perfect revelation - possibly self-revelation - within.

It is significant that Preller's first picture of the Ndebele was painted in 1935 (40) and it is among his earliest works (41). So, although the painter's final symbol of Africa was produced fifteen years after the publication of Raka, his early work does corrolate in time with the work of the poets in his group. It appears to be a usual phenomenon that the literature of this country has always gained maturity before the painting. In general literature had achieved a considerable standard before painting on the whole - excluding a few notable exceptions - had even begun to free itself from an exhausted romantic impressionism. And in the case of individuals such as C.M. van den Heever and Pierneef, and N.P. van Wyk Louw and Alexis Preller the poet appears to have developed more rapidly than the painter.

Although there were doubtless other influences responsible for Primavera, this painting can be regarded as a direct development from the paintings of the Ndebele. Merwe Scholtz notes that Preller constantly works from a previous picture: in oter words, he uses a previous painting as a model (42). Preller himself

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39). Christi Truter: Alexis Preller (no page numbers given.)
40). Sampie de Wet: Op. cit. Possibly the painting exhibited at the Empire Exhibition, 1936, is the one to which Sampie de Wet refers. It is illustrated in the catalogue of the exhibition, pg 74.
41). Preller's first one-man exhibition was held in Pretoria, 1935.
42). Merwe Scholtz: Op. cit.

states that "he often begins with an idea" (43) and then goes on to explain that the idea may disappear in the course of the painting:

"Students might require to know what those ideas were. It will be difficult to know, because somewhere along the way to expression, the idea became transmuted - the tangible and concrete result in no way resembling or expressing that initial impulse, the idea.

That is something to grasp, something to understand -.

When an idea is taken along under the impulse of paint and brushes, important things happen to it. If any magic has worked under the nervous tension of the hand impelling the brush, so many accidental things have occured, so many quick, almost automatic flashes have built a fire which possesses its own radiation, that the transmuted idea lives because of itself, whether or not it resembles its genesis - and not because it lives in the brain of the originator.

When his brushes are against the canvas and colour selected, the idea, being the germ of all this incentive to seek in painting, is tucked somewhere behind his eyes, held no longer in such solemn respect, because it is recognized what ability it possesses to change itself with innumerable disguises, to emerge eventually quite different from its original state.

But let me admit its function. - It is the germ form from which he starts."

This statement accounts for the constant, steady development in his work as opposed to the erratic development which is found in the work of some painters.

The Ndebele theme appears to be uppermost in the work of 1950 onwards. The Kraal of 1952 is a significant painting in the subsequent development of the symbolic African figure. The Kraal is a comparitively unambiguous painting in which figures, objects (the water jar, the wall) and patterns are repeated which had been seen before in many paintings. But almost immediately afterwards, maybe even simultaneously, the figures reveal a strange, mysterious change, once again illustrating the seeking and the surrealist inclination of the painter. In The Pyramid one of the figures in the Kraal is painted alone. Her heavy, cumbersome shape is somewhat related to the shape of a pyramid - hence its name (44).

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43). Christi Truter: Op. cit. In the second essay in this book, Alexis Preller writes about himself, but refers to an artist whom he knows rather well; whose name is his name.

44). The title was explained by the painter when he showed the painting in 1953.

The important characteristic of this work is that the figure appears to reveal an intense, glowing inner life. This is achieved mainly by the luminous, yet eerie colour which seems to radiate from the little figure. The Vibrating Figure is based on the same model, but now there seems to be an attempt to break the existing actual shell. The figure is painted repeatedly, overlapping itself and the lines of the one flow into the lines of the other. The general design is still based on the limp pyramidal form of the previous picture, but the figure gains in stature and dignity. The colour in this case vibrates too because it is applied in the "broken" manner. Fine strokes of subtle colour are laid thinly over a varied underpainting which gives a remarkable luminosity to the entire composition. Preller now appears to discard this particular model temporarily and he now concentrates on the figure in the Kraal which is seen from front view. The Red Figure (fig. 29) - painted several years after the Kraal - reveals how the little Mapogga figure is breaking and is loosing her tribal identity, but she still maintains the dignity which was revealed in the stately painting The Last of the Mapogga. The title of this painting is significant. It seems to imply that a stage in the painter's career is over, and that in future he will be able to proceed beyond the boundaries of any particular tribe if he wishes to do so. At this time (approx. 1955 - 6) Preller's work underwent a great change as a result of a visit to Egypt and as a result of a government commission for three murals (45) which demanded work on a far larger scale than the painter had been accustomed to before. The Red Figure is an example of work done in this new phase, and although it is based upon an old model the expression has gained considerably in power. In the Red Figure the human shell is disintegrating and purely pictorial forms are beginning to appear. Now, in other pictures, an entirely new figure is introduced. It is a strange abstraction of the human figure, but with her distorted length and tenuity and the rather disturbing "hammer head" she is typical of the twentieth century symbol of the human figure. She

carries /

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45). Three murals - approximately ten feet square - for the Receiver of Revenue Building, Johannesburg.

carries a very decorative musical instrument - at first bearing resemblance to a lyre - but later looking more like an astrolabe, and as such it was labled by the painter. This figure is usually accompanied by other figures, and although one can hardly and should not make poetic-philosophic implications when looking at a painting, the figures which are introduced in these compositions could be interpreted as the figure of the city, the figure of the land who are joined by the figure of the country as a whole. In Hieratic Women (fig. 30) and Women in the Night these three figures appear. The blanketed figure suggesting the city with its tall buildings; the next figure suggesting the primitive with its love for colourful, linear pattern; and the third figure being the symbol of the complexity and mystery of Africa. It may be a far fetched interpretation, but Preller's work will almost inevitably challenge the onlooker to interpret verbally.

In Primavera (fig. 31) the now familiar figure has become a complete symbol of the African landscape and the African people. Van Wyk Louw wrote a verse about seventeen years before Primavera's appearance which accurately describes the sensation she leaves with the onlooker:

> Ek sal van hierdie reis nie keer
> en julle ken, want geel en stil
> riviere, vreemde Kongo's, en
> oerwoude wat wit draderig tril
>
> deur giftige mis, het ek gekruis
> ná baie skofte, en tussen my
> en julle lê jagvure en volke
> en my swaar dink en smart gespreid.
> (verses 3 and 4:
> Die Hart op die Fees.
> Gestaltes en Diere.)

Indeed she has travelled a long way and she will continue to wander for she belongs to no one "jagvuur" of any particular tribe, but she stands apart as representative of them all.

In the painting one sees the complex, highly decorative figure standing apart from the other. Within her one sees elements of the landscape: grass, leaves and berries are held in her hands, and within her own design there are the symbols of rivers,

mountains /

mountains, plants and stars in the curved tenuous lines and exotic pattern found in the robes and additional decoration. Separating her from another African figure is a powerful, narrow, rectangular abstract pattern which may be interpreted as "stil riviere, vreemde Kongo's en oerwoude" for the linear, elaborate design is strongly suggestive of tall trees, deep chasms and the somore, cool colour of the misty dampness of the jungle forest. Within the other elegant, slightly curved "primitive sculpture" figure the design is again suggestive of the African landscape. In it is introduced a decorative symbol of the African animals.

Although it is on a deep emotional level which defies conscious definition that one feels most strongly the similarity of the work of Preller and Van Wyk Louw, there are in addition more easily demonstrable points of contact.

Besides being able to apply the term "creative discoverer" to both artists, the following points made by Opperman in connection with Raka can be used to evaluate Preller's work too.

The final conception of Raka found its form in the Congo, although Van Wyk Louw's experience of the Congo was indirect. As has been noted Preller made valuable "discoveries" in the Congo which have found expression in his work. This seems to be particularly clear in Primavera, although the influence of other parts of the country is apparent in the accompanying paintings (46). In a similar manner the poet expresses other parts of the country together with the Congo expression.

Raka must necessarily break and destroy. Preller - led by surrealism - must break his figures, but here the implication the painter wishes to make is different to that made by the poet. The painter attempts to find the essential, living form within an outer shell or mask. The poet wishes to emphasise the destructive, mutilating power of evil. The painter's breaking builds up and sets free; the poet's breaking damages and kills, setting free not a perfect form or

revelation /

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46). That is the paintings exhibited at the Henri Lidchi Gallery in 1956.

revelation, but evil. This characteristic indicates the different characters of the two artists, and which is probably responsible for the greatest difference in their work. Van Wyk Louw has a distinct sense of tragedy - and that probably caused him to find expression through poetry. In Preller's work there is a sense of optimism and a love of colour which made "painting his language." (47).

Van Wyk Louw creates new, original, personal images; Preller does the same. The new contribution made by Van Wyk Louw was "die abstrakte wat só konkreet voorgestel word" (48). This is characteristic of Preller's work, for the abstract in his paintings presumes a startling emphatic reality.

Opperman says that it is particularly in the detail that one can see "hoe 'n groot en fyne meester Van Wyk Louw is." (49). In Preller's work the detail is of the greatest importance. If one pattern - however small - is removed from his painting the entire composition will suffer. It is perhaps in his detail that Preller manages to convey that strange, intense, mysterious quality that pervades his pictures.

Frequently the two artists use the same aspects of the African theme:

The kraal, a favourite subject with Preller, is an important nucleus in the lives of the people in Rukm. Preller has painted a number of ceremonial bulls and dances to the bull. Incidentally, the figure so symbolic of Africa in Primavera sometimes makes her mysterious appearance at these rituals. One likes to believe that she watched while Koki danced to the red bull. Preller has painted the African spirits - e.g. Kimm. Van Wyk Louw suggests the African spirits too when he speaks of their holy pool. Preller paints the exotic fire bird in all its extravagant plumes and glowing colour: Van Wyk Louw sees "'n klein ster wat val," which is "die flits van 'n rooi papegaai."

The /

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47). Christi Truter: Op. cit.
48). Opperman: Digters van Dertig. pg 218.
49). Ibid: pg 218.

The pattern Preller creates in his work is - as has been noted - always significant and intense. Note how the stars in Women in the Night seem to glow in their dark setting, and then note how vitally important the star-shaped flowers are in the following lines:

> en dan stom,
> begriploos gestaar na 'n tros wit en suur
> waasblomme, groot soos hande en puur
> ster-vormig téén die donker glim
> van die verste liane wat hier klim
> aan die voorste bome -
> (Raka: pg 22).

The flowers appear to have a hypnotic power over Raka. Van Wyk Louw's sun which fills horizon to horizon with white fire can be seen in many of Preller's more surrealist works, e.g. the Shell, the Duchess of Amalfi, the murals of the Receiver of Revenue Building, but also in the Woman with a Lyre where the landscape appears to be flattened and scourged by the overwhelming white light. The "blou gange" of the tropical woods mentioned by the poet appear to recur in the centre piece of Primavera, particularly in colour and in the tall, "deep" design.

Although one may choose to consider Raka and Primavera as the present peak of the artists' contributions, their work and development has by no means ended. And in their subsequent works one can again trace similarities in the fundamental expression. A year after the publication of Raka Van Wyk Louw produced Gestaltes en Diere - a volume of separate poems. Although these poems do not form an African epic, the fundamental emotion is the same as that found in Raka. Some of the poems were written at the same time as Raka, others before. Die Strandjutwolf illustrates the poet's obsession of the spiritual conflict which found concrete expression in Raka. The expression in Gestaltes en Diere may in some instances even be more powerful, more cynical and more embittered than in Raka, e.g. Die Hond van God.

Preller's Three Figures (fig. 32) is a logical development of Primavera and the accompanying paintings. The same hieratic, decorative, symbolic figure

is there, but now her companions have assumed the same shapes, and they are indoors. So, as in Gestaltes en Diere, the same theme is repeated, but in a more complicated form, which, however, is more fragmentary and it has lost some of its concentration and impetus.

One can also mention Nuwe Verse (1954), Van Wyk Louw's latest volume in which he concentrates on metaphysical expression (50). In Klipwerk he appears to break reality into tiny splinters which each has its own glowing intensity, but it appears, superficially, to be unrelated to its neighbours. Maybe the comparison is again a personal reaction but Preller's painting of the Grand Canal, Venice and a composition to which he wishes to give no title can be seen a parallels to Klipwerk. Preller even terms the little units in the composition with no title as "chips" forming a very complex but interesting unity in their grouping. "Chips" and "Klipwerk" seem to indicate that both artists were striving towards a similar conclusion. The tiny patterns in the paintings are intense, important, imbued with individual life, and yet they are bound by a larger, more universal shape. The little splinters of "rock" in Klipwerk are struck from one big parent rock, and the splinters' identity cannot be denied.

Asterion - the libretto for an Afrikaans opera by Van Wyk Louw (51) - and in the pictures exhibited at Preller's latest exhibition (52) both artists appear to revert to old models and develop a familiar theme. In Asterion a philosophy similar to that in Raka is expounded, yet now the evil which was born and set free as a result of a community's boredom, can be and is, obliterated.

