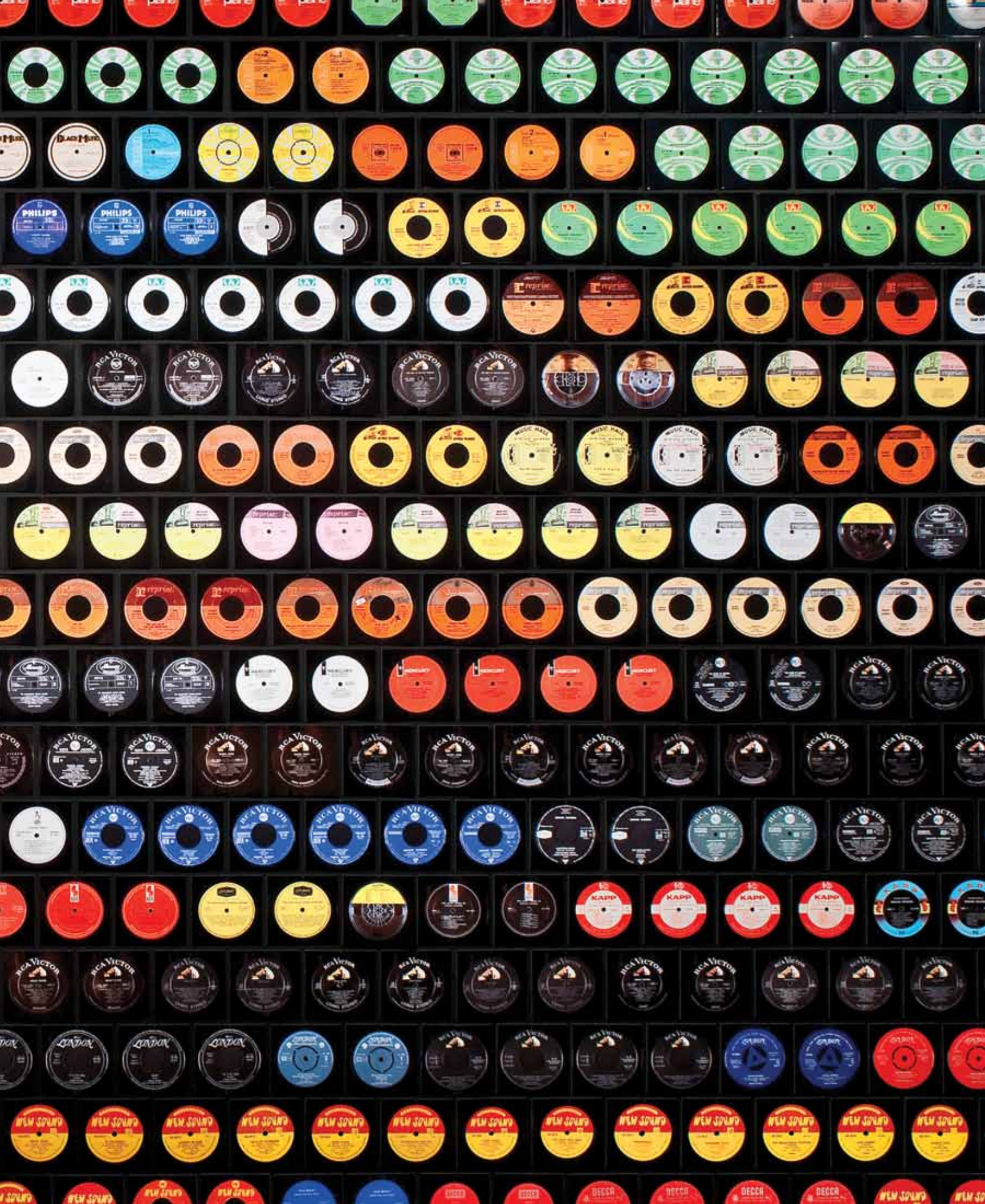
2010

Imaging South Africa: Collection Projects by Siemon Allen

Siemon Allen
Virginia Commonwealth University, sallen3@vcu.edu

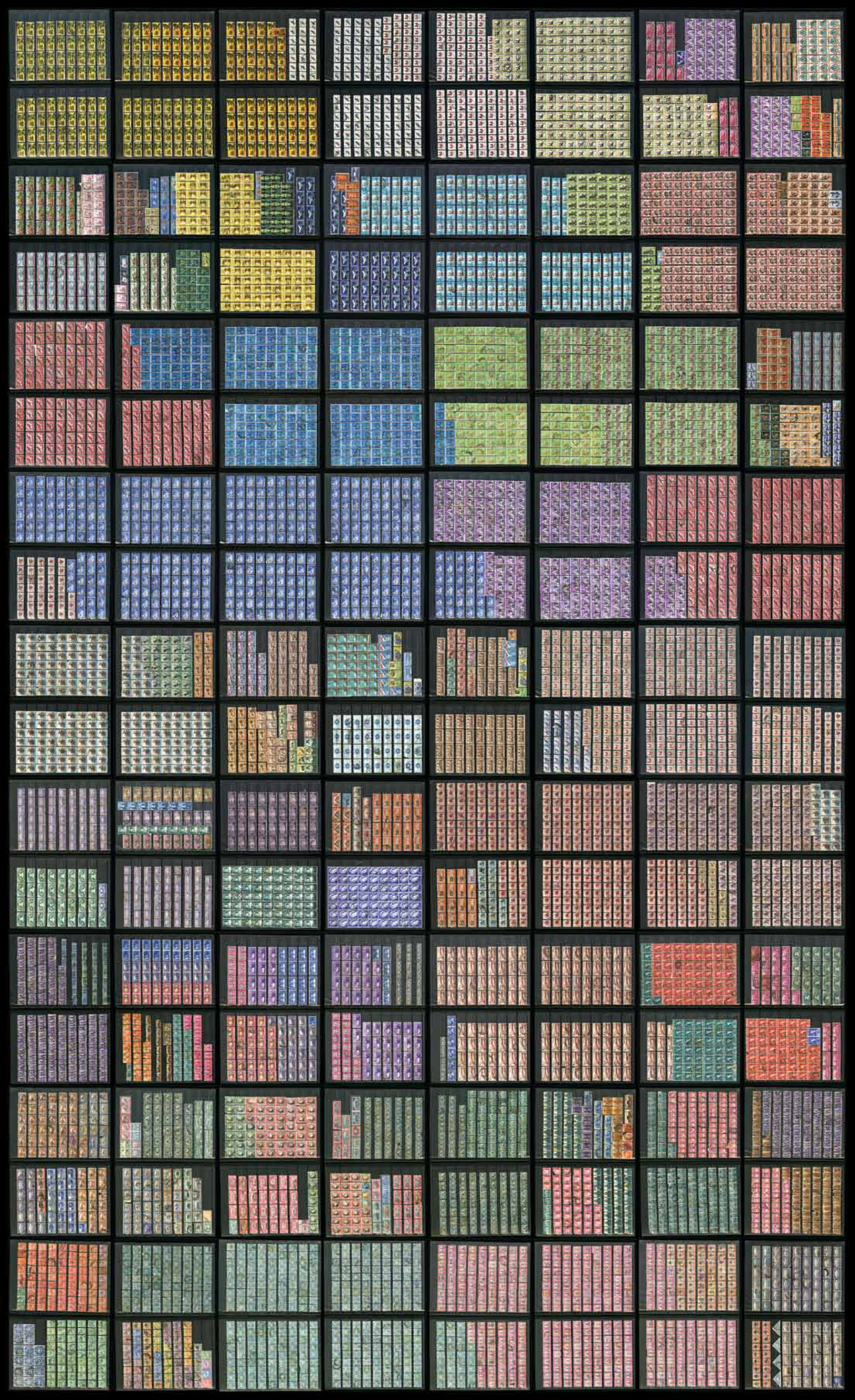

PHILIPS
RCA Victor
KAPP
NEW SOUND
DECCA

Imaging South Africa

Collection Projects by Siemon Allen

Ashley Kistler • Clive Kellner • Andrés Mario Zervigón

Anderson Gallery VCUarts



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FULL CIRCLE
Introduction and Acknowledgments
Ashley Kistler

Filling all three floors of the Anderson Gallery, this survey offers the most comprehensive presentation to date of Siemon Allen's collection projects, collectively titled *Imaging South Africa*. Although painstakingly crafted and constructed on site last month, Allen's new room-sized, woven-videotape sculpture, *Screen II*, harkens back to a series of works from the late 1990s that were in many ways precursors to his current projects. The exhibition also features six selections from his newest body of work, *Records*, a magnificent suite of monumental prints created from scans of individual vinyl records that the artist culled from his collection of over 2,000 South African audio artifacts. These pieces are joined by Allen's recently reconfigured and most expansive rendition of *Stamps*, a massive inventory of South African postal stamps now covering an entire century, and his latest installment of *Newspapers*, a multipart project charting coverage of his home country in various American newspapers. *Makeba!*, a pair of installations assembled from the collected recordings of the exiled South African singer and political activist, completes the exhibition.

The opportunity to experience this many of Allen's installations at once reveals ever more clearly numerous aspects of his artistic practice. Moving from one gallery space to the next imparts a growing sense of awareness of the countless small, and not so small, aesthetic and conceptual decisions that each piece required for its creation and presentation. These decisions accumulate incrementally, in much the same way that his collected fragments of material culture do, to produce inspired works of art. Allen speaks of this process in terms of "rival" content: literal content on the one hand, here focused on the shifting political and social face of South Africa, and aesthetic content on the other, replete in this exhibition with references to Modernist and Minimalist archetypes. His efforts to effectively intertwine these two separate but equal components evoke the ongoing struggle to merge classic content with classic form that has preoccupied artists for centuries.

Allen's overall conception of his exhibition as a single cohesive installation becomes apparent when considering how he has sequenced the viewer's encounter with each successive work. And while he has often treated installation

• left: ***Better***, 2010, actual size detail.
digital print, 78" x 78", edition: 2 + 1 artist proof.
Epson HDR ink on Hahnemühle Museum Etching
Fine Art Paper on Sintra.
Anderson Gallery, Richmond, VA.
• below: ***Better***, 2009.
digital print, 80" x 80", prototype, grid of 20 sheets joined.
Epson HDR ink on Epson Velvet Fine Art paper.
BANK Gallery, Durban, SA.

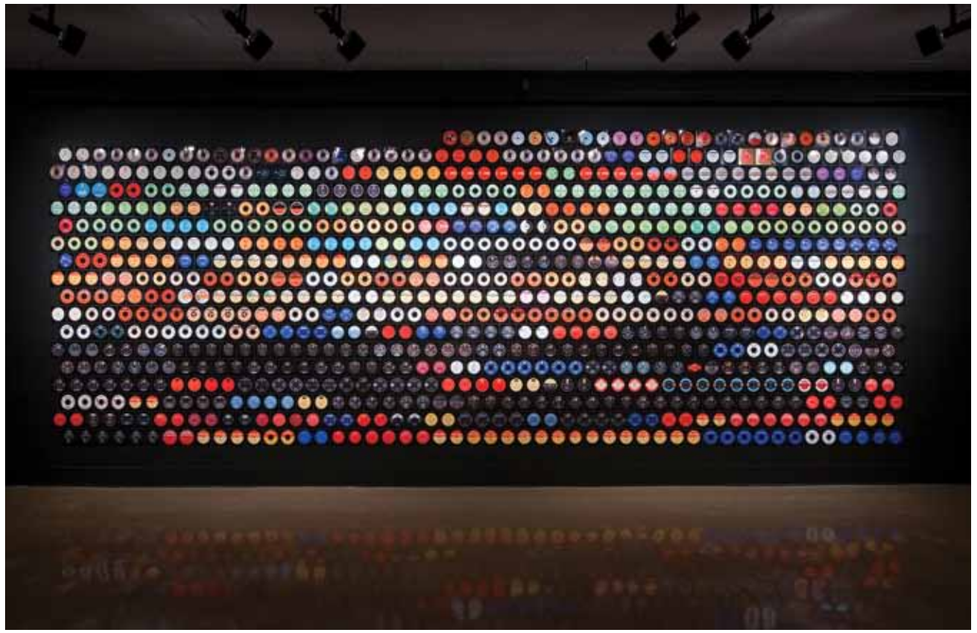
• top: ***Makeba!***, 2009.
record sleeves, clear acetate, aluminum, silver thread.
Anderson Gallery, Richmond, VA.
• above: ***Stamps V***, 2010.
100 years of South African stamps (1910 - 2010).
Anderson Gallery, Richmond, VA.
• right: ***Mirian Make Ba***, 2010
digital print, 78" x 78", edition: 2 + 1 artist proof.
Virginia Museum of Fine Art, Richmond, VA.

as a form of architectural intervention, in this instance he has applied a similar approach to the whole building. The circle, for example, emerges as one of several dominant motifs. Among other, distinctly different associations, Allen relates this format to the Afrikaans term *laager*, which referred in the 19th century to a Boer military encampment protected by a circle of wagons, reminiscent of the response of American pioneers to danger. It has since come to signify a defensive state of mind, closed to new ideas.

The curved wall constructed for *Newspapers*, which ushers viewers into the exhibition, is echoed on the second floor by the curving expanse of the transparent curtain containing the Makeba record jackets. Upon reaching the third floor, it has metamorphosed into the giant cylinder housing *Stamps* that, once entered, physically and psychologically encircles the viewer, whose initial view becomes a continuous field of pattern and color. The fact that this chronologically arranged collection begins with the first South African stamp ever issued—a depiction of the colonial monarch King George V—and ends exactly 100 years later with a reissue of the same stamp reinforces its circular character. The relocation of *Stamps* next year to a permanent home in South Africa will complete yet another circle.

This shape, of course, figures prominently in Allen's *Records*, a new series of prints that perhaps signals a different direction for his work. Having meticulously selected a dozen records from hundreds of options, he enlarged each scan by 750% so that the final print—nearly seven feet square—conveys extraordinary detail. The lush surfaces and vigorous presence of these prints recall physical aspects of Allen's *Screen II*; and like the videotape he used to weave this sculpture, the records are also silenced. Yet the union of form and content that Allen has achieved in his latest project yields artworks that are much more forthcoming in the information they contain. Bearing a singular network of marks, scratches, scuffs, and grooves, which distinguishes its exploded topographic surface from all others, each image represents a unique world of lived history. After all, as Allen notes, these damaged records have been literally played to death. Amplified visually if not aurally, his renditions transform the most humble and distressed objects into mesmerizing eulogies.

Mirian Make Ba, another stunning new print by Allen, is currently on view at the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts, in conjunction with the museum's exhibition, *Darkroom: Photography and New Media in South Africa Since 1950*, with which *Imaging South Africa* was scheduled to coincide. We are grateful to Tosha Grantham, curator of *Darkroom*, and Robin Nicholson, Chief Officer of Art, Education and Exhibitions, for their enthusiastic interest in showing this work.



Joint opening receptions were held at the VMFA and the Anderson Gallery, as well as at the Visual Arts Center of Richmond, where a portion of *Darkroom* is also displayed. Special thanks are extended to our colleagues at both the museum and the center for their kind consultation and collaboration.

This publication was made possible in part by generous funding from the Office of the Dean. For his support of Allen's exhibition, we thank Richard Toscan, Emeritus Dean of the VCU School of the Arts, who retired in June. Special thanks go also to South African curator Clive Kellner for his insightful essay, and to Andrés Zervigon, who so generously allowed us to reprint his article on Allen's early woven sculptures. At the Anderson, Gallery Coordinator Traci Garland and Exhibition Manager Michael Lease tackled with their usual finesse many tasks related to the exhibition's promotion and installation. The successful implementation of this project, like those preceding it over the last two years, has been dependent on their input, and I greatly appreciate the excellence that Traci and Michael apply to everything they do.

