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CALENDAR

1985



Vakalisa
ART ASSOCIATES

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, Radlied Lombard, Michael Barry, Mario Stehle, Hamilton Budasa, Lionel Davis, Garth Erasmus, Johann Davids, James Matthews, Keith Adams, Rudien Hollman, Willie Adams, Beverley Jansen, Gladys Thomas, Mavis Smallberg, Arthur Pridell, Petrus Holo, Mike Dues, Peter Berry & 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

1 2 3 4 5

6 7 8 9 10 11 12

13 14 15 16 17 18 19

S M T W T F S

20 21 22 23 24 25 26

27 28 29 30 31



Illustration 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 DANSEN

FEBRUARY 1985

S M T W T F S

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S M T W T F S

17 18 19 20 21 22 23

24 25 26 27 28



sculpture by Heinrich Sudag

photograph by Edoardo Ghezzi

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

PROBATIONAL FORCES
— WITH DREAMS

MARCH 1985

← M T W T F S

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S M T W T F S

17 18 19 20 21 22 23

24 25 26 27 28 29 30

31



Photograph by Donald Lowmire

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

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28	29	30				



etching by Lionel David

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)
 — RUDINE HOLLMAN

MAY 1985

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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 stelig;
julle sal elke been in my afbreek
tot enkele protesgedigte.
maar my dood sal nes melatse
kruikend 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 kraakeel pangq-oop rond.

— ROSE WILLEMS



ontwerp by Arthur Broekman

foto's deur Eric van der

JUNE 1985

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23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30						



Photograph by David HARRIS

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 — NANO SHALLBERG

JULY 1985

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21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			



drawing by Gertie Groenewald

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
 gauged 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 EPYTAH

— MIKE DUES

AUGUST 1985

S M T W T F S

1 2 3

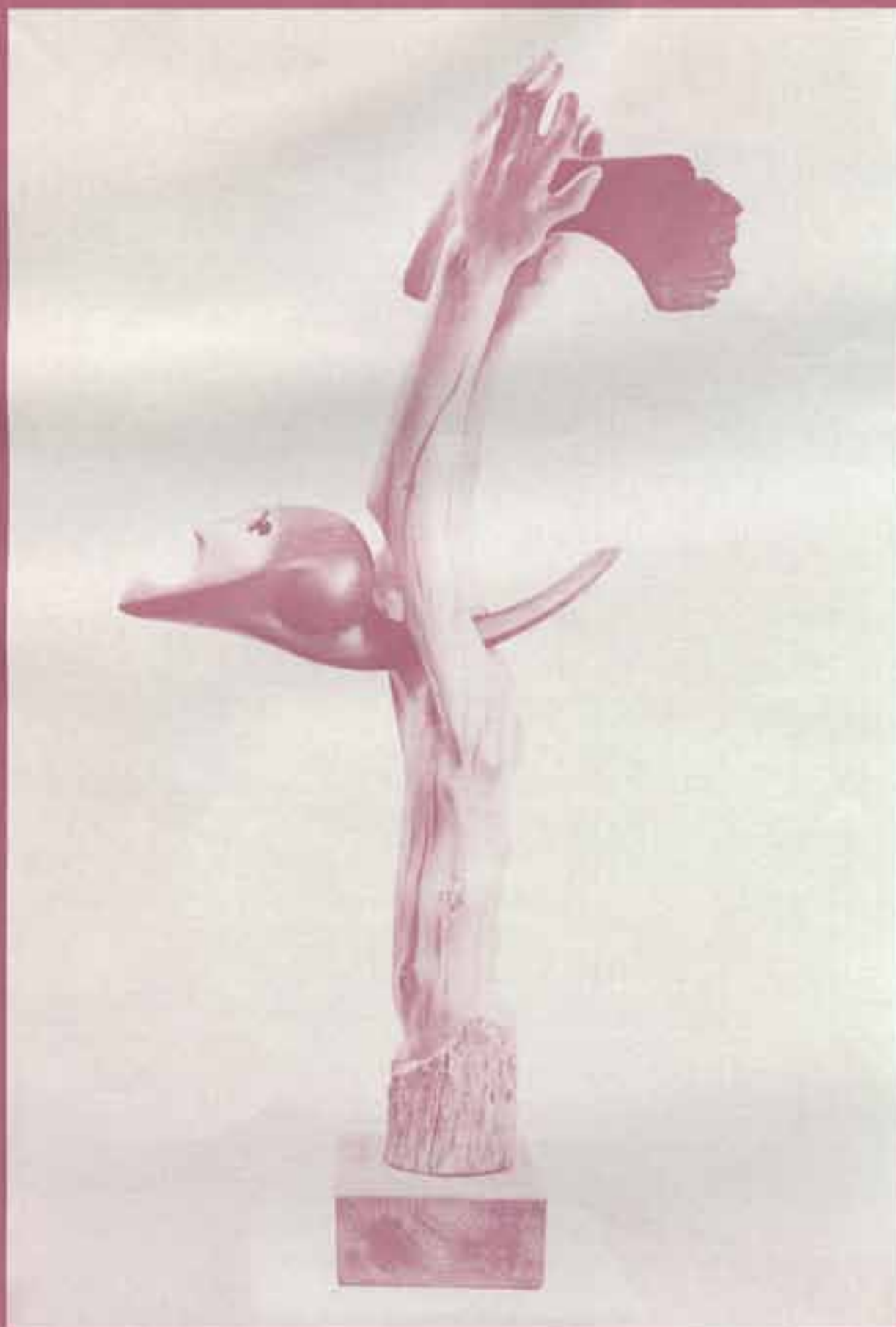
4 5 6 7 8 9 10

11 12 13 14 15 16 17

S M T W T F S

18 19 20 21 22 23 24

25 26 27 28 29 30 31



© 1985 by Peter Berry

Photography by Sam Lubart

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 1667)
 — PETER BERRY

SEPTEMBER 1985

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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29	30					



drawing by Robert Rauschenberg

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
 — GRADYS THOMAS

OCTOBER 1985

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13	14	15	16	17	18	19							



Sculpture by Patience Scott

Photograph by Steve Whitehead

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
 — ALLIE ADAMS

NOVEMBER 1985

S M T W T F S

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S M T W T F S

17 18 19 20 21 22 23

24 25 26 27 28 29 30



Illustration by Peter Clarke

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

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

COMET (REV. 5.8)
 — PETER CLARKE

See
 That galactic spark
 Tracing a memorable arc
 Of light,

DECEMBER 1985

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