Models which had contributed to the final form which Preller's symbolic figure would take in Frimavera - such /

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50). See Antonissen: Afrikaanse letterkunde. pp 217 - 218.

51). This opera was commissioned by the S.A.B.C. in conjuction with their twenty-first anniversary celebrations. It was performed in the Johannesburg studios in April, 1958.

52). Exhibited at the Henri Lidchi Gallery, May, 1958.

such as the girls in the Kraal, the Vibrating Figure and the Pyramid - are seen again in practically their original shapes, while the symbolic figure itself still features in several paintings. One composition in particular is of interest, viz: the Tower. In this Preller appears to have gathered the various African tribes which had inspired him to paint together in one decorative column, but rising out above them all is the symbolic "hammer head" of the Primavera-figure.

Whereas it is possibly Pierneef and C.M. van den Heever who give us the most typical visual experience of South Africa, it is Van Wyk Louw and Preller - and other members of their group - who have given South African art a greater universality, a greater depth, a greater technical competence and a more advanced form of expression, enabling it to make a contribution outside the borders of this country.

CONCLUSION:

Upon reconsidering the fifty years of true art expression in South Africa it becomes clear that there has been a rapid development from an exhausted romantic realism through impressionism to the decorative and semi-symbolic or semi-realistic, to culminate in a symbolic expression which is in many instances similar, and may in some cases be equal in quality, to contemporary art in Europe, maintaining, however, a distinct South African character.

In the various periods - enumerated in the first chapter - in the development of South African art certain figures stand out in bold relief, and may later come to be considered as important contributors to the continuity of art in this country. Among the realists and impressionists - which may be considered as one group because realism in the twentieth century is largely coloured by impressionism - Pieter Wenning and Hugo Naudé stand out as the leading painters, and they would undoubtedly have been accompanied by Clement Seneque and Harry Stratford Caldecott had they been able to produce more work. In standard the painting of the last two artists stands on an equal plane to that of Wenning and certainly to that of Naudé. C. Louis Leipoldt can be considered as the leading poet of this group, although Jan F.E. Celliers and Totius as well as Eugène Marais are of great importance in the history of Afrikaans poetry, mainly because they were so instrumental in establishing the Afrikaans language. The realist writers who also did valuable work in giving Afrikaans a status as a language are D.F. Malherbe and Sangiro.

All these artists not only initiated a serious South African art, but revealed that characteristic which is typical of the average South African, viz: a love and interest of thier countryside. In this early work it is already quite apparent that the landscape holds a peculiar fascination for the people.

The artists of the second group are still bound to a large extent to the landscape theme. These people, however, now introduce a distinct twentieth

century /

century mode of expression which was lacking in the work of their predecessors who were working in the style of the nineteenth century. They also find a more essentially African truth which they express through their painting and writing. In other words: the European influence which was uppermost in the work of the realists, is receding in the work of this group, and, in fact, it is difficult to appreciate their work fully if one is not acquainted with their subject matter. Again a number of artists stand out, and they were considered the leading artists of the country for a long time. Pierneef and C.M. van den Heever must be considered in particular in this group. They can probably be considered the first to give an absolutely indigenous expression of and for their people. Other painters of this group who have made valuable contributions - particularly because they introduced a contemporary trend - are Maggie Laubser and Irma Stern. Roy Campbell is an important poet in this group, for he revealed unusual aspects of familiar subjects, and he gave great impetus to a somewhat timid English-South African literature. In one instance (in Op Ver Kanie) P.J. Schoeman gave a refreshing additional quality to a hunting tale which could be developed in Afrikaans prose writing.

Among the "Symbolists" who placed South African art in a position to compare with contemporary art in Europe, Cecil Higgs, Walter Battiss and Alexis Preller are the important painters. N.P. van Wyk Louw is the leading poet of the "Thirties", who is followed in importance by D.J. Opperman. These artists have undoubtedly contributed the most valuable work, and it is largely through their endeavour that South African art became known beyond its borders.

Although the various artists have been grouped together in time and style, it is particularly noticeable when reviewing art in this country, that in most cases the development in literature precedes that of painting. E.g. Pierneef's development was much slower than that of his parallel, C.M. van den Heever who is a generation younger. And yet, as has been noted, the work of these two artists is remarkably similar and in many cases produced at exactly the same time. The significant painting of Alexis Preller and Walter Battiss was

produced /

produced in the late forties and their most important work has been done in the fifties, whereas their contemporaries had published their best poetry in the thirties. There are possible reasons for this. There was an antagonism against Afrikaans as a language which challenged and compelled Afrikaners to write in order to prove a right of existence of Afrikaans. (It is noticeable that where there was no dangerous antagonism against English, literature by the English-speaking South Africans was slow to develop.) The small Afrikaans reading community was eager to receive work in their own spoken language which was a strong incentive for the Afrikaners to write. They were confident that their work would be appreciated.

Secondly the Afrikaners were moved as they had never been moved before in their short history by the South African War. Consequently their poets expressed sincere, deep emotions which were the emotions of the people too, and as a result poetry became more widely read and poets were encouraged to write more. Painting does not express the emotions of the people in quite the same way. It may not express a general emotion so directly, for the pictorial sensation must be converted into words for many members of the community before they will accept it as valuable for themselves. The few individual paintings which might have been made at the time could not reach the people in such great numbers as the poems. And they could not be carried about, whereas everyone could learn and recite the poems.

Contact with other literature - e.g. the Dutch, Flemish, German, English - and later French and Spanish - was relatively simple. One could therefore learn from contemporary literature, and set a critical standard. But there was very little direct contact with European painting. Therefore there was no incentive to achieve a world standard in this form of art. It was only after the Second World War that direct contact with European art became more general, and it made both painters and public demand a higher standard. In addition, as a result of the direct European influence, the South Africans at last discovered the aesthetic value, apart from the picturesque and exotic value, of their country's primitive and his art. This invigourating influence they incorporated into their own art expression.

At present it would appear that painting is making

the /

the greater contribution to art in general. The work of Walter Battiss and Alexis Preller maintains a high standard - although possibly not achieving the same heights as before - whereas the work of the contemporary poets has certainly not surpassed the peak achieved by Van Wyk Louw in Raka and by Opperman in Joernaal van Jorik. Prose writing is at present at a very low level.

As has been noted above, the African landscape has usually been the South African's subject matter. It has had a remarkable influence upon the people, and this influence seems to be stronger here than in other countries. The probable reason for this is that the very small population in a vast and varied country has only recently introduced a true urban aspect to its way of life. The rural has always - until very recently - been primary in this country, whereas in European countries with an urban tradition the rural is relatively small and unknown. All South Africans, however, are in close contact with nature, and they find it natural to express their emotions through their surroundings. In the pioneering days it was curiosity and interest which was expressed in simple naïve recordings of the scene. Later a lyrical quality was introduced through romantic realism and impressionism, presenting the nostalgia which was such a familiar characteristic of the South African expression of the first twenty to thirty years of this century. This nostalgia may also reflect the South African's uncertainty when he realised that the inevitable urbanisation must take place - however small and insignificant this urbanisation may appear alongside the European.

The new city dweller is still influenced by the landscape - for although he is urbanised, the city's impact is yet too small and insignificant within the setting of a vast and overpowering landscape. The city is as yet too small to overcome the power and fascination of the endless and ruthless veld, desert and mountains. The city dweller, therefore, when giving form to his experiences, often makes use of veld symbols - flora, fauna, the elements governing the veld, primitive symbols imbued with a new meaning. Most of these symbols have this one unifying characteristic: they originate in the open country.

Yet to the onlooker and the reader these symbols are not /

not merely an expression of the artists' experiences and emotions. They are not merely a possible expression of his own sensations. These symbols are expressive of Africa as a whole. The "symbolists" appear to have discovered that Africa is too vast, too varied and too harsh to express in unambiguous, descriptive terms. The romantic realists and the impressionists gave only one aspect of Africa - and that seen through "foreign" eyes. They described the enchanting, the delicate, the softly melancholy Africa. It is always necessarily one locality - one scene - which can be presented, therefore limiting the experience to a very large extent.

The semi-realists, the expressionists and the decorative painters appeared to recognize the limitations of the work done by the previous group of artists, and they attempted to give a more universal expression. They abandoned the charming and delicate aspect of the country; the lyrical beauty is replaced by a more flamboyant and severe beauty. There is a sense of tragedy (only vaguely sensed in the work of the realist-impressionist poets and practically absent in the painting), inevitability and harshness in this work. With the exception of the painting by Maggie Laubser and Irma Stern who used South African subject matter in a European idiom, the literature and painting of this period has more of the essential African character - a primitive freshness and daring, a wild spontaneity, a somewhat haughty quality. This work is less foreign, but still bound to a locality, although that locality has a bigger African range than the impressions. Therefore the range for appreciation is still limited. In other words, one must know South Africa - the "bone structure" of Africa, one must have actually experienced it directly if one is to appreciate fully the work of Pierneef or C.M. van den Heever. But once one has experienced South Africa then Pierneef's and Van den Heever's contributions are more valuable than that of their predecessors because basically they are closer to the African truth than the earlier work. It is clearly defined, less equivocal and ephemeral. It expresses its hardness, its relentlessness, its fanaticism, its largeness, but it also indicates in short intermediate passages, in colour, in occasional accents the charm, the delicacy and the loveableness of the land. The limitation of the work is -

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as noted above - its bounded locality. Although it may be a very adequate and true expression of Africa, it lacks a greater universality and will probably find few admirers outside its borders.

The "symbolists" at last realised that the emotion evoked by their country could not be expressed fully by descriptive means. They no longer make any attempt to depict the scenery and the customs (to a large extent influenced and formed by the environment) of their country and people with visual accuracy for their more universal aim cannot be achieved by such means. They attempt to recreate the individuality of the entire problem which is South Africa. They attempt to incorporate both the landscape and the varied elements found in it into a symbol (or symbols) for their emotional attitude to Africa - an attitude which is reflected by such terms as colourful, harsh, flamboyant, enigmatic, haughty, primitive, savage, etc. which have been used to describe the land. It has become clear through the contribution made by the poets and painters of "Dertig" that Africa can best be depicted through symbols - even though they have very probably found their origin in visual reality - if its complex nature is to bear any significance outside its borders. The visual representations based upon visual realism can only speak to those who have seen and who have a memory image of a similar scene or event.

When South African art is seen as a whole, it becomes quite clear that painting and literature form a complete expression of Africa which must be seen as one unit made up of different elements and going through various stages of development. Although the rate of development has not been directly consistent or parallel in the various art forms, the pattern is nevertheless coherent, and when seen as a whole and in general it forms a perfect and logical unity.

Appendix 1:

The farm labourer and animal:

Although, when considering the farm labourer and animal, one leaves the field of landscape depiction, and an entirely new problem is created, both the labourer and and the animal form a distinct part of their environment and give it character and colour. In addition, some of the most interesting and valuable work has been inspired by this subject matter. It is therefore worthwhile to include reference to this work as a completion to the discussion on the depiction of landscape.

The typical white farm labourer and his native assistant have been depicted adequately in the work by Olive Schreiner, Jonker, Van Melle, C.M. van den Heever to name only a few. It is self-evident that the farm folk will play an important part in all novels in which the farm is used as a theme. But a few characters have left a distinct impression on South African culture. In particular the poor-white Ampie - created by Jochem van Bruggen, the coloured Toiings - Mikro's (1) well-known and much loved character, and Moeder Poulin - G.H. Franz's idealised but loveable native woman. It is interesting, but nevertheless typical of South African art, that each character is a farm figure. Although Ampie and Toiings do sometines leave the farm in search of happiness and progress in the towns, the original environment inevitably calls them back. These characters have been formed by their rural surroundings; they have become part of it.

Although Jochem van Bruggen's style is inferior to that of his contemporaries - D.F. Malherbe, Sangiro, Langenhoven - his trilogy about Ampie is considered to be one of the important contributions to Afrikaans literature, because in it one finds one of the most "alive" characters in all Afrikaans prose. Another reason for its importance lies in the fact that Van Bruggen introduced a new subject - that of the poor-white - which

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1). Pseudonym for C.H. Kuhn.

was to be exploited later by other writers.

Ampie and his faithful companion - Ou-Jakob the grey donkey - are part of the drab, dusty Transvaal landscape. Ampie, the offspring of an entirely degenerate household, frequently reveals the characteristics of a wild wild animal that will only be at ease when free. It is this wildness of the boy which is expressed in his actions and his appearance that makes him an inherent part of his environment. The reader is fully conscious of the surroundings although very little direct description of the landscape is given.

Ampie is uncontrollably savage and cruel when he realises that his strength is the greater as is illustrated in the encounter at the slaughtering place, but he whimpers and cringes when a superior threatens punishment. He has no sense of rightful ownership, and anything that he may find unguarded belongs to him.

