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CALSENDAR

1985



Vakalisa Art Associates accept the responsibility that artists & cultural activists have a duty to identify & respond to the needs of the community that they find themselves in. Vakalisa strives toward a closer co-operation with other cultural groups who share a common progressive ideology & further seeks to encourage other individuals to work collectively with others in their own communities to establish similar cultural collectives.

This calendar was designed collectively by Peter Clarke, Jimi Matthews, Mervyn Davids, Rashid Lombard, Michael Barry, Mario Sickle, Hamilton Budaza, Lionel Davis, Garth Erasmus, Johann Davids, James Matthews, Keith Adams, Rudien Hollman, Willie Adams, Beverley Jansen, Gladys Thomas, Mavis Smallberg, Arthur Prohdell, Patrick Holo, Mike Dues, Peter Bemy & Hein Willemse



photograph by Michael Barry

... They changed the night into day  
& the day into night  
for comrades surrounded by walls  
& still we drove them out.  
Now they offer us a deal  
a deal to cover the fear  
a fear haunted by the purity  
of our eyes  
the sense of our struggle  
Yes, them too. We will drive them out.

— KEITH ADAMS

## JANUARY 1985

| S  | M  | T  | W  | T  | F  | S  | S  | M  | T  | W  | T  | F  | S  |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
|    |    | 1  | 2  | 3  | 4  | 5  | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 |
| 6  | 7  | 8  | 9  | 10 | 11 | 12 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 |    |    |
| 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |



gouche resist by Mervyn Davis

Feel the light flowing  
forward  
Like a raging river  
in a rampant rage.

Hear the warning sounds  
echoing in the desperate  
silence of the night.

see the dreams of an  
angry nation  
becoming a reality in  
the glow of a bloody sunrise.

FEEL; HEAR; SEE  
— DEVERLEY JANSEN

## FEBRUARY 1985

| S  | M  | T  | W  | T  | F  | S  |
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| 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 |

| S  | M  | T  | W  | T  | F  | S  |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 |
| 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 |    |    |



Sculpture by Hamilton Budaza

Photograph by Zanele Comford

One man taken is men too many  
for a grave

a man taken is a man killed  
all killers live a day  
older

a woman in black  
is many women lost to a dear one  
a woman blacked  
is a woman in mourning . . .

mouthpieces  
can be mouthpieces of the dead  
gods

could be words by other names  
but always

a name for a man in black  
is a mourner

&  
a black man cleans god's acre

DIRECTIONAL FORCES  
— GARETH ERASMUS

## MARCH 1985

| S  | M  | T  | W  | T  | F  | S  | S  | M  | T  | W  | T  | F  | S  |
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|    |    |    |    |    | 1  | 2  | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 |
| 3  | 4  | 5  | 6  | 7  | 8  | 9  | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 |
| 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 31 |    |    |    |    |    |    |



photograph by Redid Lombard

Freedom's Child  
 You have been denied too long  
 Fill your lungs & Cry Rage  
 Step forward & take your rightful place  
 You're not going to grow up  
 Knocking at the back door  
 For you there will be no travelling  
 Third Class enforced by law  
 With segregated schooling & sitting on the floor  
 The rivers of our land, mountain tops  
 And the shore

It is yours, not to be denied any more  
 Cry Rage, Freedom's Child.

— JAMES MATTHEWS

## APRIL 1985

S M T W T F S

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7 8 9 10 11 12 13

14 15 16 17 18 19 20

S M T W T F S

21 22 23 24 25 26 27

28 29 30



etching by Lionel Davis

Actualize the wall  
 between you  
 & your heritage,  
 you & your future,  
 you & your skin,  
 you & your pride,  
 your sanity,  
 yourself,  
 then take up your pen  
 & shout it out loud,  
 shoot it right down,  
 plead it, most humbly,  
 gracefully,  
 frantically,  
 before the laughter  
 leaves your eyes.

BEFORE THE EMPTY...  
 (dedicated to all Black writers)  
 - RUDEN HOLLMAN

## MAY 1985

S M T W T F S

1 2 3 4

5 6 7 8 9 10 11

12 13 14 15 16 17 18

S M T W T F S

19 20 21 22 23 24 25

26 27 28 29 30 31

Ek het besluit:  
 spyker jou woorde aan papier;  
 hoop dat die dood  
 soos die oombliklike skoot  
 van 'n fusillade soldaat is.

ek weet:  
 julle sal die nag as ek afkalk  
 my nie begrawe nie, maar stenig;  
 julle sal elke been in my afbreek  
 tot enkele protesgedigte.  
 maar my dood sal nes melaatse  
 knikend elke dag die leepoogiges  
 kanker.

julle sal weet:  
 die pogroms,  
 die helle van alexandra,  
 elsies, guguletu sal rys;  
 die steggedood sal nie  
 ons s'n wees nie.

dan sal julle, met-tranende oë,  
 weet:  
 die hel krakeel panga-oop rond.