For their tireless labor on the gallery installation, the artist thanks Kyle Hosli, Miriam Ewers, Tim Devoe, John Henry Blatter, Miyuki Nishiuchi, Chris Mahonski, Molly Underwood, Terry Brown, Jesse Burrowes, Ledelle Moe, and his wife, Kendall Buster. Deep appreciation goes also to Henrietta Hamilton and Robert Frazier, Directors of BANK Gallery, and Jenny Strayer, Director of the Durban Art Gallery, for the opportunity last year to expand and exhibit in Durban, South Africa, the *Stamps*, *Newspapers*, and *Records* projects; to Sharon Burger and Grace Kotze, who provided heroic support for these installations; and to music critic Richard Haslop who kindly opened the *Records* show at BANK Gallery. The artist extends special gratitude to Gordon Schachat for his generous support and patronage, and to Clive Kellner and Jeannnine Howse of the gordonschachatcollection. Finally, the artist sincerely thanks Denise Allen, Bob Allen, Maxine Poisson, and Phyllis Gray for helping to accumulate the massive archive of stamps and for making so many of these projects possible.

Most of all, huge thanks are due to Siemon for undertaking with such perfection what always promised to be an enormous project. It has been fascinating to witness firsthand the unfolding of his exceptional exhibition. Keenly reflecting its maker's intelligence, talent, compassion, tenacity, and precision, *Imaging South Africa* continues to illuminate so much in so many ways.

Ashley Kistler is Director of the Anderson Gallery at the School of the Arts, Virginia Commonwealth University, in Richmond.

- left top: ***Stamps V***, 2010.
100 years of South African stamps (1910 - 2010).
stamps, pins, acetate, cloth, wood.
Anderson Gallery, Richmond, VA.
- left bottom: ***Labels***, 2009.
digital prints, map pins
Anderson Gallery, Richmond, VA.
- above: ***Stamps V***, 2010.
100 years of South African stamps (1910 - 2010).
stamps, pins, cloth, wood.
Anderson Gallery, Richmond, VA.


SOMETHING NEW FROM AFRICA

KING KONG
JAZZ OPERA

MIRIAM MAKEBA
MIRIAM MAKEBA

MIRIAM MAKEBA
MIRIAM MAKEBA

MIRIAM MAKEBA
MIRIAM MAKEBA

MIRIAM MAKEBA
GOLD STAR
MIRIAM MAKEBA

MIRIAM MAKEBA
THE MANY VOICES OF
MIRIAM MAKEBA

SOUNDS OF AFRICA

KING KONG
JAZZ OPERA

MIRIAM MAKEBA
MIRIAM MAKEBA

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THE MANY VOICES OF
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THE MANY VOICES OF
MIRIAM MAKEBA

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THE MANY VOICES OF
MIRIAM MAKEBA

KING KONG
JAZZ OPERA

MIRIAM MAKEBA

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MIRIAM MAKEBA

MIRIAM MAKEBA

THE MANY VOICES OF
MIRIAM MAKEBA

MIRIAM MAKEBA

MAKEBA!

The most recent project in the *Imaging South Africa* series, *Records* comprises several collections, which initially focused on recordings by the South African singer and anti-apartheid activist, Miriam Makeba. A few years ago, I was looking through records at a thrift store in Richmond and came across the LP, *An Evening with Belafonte/Makeba*. It was two dollars. The album dated from 1965, and reading the liner notes on the jacket, I began to reflect upon how such a record cover had operated in the dissemination of a political message. How did these commodities, mass-produced in the Americas and Europe, help to create an awareness of the political realities of apartheid South Africa?

The project developed through an extensive search that ultimately led me to the international market, eBay. Assembled over two years of sifting through internet auctions and receiving thousands of emails, I collected Makeba recordings from all over the world. In an effort to map the journey of each record (and by implication Makeba's voice), I catalogued where each was first recorded and where each was purchased. Now numbering more than 400 individually acquired items, the collection includes 78 rpm discs, vinyl records, singles, 4-track reel-to-reel tapes, 8-track cartridges, cassette tapes, compact discs, and other exceptional discoveries like a steel-and-acetate demo recording.

I photographed all the labels of the items and, using pins, installed them chronologically from bottom to top and right to left, directly onto the wall. *Labels* became a document of Makeba's life work but also formed a color field that was for me reminiscent of a kind of craft work in South Africa.

The second work produced from this archive consisted of the record covers and CD inserts, also assembled chronologically in a grid, which revealed Makeba's changing portrait over time and the expanding global reach of her message. The liner notes on the back sides of the covers include a significant range of political content. Notably, when comparing different pressings of identical albums, potentially controversial information was edited out in some countries and foregrounded in others.

As the *Makeba*! project progressed, I found myself slowly expanding the limits of the collection to include any audio artifact from South Africa—jazz, punk, plays, political speeches, sports commentary, etc. I eventually focused on unusual material that now includes over 600 rare 78 rpm shellac discs. I have begun what will be my ultimate goal for this ongoing archive of over 2,000 items: to document all the information and to make it available as a searchable database on the web.

Notes on Makeba records on pages that follow:
p. 18: ***Miriam Makeba***, self-titled, HA 2332, London Records, pressed in Israel, 1960. Makeba's debut LP, recorded in the United States, features glowing liner notes by Harry Belafonte and quotes from *Time* magazine. One paragraph states: "Though she tries many styles, she never sings the Afrikaaner songs of white South Africa. "When Afrikaaners sing in my language," she says, "then I will sing in theirs." This text is notably absent from UK pressings and earlier Israeli copies, but is uncensored on US and New Zealand issues.
p. 19: ***Miriam Makeba***, self-titled, ZA 6037, London Records, pressed in South Africa, 1960. The *Time* magazine quotes mentioned in the US pressings are notably absent, and a rather patronizing text is substituted.
p. 20: ***An Evening with Belafonte/Makeba***, LPM 3420, RCA Records, pressed in the USA, 1965. I found this record in a thrift store in Richmond, VA for $2. It is the LP that started the whole project. The liner notes here are explicitly anti-apartheid.
p. 21: ***Chants d'Afrique No. 2***, 435.018, RCA Victor, pressed in France, 1964. This LP is more commonly known as *The Voice of Africa* and features a different image from the same shoot.

EXHIBITION HISTORY

2009 | *Imaging South Africa: Records*
BANK Gallery, Durban, South Africa

2010 | *Mirian Make Ba*
Presented in conjunction with the exhibition *Darkroom* curated by Tosha Grantham
Virginia Museum of Fine Art, Richmond, VA

- left: ***Makeba!***, 2009.
Anderson Gallery, Richmond, VA.
- below: ***Labels*** and ***Map,*** 2009.
BANK Gallery, Durban, SA.
The map dipicted below indexes countries that manufactured Makeba records, in the collection, in red. The yellow pins marked places where records were purchased through eBay and other sources.
- pp. 22-3, 25: ***Makeba!***, 2009, installation view.
Anderson Gallery, Richmond, VA.
- p. 24: ***Makeba!***, 2009, installation view.
BANK Gallery, Durban, SA.

MIRIAM MAKEBA

TIME, The Weekly News Magazine, February 1, 1960:

Singer Miriam Makeba, a Xosa tribeswoman (full name: Zensi Miriam Makeba Qgwashu ngu vama yi keti le nonxgoma sitiu xa saku ngu ba ukutsha sithathe izitaha sisi khalu sivuke ngomso sisi chole eso singe kuaye singa bikho nfalo singamelana singa mangamla nagithi‡), is probably too shy to realize it, but her return to Africa would leave a noticeable gap in the U. S. entertainment world, which she entered a mere six weeks ago. . . .

At Manhattan's Blue Angel, a smoky, low-ceilinged saloon-for-sophisticates, she is delighting the customers with the songs and styles she learned as a child. In her high, sweet, reedy voice, the knowing can hear many echoes—of Ella Fitzgerald, whose records she bought as a child, of Harry Belafonte, who helped her get started in the U.S.—but she sings like no one else.

CLICK OF CORKS. The close-cropped, wooly head and the sleek white Fifth Avenue gown come from different worlds, but the combination has charm and grace of its own. In a ballad, she maintains the clean, classic phrasing of a church singer, she can be roguish in a West Indian ditty about a naughty flea, and she can make a . . . lament of A Warrior's Retreat Song. . . . When Makeba sings or talks in her native Xosa dialect, its expressive staccato clicks sound like the popping of champagne corks. Though she tries many styles, she never sings the Afrikaaner songs of white South Africa. ("When Afrikaaners sing in my language," she says, "then I will sing in theirs.") But whatever mood she assumes, Miriam Makeba maintains a simple and primitive stoicism that sets her sharply apart from the emotional, often artificial style of American Negro singers.

THE SHOW WENT ON. As remarkable as anything about Makeba is the fact that, however arresting her talent, she managed to sing her way out of the anonymity of South African Negro life. Helping her mother in various servants' jobs around Johannesburg, Miriam sang in school, at weddings and funerals. If she could get close to a radio, she tuned in the native songs played on Johannesburg radio stations. "Anyone who sings, makes music," says she, "as long as it's good to my ear."

At 17, she began singing at benefits—some nights for Negroes, some nights for whites. Soon she joined a traveling group called The Black Manhattan Brothers (eleven men and Miriam), and for three years she barnstormed all over Rhodesia, the Belgian Congo and South Africa. "The bus often broke down," Miriam remembers, "and after the first five months I was crying all the time. But they kept telling me the show must go on. We always managed to get there on time."

Miriam finally left the group to join a touring musical variety show, then got the female lead in a Negro jazz opera called *King Kong* (based on a true story of a prizefighter who killed his mistress). In 1958 restless Singer Makeba applied for a passport, and after a year's wait she was on her way to London. From there she moved on to Manhattan's downtown Village Vanguard, then uptown to the Angel.

The critics and public have already expressed themselves about the talent of Miriam Makeba with phrases like "a new high-voltage electric charge"■ . . . "the appearance of a new star"* . . . "sings like no one else."● National notices and feature articles in *Time, Look, The New York Times, Newsweek* and many others sprang from only three engagements—her first after arriving from South Africa.

Now is the moment for another debut—her first record album. I was present during these recording sessions, and it was a remarkable experience. The sparks were there in Miss Makeba's artistry and her strangely powerful songs—in themselves a startling blend of the highly sophisticated and the primitive. The combination of Makeba, the music and the musicians erupted into a kind of musical spontaneous combustion rarely encountered in a studio. This album which resulted presents a "Makeba-in-depth" which may never be fully realized in quite the same way on TV or the night club stage.

There is little I can add to the acclaim already written by others about this great artist. Knowing her and working with her* count as one of my greatest artistic privileges. Like you, I shall be playing and replaying these exciting performances by one of today's strongest musical personalities.

Harry Belafonte

THE RETREAT SONG (Jikele Maweni)
A Xosa warrior's song of defeat; literally a call to "take to the cliffs." A happy song melodically, it is ironically almost humorous in treatment.

SULIRAM
An Indonesian lullaby.

THE CLICK SONG
A festive Xosa song sung at weddings.

UMHOME
An unaccompanied Swazi lament. The text tells of a betrayal by friend.

OLILILI
A lullaby-lament. The woman discovers she has been deserted by her husband. She tries to comfort her child who is crying with hunger.

LAKUTSHN, ILANGA
At sunset a man longs for his wife and begs her to come back to him.

MBUBE
A familiar Zulu song about a lion hunt. Various other versions known under the title "Wimoweh" and "Whim Away."

THE NAUGHTY LITTLE FLEA
A calypso-oriented song which is self-explanatory.

WHERE DOES IT LEAD?
"Where does it lead,
This strange young love of mine?"

NOMEVA
A Xosa love song.

HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN
"There is a house in New Orleans
They call the Rising Sun."

SADUVA
Xosa song about a child who has been away misbehaving. She comes home and says it wasn't her fault; she was misled by a friend.

ONE MORE DANCE
An improbable Austrian tune with words which make their own satiric comment on the battle of the sexes.

IYA GUDUZA
All three voices are Miss Makeba. Perhaps the first multiple recording in Zulu. The story is a lighthearted account of a ne'er-do-well husband who hides until his wife leaves for work, then searches the house for drinking money.

‡Simply a series of native first names, e.g. Jane, Mary, Ellen, etc.
■New York World Telegram ●Look ●Time
*Miriam Makeba appeared with Harry Belafonte on his Carnegie Hall Benefit Concert, May 2nd, 1960.

with the
BELAFONTE FOLK SINGERS
Conducted by MILT OKUN
GUITAR: PERRY LOPEZ

Produced by Bob Bollard

SIDE 1

The Retreat Song *(Jikele Maweni)* ASCAP
Suliram BMI
The Click Song ASCAP
Umhome ASCAP
Olilili ASCAP
Lakutshn, Ilanga PRS/ASCAP
Mbube
*(with The Chad Mitchell Trio**)* PRS/ASCAP

SIDE 2

The Naughty Little Flea BMI
Where Does It Lead? BMI
Nomeva ASCAP
House of the Rising Sun ASCAP
Saduva ASCAP
One More Dance *(and Charles Coleman)* BMI
Iya Guduza ASCAP

Recorded at Webster Hall, New York City.
Recording Engineer: Bob Simpson.

IMPORTANT NOTICE—This is a "New Orthophonic" High Fidelity recording, designed for the phonograph of today or tomorrow. Played on your present machine, it gives you the finest quality of reproduction. Played on a "Stereophonic" machine, it gives even more brilliant true-to-life fidelity. You can buy today, without fear of obsolescence in the future.

**The Chad Mitchell Trio appears through the courtesy of Colpix Records.

ZA 6037

MIRIAM MAKEBA

ZA 6037

The Most Exciting New Singing Talent to Appear in Years!

So "Time Magazine" describes Miriam Makeba, the young African girl who left her home in Johannesburg to top the bill at the most exclusive New York and Las Vegas night spots.

THE BLUE ANGEL . . . . THE VILLAGE VANGUARD . . . . THE STEVE ALLEN TELEVISION PROGRAMME . . . . These are milestones in her sensational rocketing to Show Business Stardom - and bigger things lie ahead. Miriam - quiet and almost shy in everyday life, but an atom bomb the moment she steps under the spotlight - has put African music on the map with an explosion that mushroomed from Coast to Coast in the United States.

A couple of years ago the name of Miriam Makeba was quite unknown, then she started singing at occasional concerts. Before long she had attracted the attention of the Manhattan Brothers, the best known all African male quartet. She appeared with them, made recordings with them, and when producer Leon Gluckman went cast-hunting for the African musical "King Kong", he chose Miriam as one of his leads.

On the dramatic opening night of "King Kong", Miriam brought the audience to their feet with her dynamic interpretation of "BACK OF THE MOON". A new star was born - a star of Africa.

This is Miriam's first long-playing recording. She has come quite a long way since she nervously faced her first recording microphone and if you remember those first recordings, you will notice the tremendous difference. As the company who produced her first record, Gallo (Africa) Limited are proud to present to the world . . . . the new Miriam Makeba - Africa's Queen of Song.

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RECORD PAC

with the
BELAFONTE FOLK SINGERS
GUITAR: PERRY LOPEZ

Produced by Bob Bollard

SIDE 1

The Retreat Song *(Jikele Maweni)*
Suliram
The Click Song
Umhome
Olilili
Lakutshn, Ilanga
Mbube

SIDE 2

The Naughty Little Flea
Where Does It Lead?
Nomeva
House of the Rising Sun
Saduva
One More Dance
Iya Guduza

Recorded at Webster Hall, New York City.
Recording Engineer: Bob Simpson.

LONDON RECORDS

AN EVENING WITH BELAFONTE/MAKEBA
Songs from Africa

Conducted by Jonas Gwangwa and Howard Roberts
Arrangements by Jonas Gwangwa
Produced by Andy Wiswell
Executive Producer: Harry Belafonte

Mono LPM-3420
Stereo LSP-3420

In September 1958, while I was on a European concert tour, I went to London to do a series of broadcasts for BBC television. After one of the performances in the early hours of the morning, I returned to the hotel and in the lobby I was approached by a young Negro and a white priest. They explained that they were from South Africa and were just two of hundreds in London who had to flee their country because of their government's racial policies. They asked if I would meet with a group of political exiles and, if possible, assist in aiding their cause. Two days later I met with them and heard stories of murder, brutality and savagery—the kind of human suffering comparable only to Hitler's Nazi Germany.

One of the Africans at that gathering was a young, lovely woman named Miriam Makeba. While there, they showed an incredibly moving film called "Come Back Africa," in which Miss Makeba appeared. This motion picture, filmed in secrecy, showed the true story of the unbelievable inhumanity of South Africa. Miriam Makeba's own relatives and friends were wantonly murdered as part of the stringent policy of *apartheid* of the South African government. Many of her closest friends are still imprisoned today, merely because they seek dignity and the right to freedom. In one of the songs in this album, *To Those We Love*, Miriam sings of some of her dear friends who will pay with their lives for their commitment to the liberation. In South Africa there is no justice for the black man, or for those whites who dare call themselves "friend" and "brother" of the black man.