Throughout the book Van Bruggen illustrates and emphasises the naturalness of this young degenerate by episodes such as those mentioned. Van Bruggen is an extreme realist, and the figure Ampie is actually based on a poor neglected child who came to work on the writer's farm. But that was the starting off point, and eventually Ampie became a significant, individual character, independent of the original model.

The simple, realistic, entirely unpretentious style emphasises the simple character. There is a lack of original, striking imagery, but there is the mere recording of the most obvious surrounding elements. This again accentuates the dull-witted Ampie. Throughout the writer has brought his language to the mental level of his characters and with that enlarges the simplicity.

The Ampie trilogy - especially Die Natuurkind - has a charming appeal, a gentle humour - at the time of writing new in Afrikaans literature - and a sympathy and a note of hope which explains its popularity to a large extent.

The Toiings trilogy by Mikro is similar to the Ampie trilogy in its realistic conception, and its focus on the poorer members of the community. As Ampie is accepted as Van Bruggen's most important work, so is Toiings Mikro's best known and most significant contribution. Mikro will be remembered for his Toiings.

The landscape, however, is only noted in passing -

again /

again a conformity with Ampie, but nevertheless Toilings, his friends and associates form an inherent part of the environment.

Immediately the style and language of the book suggest the simple, sincere character of the main figure, and the naïveté is maintained throughout, so frequently introducing delightful humour, but sometimes creating a rather ridiculous "puppet theatre" atmosphere.

It is characteristic that Toilings should fundamentally love the farm and shun the locations, and it becomes obvious that life in the towns can only be derogatory - a rather unpleasant and to some extent unfounded didacticism found in many of the earlier Afrikaans prose works. On the farm Toilings wishes to cultivate a piece of land, visualising great prosperity and gain, and he carefully selects his piece of ground. The ploughing and the sowing episode and the ultimate consequences well illustrate Mikro's method of utilising the elements in the landscape as additional and temporary extras: mentioned, important for a moment and then dismissed. Yet these "flashes" enable the reader to visualise the setting. The conversations and thoughts of the characters as well as their actions more or less describe the environment.
"Skaars 'n voet hoog lê die wal draai-draai in die leegte" is practically the only description given directly by the writer of Toiing's cornland; his fantasy adds to it: "Vir Toilings is dit sommer 'n bul van 'n wal, met sy uitloop en al." (pg. 18). Toilings watches the corn grow, and his remarks indicate its progress; the writer gives no description.

Sometimes Mikro does give a slightly longer description. In the example quoted below it is introduced by a philosophical remark foreign to the general simple character, but almost immediately the writer reverts to the artless, unsophisticated style - expressive of Toilings and his people:

Maar die karrooweer neem 'n mens nie altyd in ag nie. Eers het die windjie dae lank op wes gestaan, om- en omgekom tot hy uiteindelik oos is. Daar het hy lank gestaan en toe loos gooi hy vir hom op noord. Die eerste dag het hy in die weskant sulke loserige wolkies gegee, die tweede dag vaster wolke en die derde dag, so teen twee uur, lyk hulle eintlik so blou van onder. Oraal het sulke yl buitjies uitgesaak, so yl dat dit jou saan

compie Kerools se baardjies laat dink het. Kort-kort brom die weer en piets so 'n kettingstraal af grond toe. Daardie nag het die groot weer eers gekom. (pg 20).

Sometimes nature is made to react to the occasion. A device frequently used successfully by several writers. But Mikro makes the accidental too obvious and too theatrical so that it becomes rhetoric and leaves the impression of insincerity. For example, he prays, asking his dead Siena whether she agrees that he marries again. He does not wish to do it for his own sake, but he is powerless to look after their baby son. Then:

Op dieselfde oomblik trek 'n ster 'n vuurstreep deur die lug en toe weet Toiings dat Siena hom gehoor en verstaan het. (pg 40).

More successful are the numerous phrases in which the coloureds see a situation in relation to or in comparison with nature; e.g. "Dawid moet nou grootword nes 'n weesbobbejaantjie." (pg 67) and "Griet laat 'n mens van die regte spoor afdwaal nes 'n maer, moedswillige ou ooi in mistige weer." (pg 63).
Examples such as these illustrate the coloureds close affinity to nature, and they suggest how these simple people will endeavour to explain any situation in relation to the immediate and familiar surroundings. Therefore it is not surprising that natural phenomena will lead to superstition. Although the landscape may not be noticed in many cases because the occupant is not directly concerned with it, in other cases it is seen in an over emphasised light and consequently has a strong impetus, as is illustrated in the description of the thunder storm in whcih Toiings is caught.

The story is realistic in its development, and poignant in its depiction of Toiings' struggle to find peace and happiness. But the naïveté, typifying of the hero, amusing and touching to begin with, is maintained too consistently. Therefore a really deep character is not created, but rather a caricature that cannot be taken altogether seriously. However, Toiings has become part of the South African scene, and Mikro has made a valuable contribution in introducing the coloured into Afrikaans literature in a sympathetic manner.

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In Moeder Poulin by G.H. Franz the main character is revealed in more or less the same manner as in Toiings. Just as Mikro uses the coloureds' idiom in his endeavour to make his character as alive as possible, so Franz uses the Bantu idiom with the picturesque figures of speech, observations and comparisons throughout the story. But whereas in Toiings the style becomes forced and eventually unconvincing, in Moeder Poulin it maintains its charming fascination to the end, possibly because Moeder Poulin tells the story herself. There is no background writing that will suggest an author who is forcing his language into the idiom of a less sophisticated, less educated individual as there is in Toiings. Although the book is not without humour, there is never a suggestion of the ridiculous in Moeder Poulin. The reader experiences a strong emotion of respect, love and understanding which is the basis of the old relationship between White Man and African. The author appears really to understand the old time respectful and respected servant, and the most important contribution of this book is " . . . die selfopenbaring, tot dusver in Afrikaans die mees omvattende beelding van 'n naturelsiel." (2).

Moeder Poulin as a member of a primitive community will not see her environment as separate from the daily life and experiences of the people. The landscape is therefore never isolated. But very frequently actions, occurences, people are seen in close relation to nature, may even be synonomous with it, or explained by it:

Maar meisies! Daar kom die oorlog al komende. Dit kom soos 'n hael storm wat 'n mens vir vir af kan sien. Ons vrouens ken hierdie onweer. (pg 24 - 25.)

and:

Die goeie vrou is soos die sontdoringboom. (pg 42 - 43).

These are merely two examples of the many delightful and often most unusual and refreshing comparisons that the old native woman makes between people with their various emotions and reactions, and nature.

Another charming characteristic of the book is the Bantu's apparent lack of vocabulary. To remedy this, he will construct new expressions with a few descriptive words /

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2). Antonissen: Afrikaanse letterkunde. pg 236.

words which he uses frequently. One often finds the phrase: "Kom kyk!" when a situation or scene defies description. In similar instances where words are inadequate to describe the situation, nature is called to the rescue:

Die kombuis was glad te klein, en ons het buite gekook. Dit was nie kinders nie, dit was sommer sprinkane. (pg 16)

In other words, the crowd of children was like a swarm of locusts.

Sometimes a natural phenomenon needs a word; the horizon, for example, and the setting sun:

Die son daal, die son daal, net toe hy gaan sit op die rand van die kom-terug, hier kom twee vrouens aan. (pg 5).

Note how the repetition also adds to the description of the action, how it adds a certain tension which well introduces the important arrival of the two women.

In order to explain the rainbow and lightning, Moeder Poulin does not hesitate to tell a fairy tale so convincingly that her two young charges set out to find the lightning-bird's egg. (3). The passage well illustrates the style, the landscape depiction, the immitation of sounds, the unusual description of actions found throughout the book.

The book has a fresh, unsophisticated quality, an unusual idyllic charm. Yet there is no sentimentality, and it lacks the bitter cynicism which one finds in so many contemporary works. Through its deep sincerity it is indeed "een van die topprestasies van die hedendaagse Afrikaanse prosa." (4).

Ampie and Ou-Jakob, Toitings and Mmapoulin are to be found in painting too. Allerly Gloumop has painted a little gouache depicting ragged boys and shaggy donkeys - one a grey - which forms an exceptionally good illustration to Ampie. But it is no more than an illustration, and therefore one cannot really speak of a parallel because the book is far more powerful that the painting.

Ou Klaas /

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3). Appendix 2. no. 65.
4). Antonissen: Op cit. pg. 236.

Ou Klaas by Hugo Naudé is a sensitive, yet strong painting in which the observer may wish to see Toilings. But Naudé has treated his subject more seriously than Mikro. Naudé has depicted a strong personality which cannot possibly be as naïve and simple hearted as Toilings. The character depicted in the painting has a noble, slightly aloof attitude which is absent in the book, and which give the painting a certain impressiveness.

In the book one meets Oompie Dissel who has an important influence on Toilings. He is a loveable character, but described in the humerous-mocking manner that Mikro makes use of constantly. This old man is definitely to be found in Grégoire Boonzaier's Hottentot. It would appear that the painter - like the writer - was rather amused by the simple old Hottentot who takes himself so seriously. The painting is somewhat caricature - again similar to the book. In the picture the worthy little old man is seated, very erect and full of "dignity", hands on a crooked stick which is planted firmly before him. The entire picture is controlled by a severe yet freakish pattern, so suggesting the stiffness of the old man. Harmonious, low-tone colour unifies the entire composition. But although Boonzaier's picture may be a more immediate parallel to Mikro's character, it is more illustrative than Naudé's picture of Ou Klaas and therefore sooner forgotten. From an artistic point of view the parallel is therefore to be found in Ou Klaas and Toilings because both make a lasting impact, even though their characters may differ. Of these two Ou Klaas is possibly the greater work of art because in its expression and execution it is more universal, but unfortunately the painting - which is in a private collection - is not as well known as the book.

Maggie Laubser's Old Woman (5) and Mmapoulin are certainly the most striking parallels in this group. Maggie Laubser has painted the old, concerned, loving character whom the reader visualises when reading Franz's work. Possibly Maggie Laubser's woman is more serious, more weighed down by life's burdens than the old mother in the story, but the deep sensitivity of which the reader is so strongly aware in the book is to be found in

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5). Illustrated in Bouman: Painters of South Africa, pg. 83.

the painting too. The fundamental difference in the two works is to be found in the different characters of the two artists: Franz, the idyllic realist who will nevertheless allow fantasy - inspired by Bantu lore - to enter his work; and Maggie Laubser, the expressionist who will endeavour to depict human emotions and the deepest experience in the most intense and most direct manner.

In painting the farm labourer has possibly been expressed most sympathetically by Maggie Laubser. In all her work one finds a child-like innocent love for the simple folk. This characteristic is another similarity which relates the painter's work so closely to Moeder Poulin. Many of Maggie Laubser's pictures can be placed alongside poems and prose passages and show remarkable resemblances, e.g. The Old Bushman (6) with the feather in his hat and his weather beaten face may be D.F. Malherbe's Jakob Ontong. The Herdboy (7) could be W.E.G. Louw's Ou-Flenterkatiera. The many pictures of Harvesters have their parallel not only in C.M. van den Heever's Somer and D.F. Malherbe's Die Meulenaar, but also in G.A. Watermeyer's poems Oestyd, Middry and Lusernsny (Sekel en Simbaal.)

Maggie Laubser's work gives more than the mere visual reality, and that may possibly be an explanation for the many similarities with literature. Maggie Laubser will always attempt to express the deeper qualities of her subject. That may be the reason why she seldom works direct from the model, but from a memory image. The visual model can only give her the superficial, whereas she wishes to give the inner personality.

"As ek van 'n model af skilder, bederf dit byna altyd die skildery. Ek kan alleen 'n model gebruik wanneer die skildery reeds klaar is; die model suggereer dan soms iets nuuts aan my." (8).

Maggie Laubser's work bears a resemblance to German Expressionism in its emotional depiction of the people - particularly peasants and labourers - in its expressive, emotional colour and in its apparent crude, primitive delineation and bold massing of shapes and forms. But although Maggie Laubser's style is so reminiscent /

6). Illustrated in Bouman: Kuns in Suid-Afrika.
7). Illustrated in Meintjies: Maggie Laubser: pg 29.
8). Maggie Laubser: Waarom en hoe ek skilder. Huisgenoot, 18 Augustus, 1939.

reminiscent of German Expressionism, she nevertheless has succeeded in depicting the typical African scene.

"Sy boeld mens en dier en blom en landskap uit as openbaringe van die geestelike werklikheid soos sy dit in die vertrouende sfeer van eie land en volk ervaar het. (9)

Her range of subject matter is small. She is happy, appears to be content to paint the same subject repeatedly. So one finds numerous pictures of harvesters, of the herd-boy, of native girls frequently set among decorative South African flowers, of ducks and geese, of cats and flowers, of cranes or flamingoes, and later of fishermen, their cottages and boats and the sea birds.

In most of her work "there is a stern simplicity of a new country . . . and the angularity of form she so often uses emphasises the elemental subject-matter of her choice. In the peasant-like pattern and strong colour of so many of her interpretations, there is a union of the artist with her motive, harmonising the expression into a concrete unity of subject and feeling.