— HEIN WILLEMSE



Sculpture by Arthur Prodel

Photograph by Rikard - Janssens

## JUNE 1985

| S | M  | T  | W  | T  | F  | S  | S  | M  | T  | W  | T  | F  | S  |
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|   |    |    |    |    |    | 1  | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 |
| 2 | 3  | 4  | 5  | 6  | 7  | 8  | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 |
| 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 30 |    |    |    |    |    |    |



photograph by Jimi Matthews

Sing a song of sixpence  
 A pocketful of love  
 A pocketful of care  
 For us  
 To share?

Sing a song of sixpence  
 A pocketful of stones  
 A pocketful of violence  
 To show  
 We care

A pocketful of luck  
 A pocketful of  
 hand-grenades  
 A pocketful  
 A pocketful

Sing a song of sixpence  
 A pocketful of dreams  
 A pocketful of schemes  
 For us  
 To dare

Sing a song of sixpence  
 A pocketful of hate  
 A pocketful of innocence  
 A pocketful of guilt  
 A pocketful of misery

Sing —  
 A song...?

CHILDREN'S SONG — MAVIS SMALLBERG

## JULY 1985

| S  | M  | T  | W  | T  | F  | S  |
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| 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 |

| S  | M  | T  | W  | T  | F  | S  |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 |
| 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 |    |    |    |





drawing by Gerth Erasmus

this city  
 pregnant with hunger  
 grinding underfoot  
 tons of cemented sweat  
 whose swimming pools  
 are catchment areas of tears  
 whose towered names  
 refuse to listen  
 where cities  
 are different nightfalls  
 & one neon lit  
 the other lit  
 for stilling the hunger of men coming home  
 ask him  
 who only plods mechanical feet

the marvels of the day  
 ask him  
 who stares at you from sockets  
 gouged by his day  
 ask him  
 who knows his place  
 by the ages of the day  
 & could not befriend the moon here:  
 I know you remember  
 'our father.....'

HUNGER WROTE THE EPITAPH  
 — MIKE DUES

## AUGUST 1985

| S  | M  | T  | W  | T  | F  | S  |
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| 4  | 5  | 6  | 7  | 8  | 9  | 10 |
| 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 |

| S  | M  | T  | W  | T  | F  | S  |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 |
| 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 |



sculpture by Mario Sisti

photograph by Richard Lombard

We sensed their coming  
 long before they beached  
 burdened with promise  
 heavy in gun  
 they raised walls  
 to withstand anger  
 & some of us  
 were seen to prosper  
 when their ships came in  
 to anchor  
 yet slowly our flocks & herds  
 grew smaller & smaller  
 & soon they were hunting  
 those without sheep or cattle  
 only thieves they said  
 work is good for the soul  
 they also said  
 ploughing up our pastures  
 & blocking the way  
 to our watering places  
 Free Burghers  
 they called themselves  
 musket in hand  
 for God & Company  
 they prepared to save  
 us poor heathens  
 from damning ourselves  
 & now they talk  
 as if we have surrendered...

ON THE EVE OF THE FIRST WAR  
 AGAINST SETTLERS MAY 1659

— PETER BERRY

## SEPTEMBER 1985

S M T W T F S

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

8 9 10 11 12 13 14

15 16 17 18 19 20 21

S M T W T F S

22 23 24 25 26 27 28

29 30



drawing by Johann David

You take my man from my bed,  
 you take the cover from my head,  
 you strip me naked  
 while the winter rain lashes down  
 torrents of tears.

But in my nakedness  
 I've rejected fear;  
 you've scourged me  
 & still I've survived.