Since that initial meeting, I have been deeply committed to the liberation movement of South Africa. Subsequently, many of the young men and women whom I first met in London have come to the United States. Most of them are now students in some of the leading American universities; some of them have since returned to Africa and are continuing to fulfill their responsibilities to the liberation of their country; and yet another group can be found from time to time in many of our great cities, bringing to our audiences their superb gifts as artists. One of these artists is Miriam Makeba.

No single experience in my association with many artists throughout the world has been more fulfilling than my association with Miriam. In the last four years we have performed together many times, before hundreds of thousands of people. We have been in tents, in theaters, ball parks, small clubs, on television—and in every instance audiences have responded warmly to Miss Makeba's art.

Through the personal involvement of Mr. George Marek, Vice President and General Manager of RCA Victor Record Division, she has recorded: "Miriam Makeba" (LPM/LSP-2267); "The World of Miriam Makeba" (LPM/LSP-2750); "The Voice of Africa" (LPM/LSP-2845); "Makeba Sings!" (LPM/LSP-3321).

This album is not only a collection of African songs sung in the tongues of various tribes; it is a reflection of all the things I have spoken of. It is a reflection of the political; it is a reflection of the human interchange.

I am deeply grateful to Miriam for having exposed me to this great richness that is African music and folklore. And I am also deeply grateful for having had the opportunity to perform in this album with her.

Harry Belafonte

SIDE 1

TRAIN SONG *(Mbombela)*—Xhosa
Harry Belafonte/Miriam Makeba
(ASCAP 3:08)
African tribesmen see a train for the first time, and describe its movement.

IN THE LAND OF THE ZULUS *(Kwazulu)*—Zulu
Miriam Makeba
(ASCAP 2:30)
"I'll never go to Zululand, for that is where my father died . . ."

HUSH, HUSH *(Thula, Thula)*—Zulu
Harry Belafonte
(ASCAP 3:03)
A song of consolation sung by young boys in reform school.

TO THOSE WE LOVE *(Nongqongqo)*—Xhosa
Miriam Makeba
(ASCAP 2:15)
The story of South African leaders such as Sobukwe, Luthuli and Mandela who have been imprisoned because of their beliefs.

GIVE US OUR LAND *(Mabayeke)*—Zulu
Harry Belafonte
(ASCAP 2:27)
A protest song demanding the return of the land to its rightful owners.

BEWARE, VERWOERD! *(Ndodemnyama)*—Xhosa
Miriam Makeba
(ASCAP 2:05)
A warning to the Prime Minister of South Africa that the black man is on the move.

SIDE 2

GONE ARE MY CHILDREN *(Baile Banake)*—Sotho
Harry Belafonte
(ASCAP 2:47)
"Our sons have been sent to the mines—perhaps never to return . . ."

HURRY, MAMA, HURRY! *(Khawuleza)*—Xhosa
Miriam Makeba
(ASCAP 3:25)
"Hurry, mama, and hide—the police are on their way!"

MY ANGEL *(Malaika)*—Swahili
Harry Belafonte/Miriam Makeba
(BMI 3:12)
A love song from Kenya describing the plight of a young man too poor to marry his sweetheart.

CANNON *(Mbayi, Mbayi)*—Zulu
Miriam Makeba
(ASCAP 2:47)
"We will stand against our enemies and they will run away."

LULLABY *(Thula Sthandwa Same)*—Zulu
Harry Belafonte
(ASCAP 2:46)
"Hush, my child. Don't cry, your mother is coming."

SHOW ME THE WAY, MY BROTHER *(Iph'Indlela)*—Zulu
Harry Belafonte
(ASCAP 3:10)
Originally a South African wedding song, and now used by the young people to say, "Show me the way to freedom and happiness . . ."

Recorded at RCA Victor's Studio A, New York City
Recording Engineer: Bob Simpson

DYNAGROOVE

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Percussion: Auchee Lee, Solomon Hart, Chief Bey, Ralph MacDonald, Percy Brice

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MIRIAM MAKEBA

DYNAGROOVE
LE SON DU XX° SIECLE


MIRIAM MAKEBA
Pata Pata
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MAKEBA
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IMAGING SOUTH AFRICA
The Archival Turn in Siemon Allen's Production

Clive Kellner

Found yet constructed, factual yet fictive, public yet private.

— Hal Foster[1]

How has the memory of the colonial and apartheid past been indexed in artistic production?

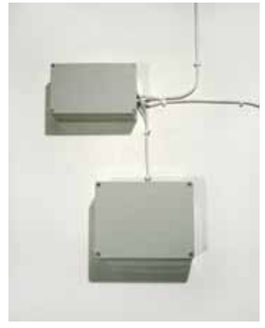
— Okwui Enwezor[2]

My creative relationship with Siemon Allen has been an ongoing conversation that can be traced over two decades and began in 1989, when we were both art students at Technikon Natal in Durban, South Africa. It was a vital period in the country's history, framed by those years just prior to and after the end of the apartheid era. At the time, Allen co-founded the FLAT Gallery, an alternative space and experiment-in-living project that was the site for many of the studio practices that would later shape his work. I began what would become a move from the studio to curatorial practice by entering the first Johannesburg Biennale Curators Programme and then the curatorial programme at De Appel in Amsterdam.

One of my first independent curatorial efforts was an international group exhibition in 1996 at the Generator Art Space, an alternative venue in downtown Johannesburg. Titled *Hitchhiker*, the show looked at old and new media and the notion of migration in contemporary practice. It featured the work of twenty artists, including Eugenio Dittborn, Jimmie Durham, Olu Oguibe, and Moshekwa Langa. For the exhibition, Allen produced a piece that required the installation of an industrial siren in the gallery—the type of siren commonly used in South African factories and mines to signal breaks and to resume work, thus regulating the hours of the labourers' day. When the siren rang, the sound was deafening, almost violent. Allen's gesture called attention to the brute power of an imposed regulatory system, and it functioned as a disruption within the exhibition itself, bringing the outside world into the gallery.

The historic 2nd Johannesburg Biennale took place the following year. Okwui Enwezor's monumental *Trade Routes: History & Geography* included an exhibition of contemporary South African art at the South African National

- left: ***Church***, 2010.
digital print, 78" x 78", edition: 2 + 1 artist proof.
Epson HDR ink on Hahnemühle Museum Etching Fine Art Paper on Sintra, gordonschachatcollection, Johannesburg, SA.
- below: ***Work***, 1996.
siren, timing device.
Generator Art Space, Johannesburg, SA.



• ***La Jetée***, 1997.
woven VHS videotape, steel
2nd Johannesburg Bienale, *Graft*
South African National Gallery, Cape Town, SA.

Gallery in Cape Town. Titled *Graft* and curated by Colin Richards, this exhibition included a version of Allen's earlier siren piece. More significantly, the show also featured a new work by Allen called *La Jetée*, a massive installation of black mirror-like panels made with woven videotape. Sited to reflect on its surface works in the gallery's permanent collection, the panels interfered with any attempts by visitors for neutral viewing or normal movement through the space. Composed of 40 connected panels, each measuring one metre by three metres, the installation operated as an architectural intervention within the gallery's display of iconic "resistance art." As one of Allen's seminal woven works, it would lead to an extended exploration of film, audio, and VHS stock in sculptures that incorporated aspects of painting and architecture. Ten years later, in an exhibition entitled *Disturbance* at the Johannesburg Art Gallery that I organized with colleague Maria Fidel Regueros, he showed *The Birds*, a large-scale piece woven out of old 16mm film footage of the Hitchcock masterpiece; in this instance, the tiny, embedded, just visible images on the film created an overall pattern. Like his earlier woven videotape works, *The Birds* resided in a territory where painting and sculpture merge.

Last year, as curator of the gordonschachatcollection, a private collection in Johannesburg of predominantly modern and contemporary South African art, I travelled to Durban to see Allen's concurrent exhibitions at the Durban Art Gallery and BANK Gallery. I was struck by the complexity of his powerful room-sized installations and immediately reminded of the transformative power of art, of how an artist can act at once as mediator, collector, and archivist. The Schachat Collection subsequently acquired Allen's new suite of twelve monumental prints, *Records*, which was featured in the 2009 Johannesburg Art Fair, as well as his massive installation, *Stamps*.

Allen's act of art making can be described as "an archival impulse."[3] He is a prodigious collector of stamps, books, newspapers, vinyl records and, more recently, audio recordings. According to historian Pierre Nora, our whole society lives for archival production. "At a time when we both crave and feel overwhelmed by information," he observes, "the archive can seem like a more authoritative, or somehow, more authentic body of information or of objects bearing value and meaning."[4] Our human nature compels us to privilege certain cultural objects over others, and to assert their value economically and culturally; the creation of value, both symbolic and economic, is a mediated process. Collecting is a form of archiving. As such, a collection attests to and illuminates the political, social, and economic variables shaping society. In this way, Allen's collection projects operate as cultural markers within the larger changing social, political, and economic climate.

1. Hal Foster, "An Archival Impulse," in *October*, No. 110, MIT Press, Cambridge, Fall 2004.
2. Okwui Enwezor, "The Enigma of the Rainbow Nation, Contemporary South African Art at the Crossroads of History," in *Personal Affects: Power and Poetics in Contemporary South African Art*, ed. Sophie Perryer, Museum for African Art and Spier, New York and Cape Town, 2004.
3. The term "an archival impulse" is credited to Hal Foster in his essay of the same title in October, No. 110, MIT Press, Cambridge , Fall 2004, pp. 3-22.
4. This quotation taken from Sue Breakell, *Perspectives: Negotiating the Archive* at http://www.tate.org.uk/research/tateresearch/tatepapers/08spring/breakell.shtm

The post-apartheid environment has been a fertile site for Allen's artistic production. In the past sixteen years since apartheid formally ended, rapid transformations have occurred in South Africa. After moving to the United States in 1997, Allen has continued to observe, collect, isolate, and present various forms of ephemera that have been used to brand and rebrand South Africa. Considering his work brings to mind French philosopher Jacques Derrida's notion of the archive as a site of power and authority, and also American critic Hal Foster's notion of the archive as a mode of practice or a point of reference for the artist. Allen's collections of newspapers, stamps, and records not only suggest an affinity with the archive as the artist's mode of practice, but also infer an added political dimension as his presentation is never neutral. He is an active observer and participant.

First exhibited at FUSEBOX in Washington, DC, in 2001, *Newspapers* considers the "external construction of an image of South Africa" presented in the US news media.[5] Allen developed and expanded the project to include newspapers from each of the cities where it has been exhibited. To date, they include *The Washington Post, The Washington Times, St. Louis Post-Dispatch, The Des Moines Register*, and *The New York Times*. Allen collected, isolated, and presented selected articles in a chronological arrangement. He used tracing paper to conceal everything except articles about South Africa, foregrounding "what might otherwise be considered marginal news."[6] By choosing the local newspaper of the city where the project was on view, Allen aimed to mirror to that community its coverage of an 'other' foreign place—South Africa.

With regard to South Africa's recent hosting of the World Cup, the reality of what visitors actually experienced in the country this past summer contrasted sharply with the negative image that was earlier constructed by the foreign media. On another level, Allen's experience of viewing his home country through the US media foregrounds the artist's own dislocation from his country, family, and memories. He observes a distorted image of a place called home. In this, he is both an insider and an outsider.

The most recent iteration of *Stamps* consists of 50,000 individual postal stamps displayed in a cylindrical, architecturally-impressive installation. The work is not a philatelic exercise, although it does speak to that form of collecting. Exhibited in 2009 at the Durban Art Gallery, this collection begins with the Union of South Africa in 1910, represented by a stamp of King George V, and marks the transformation of South Africa's colonial past into its democratic present. Not unlike German painter Gerhard Richter's *Colour Charts*, the work relies on the language of the encyclopaedic. Richter's paintings are "structured on a pre-

• top: ***Records***, 2010.
view of the digital prints, Johannesburg Art Fair.
gordonschachatcollection, Johannesburg, SA.
• above: ***Stamps IV***, 2009.
stamps, pins, acetate, perspex, wood, aluminum
Durban Art Gallery, Durban, SA.

5. Taken from an interview with Amanda Bowker and Siemon Allen for the exhibition, *The American Effect* at the Whitney Museum in New York, 2003.
6. Ibid.

• ***25th Anniversay of the Soweto Uprising***, stamp issued June 16, 2001, SAPO. design: Lehlohonolo Moagi, photo: Sam Nzima. This is the first South African stamp to officially acknowledge the apartheid past—issued seven years after the historic 1994 elections. Sam Nzima's photo shows Mbuyisa Makhubu carrying the body of Hector Pieterson, who was shot by police during student protests against Afrikaans as the school language medium, in June of 1976.

established system of colour determination, removing artistic whim",[7] likewise, Allen's stamps are found objects configured in a minimalist grid that suggests the work as archival trace. An archival turn is suggested as one hundred years of a nation's history is presented through images of the Queen of England, the Voortrekker Centenary (1838-1938), the anniversary of the 1976 Soweto uprising, Nelson Mandela, and former President Thabo Mbeki, among others.[8] Described by Allen as "an internally constructed image of South Africa" as opposed to the "externally constructed image" of *Newspapers*, this project revolves around an exclusive narrative of sovereignty, colonialism, struggle, and liberation.[9] In a very public way, it is a symbolic portrayal of how a country represents itself to the outside world, but largely for its own purposes. Allen's singular act has been to appropriate and historicize the past into the present.

Records includes a new series of monumental prints—each measuring nearly two metres square—made from scans of shellac and vinyl discs that Allen selected from his expansive collection of over 2,000 South African audio items. The entire suite of twelve prints was shown at the Johannesburg Art Fair last March. Entering the space was like standing in the Rothko Chapel: the images initially suggested color-field paintings floating a short distance from the wall. Like the serial works by German photographers Bernd and Hiller Becher, Allen's Records embraces a typology in which each image is formally similar to the next; yet each image in the series has a unique, metaphysical presence. His prints speak about seriality in relation to image and surface, where the ever-present tensions between figure and ground are revealed. And it is the surface of these images that is so astounding. The viewer's eye traces the magnified topography of scratches, marks, and lines that convey in each a sense of lived history, as well as the concentric grooves graphically etched into the vinyl. The record appears sculptural and tangible, but we are denied access. It is, as painter Barnett Newman commented, "an abstraction of the visual fact."[10]

In its final rendition, each scanned record becomes an iconic image with an inner and an outer disc. The inner disc, or record label, not only includes factual information, but also creates a visual play with colour. An acid green label in one image, for example, sits alongside another with deep mauve and black print reminiscent of the jazz of the 1940s and 50s. The damaged black shellac outer disc bears markings made by previous owners who "unwittingly altered the original recorded sound and, in so doing, contributed their own history to the object".[11] On various levels, these images become increasingly intricate portals to South African musical and social history.

7. http://www.gerhard-richter.com/biography/work/
8. Ann Laura Stoler, *Along the Archival Grain: Epistemic Anxieties and Colonial Common Sense*, Princeton University Press, Princeton, 2009.
9. From the interview with Amanda Bowker.
10. From a letter by Barnett Newman replying to Clement Greenberg's review in *The Nation*, in *American Artists on Art from 1940 to 1980*, ed. Ellen H. Johnson, West View Press, Boulder, 1982, p.15.
11. This quotation is taken from Siemon Allen's text in *Records: A Collection Project by Siemon Allen*, gordonschachtcollection and flatinternational, brochure for the Johannesburg Art Fair, 26-28 March, 2010.

Allen constructed a new woven videotape piece, *Screen II*, for this survey of his collection projects and, in the current context, he thinks of it as "an archive of the unseen or the unknown."[12] French psychoanalyst Jacques Lacan described the mirror stage of a child's development as significant for two primary reasons: it defines a decisive turning point in the child's mental development or self-recognition, as well as an essential libidinal relationship with the body image. These ideas come into play when considering how the viewer experiences Allen's *Screen* as a conscious engagement with the self. The black reflective surface of the woven videotape acts as an interpellation of its immediate environment. The viewer's image is reflected together with the space and contents of the environment in which the work is situated. The result is an effect of recognition or conscious identification with one's self and one's surroundings.