There is an immense love of peaceful nature in her work." (10).

This sensation of peacefulness is usually achieved by regular closed patterns in the composition, heavy bold shapes and gradually curving lines. The bold, bright colour usually adds the contrast and the tension. In the Harvesters (fig.33) each boy forms his own enclosed shape. The two in the immediate foreground combine to form a larger oval pattern. Finally the three figures form one overall large flat circle through the position of the feet, leading the eye along a line that moves upwards through the figure on the right while the line of a distant cornfield leads the eye back to the figure on the left, moves gradually down the curved back and resumes its circular passage again at the feet. Monotony is prevented by the jagged angular shapes in the boys and cornsheaves within the main pattern. The oval composition is accentuated by the cloud formation in the far background which distinctly echoes the unobtrusive regular shape in the foreground. The colour of the picture adds an emotional intensity. The contrast between glowing yellow and grey-green is violent, introducing a subjective note of apprehension. This emotion of expectant fear is so strong that it dominates the entire picture.

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9). G. Dekker: Skone Kunste. pg 188.
10). May Hillhouse: The art of Maggie Laubser.
Trek, May 5, 1944.

It is interesting to compare Maggie Laubser's interpretations of the African and the Hottentot who form such an integral part of the South African landscape with the interpretations by the other South African expressionist, Irma Stern. Their point of departure, viz: German Expressionism, was initially the same. But while Maggie Laubser concentrates on the humble, the deep human qualities and the simplicity of her subject, Irma Stern concentrates on the exotic, the sensual and the colourful splendour. Maggie Laubser's work appears to be more naïve and artless, while Irma Stern's is far more sophisticated, and she expresses the pride and arrogance of the aborigines who once used "to rule empires " (11) whereas Maggie Laubser depicts the submissive, humble servant. While Maggie Laubser's work is quiet, calm and controlled, Irma Stern's pictures are violently emotional. Irma Stern's work is big and startling, it demands attention. Maggie Laubser's work is usually smaller and it does not make such a direct impact. Bouman feels that in spite of the aggressive quality in Irma Stern's work, it will not have such a lasting appeal as the more subtle work by Maggie Laubser:

Maggie Laubser:

"Sy (Irma Stern) soek die grillige, selfs in 'n stillewe. En daarom bly dit dikwels te veel aan die oppervlakte, daar is te weinig kans vir verdieping. Wat by Maggie Laubser fris is, sal Irma Stern altemit naïef noem. Die benadering van die omgewing, die uitsoekmetodes van die gegewens, vloei voort uit die temperament, en hierin verskil die twee vroue aanmerklik. Irma Stern wil in elke stuk 'n verrassing gee, maar die verrassing duur vaak te kort, omdat die bron te ondiep is. Maggie Laubser is minder opsetlik, die verrassing by haar subtieler, omdat dit gegee word deur 'n fyn skakering, die resultaat van noukeurige waarneming en geduldige verdieping. (12).

It is easier to find paralles in literature to Maggie Laubser's work than to Irma Stern's. This is probably because Maggie Laubser depicts the ideal, humble, assiduous servant who, through his faithfulness, has become an almost passive part of the farm household. Such a servant is frequently depicted in novels. Irma Stern depicts the untamed people of a primaeval /

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11). Joseph Sachs: Irma Stern and the Spirit of Africa. pg. 48.
12). Bouman: Kuns en kunswaardering. pg. 99.

primaeval land. She expresses their pride, their arrogance, their sensuousness. Irma Stern's native models could not be servants. They must be free to move as they wish in their colourful land. Francis Brett Young does, however, depict the regal, free native. One of his descriptions in The City of Gold is a remarkable parallel to the painting of Irma Stern of Swazi Girls (fig. 34) (13). The richness, the warmth, the glowing colour, the dignity of which one is conscious in the painting has been expressed, even clearly stated by the writer, Most of Irma Stern's paintings of the primitive native have an element of the pastoral. They appear to depict a "world untouched by time." As a result of Irma Stern's sophisticated long, flowing line in her drawing her native figures are usually "superbly erect" and they appear to move "slowly, silently." And it is a characteristic of the majority of Irma Stern's pictures that they are "transfused with warm light."

> Vinnig langs die paadjie trippel Mabaiêl;
> Vrolik klink die liedjie
> Wat die klinkelinge van haar enkelringe vergesel.

Such would be the character of Irma Stern's native girls if the painter had not had the more sombre outlook of the expressionist. Eugène Marais' well-known character has an innocent, child-like quality which is not altogether expressive of the African tribes. Irma Stern's figures have more of the African character, but simultaneously she"over-dramatised the native." (14). To Irma Stern it appeared that the White Man's civilization had lured the native away from his accustomed carefree life and had imposed the burden of slavery upon him which he could not bear. " . . . Irma Stern's natives seem to have some turbulent inner life. It is perhaps not the romantic memory of the past but the lack of adjustment to the present that makes them look so sad - unless it be the racial memory of the days when their kings ruled in Africa - the days before civilization had reached their land and sold them into slavery. Their forlorn expression indicates an inner tension, a spiritual drama which Irma Stern's critics find it difficult to reconcile with the myth of the child-like native innocent of all thought and emotion or inner conflict." (15).

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13). Appendix 2. no.66
14). Joseph Sachs: Op cit. pg. 46.
15). Ibid. pg. 48 - 49.

But this is probably the painter's own subconscious desire, this forlorn nostalgia, for she maintains that she loves a wild untamed setting which civilization has not touched. She loves the exotic, the unusual, the primitive. It is therefore not surprising that in her painting "Irma Stern speaks in a language which is more impulsive than rational." (16). All her paintings have an emotional intensity and a sensuousness which is sometimes overpowering and even repellent. The canvasses are almost invariably large. The colours are always very strong - one can speak of blazing colour - orange, red and green usually predominating. The lines in the drawing are smoothly flowing, suggesting oversophistication and sensuousness. Sometimes the paint is smooth and transparent. Sometimes it is applied in a thick impasto.

Although a definite expressionist emotion is revealed in these paintings which is foreign to the essential African character, Irma Stern has certainly and emphatically expressed the powerful and glowing presence of the indiginous peoples in such an individual manner that her work cannot be ignored. In spite of Bouman's conviction that Maggie Laubser's work is more profound, Irma Stern's painting is undoubtedly more powerful.

An entirely different kind of painting is the decorative-illustrative work by Norine Desmond, who also frequently uses the picturesque African as subject. Her water colours of Basuto riders are well known. These reveal a romantic-impressionist approach. A delicate representation of iridescent light revealing ponies and riders in a hazy setting. Her more recent work moves away from the equivocal impression and a firmer outline and flat areas of colour introduce a distinct decorative quality. But almost inevitably one will find a few objects that reveal weak drawing, weak shapes that break the unity in a rigid composition. This is evident in the Goat Witches and in the Goat Girl (fig. 35.) where the limp shapes of the pots in the foreground are disturbing in an otherwise pleasing pattern.

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16). Joseph Sachs. Op. cit. pg. 40.

In both pictures Nerine Desmond presents the native and the farm animal together, and the union is pleasing. In the Goat Girl there are still traces of realism. There is a suggestion of modelling in the body of the girl. There is a suggestion of recession in the goats and therefore there is a feeling of space. But strong decorative qualities are apparent in the humorous spotted goat and in the essentially decorative modelling in the white goat in the right foreground. In the Goat Witches the decorative is much bolder. The girls are seen as pattern rather than as human beings. The goats are flat, decorative shapes, and are all more or less on the same plane. Bold outlines emphasise the pattern and accentuate the "primitive" design.

Although both pictures have a certain charm, neither is profound. For a deeper expression of the farmyard animal one must again turn to the work by Maggie Laubser who so loved to paint the geese and ducks (fig. 36.) She can express their aggressiveness, the clumsiness, their comicalness in a most delightful manner. The placing of dark eyes, the determined dark brushstrokes representing decorative feathers so convincingly depict determined aggressiveness; the juxtaposition of webbed feet express the clumsiness, while the attitude of the head or wings add the humour. The heavy, primitive shapes, and bright, pure colour add an innocent, child-like quality, possibly expressing a childhood memory of the evenings when the painter would go to the dam to watch the snow-white ducks and geese. (17).

In novels one frequently finds descriptions of the farm animals incorporated into the main story. These passages usually reveal an accurate observation of the animals' habits and antics, and frequently introduce a light-hearted touch: e.g. Mof, the [illegible]e dog about which Langenhoven writes, has a de[illegible] encounter with an angry turkey cock.

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17). Maggie Laubser spoke of this memory in the radio talk: My Kontrei, 21 February, 1956.

The donkey is a familiar feature in the Transvaal landscape, and he had already been introduced to Afrikaans literature by Van Bruggen in Ampie. Ampie would be incomplete without the old grey donkey. In Jaffie, 'n Eselromannetjie by Eitemal (18) two donkies carry the entire story. This enchanting, simple little book tells the tale of two donkies - Oom Vaaltyn and Jaffie - and the part donkies in the past have played in Biblical history. The book opens with a description of a typical Transvaal scene presented with unusual and original figures of speech which add to the child-like quality and freshness of the whole.

The reader is immediately conscious of the writer's deep knowledge and love not only of the little donkies, but also of all the other little inhabitants of the Transvaal veld.

In order to do full justice to the creatures of the veld and to add an unusual aspect to the descriptions Eitemal frequently forms new words, particularly verbs. This to a certain extent betrays the poet. E.g.

> Gelukkig het die patryse toe uit al die rigtings begin pêet-rsielie, en die tarentale het hulle wieletjies-klank vinniger gedraai, sodat die aand soos 'n dam vol-gestroom het met geluid. (pg 38 - 39)
>
> Oom Vaaltyn het lank ingedagte gestaan en kyk na die ou karoeboom wat sy bossiekop nee-ja, nee-ja skud in die wind. (pg 39).

Yet one can never speak of striking nor startling images. There penoorent soos klein sipresboompies, . . ." (pg 77).

or The entire book, although it presents an original vision of the veld and typical farm life, has a temporary vicharm. The basic message the writer wished to convey - chthe religious message - is not convincingly expressed thbecause it is far too human to be expounded by an old bedonkey. The reader is inclined to ask what a Western deTransvaal donkey has to do with the donkey in the TrBethlehem stable. The synthesis is not successful, The Bereader is aware of a paradox. The simple adventures of rethe two donkies on the farm are naturally insufficient thto give the story a permanent value. Yet these scenes temake the book appealing and enable it to take its place mamong other Afrikaans literary works, but whether "Oom anVaaltyn en Jaffie diep spore in die Afrikaanse prosa Vegetrap het" (19) is doubtful.

getrap het" (19) is doubtful.

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18). Pseudonym for W.J. du Plooy Erlank.
19). E. van Heerden: Boekbespreking. Tydskrif vir Letterkunde. Vol. 4. no. 1.

Appendix 2:

Extracts from literature:

1:

Meester was in een van sy droomstemminge en het op die stoep sit en kyk na die breë, vyftien voet hoë branders wat na die rotskant to digterby sierlik inbuig met geweldge swaarte van blou-groen lyf maar dieper in die baai-boesem net effe hul kopie skud dat die haarlokke sneeuwit bewe in die namiddagson hoog bo die skommelende waterdieptes, en wat met rasende snelheid voortskuiwe, breed en hoog, en eindelik ver teen die sandbodem met dreungeweld neerslaan en die duinlyn soom met 'n skuimveld van bruisende prag. Soos magtige lang rye van oorlogruiters in aanval-vaart, swierig in vooroorbuiging van slagvaardige lywe, gly hulle in die dwarste verby, onophoudelik voortgestoot uit die matelose heirkrag van donkerblou dieptes agter.

(Hans-die-Skipper: pg 47.)

2:

Hans-die-Skipper het geworstel om bo te bly. Dit was 'n stryd van 'n verlate hart met homself, met die wêreld. Want die wêreld verstaan hom nie, sy eie vrou ook nie! God het hom geroep en geanker - hier waar Sy stem in die branders donder, hier waar Sy liefde lag in die seekleur se skoonheid. En hier het hy oud geword en gewerk met die ganse vurige liefde van sy siel - maar hier ook is sy verlange en hoop verydel. En op sy knieë het hy geworstel.

(Hans-die-Skipper. pg 233.)