I'll be strong now,  
 I'll feel no fear  
 for the day draws near

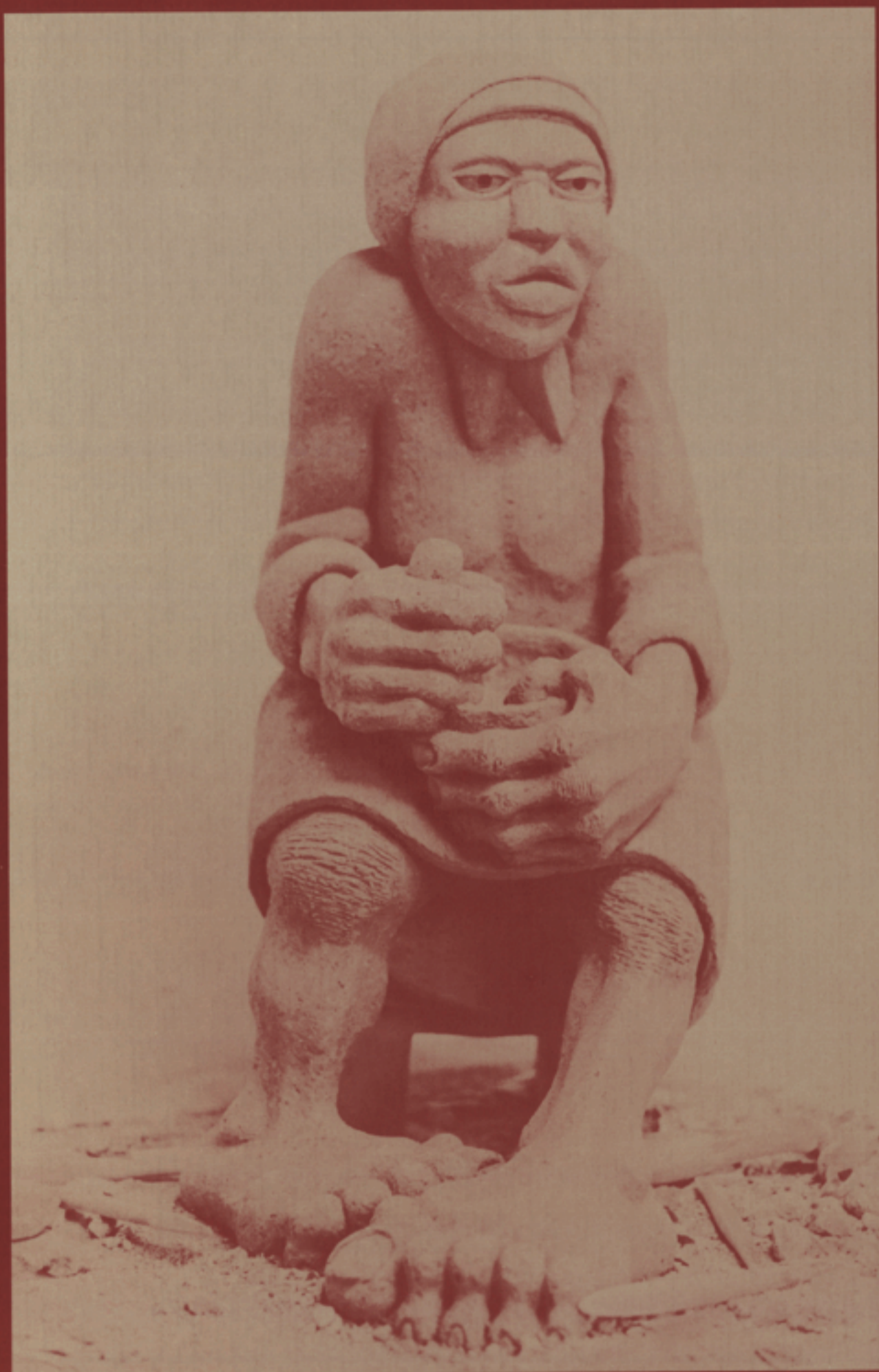
When I'll be with him.  
 I shall be covered  
 & protected;  
 the evil purged,  
 I shall be free,  
 free at last!

WINTER LAMENT

— GLADYS THOMAS

## OCTOBER 1985

| S  | M  | T  | W  | T  | F  | S  | S  | M  | T  | W  | T  | F  | S  |
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| 6  | 7  | 8  | 9  | 10 | 11 | 12 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 |    |    |
| 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |



sculpture by Patrick Holo

photograph by Einar Lurbaev

To us you will be more  
 than just another memory.  
 A living example to follow  
 since we lost your flesh  
 but gained your spirit.

THE VICTIMS  
 — WILLIE ADAMS

## NOVEMBER 1985

S M T W T F S

1 2

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10 11 12 13 14 15 16

S M T W T F S

17 18 19 20 21 22 23

24 25 26 27 28 29 30



collage by Peter Clarke

Facing outward in the dark  
 You find  
 The comet burn it's trail  
 Across one's sight  
 Leaving behind  
 A memory.

Blazing away distantly  
 Until engulfed by the great new day  
 eventually.

COMET (For S.B.)  
 — PETER CLARKE

See  
 That galactic spark  
 Tracing a memorable arc  
 Of light,

## DECEMBER 1985

| S  | M  | T  | W  | T  | F  | S  |
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| 8  | 9  | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 |
| 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 |

| S  | M  | T  | W  | T  | F  | S  |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 |
| 29 | 30 | 31 |    |    |    |    |