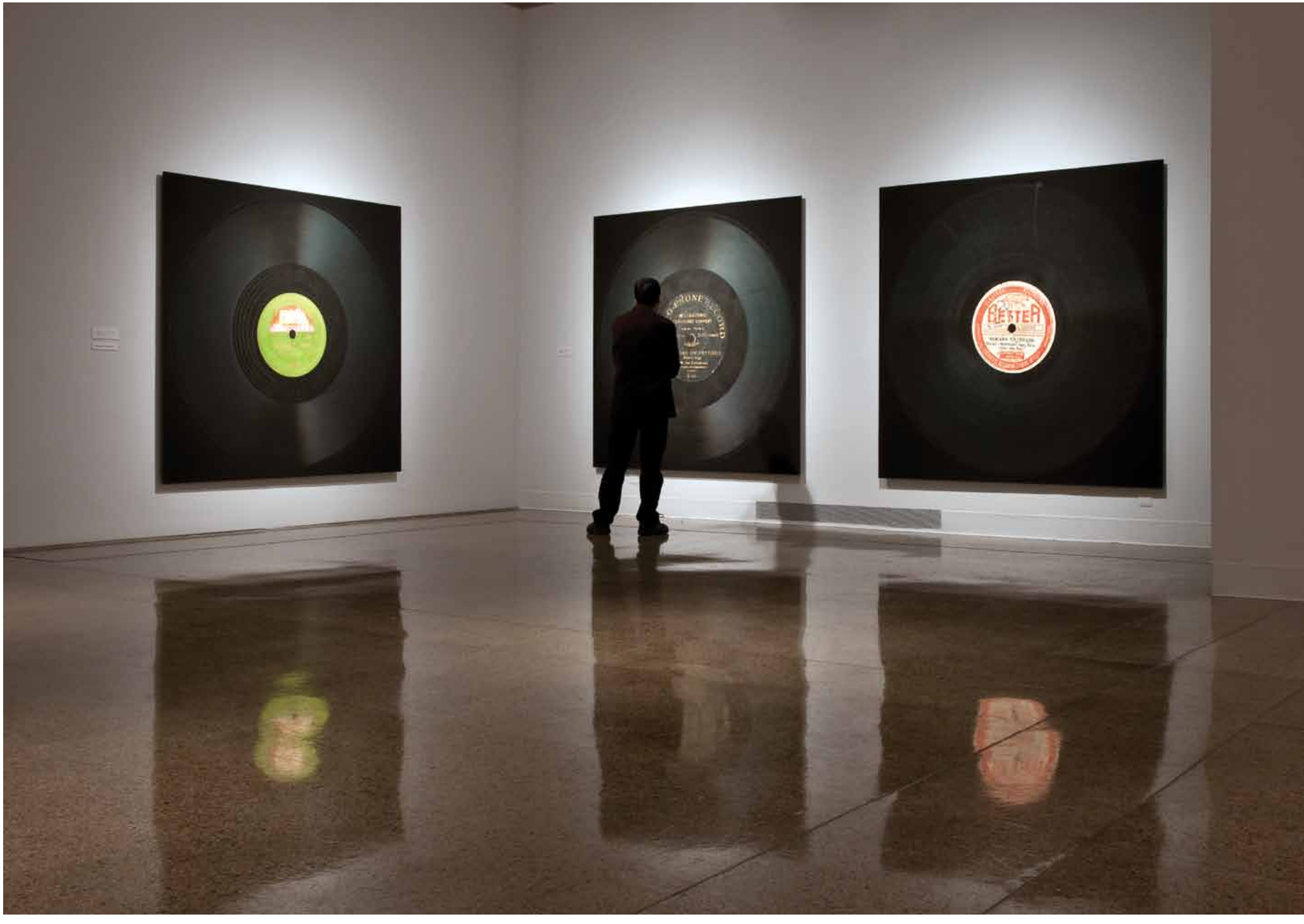
South African writer and scholar Njabulo Ndebele said, "In South Africa, reality outstrips metaphor."[13] The implications of this observation resonate with Allen's weaves when thinking about them in the context of memorials. The reality of apartheid for many black South Africans went beyond what artists could produce to either represent their oppression or defy it. How can an artist, poet, or musician find images to express such grave acts of inhumanity? How can art do justice to such atrocities and racial hatred? Allen's silent woven works pay homage to this history by offering non-representational forms that create a space for reflection.

Allen operates in a manner that recalls what Bernd and Hiller Becher have described in their own work as an effort, "to create families of motifs."[14] His process is in some ways an indeterminable one that has no real beginning or end. One object informs another to create "a pattern of sequential experiences."[15] The resulting body of experiences and works produced by Allen at once frame and blur the hierarchies and distinctions that authority, the media, and history inevitably create. His combination of conceptual rigor with visual and material presence speaks of a poetic politic and an enduring way of organizing the world in which objects are once again collected, transformed, and displayed.

Clive Kellner is curator of the *gordonschachatcollection* in Johannesburg, South Africa.

• **Untitled (mad weave)**, 1996. woven VHS videotape, steel, Richmond, VA. View showing the reflection of the VHS videotape. This was an unusual and difficult weave contructed out of three strands of tape positioned as 60° to each other. The technique was apparently used in prisons as punishment—hence the name "mad weave."

12. Quotation taken from Siemon Allen's website: www.siemonallen.org
13. Njabulo Ndebele, "Memory, Symbol and the Triumph of Narrative", in *co.@rtnews*, eds. Fernando Alvim and Clive Kellner, 3rd edition, Johannesburg, April 2000.
14. This quotation is from Blake Stimson's essay on the Bechers at: http://www.tate.org.uk/research/tateresearch/tatepapers/04spring/stimson_paper.htm
15. Ibid.



• Installation view of ***His Master's Voice, Zonophone*** and ***Better***, 2010, digital prints, 78" x 78" each.
edition: 2 + 1 artist proof.
Epson HDR ink on Hahnemühle Museum Etching Fine Art Paper on Sintra.
Anderson Gallery, Richmond, VA.

RECORDS

The prints on view in this exhibition—six from a set of twelve—mark the beginning last year of a new body of work that reflects the slow expansion of my record collection to include many different kinds of audio artifacts from South Africa. What is common to the records appearing in all twelve prints, and what initially drew me to the project, was the evidence of their use in the form of surface scratches and damages. I selected records that I found most engaging visually, in terms of both their signs of wear and their original label designs. I decided that there could be no repetition of any one label, and I thought that the set should encompass a broad range of musical styles and languages.

Physically, these prints are detailed scanned enlargements of individual records. In contrast to what a record collector might prefer to acquire, I chose items that were particularly distressed. I think of this damage as further markings by unknown authors who unwittingly contributed their history to these objects. The detailed images in the prints thus capture not only the historical audio visually in the form of the lines or grooves, but also the scratches, damage, and repair work done by subsequent owners.

The damage to the records that is evident in the prints suggests an intriguing contradiction. On the one hand, in visual terms, it represents a kind of decay or degradation. On the other hand, the damage is most often the direct result of use and reuse. It could be viewed as the by-product of the most amazing fun—a visual document of the artifact's everyday lived experience. The stylus has struck the shellac or vinyl countless times, until the walls of the grooves gave way; these records, in other words, have been literally played to death. This contradiction is heightened when one considers the political and historical context of the object's use.

The beginnings of the print project were serendipitous. I was examining a record trying to make out the performer and the track titles. The label was so badly damaged that I could not make this out. As an experiment, I decided to scan the record in high resolution to somehow get closer to its surface. The detail in the scan was incredible, and I was able to access the hidden information in part. I then proceeded to print the scan out in small sheets that I taped together to form a grid of the image in large scale. My motives at this stage were simply aesthetic.

But soon I was also drawn to the embedded information that was being uncovered in the scans. For example, it was only after enlarging the record by 750% that I was able to partially make out the name of the artist—Wilson Silgee and his Forces with *Vula No.1* and *Vula No.2*. The name of the label itself had also eluded me, but I was able to determine that it was indeed *Tempo*, a label which had been owned by GRC (Grammohone Recording Company), a subsidiary of Gallo Records, that was later transferred to Trutone Records in 1966. Based on the label design, the recording on this disc dates from the later Trutone period, probably around 1966.

Wilson 'King Force' Silgee, an icon in his own right, joined the Jazz Maniacs in the mid-30s as a saxophone player, and later led the group after their leader, Solomon 'Zuluboy' Cele, was murdered in 1944. In the 1950s, Silgee would go on to form his own band, the Jazz Forces. The damage on the record makes it now almost unlistenable. But for some, including myself, it has its own unique pleasures, sounding at moments almost like something remixed by Japanese noise artist, Merzbow.

In the print *Rave*, the chalky white area around the hole of the label is a Plaster-of-

EXHIBITION HISTORY

2009 | ***Imaging South Africa: Records***
BANK Gallery, Durban, South Africa

2010 | ***Records*** (South African Edition)
Presented by the gordonschachatcollection
Johannesburg Art Fair, South Africa

2010 | ***Mirian Make Ba***
Presented in conjunction with the exhibition
Darkroom curated by Tosha Grantham
Virginia Museum of Fine Art, Richmond, VA

• left: ***Tempo***, 2010.
digital print, 78"x 78", edition: 2 + 1 artist proof.
Epson HDR ink on Hahnemühle Museum Etching
Fine Art Paper on Sintra.
Anderson Gallery, Richmond, VA.
• below: Installation view of ***Rave*** and ***Tempo***, 2009.
Epson HDR ink on Epson Velvet Fine Art Paper.
edition: prototype, grid of 20 sheets joined.
BANK Gallery, Durban, SA.

Paris fill done by one of the record's owners. This person appears to have re-created the centre after what could only be described as a dramatic deterioration. *Kwela Sax*, the title of the repaired record, has its own unique history. Spokes Mashiyane, its author, is credited with popularizing *kwela* or pennywhistle jive with his recordings *Ace Blues* and *Kwela Spokes* in 1954. In the four years that followed, he would remain one of the most famous and prolific proponents of this musical style.

The origins of the name *kwela* itself is quite elusive, but it is most commonly translated as "step up," referring to the nickname given to apartheid-era police vehicles. When people were arrested, policemen would order them to "step up" into the vehicle. In the introduction to the famous 1956 track, *Tom Hark*, by Elias and his Zig Zag Jive Flutes, one can hear the voices of a street-gang playing an illegal game of dice. One of the individuals shouts out: "Hier kom die kwela-kwela! Stop […] want hulle gaan ons bo vat!" It has been speculated that white consumers of the music hearing the word *kwela* in this introduction applied it to the style of music. However the word *kwela*, sometimes spelled *quela*, can also reffer to a specific style of dance and can be found in the titles of tracks recorded many years prior to *Tom Hark*.

Kwela Sax, recorded in 1958, is the b-side of *Big Joe Special* and, according to Rob Allingham, this record marks the first time that Spokes Mashiyane played on saxophone. As with his earlier *Ace Blues, Big Joe Special* was a sales phenomenon. The record became the trendsetting hit of that year and would inspire a whole new style of music. Sax jive—latter called *mbaqanga*—would dominate South African urban music for the next twenty years. Spokes Mashiyane, after his successes with Trutone Records and their Quality and Rave labels, was lured away by Gallo Records in 1958. At Gallo he became the first black musician to receive royalties from his recordings.

Political exclusions aside, I could not resist including in the print series the Zonophone record of *Marching on Pretoria*. This is the earliest recording in my full collection and probably dates from around 1901-03. The song by Ian Calquhoun dates from the Second Anglo-Boer war and is sung from an overtly British, patriotic perspective.

After trying to find out more information about the record, I came across a thread on the web (at mudcat.org) discussing the origins of the song *Marching to Pretoria*. The discussion on the website traced the earliest history of the song, via Baden-Powell's scouts groups, to British forces in South Africa, though no one knew the original British lyrics as sung by British soldiers. A sanitized English version of the Afrikaans song was popularized by Joseph Marais, who introduced it to American radio audiences on his NBC show in 1939. In his book *World of Folk Songs*, Marais explains that the song was sung by both sides during the Boer War. Various contributors to the web discussion go on to tell stories of variations of the song from many parts of the world such as *Swimming to Victoria* in Canada and so on. Confused by the subtle distinction between "to" and "on" Pretoria, I joined in the discussion.

Growing up, I was often a member of the school choir, and I can remember singing on many occasions the famous Afrikaans folk song *Marching to Pretoria*. In retrospect it befuddles me that the lyrics would be in both English and Afrikaans. I had always heard the song as "to" and not "on" Pretoria. But I was struck by the Zonophone version, which most definitely puts Pretoria on the defensive. As the song was popularized in Afrikaans, I suspect it was more politically correct to shift the emphasis to going *to* Pretoria rather than attacking it.

This British patriotic song is different from the Afrikaans version both in lyric and melody. It is also sung from a home front

- right: ***Rave***, 2010.
digital print, 78" x 78", edition: 2 + 1 artist proof.
Epson HDR ink on Hahnemühle Museum Etching Fine Art Paper on Sintra.
Anderson Gallery, Richmond, VA.
- below: ***Envee***, 2010.
digital print, 78" x 78", edition: 2 + 1 artist proof.
Epson HDR ink on Hahnemühle Museum Etching Fine Art Paper on Sintra.
gordonscahchatcollection, Johannesburg, SA

perspective rather than from the war front. Perhaps it too could have been derived from the battle version. But in any event, it is the "Hurrah!" in the Josef Marais version at the end of "We are marching to Pretoria, Pretoria, hurruh!" that makes me think that the various versions are historically linked. The "Hooraah!" in the British version is definitely the most catchy part—the hook if you like—and I suspect that, sung on battlefields, it might have been the thing that soldiers most responded to—Afrikaaners or English.

Perhaps there is some irony on my part in including the *Zonophone* print in the series. The recording was made in England, the disc in Germany, and the singer is most definitely not South African. This disc would have only existed in South Africa as an import. In my research into early South African recording history, it was interesting to discover that businessmen like Eric Gallo (the founder of Gallo Records) would seldom record music by English-speaking South Africans, preferring tracks in Afrikaans, Zulu, Xhosa, and other African languages. The rub was that "superior" music in English was imported from the "homeland" and the United States; and therefore there was no market for local colonial culture. In some ways, I wonder if this attitude of not supporting local talent might have contributed to an English-speaking white culture of displacement. That is a culture with very few local icons that became obsessed with "overseas" and continually referred to England as "back home".

But saying that there were few English-speaking musicians documented in early South African recorded history is a vast oversimplification. In my research, I was fascinated to discover that many icons of early Afrikaans music were not actually Afrikaans speakers. Some English, some Scots changed their names to appeal to an Afrikaans market, knowing that music by "Rooinekke", according to Ralph Trewhela, would be dismissed. Artists like Wouter De Wet en sy Voorslagorkes, were actually run by an Englishmen, named Walter Swanson; Les Kelly became Les Meintjies and so on.

In 1938, Pieter de Waal of the SABC approached Hendrik Susan about forming a band that would re-constitute an Afrikaans music in the form of a "boereorkes" for radio. These were the early days of Afrikaans broadcasting. The state-run SABC had only been formed in 1936 as an official act of parliament, after an investigation by Herzog into the financial dealings of its commercial predecessor, the ABC. South African radio prior to this time was dominated by English programming but, in 1937, two services were established in English and Afrikaans. Of the six members of Hendrik Susan's band, three were English and had to change their names accordingly; and the music they played marked the beginning of what became known as "boeremusiek."

Hendrik Susan and his band became political symbols when they chose to follow and broadcast each night from the 1938 centenary celebrations of the Great Trek. They were so successful that, for many years, they became identified with the National Party. Perhaps with some irony, it is interesting to note that Susan in his earlier years had performed (on sax and violin) with the Jazz Maniacs—Solomon 'Zuluboy' Cele and Wilson Silgee's band mentioned above—at the Orange Grove.

Blikkiesdorp Vastrap by Hendrik Susan en sy Orkes is included in the print series on the HMV label—also known as His Master's Voice—a choice on my part showing perhaps a little political irony. The famous dog and trumpet logo on the record is remarkably "censored" by a piece of cello-tape bearing the owners name, "Barker".