3:

Maar Johan, op hoër terrein staande met oë verward van woede en vuiste krampagtig saamgebal merk daar niks van nie, noudat hy sy kop moet gebruik en elke spier inspan teenoor 'n gevaarlike vyand. Sy eerste woede-ingewing was om neer te storm op Rooi-Koos en sy kop onder die water te druk totdat hy half versmoor was en hom dan op sy tyd pap te slaan. Maar hy het dadelik besef dat Rooi-Koos wat laer staan, meer kans sou hê as hy en dat sy aanvalbeweging juis sy neerlaag kon verseker. Want vandag moet hy die ander baasraak heeltemal en finaal, of die wêreld sal vir hom te nou word hier by die strand. Maar as die gedagte aan Rooi-Koos se gemeenheid en wie-weet-watter lae bedoeling met Nelie - hier weggeskuil in die bosse waar niemand kan sien of hoor nie - as dié gedagte soos vuurbrand deur sy siel woed, dan verteer dit elke stoppeltjie van twyfelmoed. En Rooi-Koos wat lankal gesoek het na die dag dat hy Johan kan breek, was ook op sy hoede en het nie van die nou baklei-terrein gehou nie. Met 'n skyn-aanval wip hy die fonteinrand uit deur die papkuilstoele en skreeu:

"Kom nou dat ek jou inmekaar kan frommel. Wie is jou duiwelskind?"

"Jy is laag .... laag! " brul Johan met onbeteuelde drif.

(Hans-die-Skipper. pg 64 - 65.)

4:

Die volgende oomblik klim stormwolke oor die berge terwyl agter uit die weste een groot wolkdonkerte oor 'n blou-grys seerumoerigheid omhooggroei. Die vaart van JOHAN het toegeneem; effe draal hy op die wiegelende hoogtes, ongelyk soos 'n ploegland, om vinnig af te skiet soos 'n valk in grysige laagtes van waterwoeling.

Dit sou 'n vaart gewees het om jou siel aan op te haal, as die gevaar nie voorgelê het nie, dink Hans-die-Skipper.

(Hans-die-Skipper: pg. 158 - 159).

5:

Dan voel dit vir die vier mense of hul kopp e die hemel sal raak en dan sink hulle weer onmeetlik diep weg - weg daaronder, vanwaar die watervalle oneindig bokant hulle skuim en die boot bewe of elke vesel hout van hom tot die uiterste getoets word. Die twee volk help uit al hul mag om die boot landwaarts te stuur, maar of hy met 'n stukkie kurk speel, so slinger-skommel die see hom nou.

(Simson: pg 128.)

6:

Skaars het die skuit gedans op 'n hoogte of hulle word skielik gebêre onder op die kokende bodem van 'n waterkloof, en nog voordat 'n roeier kan werk, klim die skuit al weer oor skuimslote en langs brokkelrige kransverk boontoe.

(Hans-die-Skipper. pg 160).

7:

Nagstorm oor die see:

Het die onrustige see hom verwag,
die groot grys voël van die berge
sku uit die nag?

Sy silwerige vlerke het trillend verbreë,
krysend sy nartjie-rooi snawel
gesteek in die see.

Toe styg hy op druipende vlerke en vlug
met hese gesang
na die berge terug.

(Negester oor Ninevé.)

8:

Waar warrelwinde uit naghemels maal
en waaireëns oor die see uitsak, verlig
die magnesiumdraad van 'n weerligstraal
'n duikboot wat soos die aarde verdig

uit die baaierd beweeg. En vóór die vloed
van golwe hom raak, klap die staalluik
toe, en hy kantel sy vinne en snoet
skuins in die skuimende waters - duik

met 'n borrelbaan langs kuwe en kante
deur die rye vlugtende engelvisse
tussen heup en heup van twee vastelande
in 'n waterbuik so geheimenisse

bo die kopbeen en die gebarste klok
van matrose en ryke lankal vergaan;
ma r die sae is 'n ewige eierstok
en ryke groei met die groeiende maan.
(Joernaal van Jorik. pg 3 - 4).

9:

Moeg sink hul deur die waters, en hy vaar
waar engelvisse om hom heen met fyn

vinvlerkies roei, en onder op die vloer
slymprikke slaap. Lig aan 'n hegsel hang
'n meerminbeursie wat oop en toe bly roer -
sluit, en met 'n haai se eier vasgewang.
(Joernaal van Jorik. pg 29).

10:

Ja, so is die ongerepte bolope van die kloof ... koud en stil te midde van die gedonder van groen-blou waters; vreemd vol onheil is die gedempte vermiljoen-kleurige lig, skrikwekkend vir die enkeling wat op die grintige rotsbedding langs die stroom moet loop en af en toe die veraf gedonder van vallende rotse hoor - en dan weer, as alles stil is, sy eie voetstappe, klanklose klanke uit 'n ander, half vergete wêreld.
(Die Wolkemaker. pg. 34.)

Alles is verward en hy kan dit nie rangskik nie. Ërens loei die wind, ërens raas die waters, skop 'n kabaal op en raak deurmekaar tussen die hemelhoë engtes. Alles is onwerklik en vreemd in die vreemde, oranjekleurige lig ....
(Ibid. pg. 43.)

En die wêreld verder op geen reële wêreld nie. Net 'n skimwêreld, 'n plek waar bose magte in die skemering dwaal.
(Ibid. pg. 48.)

11:

Maar in die Boland is dit nou Oktobermaand!
Die aarde dáár is stil en koel, en oor die vlei -
o onuitspreeklik teer, verlange van my hart! -
geur nou die veldblom e en vou langsaam hul blare oop.
Die hange[illegible]berg is soet met jonge gras;
ek sien bo[illegible]die bloue dennebos hoe breek
die helder[illegible]er van die eikegroen en slaan
bo teen die hoogste kranse vas; en in die aand,
hoe roep die reënvalk daar; 'n ligte pêrelsnoer,
'n sprankelend-yle vlam, 'n silwer ketting deur
die koele skemering ... En teen die oostewind
stuif uit die hoë, goue kruin die denneboom!
O ek moet t'rug: . . .
(W.E.G. Louw: Oktober.
included in Groot Verseboek.)

12:

Dennebosse:

Blou see van denne teen die hang -
tot, op die blanke horison
die verste toppe yl word in
opaal van hoë lug en son.

'n Blou nabye heiligheid
wat tussen see en hemel staan.
waaroor die groot, mistieke dans
van vreemde stille wolke gaan.
(N.P. van Wyk Louw.
Alleenspraak.)

13:

Die jaar word ryp in goue akkerblare,
in wingerd wat verbruin, en witter lug
wat daglank van die nuwe wind en klare
son deurspoel word; elke blom word vrug,
tot selfs die traagstes; en die eerste blare val
so stilweg in die rook-vaal bos en laan,
dat die takke van die lang populiere al
teen elke ligte môre witter staan.
(N.P. van Wyk Louw.
Vroegherfs: Halwe Kring.)

14:

Nou lê die aarde nagtelang en week
in die donker stil genade van die reën,
en skemer huise en takke daelike bleek
deur die wit mistigheid en suising heen.
Dis alles ryk en rustig van die swaar
geheime wasdom wat sy paaie vind
deur warm aarde na elke skeut en blaar,
en ver en naby alles duister bind
in vog en vrugbaarheid en groot verlange;
tot ons 'n helder middag skielik sien
die gras blink, en die jong graan teen die hange,
en weet dat alle rus die lewe dien:
hoe kon ek dink dat somer ryker is
as hierdie groei se stil geheimenis?
(N.P. van Wyk Louw.
Winter. Halwe Kring.)

15:

Die fris asem van die berg was magtig van die geur van kruie en varre, en sonder om hom aan die vreemde geselskap te steur het 'n jangroentjie digby op 'n waboomtak sy maat sit roep met 'n stemmetjie wat yl uitklink bo die dowwe ruisdreun van die bergstroom verderaf. Ongehinderd kon die oog hiervandaan weie oor rykbegroeide wydtes, oor heuwels wat pronk met suiker- en renosterbosse waartussen die ronde donkertes van olienhoutbome dy, en verder oor eikegroen en skemerende woninge en verkleurende boorde en wingerde in die volle gloed van die son, en anderkant uit oor dynsige geel van stoppellande. En digby agter het die vaalblou krunsgevaartes van die berg gerys ... op in die hemelbloute om duiselig van te word.
(D.F. Malherbe:
Die Meulenaar. pg. 74.)

16:

Weke en weke het verbygegaan. Die eerste winterreëns het geval, en die wingerd het die suringstoele al groen kolle aanmekaargespruit, gous- en geelblomme het weelderig opgeskiet, en in die tuin het opslag tot in

die voetpaadjie langes die piesangbos begin kruip. En die herfskwas het die eikeblare geel geverwe soos hul weemoedig bewe in flou windgesuis, en verfspatsel gemors op die wingerdblare wat witgeel lag in sonstreling of bloos met bloedrooi wange of treur met bruin gesigte oor vroeë verwelking - donker en lig oor heuwelplantasie en dryfgrond-terreine, oneindige rykdom van sagte skoonheid naas brutaalste triomfe van kleureskepping.

(D.F. Malherbe:
Op. cit. pg. 77.)

So het dan na maande van kwelling en kommer, en na 'n week van senuspanning en sielelyding, die verskrikking ingetrek in die ou woonhuis en die harte met droefheid en rou omnag. Deur halfnaakte eike met hul laaste tooisel van purpergeel en diepbruin blare wat die wind kortkort losskud met oordadige terglus, het die reën geval dag en nag dat die poppies dans op die werf en die water afstroom drif toe en 'n wye plas die kweekgras versuip tot teen die tuinmuur aan. En was toe rondom dat jy die dennereus daaronder op die wingerdskeiding skaars kon beken deur die bewende dieptes van reëngordyne. ...

(Ibid. pg. 152.)

17:

Right in front of him, running parallel to the path, a long line of silver trees curved up and over the broad rounded top of the hill now flooded in sunlight. There, in a single sweeping line, they stood, tall and slender and straight, about fifty of them, sharply outlined against the green of the grass and the deep blue of the sky - all wet and glittering and swaying lightly as in a slow dance. They were the most marvellous trees Jannie had ever seen. And the most marvellous of them all was their leader, a little apart from the rest on the very crest on the hill. Set in a perfect semi-circle of blue, the tree seemed to be made not of root, trunk or branch but of light, pure light. For each sharp-pointed leaf had its own special gleam, silvery light ran up and down the long slim trunk and from its shimmering depths the silver tree flashed from five different points an alternate blue, red and orange spark.

(Uys Krige:
The Dream and the Desert.
pg. 47 - 48.)

18:

Dié wat die Kaap ken, sal weet dat daar 'n pad oor die nek tussen Constantia-berge en die suidoostelike hange van Tafelberg na Houtbaai loop.

Hierdie pad is seker een van die mooiste in die land. Dit kronkel eers langs die beboste hange suid van Nursery-kloof en Kirstenbosch verdwyn dan eindelik oor die nek, af na die blou er van die baai in die verte.

En die uitsig oor die Kaapse Vlakte na die verre Hottentots-Holland is iets besonders. Die wye, wit boog van die Valsbaai-kus loop uit in die puntige spitse van Koeëlberg en Kaap Hangklip. En na links staan die hoë koepel van die Somerset-Sneeukop en die Wemmershoekreeks helder teen die luglyn.

Daar word gesê dat die wyk Constantia, en veral dié dele van Constantia geleë teen die berghellinge, vir die rykes as woonbuurt bedoel is. Die grond is intensief bewerk en vrugbaar, die omgewing van berg en bos en golwende heuwels enig.

Daar is ou wynplase, ryk aan tradisie. Daar is Groot-Constantia en Tokai en Alphen.
Maar daar is ook net woonhuise.
Onderkant die Houtbaai-pad sien 'n mens hulle - ruim, sierlike wonings met groot en pragtige tuine.
So 'n huis is De Liefde.

(W.A. de Klerk.
Die Grenslose. pg 1.)

19:

Diepwater was so diep dat geen riem dit kon meet nie, so helder dat Pa ons kon wysmaak dat dit "'n gat deur die wêreld" is. Met die vroeë herfs het daar die allerlieflikste disas, beaar en vlamrooi, teen die nat sykranse van die waterval gebloei.
Soms is ons die skurwe rante en die groot berge in, te perd op na beminde plekke - Sterrebosbank, Die Sluis waar die groot populierbos staan, Duiwelsgat en Koerasievlei. Dan ook soms die vleie en die klipgate, die groot sandvlak by Logement, waar ons losteuels met die perde kon laat skeer oor die sonnete aarde.

(W.A. de Klerk.
Die uur van verlange: pg 35.)

20:

"Nefie," dreun die groot stem, "jy moet mooi kyk waar sit die sewester!"
"Hoe gee Oom dan nou sulke raaisels op?"
"Raaisels? Wat vir 'n boereseun is jy dan?"
"Oom," droom ek, "so ken ek ook maar die land, ja -grawe kambro, soek baroe, vind die vinkels, ja die jakkalskos ..."
"Raptol ...!" sê Faan.
"Diekiedaais en duikerhoring, bossiestroop en bokbessie ...!"
"Miernes, nefie!' So dawer die slotakkord. . . .
(Ibid. pg 106 - 107.)

