

Inside Outside Voices From Johannesburg

THREE South African artists address the fragility of life in South Africa today as a multi ethnic population struggles to move forward into a future where the perceptions of the past will be forgotten. However, as these groups try to come together they are confronted by outside elements which cause insecurity. The result is that the people of South Africa erect both real and social walls or use the landscape to create a barrier in order to maintain their individuality.

The artists, each working in a different medium, talk about the concept of walls, both tangible and intangible in an exhibition this June.

World acclaimed jeweller Beverley Price equates gold and diamond jewellery to the false security of a post colonial era. She uses tin and aluminium to create jewellery demonstrating objects vital to everyday survival of street life. In other works she takes glass and acetate elevating the ordinary to a universal voice of Africa.

For artist Sidwell Rihlamvu, the giant walls erected for security create a barrier between white and black integration. The result is the streets have become a playground for the black population. With a visionary view to the future he sees a new no-mans land growing on the pavements, where blacks are pitching tents and turning the streets into a territory of their own.



Photographer Eric Miller, with brilliant photography, captures ancestral rites that define tribal identity of the Zulu, Xhosa and Swazi. He shows how other people such as the Himba remove themselves into remote parts of Namibia where in a dessert landscape surrounded by low mountain barriers they lead a nomadic life that sets them apart from other people.

This exhibition captures an era, where the people of South Africa are free but afraid. Curated by Jessica Deutsch, the exhibition will run from the 17th of June until the 15th of August at 11 Grosvenor Street, London. Closest Tube Station is Bond Street.

Inside Outside – Voices From Johannesburg will run from the 17th of June until the 15th of August at Tisettanta, 11 Grosvenor Street in London. For more information visit www.artstolife.com

Heartbeat and Upbeat



Welcome to our column written from within Zimbabwe, sharing the weekly realities for the people at financial ground zero.

I called a friend the other day and asked “How are you?” He said “Well my vital organs are still alright and my heart is still beating.” It made me realize how spoiled we can be here. So I thought I would try and be a bit less of a pessimist.

People are coming back to Zimbabwe. It's bizarre but it is true. I have always swum upstream when the other fish are going downstream. Just as I am thinking of where to make my next home, the Diaspora people of all races are returning.

A couple returned the other day from Cyprus and I have never seen such a positive attitude to life. They were the biggest pessimists when they left ten years ago, saying they could not afford to live, the political violence was intolerable and the place was done. Now there is a strange role reversal. They are full of energy and positivism, while the “hard core hangers on” are just drained. It could be the effects of the tough credit crunch out there, or perhaps those of us that are here have just forgotten how good our life really is. The pessimism that has overwhelmed us is not so much from the really trite difficulties we face that I have bored you all with, but the daily grind

of it. Years and years of difficulty eventually take their toll on a person's attitude.

When people ask me where I am from I say I'm a European African. This is as true as it gets. I get annoyed when people call me European as there are four generations separating me from my ancestors in Europe. I am only eligible for a Zimbabwe passport. I have been to many places and have never found one where I have felt at home enough to put down roots. I think this is why I have stayed, and to be honest, life in many ways is still very good in Zimbabwe, even for the poor. Tonderai, the caretaker at our block of flats met me at the gate yesterday. He wanted to open it for me, but his arms were full of treats for his children. He had cold drinks biscuits and crisps. I

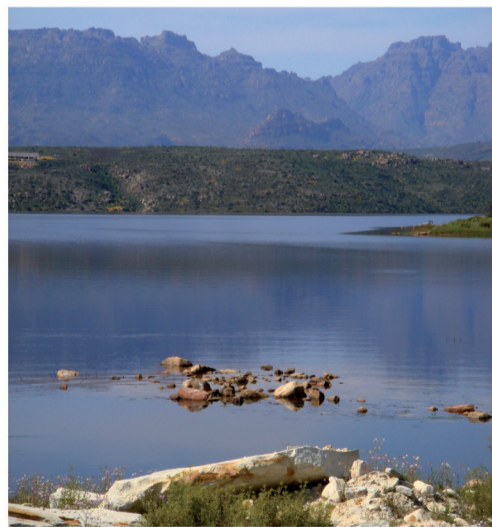
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haven't seen that in ten years.

Panashe who used to work as a messenger has gone the other way. I got a text message from Durban where he surfaced, taking advantage of the relaxed visa regulations that South Africa introduced recently. He used to be strictly an Oliver Mutukudzi fan and was also into Ragga and Rap. I told him Rap is just crap with a silent “c” being more of rock listener myself and introduced him to Red Hot Chilli Peppers, Cold Play and Travis. Here is his unedited text. “Sir, Gd news bought chillipepa mars but I couldn't find jupita. I will try Durban record dellaz 4 jupita and vivalavida and trevors. Any luck Boss about your dream angel?”

Not yet, but I live in hope.

The Dream doesn't have to end when you wake up



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