- left: ***Zonophone***, 2010.
digital print, 78" x 78", edition: 2 + 1 artist proof.
Epson HDR ink on Hahnemühle Museum Etching
Fine Art Paper on Sintra.
Anderson Gallery, Richmond, VA.
- below: Installation view of ***Records***, 2010.
Artist Proof Edition
Anderson Gallery, Richmond, VA.
- bottom: ***His Master's Voice***, 2010.
digital print, 78" x 78", edition: 2 + 1 artist proof.
Epson HDR ink on Hahnemühle Museum Etching
Fine Art Paper on Sintra.
Anderson Gallery, Richmond, VA.

• top: ***Newspapers (World Cup)***, 2010. detail, Anderson Gallery, Richmond, VA.
• above: Two examples of ***Vuvuzelas*** from the 2010 World Cup in South Africa. The yellow one on the left was beaded by Rose Shozi an artist working at the Hillcrest AIDS Centre in KwaZulu Natal. The vuvuzela beacame the single most iconic image of South Africa during the World Cup. Anderson Gallery, Richmond, VA.

IN CONVERSATION

Ashley Kistler talks to Siemon Allen

Ashley Kistler: Let's focus for a moment on the timing of your exhibition with regard to the events of this past summer—specifically the World Cup—and how that feeds so beautifully into your overall project, *Imaging South Africa*. Would you talk about why it was important for you to begin the show with the newspapers piece?

Siemon Allen: The newspapers piece has always been about how South Africa's image is constructed in the US media. Previous displays featured varied topics with full articles and small random mentions. But as this version began to take shape, I realized that coverage of South Africa in the US press during this particular period of collecting was dominated by the country's hosting of the World Cup Soccer. It seemed to me that it was an event that South Africa was using to rebrand itself. There are actually a couple of articles in *The New York Times* that talk about this event as a way to 'reboot' the country's image. For most people, especially those who have never been there, South Africa has a very strongly defined image—most notably the apartheid years, the release of Nelson Mandela, the historic elections of 1994, subsequently followed by branding as a country of crime and AIDS. With the World Cup came the opportunity for the country to reassert itself not only in the press as a tourist destination, but also in pictures and stories that show another, more celebratory face.

As I examined the papers, I could see that soccer coverage was often not about what happened on the field, but rather addressed the social context of the game in South Africa, often in a noticeably positive manner. There were articles about the diversity of the fans and accounts of new conversations across racial barriers. There were stories from the past about the role of soccer among political prisoners on Robben Island, and from the present about the role of soccer among children in the townships, complete with images of handmade soccer balls.

So the larger newspaper collection has always dealt with this idea of imaging, and then there comes this moment in history when the country self-consciously talks about imaging. I thought this was an interesting opportunity to *re-present* that representation, if you like.

On a lighter note, so much of the coverage around the soccer dealt with the sound of the ubiquitous vuvuzelas. Perhaps this became the ultimate image of South Africa during this period. And so I decided to display two of these plastic horns from South Africa with the newspapers. During the World Cup, many vuvuzelas were decorated in countless ways—some with elaborate socks and others with more traditional means. One example on display features an elaborate beadwork cover, which was made by Rose Shozi, an artist working at the Hillcrest AIDS centre in KwaZulu Natal.

AK: What other considerations were most important to you in conceiving what work would go where on the three floors of this building, and also what the final form of each would be? The idea of installation as architectural intervention emerges once again as one overarching methodology.

SA: Oh, definitely. Let me begin with the woven videotape installation. I always saw that work as being conceptually part of the collection projects but just did not have the space to include it in my recent shows in South Africa. With this exhibition, there was the opportunity to link it to the other works. Something that goes back to many of my earlier pieces is the idea of the "room within the room." It's a display strategy that I've used for sometime now, and I am continually questioning what keeps drawing me back to it. I use to think it was somehow connected to my love for the "play within the play" in *Hamlet*, or that it was a way to make physical the metaphoric artificial space of a collection. All of the collections are displayed using some kind of architectural intervention, and each was a response to the particulars of the space.

AK: Talk a little more about how the form of each piece reinforces its content.

SA: One thing that I wanted to do was to somehow change that first room, where *Newspapers* is located, so that when you arrive at the Anderson Gallery, the augmentation of the space itself suggests something is different, something has shifted. The curved wall was also informed by earlier showings of my work in the grand cylindrical room at Durban Art Gallery and the Corcoran Museum's Hemicycle Gallery. So I was already interested in the way the piece could curve and how I could work within the limits of the Anderson Gallery space. I extended the existing wall so that it became a more continuous, nearly quarter-circle that leads you into the woven piece, almost like a slide.

After this text-heavy introduction, your experience is sharply contrasted in the very next room where the reflective walls made with woven VHS tape are configured in such as way to form a space that is totally inaccessible. You are channeled into and around the space within the room but never allowed entry.

In the second-floor gallery, the Makeba records are displayed in a transparent curtain wall. The concave side of the curtain wall facing the entrance creates an overall cinematic view of the record covers and the viewer is able to move around the curtain freely. Most of the covers feature portraits of Makeba, and the effect is a grid with groupings of identical images and varied graphics. The convex side of the curtain wall creates a narrow passageway that allows for a more intimate reading of the extensive liner notes on the backs of the covers.

In the rectangular gallery on the third floor, the stamps are displayed on the interior concave surface of an oversized cylindrical structure. The circle of displayed stamps almost physically connects at the beginning and end points but is punctured by the entryway. In a way, these points do connect: the stamp collection begins in 1910—the year of the Union of South Africa—with a portrait of King George V. It ends in 2010 at the 100-year mark with a reissue of that very same stamp depicting King George V. Perhaps there is some irony in that!

I was interested in how the viewer would be confronted by the exterior wall of the stamp piece, and I hoped that it would bring to mind your initial experience of the inaccessibility of the woven piece downstairs.

So the projects throughout the Anderson space converse with each other. The curved newspaper wall is perhaps the most gentle intervention, compared to the others. The Makeba curtain is a light, almost transitory version of that same curve. The stamp-collection enclosure curves almost 360 degrees all the way around.

AK: When did this element of enclosed space begin to appear to in your work?

SA: I suppose the earliest version was the first sculpture I made after leaving art school. It was a small, intimate piece, where I reconstructed one of the many homes that I had lived in growing up. I placed what operated like a small wax model inside a display case. In a way, it was almost as if the house itself was a reliquary on display. For me, psychologically, the piece tackled issues around apartheid and this idea of protection—of living in a cocoon or a protected space—but also being on display. Perhaps with some uncanny prescience, the piece was titled *The Collector*.

In a way, you could almost say that a lot of what I'm doing today is an extension of these early display-case works. Those projects were very personal, and they came about at a very particular time in South African history, just prior to the '94 elections. Perhaps they dealt with a form of latent self-critique. So they were a self-examination taking place from within South Africa at a specific period in the country's history.

How that all extends into this work is a bit more complex, but I think one of the things that keeps coming up, especially with the stamp piece upstairs, is the idea of a *laager*. It's a South African term from a time when the Boers were traveling overland with ox wagons. A common military strategy was to position these wagons into a circle—like a fort—so everyone on the inside was protected from the outside, so to speak. But what is curious is that this term is now used to describe a psychological state. A "laager mentality" is seen as a negative characteristic and suggests someone who is in a persistent state of isolation or fear, someone who is building psychological fences.

Ten years or so ago, Kendall and I were in the leafy suburbs of Johannnesburg with a camera. I drove around a number of residential blocks while she filmed the walls in a continuous take. What was interesting was that you could go full circle around the block and, though there were perforations in the form of doorways, the walls surrounded

the entire block; each was between ten and twelve feet high.

Screen, the impenetrable woven installation, is perhaps the most laager-like in my mind, though I do think all the pieces address it in some kind of way. The newspapers are like pasted posters on a wall. The stamp display, like *Screen*, most definitely references the laager but in this instance the viewer is able to gain access to its center and view its treasure. Ironically, once inside, the visual feast of this archive, stands in sharp contradiction to its veil of propaganda.

AK: The cylindrical container for the stamps is also initially inaccessible. It occupies the space in such a way that as viewers approach it through the first doorway, they discover it's possible to go only so far around the piece until their path is blocked; they must then exit the room, walk down the hall, and enter at the opposite end to further experience the piece.

How form influences content in these pieces also relates to the idea of concealing or revealing in terms of withholding information or making it accessible. Would you talk about how this operates in your work?

SA: Sure. The VHS tape is an information carrier, but the information it carries in the work remains inaccessible to the viewer. And so inasmuch as you can't access the physical space of the piece, you also can't access the content of the piece.

Something I've been thinking about for a long time is how much the idea of inaccessible information resonates with my experience of growing up in South Africa. It was an environment that was very insular, and there was a great deal of censorship. As a teenager, I remember there were these windows into the wider news media: friends whose parents had traveled overseas brought back newspapers with images that would not appear in the South African media.

It may be less obvious how the woven piece fits into my collection projects but, like the other projects, which are constructed with printed materials, it contains information. However, the VHS weave is different because it allows one to speak about the power of silence. And every time I show the work, depending on the context, it evokes a different interpretation. For example, the 2nd Johannesburg Biennale in 1997 took place concurrently with the Truth and Reconciliation Commission hearings. Captivated by hours of viewing these live broadcasts, many people thought the videotape I used contained recordings from the TRC. At the same time, the spectacular funeral of Princess Diana occurred and, so for other viewers, the work was a monument to her. I guess for some the piece becomes a type of memorial and, in its current context here it could be viewed as an archive of the unseen in South Africa's past.

AK: The notion of changing perspective is manifest in these works in so many ways. In terms of the viewer, it applies to perspective shifts that occur as you physically move around and through each piece, of course, but also to our mental inclination to project meaning onto the work when information is withheld, unseen and unheard.

SA: You see yourself reflected in the work. So I suppose from a psychological point of view you might ask if the content is the viewer contemplating his or her own reflection. Is it just a mirror image, or a blurred mirror image? There are levels of layering in the piece, but it is essentially, I suppose, a piece about nothing. But it can be so many things.

With the other installations, I am always interested in the tensions between the far view and the close view. The far view would be a panorama; the close view would bring the particular into focus. So there is a battle between the specificity of each artifact and the pull towards those items operating in the service of an organizing configuration that becomes a large visual field. This is true with *Newspapers* and *Makeba!*, but perhaps most complex with the *Stamps*, given the massiveness of the installation in counterpoint to the scale and number of units.

AK: With the current version of *Stamps*, I know the stamps are in chronological order, and they cover exactly 100 years. But in order to fill the entire cylinder, how did you plot out the entire configuration? How did you determine how many of these blues stamps to use, for example? Were those purely aesthetic decisions?

SA: When I realized that I had more stamps than I could display even in the large installation, I went through all the stamps before we started, and I counted how many I had of each. My goal was to index the final display to the actual number of each different stamp in the collection. So if I had 5,000 of one stamp and 4,000 of another, I wanted the display ratio to be 5 and 4.

I wanted the installation to accurately reflect the percentages of stamps that were to some extent used historically; if the blue stamp was widely and commonly used, then the installation needed to reflect this. Of course the other goal was to show at least one of every stamp image—rather than being philatelically correct and showing every iteration of each stamp for color shifts and errors. Given this, stamps that are less common do not repeat as often in the display.

Interesting implications arise. For example, the stamps that predominate in the entire installation are from the Protea series, which came out in 1977. The Soweto uprisings occured in 1976, and Stephen Biko was murdered in 1977. Consequently, these stamps seem especially opaque and silent given this history. It's interesting that they are so abundant, and that these particular flowers are quite hardy—I have heard of them referred to as "dinosaur flowers." Almost a quarter of the installation is taken up by the proteas, which camouflage very tragic events.

When you come to the end of the display, there are almost no repetitions, probably because the stamps issued in the last ten years are pretty much all commemorative and targeted to a collector's market. You can really see in the piece the rise of email and the concomitant decline of stamp usage. In appealing to this collector's market, the function of the stamp has shifted. With the repetitions in the display, you see the extent of the stamps' everyday usage, which ultimately culminates in self-conscious designs for collectors. I think that's kind of interesting.

AK: Yes, it is. The more you talk about the piece, the more it becomes a feat of ingenuity—a complex installation on many different levels. Once this exhibition closes, *Stamps* will go to a permanent home in South Africa?

SA: Yes, I exhibited the piece in Durban, at the Durban Art Gallery in 2009; it was about half the size then and displayed in nine panels that were hinged together, to create a curved wall. I had met collector Gordon Schachat at the time through Clive Kellner, and he was very interested in the piece. He said he'd like to buy it, and asked how I would like to ideally display it. I recall saying right away that I wanted it to be more comprehensive and displayed in a full circle that encompassed the viewer. And that's how this piece came about. Once the show closes, I plan on doing a final edit of the stamps displayed. After that it will go to the museum Gordon is building for his collection.

AK: In the wake of this completed project, the new prints suggest another direction for your work, even though they are dependent on your collecting activities.

SA: The prints were a way for me to return to art-making with a process that was very different from the collection projects, which involve amassing all this material, combining it, and re-presenting it. I felt I needed to get back to something more physical. Now you could say that scanning isn't necessarily physical! But there's something about selecting a record that has a particular kind of damage or label marking, scanning it in high detail, blowing up and then printing the scan on archival paper to create this iconic image. For me, this was a return to something vital. I don't want to call it object-making. The result is an object, but it's also an image—a singular image—rather than the grids of found, mechanically reproduced materials.

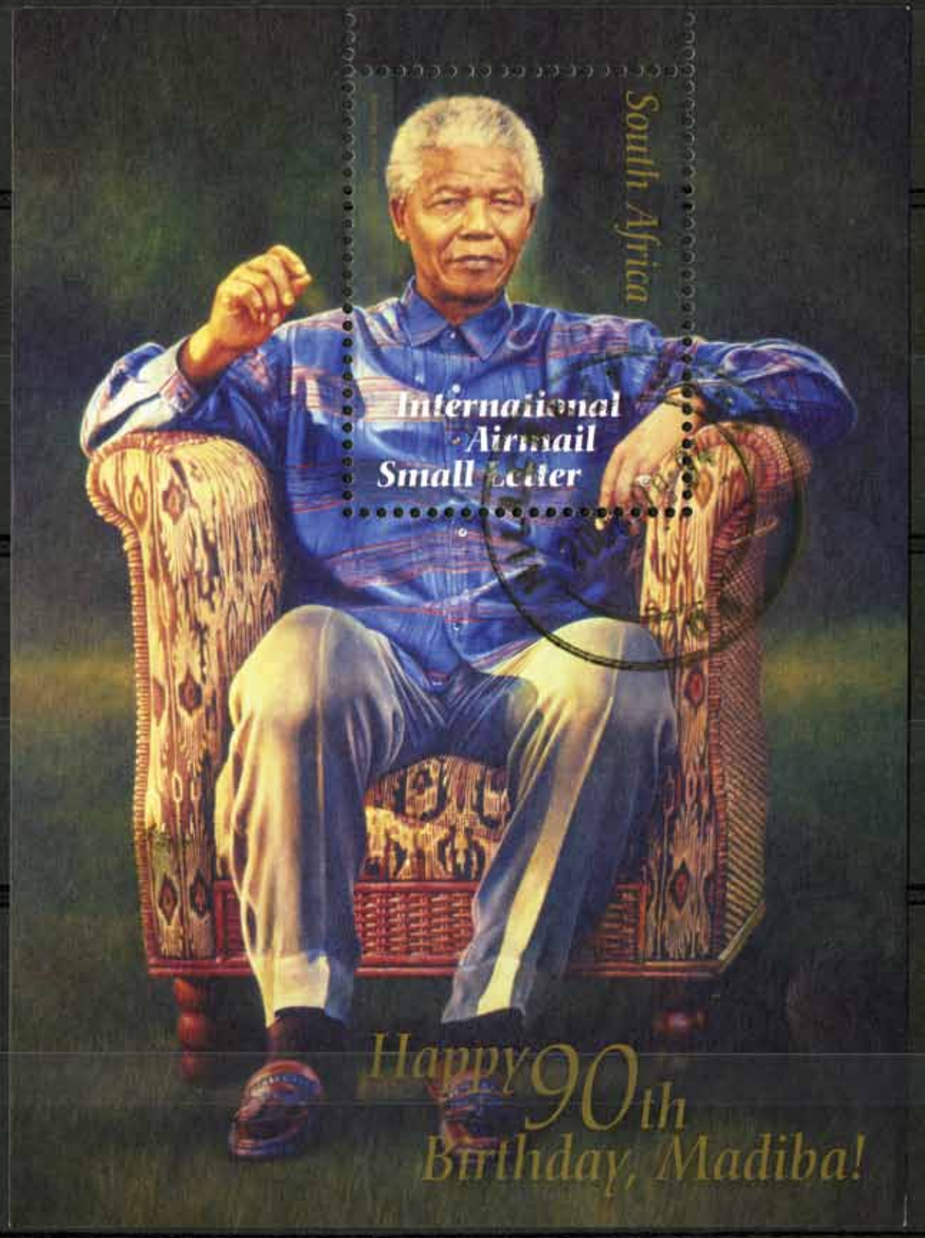
AK: What are you working on now?