21:

Met skemer kom ons met die lang pad langs die rivier op na Kanetvlei. Bome staan pikswart en rysig teen die aand. Om verre Sneeuberg vlam 'n laaste straleskrans. In die verblekende asuur het hoë cirruswolkies met byna onnaspeurlike beweging begin trek. Goudvlammend swewe hulle in wonderlike gelid. Agter ons oor die blou rante het die naggerse opgevlooi, hang dit wasig en trillend bo die donkerende wêreld.
Hier onder die eike ruis dit af en toe as die windjie stoot. Ver, met die ou agtervolgende verdriet roep 'n pou. Ander stemme van die aand klink op - duiwe in die bome, 'n klong wat beeste roep-ja kraal toe, die dowwe voetval van die perde in die stofpad.

(Ibid: pg. 112.)

22:

Ons klim in die motor en ry uit en op na die hoogtes bokant die Dam. Onder ons lê die dorp en vallei - die pragtige laning kroondonne, die Ou Kerk, die groen watererwe. Bokant lê die blou Tra-tra-meer. Dis hoogsomer maar die rivier loop nog sterk, te danke aan die laat reëns. Die water vloei o . die groot wal ... Die kanaal loop soos 'n wit aar ... Die plase en hoewes lê groen en bewerk ... Hoe het die wêreld nie binne hierdie paar jaar verander nie. Net waar mens kyk is nuwe boorde. Herman het gelyk: die bergplek word te klein vir die oes. Ons sal moet uitbrei. ...

(Ibid. pg. 258.)

23:

Op agtien myl van die dorp het ons weggeswaai van die groot pad en op tussen Verland se pragtige, uitgestrekte boorde. Die lemoenbome, wat nog hier en daar 'n gleiende vrug getoon het, was wit in die blom. Die hele lugruim was wonderlik bewierook. Op die land was trekkers. Tussen die bome het volk met meganiese pompe gespuit. 'n Groot resevoir was in aanbou.

(Die uur van verlange. pg. 218).

24:

Dele van Viertoringkloof is onbetrede aarde. Dele is so diep dat die rotsmure tot 'n paar voet van mekaar sluit en duisende voete opwaarts duisel. Dis plekke waar die lug soos 'n smal stukkie hoop vertoon, waarin daar selfs bedags sterre in die bloute skyn, waar die son nooit kom en geen voëls sing nie.

(W.A. de Klerk:
Die Wolkemaker. pg. 33 - 34.)

Dáár lê dit voor hulle - een geweldige stutmuur en bastion ná die ander, geanker aan die aarde deur dun stut op dun stut, bowe-sinlik skoon. Tussen-in is daar diep en ontoeganklike klowe waaruit die water wit en tuimelend bars. Op die ontelbare hellings en lyste lê die vars sneeu glinsterend wit teen die wasige pers. Onder is die bodem wyd en byna gelyk - dig begroei met oerbos, behalwe daar waar die rivier déur die loop van ontelbare jare 'n bleek en rotsige baan gespoel het.

Aan die heel verste ent skiet 'n purper suil uit die bodem van die kloof op. Hoër, steeds hoër dwaal hul blik, totdat die kruin verlore raak in die dreigende newels.

(Ibid. pg. 321.)

25:

Klossies, jul bewe en bibber:
Is dan die aandlug so koud?
Moet julle so teen die westewind koes?
Sal hy vir julle die blou en die goud,
Alles verwoes?

Klossies jul bewe en bibber;
Drink maar die son en wees bly!
Goud, blou en rooi is die lewe; en sag
Waai ons ou westewind koel oor die vlei -
Nog is dit dag.

(C. Louis Leipoldt.
Oom Gert vertel.)

26:

'n Fluitjiesriet-omsoomde poel,
Van swart-bruin staande water, lewendig
Met paddavissies, swarter as die swart
Wat diep lê in die hart
Van sandveld tjinkerintjees, wat weelderig
Hul wit blomvlerke uitsprei om die lig
Van die ondergaande son te vang,
En watermannetjies wat woel
Oor die oppervlakte, en 'n nes wat hang,
Verlate deur sy maakster, aan die steel
Van 'n verlepte varingstruik. Die geel
Van wind-verspilde doringboomblomme swem
Die kant langs as 'n kring van goud
En die namiddagson se gloeiende straal
Val deur die blare in lappies skaduwee en kleur
Deur die koelte van die watervlak getem

Tot die milde sagtheid wat die goud se geur
Laat uitbrei honderdvoud
En die water, roerloos soos 'n paal
Wat daar al jare staan,
'n Bruin-rooi reiervoël wat met sy bek
Die laaste sonstraal opvang, en die maan
Nog halfpad deur die berg se rand bedek
En nog nie vol nie, op sy vere voel.
(C.Louis Leipoldt.
Die Moormansgat.)

27:

As die suring verlep en die tulp nie meer bloei nie;
As die somer se groen met die droogte vergrys;
As die panwater sak dat jy nie meer kan roei nie,
En die koning-flamink na die noorde verreis;
As die Piet-my-vrou-stem, wat die bos het laat lewe,
Verstom in die stilte van najaar se krag,
En die bergswael se bont vir die laaste maal swewe
Oor 'n veld wat verstik na die wintervog smag,
Is dit grondig bewys dat die groen en die geure
Wat somer gegee het, vir ewig vergaan?
Dat die kou nie kan skilder met net soveel kleure
Soos die voorjaar gebruik het oor weiland en laan?
Daar is sap in die stamme, en krag in die blare,
Nog diep in die hart van die hout opgevou;
En nog bloed vir die lewe bewaar in die are
Van die bol van die blom wat sy lewe behou.

As die jare verby spoed en die skemering nader,
Die donkergroen swart van die uiterste nag -
En die skimme van gister-voor-gister vergader,
En die misstap van vroeër sy vergelding verwag;
As die goue skaal breek en die vensters gesluit word,
En die donker daarbuite tot binne-in dring;
As die lied wat so lief deur die winde gefluit word
Geen aalmoes van troos tot die martelaar bring -
Is dit die geldige getuienis dat wat in die verlede
Geskenk het, tot niks in die duister vergaan?
Of nog verder bewys van kraggewende vrede
Vir die siel wat sy eie beproewing verstaan?
Die foute van gister, die duur ondervinding,
Die namiddag-swakheid - dit tel by die som
Van lewe wat loop tot sy eind'lik' verslinding
Aleer hy tot kragtiger lewe ontblom.
(C. Louis Leipoldt.
Op. cit.)

28:

Ek kom om 'n kransie van rou te breng,
op kindergraffies 'n traan te pleng.

Maar kyk, dis 'n fees wat my oog gewaar
van blommetjies, blommetjies aanmekaar,

op ranke stingel oor graffie en steen -
soos graan op die lande, aaneen, aaneen;

soos kindertjies selwe in feesgewaad,
in hupp'lende dans op die windjie se maat;

spierwit hul kleertjies en roserooi -
die sonlig se glans op hul hemelse tooi.

O, moedertjies wat in die verte nog woen
om blompies ontnome, wat God had geleen,

kom kyk, uit elkeen en elk bittere traan
is 'n heldere blompie weer opgestaan.

Dis net of die Vader sê "Vertrou!
"My blomme sal groei oor die kranse van rou,

"Ek gee weer terug wat gegee is aan My:
"waar blomme gesaai is, sal blomme gedy."
(Jan F.E. Celliers.
Die Vlakte en ander gedigte.)

29:

Dis blomme langs die paadjies
En blomme by die wal,
Dis blomme net waar ek kan kyk,
Dis bontheid oweral.

Die rooies wenk die luidste,
Viooltjies knik gedwee,
Die wind ontlok die soetste geur
En wieg die blommesee.

En waarom wenk die blomme so,
En waarom sprei hul geure wyd?
Die by kom oor die tuin gesoem,
Hy suig hul heuning uit.

: : : : : : : : : :

Dit ritsel langs die gange,
Dit trippel oor die pad.
Nou waarom was die sy gespin,
Die kant en 'k weet nie wat?

Die oë kyk brutaal uit
En anders luik gedwee -
Cupido sweef van blom tot blom
En bring sy pyle mee.
(Toon van den Heever.
Eugene en ander gedigte)

30:

U het sy vesels uit die pyn geamee
van vreeslike eensaamheid, sy doringe stoot
verbitter af wie tot hom nadertree;
sy takke worstel immer met die dood
waar skril uit bosse, somber blaar-ontbloot,
sonbesies kerm van die steek se wee.
Maar eenmaal in die nag dra hy die groot
wit blom se kroon: al wat U hom wou gee.

Hier neem opeens 'n siel gestalte aan
wat almal afwys, goed vergeld met kwaad
en norse, afkerig van die wêreld staan;
wat worstel teen die dood en bitter haat,
met slegs die enkel troos wat God hom bied:
die snel en helder vreugde van 'n lied.
(S.J. Pretorius.
Efemeriese kaktus.
included in: Lied van die land.)

31:
Antonie skuif sy hoed so 'n bietjie agteroor en gaan staan in die skraal koelte van 'n doringboompie, waarin dit gaan asof daar 'n duisend sonbesies tegelyk begin sing het. Selfs tot in sy trekkersiel dring die grootse kontras deur: om hom, vir sover as wat sy oog kan sien, is die rooi sandaarde, en hier die ou doringboompie wat wie weet hoeveel tientalle van jere al hier sukkelgroei; . .

(Abraham Jonker:
Trekboer. pg 11 - 12.)

32:
A, ons ou ossewa, wat was jy nie vir ons ou nasie in die dae van trek en vlug en swerwe nie! Die kraamkamer, die siekkamer, die sterfkamer, die slaapkamer en voorhuis, die krygsvesting, die bedekamer, die heilige der heilige van die huisaltaar om 'n volk skoon te hou!

(C.J. Langenhoven:
Versamelde werke, deel 4.
pg. 263 - 264.)

33:
Once more the kingfisher
Admires the gleam
Of his rainbow-reflection
In the gay stream;
The crow, sooty-coated,
With never a pause
Scratches up the sown-mealies
And raspily caws;
The dazzling sunbird,
Wee flower-like fellow,
Sips honey from blossoms
To make his voice mellow;
And the wild green canary,
Without stay or stop,
Drops shining song-bubbles
From the treetop.

(Francis Carey Slater.
Drought. pg 60).

34.
The sun descends and trails his clouds of glory,
The evening shadows flock on hill and plain;
The sun descends and ends day's little story,
Rules off the blotted compt of loss or gain,
Of love and hate, of joy and grief and pain.
Now healing darkness binds day's burning scars;
The sun is set; light gone; but night hath stars.
(Ibid. pg 68.)

35:
At last came the year of the great drought, the year of 1862. From end to end of the land the earth cried for water. Man and beast turned their eyes to the pitiless sky, that like the roof of some brazen oven arched overhead. On the farm day after day, month after month, the water in the dams fell lower and lower; the sheep died in the fields; the cattle, scarcely able to crawl, tottered as they moved from spot to spot in search of food. Week after week, month after month, the sun looked down from the cloudless sky, till the karroo-bushes were leafless sticks, broken into the earth, and the earth itself was naked and bare; and only the milk-bushes, like old hags, pointed their shrivelled fingers heavenwards, praying for the rain that never came.
(Olive Schreiner: Story of an African Farm. pg14).

36:

Die son bak neer op vlaktes, vlaktes gras,
'n windmeul, stasie en drie peperbome;
op vlaktes gras, klipkoppies, vlaktes gras,
'n windmeul, stasie en twee peperbome.

(D.J. Opperman.
Joernaal van Jorik. pg 17.)

37:

Hy het opgekyk na die stralende sterre bokant hom, en die besef van sy eensaamheid het weer die groot weemoed in hom wakkergemaak. Og, die lewe is vir hom 'n eensaamheid, 'n kaal droë vlakte met 'n donker afgrond wat iewers wag.

(C.M. van den Heever.
Op die plaas. pg. 32.)

38:

Oom Gert en Tant Hessie se gesigte loer by die agterdeur uit, hulle kyk na die verwyderende figuur, kyk toe na mekaar en verdwyn in die bedompige huisie om 'n kleurlose natuurbestaan soos twee uitgedorde alwynbome hier op die eentonige, morsdood-geskroeide vlakte-oneindigheid te verslyt.

(C.M. van den Heever.
Droogte. pg 95.)

39:

Sy is soos 'n veldblom self wat uit hierdie nederige aarde opgebloei het en in aandagtige verband staan met die kragte wat haar voortgebring en gevorm het.

(C.M. van den Heever.
Laat Vrugte. pg 159.)

40:

Die somer was dood.

Die goudgeel blare het fladderend van die bome geval en in 'n goudgeel laag op die kou, nat grond gaan lê. Daar het hulle vermuf, en die tuin was vol van die geur van die sterwende lewe.

Die bome het met hulle kaal takke teen die diepblou herfslug gestaan, en die voëls het nog saans laat in hulle met kwetterende stemme geraas.

Oral in die natuur het iets gesterwe, en in die lug was iets verlate, dit het oor die velde gelê, oor die tuin, in die sonskyn, in alles.