SA: My next major project, an extension of *Records*, is a searchable web archive of the entire audio collection. You can view it at flatinternational.org. The site produces discographies every time you search for any particular term or artist, as well as detailed images showing the cover, liner notes, and label of whatever volume you select. Of course, it will only be as good as the data entered, and that will take a long time! But I feel like it's the one thing I really want to do at the moment.

A number of great blogs such as *Matsuli* and *Electric Jive* already exist and some organizations like the *South African Music Archive Project* (SAMAP) have been working on something similar to what I have in mind, though funding is always an issue. The *flatinternational* website probably won't be as dense as an officially supported project with staff, but I feel where it may differ is in the focus on a visual archive of this audio material—it is as much about the image, the artifact, and the liner notes as it is about the audio content.

August 2010

• Screengrab of the ***flatinternational*** website, 2010.



STAMPS

The stamp is a kind of public-relations gesture—a highly self-conscious attempt to express through a single image some aspect of national identity. With this project, I sought to explore the political history and shifting identity of South Africa through the collection, cataloguing, research, and display of postal stamps released from the beginning of the South African Union in 1910 to the present. I intended to look at how the country, over time, had chosen to represent itself both within its borders and internationally, and in the process discovered that it is a history told in a succession of scenes, in a voice that is constantly relocating with subtle and dramatic shifts in political power.

The first version of *Stamps*, consisting of a found display case and my childhood stamp collection, was exhibited at the ICA in Johannesburg in 1993 and subsequently acquired by the BHP Billiton Collection. Some years later, a purchase of a few stamps in a small shop in Swakopmund, Namibia, soon ballooned into a mission to not only reconstitute the original collection, but also to track down at least one of every image issued as a stamp. This led me to accumulate massive quantities of stamps, and in doing so, I became intrigued with how postal cancellations on stamps were a sign of their use, and how their expanding numbers when displayed in a grid created patterns of color.

Stamps V opens and closes with the image of King George V, the first from 1910, the last from 2010. Arranged chronologically, the collection covers exactly 100 years and includes over 50,000 stamps with issues from British colonial South Africa, the period of rising Afrikaner political power, the apartheid era, and the postapartheid "New South Africa."

Each stamp carries with it a subtext to its official message. A critical look at the collection reveals a persistent contradiction that exists between the images presented on the stamps and the social realities of the period in which they were released. The stamps tell the story of the changing face of South Africa, revealing how the country, over time, has chosen to represent itself both within its borders and internationally. It is a fragmented narration that speaks not only through what is shown but also through what is not.

EXHIBITION HISTORY

1993 | *Stamps*
Institute of Contemporary Art, Johannesburg, SA

1994 | *Vita 1993, Stamps*
Johannesburg Art Gallery, Johannesburg, SA

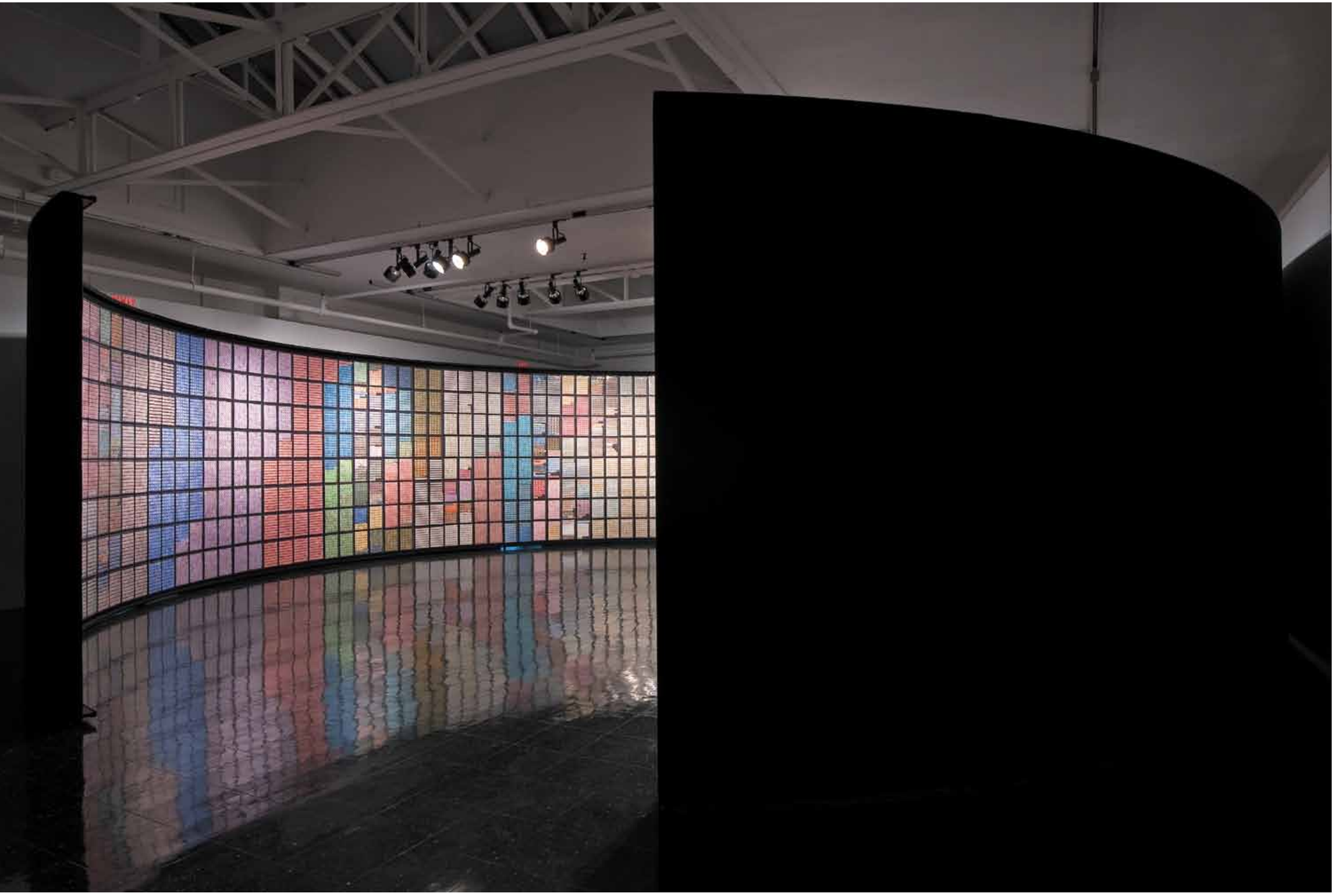
2001 | *Imaging South Africa, Stamps I*
curated by Paul Brewer
Hemicycle, Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, DC

2001 | *Detourism, Stamps II*
curated by Hamza Walker
The Renaissance Society, Chicago, IL

2002 | *Context & Conceptualism, Stamps III*
curated by Lauri Firstenberg
Artists Space, New York, NY

2009 | *Imaging South Africa: Records/Newspapers/Stamps, Stamps IV*
Durban Art Gallery, Durban, South Africa

- left: ***Happy 90th Birthday, Madiba***,
miniature sheet issued July 14, 2008, SAPO.
Currently 15 South African stamp issues show the portrait of Nelson Mandela, this stamp is the most recent.
- above right: ***Stamps***, 1993.
The original stamp display featuring my childhood collection.
ICA Gallery, Johannesburg, South Africa.
BHP Billiton Collection, Johannesburg, SA.
- right: ***Stamps I***, 2001.
This installation was the first semi-circular presentation of the stamp collection and also the first time the title *Imaging South Africa* was used.
Hemicycle, Corcoran Museum of Art, Washington, DC



• left & next: ***Stamps V***, 2010.
100 years of South African stamps (1910 - 2010).
stamps, pins, acetate, cloth, wood.
Anderson Gallery, Richmond, VA.

Notes on stamp details on pages to follow:

• p. 50: ***H.F. Verwoerd Commemoration***,
stamp issued December 6, 1966, SAPO.
This stamp was issued after the assasination of Prime Minister H.F. Verwored, often viewed as the architect of apartheid.

• p. 51: ***Golfer Gary Player***,
stamp issued December 2, 1976, SAPO.
Player, who was inducted in the *World Golf Hall of Fame* in 1974, is probably one of South Africa's most famous personalities, and with this release became the first sportsman to be depicted on a South African stamp. During this period (1975 - 78) Player worked in secret with the Department of Information under Eschel Rhoodie to help counter negative images of South Africa by playing golf with international politicians and corporate executives. His actions were one part of a much broader clandestine operation organized by Rhoodie to combat South Africa's negative image during the apartheid period. Player's legacy as a successful promoter of South Africa's image abroad through golf can still be seen today where South African golfers, such as Ernie Els, Retief Goosen and Louis Oosthuizen, continue to out-image major South African politicians in the US press.

• p. 52: ***World Heavy-Weight Title Fight: Knoetze-Tate,***
stamp issued June 2, 1979.
Bophuthatwana was one of ten semi-autonomous "Bantustans" established by the apartheid government within South African borders as "homelands" for its black populations under its policy of separate development. Though these "countries" were never officially recogized internationally, four of them issued postage stamps. This setenant printing shows a classic face-off between American boxer John Tate and South African Kallie Knoetze, which took place at Sun City. Tate won the fight in the eigth round.

• p. 54: ***Steve Biko, Chris Hani, Oliver Tambo, Robert Sobukwe, Walter Sisulu, 50th Anniversay of the Women's March to the Union Buildings, Solomon Mahlangu, Joburg 2010 International Stamp Show,***
issued between Oct. 9, 2002 and Oct.15, 2009, SAPO.
Various miniature sheets commemorating heroes of the struggle against apartheid, the one exception being the re-issue of South Africa's very first stamp showing the portrait of King George V. Miniature sheets are designed for a collector's market and not generally used postally. Their usefulness in projecting an image is thus quite limited.

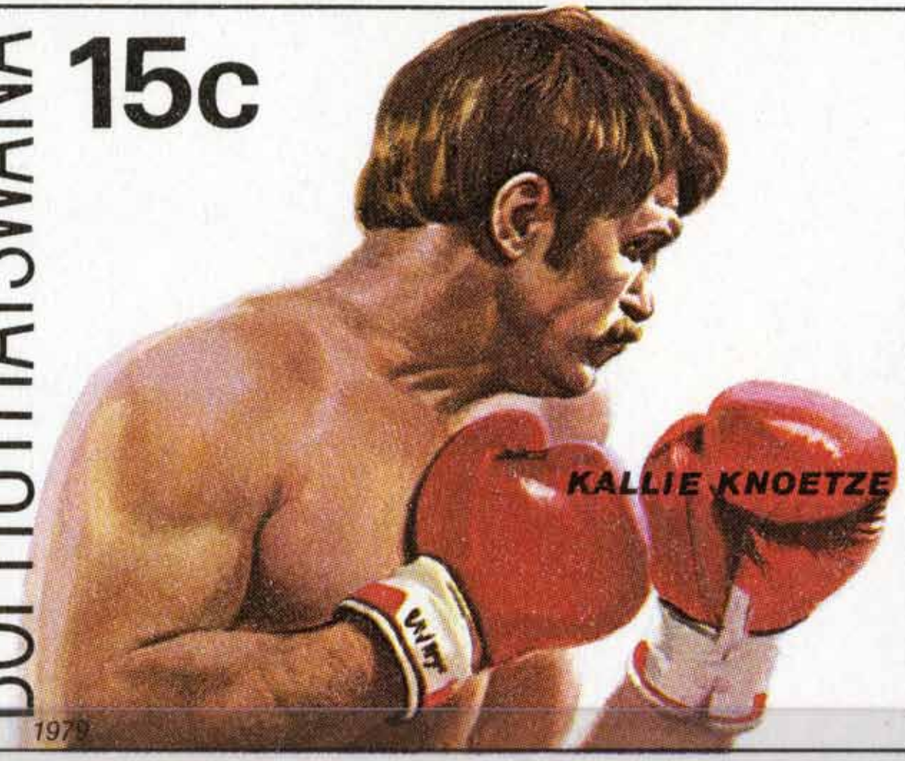
• p. 55: ***President Jacob Zuma***
stamp issued November 10, 2009, SAPO.
A full sheet showing South Africa's current and third president since the historic elections of 1994.


REPUBLIC OF
SOUTH AFRICA
3c
REPUBLIEK VAN
SUID-AFRIKA


RSA
15c
Gary Player
John Maskew
1976

BOPHUTHATSWANA

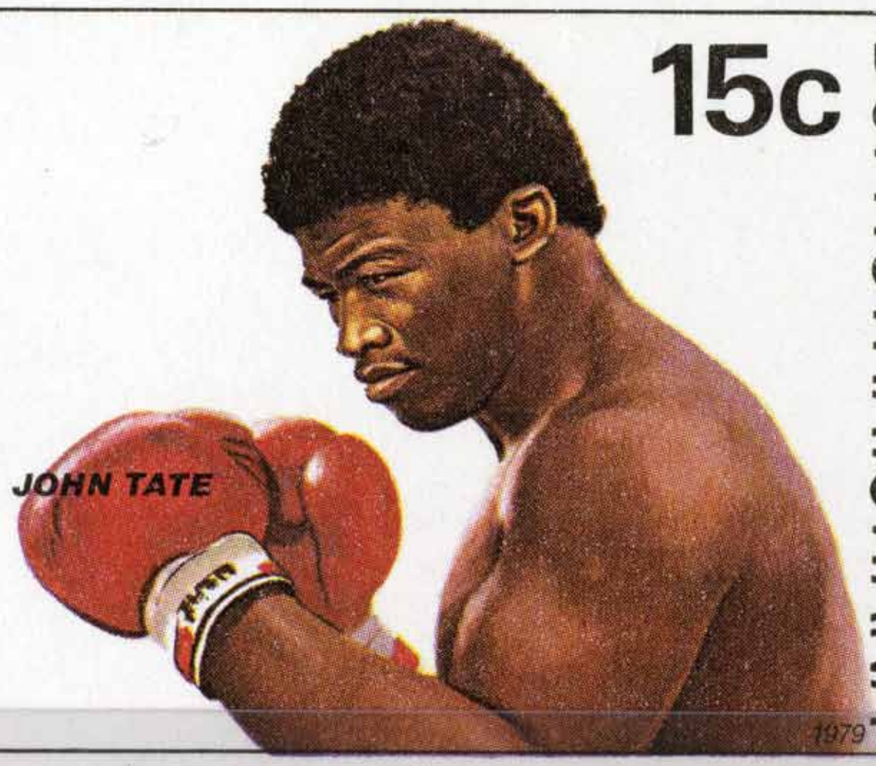
15c



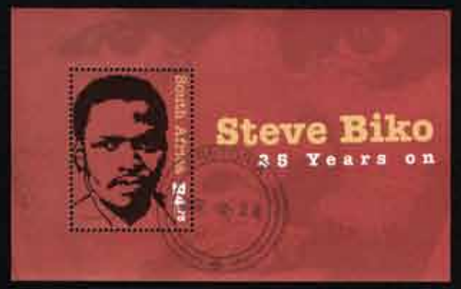
1979

BOPHUTHATSWANA

15c



1979


Steve Biko
35 Years on


South Africa
(Chris) Hani


Oliver Tambo
Reginald
1917-1993
South Africa

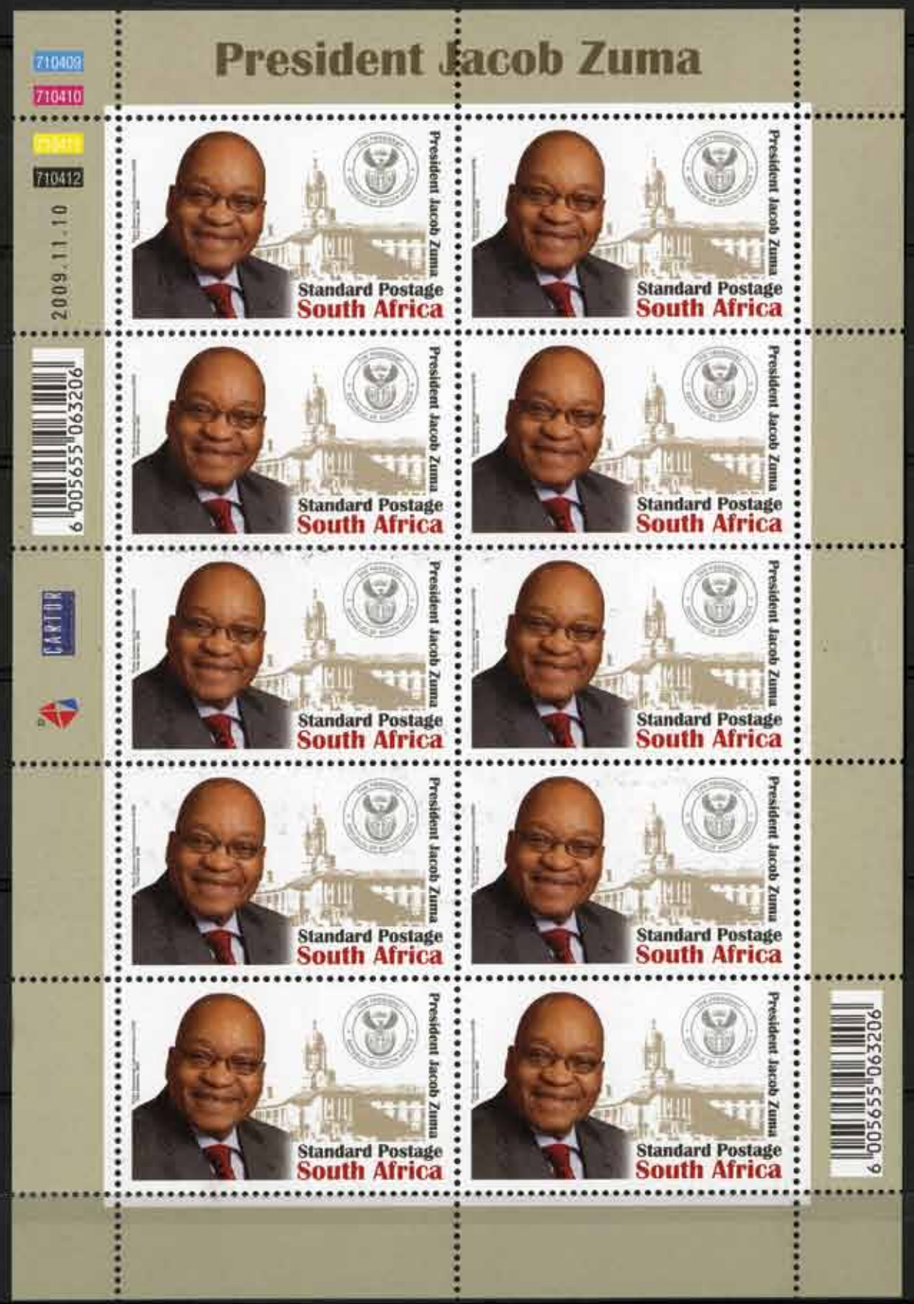

R
obert
Mangaliso Sobukwe
1924-1978
South Africa


South Africa
Walter
Max
Ulyate
Sisulu
1912-2003


50th
Anniversary of the
Women's March to the Union Buildings


Solomon Kalushi
Mahlangu
The Legend
of Freedom!
South Africa


Joburg 2010 International Stamp Show
For more information


President Jacob Zuma
710409
710410
710411
710412
2009.11.10
6 005655 063206
Standard Postage
South Africa

NEWSPAPERS

This *Newspapers* project began when I started collecting US papers during the coverage of the *UN Conference on Racism* in Durban, South Africa (my hometown) in late August 2001. Initially in an attempt to follow US press coverage of the conference, I bought daily one of each of the papers in the newspaper boxes around Washington, DC. The events of September 11 occurred several days after the closing of the conference, and I was compelled to continue what had become a research project into how the image of South Africa is constructed externally through the filter of the US press.

From that time on, I collected daily newspapers from selected American cities: Washington, New York, Los Angeles, Boston, Baltimore, and Richmond. I asked myself how the presentation of articles on South Africa from a given US paper would operate if organized indexically. What would this presentation say about South Africa and, reciprocally, what would it reveal about the extent and nature of US media coverage? How is the South African image projected, interpreted, and received? What is represented or misrepresented? What exactly is the image of South Africa?

Since this collection was the result of the methodical daily actions of buying and cataloging, it was as if a common routine had been made self-conscious. In this context, the newspapers operated as a complex carrier of information, a diary, and a potential future archive. As the project developed, the reach of my collection expanded to include newspapers from the cities in which the project was scheduled to be presented, including St. Louis, Houston, and Des Moines. With each series of papers, I also tabulated articles by category and constructed pie charts in an effort to quantify various topics (see graphs on pages 68 and 69). I became interested in how, from one locally available paper to another, the number of mentions of South Africa and topics covered were so varied. Ultimately, the newspapers were displayed in a grid with each mention of South Africa isolated and highlighted by windows cut out of overlaid sheets of tracing paper. Full articles and single sentences alike were framed in this way.

The Anderson Gallery version of *Newspapers* is a fragment of my larger collection of *The New York Times,* spanning from 2001 to 2010. This display, constructed with issues from the past few months (May 1-July 31, 2010), is dominated by articles on South Africa's hosting of the FIFA World Cup. This mega-media-event was an opportunity for the country to rebrand itself internationally and, for the most part, as the articles reveal, the coverage is notably positive. (This is in sharp contrast to a great deal of pre-Cup coverage.) Ironically, the rare complaint in the press during this period concerns the cacophony of the ubiquitous vuvuzela's.

For me, *Newspapers* addresses the profound implications behind the simple act of reading the newspaper. It is about the everyday experience of the world in your living room or, as the journalist Walter Lippmann said, "the world outside and the pictures in our heads."

- left & pages 58-67: ***Newspapers (World Cup)***, 2010.
116 selections from *The New York Times*,
May 1 - July 31, 2010, newspapers, pins, cloth.
Anderson Gallery, Richmond, VA.
- right: ***Newspapers***, 2009.
selections from five US newspapers.
Durban Art Gallery, Durban, South Africa.
- pages 68-69: ***Analysis***, 2010.
digital print, Epson HDR ink on paper.
Analysis of articles on South Africa in *The New York Times*.
Research period: 3 months (May 1 - July 31, 2010).

EXHIBITION HISTORY

2002 | ***Newspapers (Post/Times)***
110 selections from each, The Washington Post and The Washington Times
FUSEBOX, Washington, DC

2003 | **The American Effect: Global Perspectives on the United States 1990 – 2003**
40 selections from each, The Washington Post and The Washington Times, curated by Lawrence Rinder
Whitney Museum of American Art, New York, NY

2003-6 | ***A Fiction of Authenticity: Contemporary Africa Abroad***
140 selections from The St. Louis Post-Dispatch, curated by Shannon Fitzgerald and Tumelo Mosaka,
Contemporary Art Museum St. Louis, St. Louis, MO;
Miller Gallery, Carnegie Mellon University, Pittsburgh, PA;
Blaffer Gallery, Houston, TX

2004 | ***Newspapers (Register)***
152 selections from The Des Moines Register
curated by Cira Pascual Marquina, Anderson Gallery,
Drake University, Des Moines, IA

2009 | ***Imaging South Africa: Records/Newspapers/Stamps***
176 selections from The New York Times,
176 selections from The St. Louis Post-Dispatch,
68 selections from The Des Moines Register,
68 selections from The Washington Post,
68 selections from The Washington Times
Durban Art Gallery, Durban, South Africa


SportsMonday
South African Keeps Nerve And the Field, at a Distance

SOCCER

A Stage to Sell What Soccer Has to Offer

In less than six weeks, dozens of teams, hundreds of television crews and thousands of journalists will travel to South Africa for the World Cup, perhaps the most popular sporting event in the world, and the biggest global sports event ever held in Africa.

WILLIAM C. RHODEN
SPORTS OF THE TIMES

For South Africa, the pivotal question is: how will this event change and enhance the brand of a nation once defined by apartheid, then by Nelson Mandela?

For the United States, the big question is almost exclusively tied to soccer: will this World Cup be the one to inject the game into the bloodstream of a vibrant United States sports culture. More to the point: will a World Cup in Africa be the magnet for attracting African-American athletes to the sport?

* * *

Last week, Danny Jordaan, the chief executive of the World Cup organizing committee, visited the Hugo Newman School in Harlem to promote soccer and the tournament.

Jordaan spoke about the significance of Africa's hosting a sports event on the scale of the World Cup for the first time. Then he issued a call to arms. He encouraged the largely African-American student body to embrace soccer.

Jordaan said he told the students that "the only Africans in this world who are not playing soccer are the African-Americans, so if you want to be true Africans, you must play the sport of Africa."

Jordaan was reminded that young African-Americans are often pushed, pulled and drafted in all sorts of athletic directions. They are staples of football and basketball [illegible] pools, and Major League Baseball has established an initiative to help the sport grow in urban areas. Soccer, on the other hand, has been slow to follow suit.

E-mail: [illegible]

But Jordaan was unmoved.

"The primary sport on the continent is football," Jordaan said of Africa. "Everywhere on the continent, the sport is soccer. So, we want to bring you home."

Soccer in the United States continues to fight for attention with the N.B.A., the N.F.L. and Major League Baseball.

Soccer in the rest of the world draws heavily from the working class and the poor. For the better players, the game offers an opportunity to earn a good living.

But in the United States, the rise of travel teams and training camps and the decrease in available free space have made the game more expensive to play. The increasing costs are limiting the potential pool of players.

South Africa's World Cup may be just as important to the sport in America.

Soccer's challenge in the United States is how to expand the pool from which to pull and develop talent, not only among African-Americans but across the board.

Jordaan said he hoped that Africa's hosting the World Cup would encourage African-Americans to visit South Africa and perhaps in some way boost their participation in the game.

"This World Cup has opened up new spaces, and into those spaces you see [illegible]," Jordaan said. "I hope as the U.S. moves towards finalizing a bid for 2022 that we see a significant number of African-Americans into the sport by 2022. I think this may be the trigger."

Not everyone believes it will.

Don Garber, the commissioner of Major League Soccer, said that he did not see a link between a World Cup in Africa and a boost in African-American interest in the game.

"I think it's probably putting too much into it," Garber said. "I think at the end of the day, the World Cup in South Africa is going to be one of the great moments in world history.

"The fact that the world of sports will be shining on that country and providing great economic possibilities for the people who live there. Just a great chance for everybody to see how far that country has come.

"I don't believe that our support of what's going on in Harlem or in other cities across the country is related to the World Cup, but certainly it has people paying more attention to what's going on in underserved communities."

Indeed, the World Cup has already attracted the attention of Americans.

Jordaan pointed out that the performance of the United States national team in June in the Confederations Cup in South Africa, where they surprised Egypt and Spain before losing to Brazil in the final, helped establish the Americans as a credible team, one that could compete.

"They left our country with a lot supporters and admirers," Jordaan said.

* * *

Jordaan said 100,000 World Cup tickets had been sold in the United States.

"Maybe it's because people believe in the team, maybe it's because many of the people in the U.S. want to be part of Africa's first World Cup — they want to celebrate good news on the continent," Jordaan said. **"To move away from the idea that the continent is about disease, is about desperation, is about war, is about famine. The other side of the story never gets told."**

Beginning next month, a multitude of stories will be told. One will be about a country, South Africa, hosting one of the world's most important sporting events for the first time. Another will be about a country, the United States, attempting to attain unprecedented heights in that event.

BOXING

Pacquiao-Mayweather: The Fight for a Fight

From First Sports Page

[illegible] said his camp was more focused on the election, where, according to some polls, Pacquiao had jumped ahead. Should Pacquiao be elected, Arum said he would fight no earlier than November. Should Pacquiao lose, he could fight in September or October.

Late Saturday, both De La Hoya and Mayweather said that Mayweather's latest performance awarded him the ability to dictate terms.

"I'm closer to 40 than I am to 30," Mayweather, 33, said. "I'm not chasing fighters."

Arum responded: "He can dictate all he wants. As far as Pacquiao is concerned, nobody needs him. It's delusional. It's silly."

The fighters agreed to an even monetary split in January, but should Mayweather again triumph in P.P.V. numbers, he is less likely to make the same compromise when negotiations resume after the election. In addition, Pacquiao is suing Mayweather's camp for defamation.

Mosley and Mayweather also underwent blood testing for their fight, an issue that threatens to derail future negotiations between Mayweather and Pacquiao, the way it did previously.

"It wouldn't be good for boxing," Arum said. "Obviously, those two guys need to fight each other. That being said, it takes two to tango."

After Pacquiao beat Cotto, Ross Greenburg, the president of HBO Sports, clamored for Mayweather as Pacquiao's next opponent. He took a more measured tone this weekend, in large part because the last round of negotiations turned ugly and public.

"We have to do anything we can, and what we need to do, we'll have to do quietly this time around," he said. "That's about all I can say. We have to do it quietly."

Lost somewhat in this typical boxing back and forth are two special fighters nearing the end of the prime of their careers. Before he retired, De La Hoya fought Mayweather, Pacquiao and Mosley. On Saturday, he firmly and repeatedly labeled Mayweather the best of that impressive trio.

De La Hoya described Mayweather as "on another level," able to get inside opponents' heads then head inside the ring and dissect opponents' flaws.

"The best boxer on the planet is Mayweather," he said. "In my mind, in Mosley's mind, in everybody's mind. Fighters come and go, but we talk about boxers like Mayweather forever. He showed me true greatness."

De La Hoya seconded what Juan Manuel Marquez, who also fought both Mayweather and Pacquiao, said earlier Saturday: that Mayweather would beat Pacquiao, the same way he beat his first 41 opponents.

His victory over Mosley was that impressive, but still Mayweather correctly opined afterward that no matter who he fights, or how he fights, he struggles to win over the public.

"I beat everybody they put in front of me," he said. "No matter what, it's never good enough. The ultimate goal is to try and find a fighter that can beat me."

Therein lies the problem. Because this fighter exists, at least in theory, and he is running for political office in the Philippines. Arum said Pacquiao could fight Antonio Margarito, whom Mosley dismantled, or Yuri Foreman, who was scheduled to fight Cotto in early June.

But neither bout would come remotely close to the blockbuster that looms, always. No fight, for either boxer would. Until Mayweather and Pacquiao meet, boxing's most important question remains unanswered.

HORSE RACING


Calvin Borel, right, after winning the Kentucky Derby aboard Super Saver. "I'm going to win the Triple Crown this year," he said.

One Eye on Crown, One on Crowd of Rivals


[illegible]

Despite Obama's Moratorium, Drilling Projects Move Ahead

By IAN URBINA

WASHINGTON — In the days since President Obama announced a moratorium on permits for drilling new offshore wells and a halt to a controversial type of environmental waiver that was given to the Deepwater Horizon, at least seven new drilling permits and five waivers have been granted, according to records.

The records also indicate that since the April 20 explosion on the Deepwater Horizon, federal regulators have granted at least 19 environmental waivers for gulf drilling projects and at least 17 drilling permits, most of which were for types of work like that on the Deepwater Horizon around the time it exploded, pouring a ceaseless current of oil into the Gulf of Mexico.