Die somer het so onmerkbaar in die najaar vergly, soos een stroompie water in 'n ander, en die natuur het verander en vervel en net die kaal velde met die witverbleekte gras, die plate wit mieliestronke op die lande, die dooi ranke op die akkers en die poedelnaakte bome het agtergebly.

En sy was weg.

(C.M. van den Heever.
Op die plaas. pg 96.)

41:

En niks wat ons nou ken, staan ooit alleen,
wat enkel is, verstaan ons deur die vele;
wat nou 'n eenheid is, vloei langsaam heen,
en wat bestaan, kom voort uit baie dele.

(C.M. van den Heever.
Langs die Wilkerbome.
Honderd sonette.)

42:
Die skemering het om die bome kom woon en hulle stamme was in s aduwe s; net op die heuwelronding het 'n klompie bloekombome met hul donker blare teen die aandlug gestaan. En agter hulle het die sterre verskyn, rein en blink soos spatseltjies silwer. Die stemme van die voëls was stil en die vure het een vir een by die strooise begin brand - eensaam onder die rantjies.

(C.M. van den Heever.
Op die plaas. pg 44.)

43:
Oneindig ver, doer anderkant die kaal vlaktes, sink die son soos 'n moedelose wandelaar agter die wêreldkant in, en nouliks het die laaste sonrooi weggekywn op die verste koppies in die weste, of 'n koel windjie ontwaak uit die kaal laagtes en soos 'n bly boodskap dat die reën kom, seil hy klam-fris oor die uitgetrapte, doodgeblakerde vlakte-oneindigheid heen, die wêreld word vroliker en opgewek wieg die bloubosse op die twee klip-oortrekte rantjies hulle stywerige taai takke in die wind.

(C.M. van den Heever:
Droogte: pg. 42 - 43.)

44:
'n Weemoed groei in oom Soois se binneste oor die reën wat val noudat die droogte hulle gebreek het. Wonderlik tog, noudat die reën kom, die reën wat die laaste winterkoue sal verdrywe, nou voel hy hoe arm en droog hy hier binnekant was, hoe arm en droog al sy broers was, dit was rêrig 'n droogte binnekant en buitekant. ... Die groot stryd binne hom is byna klaar.

(C.M. van den Heever.
Droogte. pg 205 - 206.)

45:
I knew what the six animals were - four cows, one young bull, and a magnificent old fellow with a glorious head and great spiral horns. I carried his picture in my eye and could pick him out instantly wherever he stood and however motionless; for, incredibly difficult as it is to pick out still objects in the bush before your eye becomes accustomed to it, it is wonderful what you can do when your eye is in and you are cool and intent and know what you are looking for. I had the old bull marked down as mine, and knew his every detail - his splendid bearing, strong shaggy neck with mane to the withers and bearded throat, the soft grey dove-colour of the coat with its white stripes, the easy balancing movement in carrying the massive horns as he cantered away, and the trick of throwing them back to glide them through the bush.

(Percy Fitzpatrick.
Jock of the Bushveld. pg 99.)

46:
Toe die eerste strale oor die bosse uitskiet en die ontelbare reëndruppels aan die blare laat flonker, begin skielik die eienaardige konsert van 'n trop kolobus-ape, wat oorkant die opening hoog tussen die lower onbeweeglik die nag deur gesit het. Nouliks

het die ou leier, wat by so 'n trop altyd aanwesig is, sy eerste growwe basnote uitgestoot - "oa-ôrrr ... oa-ôrrr ..." - of dosyne ander val uit verskillende rigtings in en laat die hele bos lewe, Uit die laagste gutturale note sag beginnend, styg die koor van stemme ritmies, al meer trillend en met toenemende krag op tot 'n hoogtepunt, om dan weer ewe gelykmatig sagter en sagter te daal en weg te sterwe. Tussenin klink die skerp "kjou! kjou!" van swart-ape, wat hulle graag in die hoogste geselskap van die aapwêreld meng - en dié word inderdaad deur die twee pragtige kolobusse van Kilimandjaro verteenwoordig.

(Sangiro.
Uit oerwoud en vlakte. pg. 153.)

47:

Op die oerwoud bo-op die berg lê nog dik newelbanke, maar die reën is verby; 'n laaste paar wolkies dryf haastig verby na die westekant, in hul vlug die lug hier en daar met groot blink druppels deurrafelend, en laat die wye uitgestrektheid van hemel-blou sonder 'n vlekkie aan die sonskyn oor.

Aangenaam verwarmend val die môreson op die klein rotskoppies, in een waarvan ons twee swerwertjies in die nag herberg gekry het; en weldra kom talryke dassies uit die splete en gate te voorskyn om hulle in die strale te koester. Dik, vet oues, met glansende bruin velle, soek hulle gewone sitplekkies uit en skyn na niks beter te verlang as om heeldag so doodstil te kan lê en kyk na die son nie. Maar die kleintjies. ronde, mollige goedjies, swellend van lewe onder hul koesterende woljassies, begin speellustig te piep en gly op en af langs gladde klippe op hul gomlastiekpootjies.

Skielik verskyn in die donker openinkie onder een van die rotse twee leeugesiggies, wat met nugter, lewendige ogies, bewegende swart neusklappies, en gespitste ronde oortjies, op die vreemde omgewing uitkyk. Hul aandag is op die vreemde, vir hul onbekende geskreeu en gepiep, wat hul verwondering vir die laaste uur al gaande gemaak het, en half angstig draai hul koppies, onderwyl hul aarselend rondkyk, nou hierheen, dan daarheen, as telkens die geluide van 'n ander kant af kom. Nouliks het die voorste leeutjie 'n voorpootjie versigtig buitekant die grot gesit of twee onnosele klein dassies jaag mekaar spelend op 'n rif van die rots langs en vlak voor sy neus verby.

(Ibid. pg 138.)

48:

Die manier waarop hy te werk gaan, is wel onbeskof, doeg boeiend. Met lang, swart hande plat op die sand gedruk, gespierde arms na buite gekrom, ruie maanmare orent, staan hy sy voorlyf geweldig op- en afruk, en met elke ruk wat hy gee, daag hy die ander tartend uit.

Die trop verstaan wat gaande is: die mannetjie stel hom vir die vakante kommandantskap verkiesbaar, en dewyl die uitslag van so 'n verkiesing uitsluitlik afhang van wie die sterkste is, begin 'n aantal van die grootste mannetjies ook sommer dadelik die duin op pronk.

Hoog teen die top bly hul op 'n beskeie afstand van mekaar staan, neem ook daardie ek-is-die-sterkste-kandidaat-houding aan en begin elk hom luidrugtig verkiesbaar stel. So duur dit 'n paar minute voort, 'n

oorverdowende geraas wat belaglik sou geklink het, as dit nie met so 'n verwoede gedreig gepaard gegaan het nie.

Dit lyk naderhand of die mannetjie wat hom die eerste verkiesbaar gestel het, tevrede is dat hy behoorlik aanspraak op die kommandantskap gemaak het; want met sy rug en stert terdeë gekrom begin hy styf-styf rondstap, so styf dat selfs sy voorpote nie die minste buig nie, en op elke stap volg daar 'n geôf-ôf en 'n tandegekners van die ander wêreld!

(Hobsons.
Kees. pg. 21 - 22.)

49:

'n Twee honderd tree anderkant die volstruiswyfie kom 'n trop wildehonde oor die duinnek aangestorm. Nog 'n oomblik, en dis met haar gedaan; maar toe die honde so te sê op haar is, klap sy swak met die vlerke en vlug val-val die laagte af, struikel, strompel, slaan jammerlik voor die honde neer - waag enigiets om hul besig te hou en die mannetjie kans te gee om met die kuikens weg te kom.

Ver onder in die laagte, 'n myl of meer van die kuikens af, val-val die wyfie langs 'n duinstraat af met die grusame honde gevaarlik kort op haar hakke; maar toe sy eers die oop vlaktes anderkant die duinreeks haal, word haar bene skielik reg. 'n Tree of twee voor haar wrede vervolgers swink sy ineens ongelooflik vinnig en hardloop skoon onder die gefopte honde uit!

(Ibid. pg 118 - 119.)

50:

Toe hy langs Hlabisa staan, het die ou met die punt van sy asgaai na iets links voor hulle uit gewys. Fanie het gekyk en gekyk ... maar kon net hoë geel-bruin gras sien, en in die agtergrond 'n vaste bank groen fluitjiesriet met wit pluimsade.

Hlabisa se "u ya yi bona - sien jy hom ...." op fluistertoon, het Fanie kortasem laat raak. Hy kon glad geen wildsbok of lewendige ding sien nie, en hy het begin bewe van opgewondenheid.

Toe Hlabisa merk die baas met die roer lê nie aan nie, het hy laer gebuk, sy asgaai in volle lengte na die bok toe gehou, en vir Fanie gefluister om met sy oog oor die asgaai te korrel. Fanie het so gemaak, maar kon nog steeds niks sien nie. Toe swaai die bok sy kop om 'n vlieg of iets teen sy blad weg te jaag. Fanie het sy asem diep weggetrek en gefluister: "ngi ya yi bona - ek sien hom."

Hy het 'n paar keer diep asem gehaal, sy oë stip op die plek gehou, en toe begin die volle vorm van die bok skielik duidelik uit te staan. Vir 'n paar oomblikke het Fanie homself lelike dinge toegevoeg omdat hy so blind was, sy senuwees bymekaar geruk, en effens agteruit gestaan om die geweer aan sy skouer te bring.

(P.J. Schoeman.
Fanie se veldskooldae.
pg. 157 - 158.)

51:

Toe ek wegstap, het Kalimbo ook 'n paar woorde te sê gehad: "Het die baas gesien hoe eet hy (die kameelperd) die baas se woorde op?"

En toe ek sommer niks lus voel om te praat nie, het Kalimbo maar aangegaan: "Al die tyd wat die baas gepraat het, die ou stinkbul se bolip het op en af

gegaan. Miskien hy het geprobeer om te lag, my baas. Miskien ook hy wou seblief sê vir die baas."

"Waarom, Kalimbo?"

"Die seblief wat die groot dankie is, my baas. Die baas het mooi met hom gepraat. Die wilde goete is baie slim, my baas. Hy voel hier by sy stert wanneer die mens hy het nie lelike planne nie ..."

(P.J. Schoeman.
Op ver paaie. pg 128.)

52:

Die diere.

By water en rivier kan ons weer voel
ons diep verwantskap met die arme diere,
twee olifante wat hulle lywe spoel,
die wemeling van insekte en miere,
die bontbok en onnutsige bobbejaan,
'n haastige vlakvark stert hoog in die lug
en sebratrop wat aarselend stroom toe gaan,
met verveg troppe wild verskrik op vlug.
Die diepste vredesaamheid droom in die kuil
waar baie monde saam die lewe deel,
gedurig maar op loer na wat daar skuil
waar elke skaduwee sy angste teel.
Want binne hierdie lewe, warm en vry,
wag steeds die klou wat een laat agterbly.

(C.M. van den Heever.
Honderd sonette.)

53:

The Zebras.

From the dark woods that breathe of fallen showers,
Harnessed with level rays in golden reins,
The zebras draw the dawn across the plains
Wading knee-deep among the scarlet flowers.
The sunlight, zithering their flanks with fire,
Flashes between the shadows as they pass
Barred with electric tremors through the grass
Like wind along the gold strings of a lyre.

Into the flushed air snorting rosy plumes
That smoulder round their feet in drifting fumes,
With dove-like voices call the distant fillies,
While round the herds the stallion wheels his flight,
Engine of beauty volted with delight,
To roll his mare among the trampled lilies.

(Roy Campbell.
Adamastor.)

54:

Gans tot vereensaming
tussen die starende
stiltes van vreemde
gesternte en aarde,
het my my trotse
verlange gebring;

maar met die oerkreet
van alle dinge
smyt ek my tartelle
skreeu in die sterre in,
waar ylweg my smart
weerklink langs die steiltes . . .

maar daglank was die water onverstoor
onder die warm lug, en stil,
en ongerep van giftige aal of krokodil
- 'n heilige poel, waarvan sy stam
sku weggesluip het in die klam
vertroude bosse en oewers dik
van geurige palmiet en warm slik;
maar daar het hy, verwate enkeling,
die hete middae jaaruit deurgebring
en uitgeswem deur die swart water
of roerloos gedryf met die koel geklater
soos van groot stroomversnellings uurlank in sy ore,
ruglings gestrek, sy oë verblind, verlore
in die glansland van lug en wolk;
of soms het hy geluidloos in die donker kolk
geduik, af, af, deur kouer skaduwees
langs strenger waterkranse, en met vrees
gekeer, maar sidderend van vreug, uit daardie nag
wat soos 'n week swart blom na die helder dag
en suiwer son hier seldsaam rank -

ka: pg 13 - 14.)

60:

Oor 'n groen poel wat stil en dik
was van die bronslaai en die warm slik
het Raka op die lou voormiddag geleun
om soos 'n bees te drink, en lui gesteun
van genot, die swart hande diep ingegly
in die meel-sagte wortels en die pappery
wat deur sy vingers borrel; en, toe hy sat
en swaar was van die suip, het hy in die koel gat
sy lyf laat insak, afsak, en gevoel
hoe die stink belle langs hom kruip en bo die poel
se dik room breek. Dit was sy gebied,
hier waar die boomwortels in die droë riet
en papkuil van die stroom se dooi bogte rank,
en die hele warm dag die soet stank
opstoom langs die rand van die woud. Dan het hy uit
die water gestyg en die glimmende huid
met 'n poot gestryk dat die druppels straal
op die waterplante, en met lang hale
oor die taai suiggrond na die bosse gestap.

(Raka: pg 21.)

61:

verby
die klam oewerbosse sy koers gevat
waar daglank donker is en mis en die nat
blare druppel, tot hy later yl
van bome en blou van die skerp, geil
buffelgra die vlukte uit sien strek het;
maar altyd rusteloos nog voort met gerokte
treë onder die brandende naakte son
wat horison tot horison
met wit brand vul;

(Raka: pg. 14.)

62:

moes dit gewees het as die swart buffelbul sy werk
wat die bosgange en grasruigtes vul
met hees gesnuiwe en bulk, smôrens styf
in die voetpad gelê het waar die swaar lyf
in die knieë geknak het; as die krokodil
hoog op die sand uit gelê het en ril
soos 'n klein akkedissie wat die kinders met 'n stok
geslaan het; - of die ou spiesvegter, die gensbok,
oordwars, gebreek, stil tussen die polle wag;
- as die vlakvark gelê het in die gras
met sy wit lemme, en sy oë soos 'n vis
se oë styf.

(Raka: pg. 8.)

63:

En nou
het Koki strak deur die klam tonnels gehou
van die stilste bosse waar die takke bo,
verward gestrengel, in die digte, hoë
wasdom saamklou, en die helder dag
skemerig en vol drup is; maar sy wag
en luister het geen geluid gevang
as net die drup-drup en die lang
klae-skreeu van 'n sku bosvoël êrens ver;
en skaars het hy gesien, soos 'n klein ster
wat val, die flits van 'n rooi papegaai
tussen stam en stam;

(Raka: pg. 25.)

64:

En nou 't hy oor die oper lengtes gegaan
en blare, waar die bome enkelder staan,
en kleurige klimop tot die kruine rank ....
tot die rand van die vlakte waar hy lank
oor die wye middagwêreld uitgetuur 't:
of die Swarte te sien was; maar die stil uur
van die hitte was daar, en die ver bome ongewis
met die eerste opdamp van die namiddagmis
en die oerwoud reën; en nêrens het hy hier
Raka gewaar nie - die vaal vlaktediere
het stil in die skadu's gestaan of gewei.
Toe 't hy weer die smal paaie gesoek wat lei
deur die oewerbosse na die groot rivier,
en Raka, Raka, die skelm dier
wat uitloer agter die groen kuil
of onhoorbaar agter die ranke skuil,
het in hom gemaal, in sy ore geklop,
en telkens wou hy die swart kop
in 'n struik sien of in 'n digte tros
geel blomme en bessies .... tot hy eindelik loe
uit die bome geworstel, die silwer boog
van die breë water uit voor sy oog
sien strek het; en hier 't hy die nat spoor
gekry in die modder en gevolg en verloor
in die poele en weer gekry - die swaar ding
se sleepsel waar hy breek en plas en dring
deur die hoogste riete - en Koki het getrap
in die baan van die spore oor die wit krap
en die vissies wat pal in die lou water hou
van die vlak plasse; die snygras 't geklou
aan sy knieë, en die bont klosse afgeskeur
waar hy deur die verbuigde skuins riete beur.

(Raka: pg. 26.)

65:

"Eendag het ons sommer baie swaar gekry. Die hele nag het dit gereën en die hele oggend het die water gestort. Selfs die bulte was riviere. Toe die son na sononder se kant toe begin val, toe laat hy die wolke hier na sonop se kant agter, en die strale verblind jou sommer hier van die water af.

" 'Mmapoulin, Mmapoulin, wat is daardie mooi ding?'

" 'Nee, Vadertjie, dit is die nek van die weerligvoël (reënboog).'

" 'Wat is die weerligvoël, Mmapoulin?'

" 'Nee, Grootmoeder, dit is die voël wat daar in die wolke woon. Het julle dan nie gesien nie? Nee, julle het ook gehoor. Dit was net tseke-tseke, toe is hy verby, en toe was dit wrrrrrr soos hy verbyvlieg, en toe was dit : gaan sit, en daar lê hy sy eier.'

" 'Mmapoulin, ek gaan die eier haal.'

" 'Waar sal jy die eier kry?'

" 'Ek het hom gesien. Hy het daar by Toumaberg gaan sit.'

" 'Jô-jô-jô, my kind, daardie voël se eier word nie gevat nie. Hy sal jou kom soek, en jy sal hom hier in die huis bring. As hy kwaad is, dan slaan hy sommer vuur uit die klippe. Jy sal vir ons dinge in die huis roep.'

" 'Nee, dan skiet ek hom met Pappie se geweer.'

" 'O hoo, grootman, jy ken nie daardie voël nie. Hy sluk sommer die vuur en die koeël van daardie geweer in en spoeg hom dan weer op jou uit. Waar sal jy dan heengaan?' ".

(G.H. Franz. Moeder Poulin. pg 4 - 5.)

66:

After the savagery of the Berg there was something subtly moving to him in this sunset pastoral; the spirit of Eden pervaded the amber air; he felt as though by some miracle he had been transported backward into a world which had never lost its primal innocence, a world untouched by time. And then, as they reached the level of the village, there came to him a revelation of beauty more poignant, perhaps, because it was human. Here the stream, above a little ford, had been deepened to form a watering-place, a still pool where dragon-flies sunned themselves on the floating leaves of blue water-lilies; and towards this, advancing obliquely to meet them as they drew near, came a winding file of young women with gourds for the carrying of water poised on their heads. They moved slowly, silently, superbly erect, unconscious of anything but their task, with the grace and stateliness of a classical frieze come to life. The sun, dipping red to the line of the Berg, enriched the nut-brown nakedness of shoulder and torso and thigh till their oiled skins glowed with a sheen of satin, so that their slender bodies, from head to foot, appeared to be transfused with warm light. It was a revelation of beauty which Janse was to remember all through his life, yet brief as it was entrancing.

(Francis Brett Young. The City of Gold. pg 102.)



1: W.G. Wiles.
Seascape.
(Pretoria Municipal Collection.)



2: Cecil Higgs.
Saldanha (Kent).



1: W.G. Wiles.
Seascape.
(Pretoria Municipal Collection.)



2: Cecil Higgs.
Saldanha (West).



3: Cecil Higgs:
Rising Tide.



4: Cecil Higgs:
Sea Birds.
(Mrs. L. Cohen; Johannesburg.)



5: Pieter Wenning:
Cape Flats.
(National Gallery, Cape Town.)



6: Pieter Wenning:
Vineyards.
(Pretoria Municipal Collection.)



7: Gregoire Boonzaier:
Windermere.



8: Gregoire Boonzaier:
Cottages at Wellington.
(Johannesburg Art Gallery.)



11: Pieter Wenning.
Gum Trees.
(Pretoria Municipal Collectio



9: Jean Welz:
Brandvlei (1944).
(Mr. and Mrs. Jack Lewsen,
Johannesburg.)



10: Jean Welz:
Landscape near Worcester.
(Mr. and Mrs. Jack Lewsen,
Johannesburg.)



12: Hugo Naudé:
Brandberge.
(Pretoria Municipal Collection.)



13: Hugo Naudé.
Springtime in Namaqualand.
(D.F. Hugo Naudé collection,
Cape Town.
With permission of
Masken Miller, Cape Town.)



14: Gerda Fitle:
Night Cactus.
(Pretoria Municipal Collection.)



15: Zakkie Eloff:
Dancing Fences.
(Pretoria Municipal Collection.)



18: Francois Krige:
Basuto Store.
(National Gallery, Cape Town.)



19: Le Roux Smith Le Roux:
Heat Haze.
(National Gallery, Cape Town.)



20: J.H. Pierneef:
Cornfields near Stellenbosch.
(Mrs. M.B. Kuper; Johannesburg.)



21: J.H. Pierneef:
Composition.
(E. Head; Johannesburg.)



22: Frans Oerder:
View of the Rand in the Early Days.
(Johannesburg Art Gallery.)



23: J.H. Pierneef:
First Rains, Lichtenburg.
(Johannesburg Art Gallery.)



24: Walter Battiss:
Eternal Palace.
(Johannesburg Art Gallery.)



25: Walter Battiss:
Mural for the Pretoria
Centenary Celebrations.
(Pretoria City Hall.)



26: Jan Volschenck:
Karroo.
(Pretoria Municipal Collection.)



27: J.H. Pierneef:
Karroo.
(Mrs. M.B. Kuper; Johannesburg.)



28: Maurice van Essche:
Karree.



29: Alexis Preller:
Red Figure.
(Zandberg Jansen; Germiston.)



30: Alexis Preller:
Hieratic Women.
(Johannesburg Art Gallery.)



31: Alexis Preller:
Primavera.
(J.J. Friel; Johannesburg.)



32: Alexis Preller:
Three Figures.



33: Maggie Laubser:
Harvesters.
(Pretoria Municipal Collection.)



34: Irma Stern:
Swazi Girls.
(National Gallery,
Cape Town.)



35: Nerine Desmond:
The Goat Girl.
(Mrs. F. Mollan; Johannesburg.)



36: Maggie Laubser:
Ducks.
(Johannesburg Art Gallery.)

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55:

Hoog in die silwering
van die koel sonlig
flikker 'n oomblik
die vlerke van duiwe,
maar alles is roerloos
en yl soos die môre
bokant die denne
en wit horison;

alles word kouer,
en die vér water
drywe nou glansloos
met enkele bootjies.

56:

Die vroue het hom die eerste gewaar
in die loom namiddag toe die arbeid klaar
was - aan die stampblok, in die jong-groen landerye -,
en hulle gedrie, geviere, in dun rye
met kruik en geel, wind-ligte kalbas
op heup en skouer deur die stekerige gras
rustig gestap het na die koel seekoegate
om daar te drentel tot die bruin en laat
skemering en die eerste sterre, met klam sand
en sagter modder om die enkels, in die hand,
om veel te lag en ure te praat,
of skugterig soms een-een uit te waad
deur die taai waterblomme, naak en blink ....
(Raka: pg 5.)

57:

Toe het die vroue geskenke laat lê
en deur die skemerte die paadjie na die kraal
gevat, die kruike op die kop, traag en skraal,
en langer in die dun skemerlig,
gewieg op heup en voet, in lenige ewewig;
(Raka: pg 7.)

58:

En stilstaan en luister, dan het hy alleen
die visarend se skreeu bo die water verneem
en die styg van die swart borrels aan sy voet;
maar toe hy kyk na sy vingers en die yl bloed
wat [illegible] snyruigtes gelaat het, het die groot [illegible]
skielik, geluidloos, uit die warm wier
en die slik opgestaan en wit gelag.
(Raka: pg 26 - 27.)

59:

dié môre het hy (Koki) nie die pad geloop
na die skerp kalkrante waar 'n blink poel, oop
met enkele biesies nakend voor die son,
sy swemplek aldag was - 'n bron
so diep in die swart wortels van die rant
dat niemand van sy grond wis; kant
en wal gedurig vol, diep opgewel
en sonder inloop, skaduloos, maar koel
van eie diepte, en skerp omring
met steil onveilige klippe; geen ding
het daar geroer, slegs seldsame verdwaalde
manne het uit die dieptes enkele male
opborreling en kwaai opkook gehoor -

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Preview of Exhibition in Cape Town. 1953.
Henri Lidchi Gallery. 1956; 1958.

Nita Spilhaus: Gallery Torbeek, Johannesburg. 1955.

Maurice van Essche: Henri Lidchi Gallery. 1956; 1957.

Jean Welz: Green Cloggs Gallery, Pretoria. 1957.

Notes on the photographs:

Figs. 2 and 3. Jansje Wissema, Cape Town.
Figs. 4, 17, 25, 29, 31. - Studio Wesselo, Johannesburg.
Figs. 8, 22, 23, 24, 30, 36 - Johannesburg Art Gallery. Wesselo.
Figs. 5, 18, 19, 34. - National Gallery, Cape Town. Le Portrait.
Fig. 32. - Oosthuysen, Johannesburg.
Fig. 35. - Perfect Photos, Johannesburg.
Figs. 1, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 20, 21, 26, 27, 28, 33. - the writer.



16: Gerda Titlo:
South Coast Road.
(P.G. Harmsen; Johannesburg.)



17: Clement Seneque:
Valley of a Thousand Hills.
(Oliver Walker; Johannesburg.)

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