Asked about the permits and waivers, officials at the Department of Interior and the Minerals Management Service, which regulates drilling, pointed to public statements by Interior Secretary Ken Salazar, reiterating that the agency had no intention of stopping all new oil and gas production in the gulf.

The Department of the Interior officials said in a statement that the moratorium was meant only to halt permits for the drilling of new wells. It was not meant to stop permits for new work on already existing drilling projects like the Deepwater Horizon.


Ken Salazar

But critics say the moratorium has been violated or too narrowly defined to prevent another disaster.

With crude oil still pouring into the gulf and washing up on beaches and in wetlands, President Obama is sending Mr. Salazar and Homeland Security Secretary Janet Napolitano back into the region on Monday.

In a [illegible] worded warning to BP on Sunday, Mr. Salazar said at a news conference outside the company's headquarters in Houston, "If we find they're not doing what they're supposed to be doing, we'll push them out of the way appropriately."

Mr. Salazar's position conflicted with one laid out several hours earlier, by the commandant of the [illegible]

Continued on Page A14

U.S. Tries Luring Foot Soldiers From Taliban Back to Society

By ELISABETH BUMILLER

MIAN POSHTEH, Afghanistan — The young Taliban prisoner was led blindfolded to a sweltering military tent, seated among 17 village elders and then, eyes uncovered, faced a chief accuser brandishing a document with the elders' signatures or thumbprints.

Capt. Scott A. Cuomo, a United States Marine commander who was acting as the prosecutor, told the prisoner: "This letter right here is a sworn pledge from all of your elders that they're vouching for you and that you will never support the Taliban or fight for the Taliban ever again."

After a half-hour "trial," the captain rendered the group's judgment on the silent prisoner, Juma Khan, 33, who the Marines had caught after finding a bomb [illegible] in his yard. Mr. Khan's father and grandfather, who was one of the elders, were among the group. "So on behalf of peace, your family, your grandfather," Captain Cuomo solemnly said, "we're going to let you go."

Thus was justice dispensed on a recent Saturday evening, deep in the Taliban heartland of the Helmand River Valley, where the theory behind the American effort to "reintegrate" the enemy meets the ambiguous reality of a nearly decade-old war.

Captain Cuomo, a 32-year-old Annapolis graduate from Long Island who is not related to the New York political family, acknowledged the hazards of the trial and others like it unfolding in Afghanistan. "Do I know that Juma Khan is not going to turn back around and be the Taliban?" he said. "No." Nonetheless the [illegible]

Continued on Page A10

[illegible] failed her, forcing her to [illegible]. She qualifies for a state-run subsidized child care program. But like many other states, Arizona has slashed that program over the last year, relegating Ms. Wallace's daughter, Alissa, to a waiting list of nearly [illegible] eligible children.

Despite a substantial increase in federal support for subsidized child care, which has averaged [illegible] efforts, [illegible] support, and [illegible] to keep pace with rising demand, according to [illegible] and federal officials.

That has left swelling numbers of low-income families struggling to reconcile the demands of work and parenting, just as they confront one of the toughest job markets in decades.

The cuts to subsidized child care challenge the central tenet of the welfare overhaul adopted in 1996, which imposed a five-[illegible]

[illegible] eligible for subsidized [illegible] waiting lists [illegible] of families are [illegible] those under the supervision of child protec-

THE NEW POOR
A Quest for Help in Hard [illegible]

[illegible] — which takes place above and [illegible]

Ms. Wallace [illegible] she [illegible] welfare [illegible] the only practical route toward child care.

So, on a recent afternoon, she waited in a crush of beleaguered people to submit the necessary paperwork. Her effort to avoid welfare through work has brought her to welfare's door.

"It doesn't make sense to me,"

Continued on Page A14


Alessandra Wallace has returned to public assistance, unable to obtain care for her daughter, Alissa, while she works.

South Africa Pushes to Make World Cup Its Own

By CELIA W. DUGGER

JOHANNESBURG — The official mascot of Africa's first World Cup — a stuffed leopard with spiked green hair — was made in China. The official World Cup anthem, "Waka Waka (This Time for Africa)," was written by the Colombian pop star Shakira. The official restaurant? McDonald's.

And with less than three weeks before the world's most watched sporting event, only 36,000 of the almost three million tickets have been sold in Africa outside of South Africa itself, the host. On a continent whose people mostly live on the wrong side of the digital divide, tickets were mainly marketed online.

ADVANTAGE, U.S.A.

An American edge at goal is likely to be in evidence in World Cup play against England. Page D1.

"This is not our World Cup," explained Greg Fredericks, a senior manager for South Africa's World Cup organizing committee. He noted the dominant role of FIFA, soccer's Zurich-based world governing body. "It is FIFA's World Cup. We are just the organizers. We are the stage."

That might have been the end of the story, except that this is South Africa, the country that ended a vicious system of racial segregation 16 years ago to create a noisy, fractious, vibrant democracy. Poking a finger in the eye of authority is part of the national DNA.

And so South Africans have pushed back — to get easier ac-

Continued on Page A8


The Soccer City stadium in Johannesburg underwent a major revamping for the World Cup.

Japan Relents On U.S. Base On Okinawa

By MARTIN FACKLER

TOKYO — Reneging on a prominent campaign promise, Prime Minister Yukio Hatoyama told outraged residents of Okinawa on Sunday that an American air base would be moved only to the north side of the island rather than off the island.

The announcement, a victory for the Obama administration and a humiliating setback for Mr. Hatoyama, confirmed what Japanese media had been reporting for weeks: that he would accept Washington's demands to honor a 2006 agreement to move the United States Marine Air Station Futenma to the island's less populated north.

Irate crowds greeted his arrival on Okinawa on Sunday, with bright yellow signs that said "Anger" and showered him with jeering cries of "Go home!" And in Tokyo, opposition leaders and even members of his own governing coalition assailed him for having turned the relocation into a huge political issue, only to go back to the original agreement.

While defending his decision

Continued on Page A8

Republicans See Big Chance, But Worry About Wasting It

By JEFF ZELENY and CARL HULSE

WASHINGTON — Republicans remain confident of making big gains in the fall elections, but as the midterm campaign begins in earnest, they face a series of challenges that could keep the party from fully capitalizing on an electorate clamoring for change in Washington.

There are growing concerns among Republicans about the party's get-out-the-vote operation and whether it can translate their advantage over Democrats in grass-roots enthusiasm into turnout on Election Day. They are also still trying to get a fix on how to run against President Obama, who polls suggest, remains relatively well-liked by voters, even as support for his agenda has faded.

Republicans are working to find a balance between simply running against Democrats and promoting a specific alternative agenda. And they are struggling with how to integrate the passions of the Tea Party movement — with its anti-government ideology, anti-incumbent bent and often-rough political edges — into the Republican party apparatus.

This week, House Republicans are beginning a program they call "America Speaking Out." Their message is that lawmakers will be listening to their supporters over the summer months, not simply dictating an agenda. In the fall, Republican leaders said, they plan to turn the ideas into [illegible] proposals for the [illegible].

A series of events last week prompted a reexamination among Republicans of where the party stands less than six months before the midterm elections. In

Continued on Page A3

turned two of his cows into carcasses.

The jaguars' numbers may have dwindled, but they still roam the forests here in eastern Costa Rica, making their presence known by devouring the occasional chicken, pig or cow.

"I understand cats do this because they need to survive," said Mr. Porras-Valverde, 41, a burly dairy farmer.

A few years ago, he acknowledged, his first reaction might have been to reach for a gun. But his farm now sits in the middle of land that Costa Rica has designated a "jaguar corridor" — a protected pathway that allows the stealthy, nocturnal animals to safely traverse areas of human civilization.

In the past few years, such corridors have been created in Africa, Asia and the Americas to help animals cope with 21st-century threats, from encroaching highways and malls to climate

Countries try to keep development out the big cats' way.

change.

These virtual pathways represent an important shift in conservation strategy. Like many nations, Costa Rica has traditionally tried to protect large mammal species like jaguars by creating sanctuaries — buying up land and giving threatened animals a home where they can safely eat, fight and breed [illegible].

But in the past decade or so, scientists have realized that connecting corridors are needed because many species rely for survival on the migration of a few animals from one region to another, to intermix gene pools and

ONLINE: PATHS FOR BIG CATS

A video report from Costa Rica, where conservationists are trying to establish jaguar pathways through human-populated areas.

nytimes.com/world

ing down a species — like preventing New Yorkers and Californians from getting together to procreate.

"It was kind of an epiphany," said Alan Rabinowitz, a zoologist who is president of Panthera, an organization that studies and promotes conservation of large cats. "We were giving them nice land to live on when what they were doing — and what they needed — was an underground railway."

He said critical migration routes were especially vulnerable in rapidly developing countries, where new roads, shopping malls, dams, playgrounds and subdivisions could spring up overnight, blocking the animals' passage. To correct this oversight, Costa Rica and other countries have begun identifying and protecting corridors for jaguars and other large mammals, like tigers, snow leopards and pandas.

Most of the corridors are not obviously demarcated pathways, but virtual trails, "protected" in the sense that builders and planners are not permitted to introduce obstacles to the animals' movements through the area.

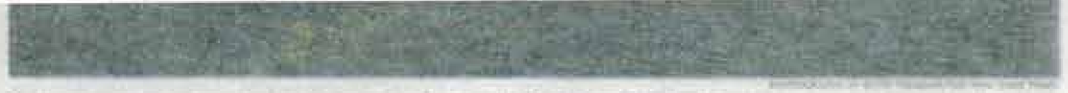
The idea is not to stop building entirely, but to adjust development so that animals can move through landscapes that humans also occupy. A tall fence surrounding a shopping mall may be forbidden, for example, or a two-lane road may have to be substituted for a proposed four-lane highway.

Local residents must also be persuaded not to shoot wild intruders or otherwise drive them away when they are in transit, a shift in thinking that is already taking root here.

"Of course jaguars sometimes have conflicts with communities, but now people have been educated to change their thinking — not to see them as so dangerous," said Victor Fallas Ramírez, an agronomist who grows ornamental plants here.

The threat of global warming has added to the urgency of creating corridors because animals will need to shift habitats as temperatures rise from climate change.

"This is an idea that people are finding very compelling, and especially compelling now because with changing climate, species will need the capacity to move,"



Protected corridors are being created for jaguars in Brazil, top left, and in regions like the one above, east of San José, Costa Rica.

A representative of Panthera teaches schoolchildren in Bajo del Tigre, Costa Rica, about conservation efforts for jaguars.

said Norman Christensen, a professor of ecology at Duke University, whose team is working to define corridors in Central America, India and Africa.

While Dr. Christensen called Costa Rica "the poster child" for its efforts, he said corridors for large mammals were also being created in places like Uganda and China. The World Bank is financing corridor projects in Brazil and Peru; more important, the bank's transportation planners are working with conservationists to ensure that building highways and laying train tracks so humans can move freely does not destroy that movement for animals, Dr. Christensen said.

Part of the reason that conservationists had in the past focused exclusively on preserves was that there was a lack of good data on the travel and breeding patterns of large animals like jaguars: these big predators favor dense jungles and are nocturnal and extraordinarily shy.

So when new techniques allowed scientists to take a first look at the jaguar genome a decade ago, they were shocked to discover that jaguars from the northern reaches of Mexico had exactly the same genetic makeup as those from the southern tip of South America.

That meant that over time, some jaguars were moving up and down the Americas to breed; otherwise, the isolation of jaguar populations in different regions would have caused their genetic makeups to diverge. At least some males from Colombia were traveling to Panama to mate, and others were moving from Mexico to Belize.

"It was surprising, but it seemed to say they had one continuous habitat," said Dr. Rabinowitz, the zoologist.

Scientists were convinced that jaguars would never cross a water barrier as wide as the Panama Canal, smack in the middle of their extended habitat. But when they set up cameras to spot jaguars near the canal, they discovered that, every so often, a brave animal took the plunge, ensuring the continuity of genes in the north and south.

Costa Rica now requires developers to consider whether a new construction project would interrupt an essential corridor, or else to make other arrangements for jaguars to travel safely through the area.

The fact that jaguars and other large cat species travel at night and do not hunt when they are on the move makes it easier for them to co-exist with humans.

"The bottom line is big cats can live with people," Dr. Rabinowitz said. "That's not true of all animals."

He continued: "The problem with the paradigm of conservation is it's been seen as a confrontation between nature and development, that won't let progress happen."

In Costa Rica, Panthera is conducting research to better define the routes taken by jaguars and lobbying politicians and developers to respect them. The organization also sponsors community outreach programs to resolve what the researchers term "jaguar conflict issues."

"Many places don't want the corridors," said Roberto Salom, Panthera's regional coordinator here. "We've made alliances with lots of leaders and educators, but it's a very slow process."

Here in the jungles of Central America, jaguars are regarded as mystical and dangerous. According to local legend, indigenous people turn into jaguars when they enter the jungle, and then shake off their spots when they return to the village.

"I've seen the tracks, but never an animal," said Enoc Bajo Chiripó, an indigenous leader who is working with the group. "But you can smell when they're around."

Families in the region tell jaguar stories the way New Yorkers talk about their families' arrivals at Ellis Island.

"My grandmother saw it at the place where agouti and peccaries come to eat," said Jordi Ortiz Camacho, 12, speaking of a jaguar. "My grandfather killed it with a stick because his gun didn't work."

While local farmers are now willing to forgive a dead cow or two to allow jaguars to survive as a species, they are often reluctant to make larger sacrifices. Just outside Las Lomas, a proposed hydroelectric project would involve building a huge dam across a valley, creating a body of water a third of a mile wide and more than three miles long. As planned, it would block a jaguar corridor.

The new project will mean jobs, an increase in property values and improved basic services for the area, including roads and piped water, said Mr. Fallas Ramírez, the agronomist. And the community, he said, cannot just forsake all that.

"For us, and the jaguars, it's just an obstacle," said Mr. Salom, the biologist, who is looking into alternative solutions, like an animal bridge or a smaller dam. "So we're thinking, 'How can we mitigate this?'"

South African Youth Leader Is Given a Mild Punishment After a Series of Gaffes

By BARRY BEARAK

JOHANNESBURG — Julius Malema, the inflammatory president of the governing party's youth league, was given a mild punishment by party elders on Tuesday after a disciplinary hearing that many here once expected to yield a far harsher comeuppance.

Mr. Malema was permitted a plea bargain, resulting in the withdrawal of three internal charges against him in exchange for a guilty plea in one other. His censure includes a public apology, mandatory education in anger management and leadership skills, and a fine of about $1,300.

The announcement by a disciplinary committee of the party, the African National Congress, included Mr. Malema's agreed-upon portion of humble pie, with his admitting that his "public utterances should at all times reflect respect and restraint." He promised to learn from his mistakes.

Last month, when President Jacob Zuma publicly reprimanded his best-known disciple, there was speculation that Mr. Malema might well face expulsion from the party and the possible dead end of a political career.

But the 29-year-old leader of the youth league has a huge following and has proved an able field general in getting out the vote. While he has offended many in the A.N.C.'s hierarchy, he also has important allies.

The three charges that were dismissed had seemed the most

ALEXANDER JOE/AGENCE FRANCE-PRESSE — GETTY IMAGES

Julius Malema, president of the youth league of the African National Congress, addressing a rally in Johannesburg in 2009.

serious. In early April, Mr. Malema made a trip to Zimbabwe, where he allied himself with the 86-year-old autocratic president, Robert Mugabe. This exchange of affections came while Mr. Zuma was involved in delicate negotiations to solve that country's political crisis. A show of impartiality was considered essential for success.

Mr. Malema also resurrected a liberation-era song that included the words "shoot the Boer," a lyric that, if taken literally, calls for the killing of Afrikaners. A judge banned the singing of the song — and the party itself issued instructions to stop the racially divisive renditions. But the youth league leader defiantly continued to lead crowds in the forbidden singalong.

A third charge involved the rude treatment of a BBC correspondent, Jonah Fisher, whom Mr. Malema maligned and threw out of a news conference.

The charge that Mr. Malema did not escape involved an implied criticism of Mr. Zuma, comparing him unfavorably with former President Thabo Mbeki at a provincial youth congress on April 11.

"Comrade Julius Malema shall make a public apology to the president of the A.N.C, the A.N.C. and the public in general," read the disciplinary committee's statement.

It further threatened Mr. Malema with suspension from the A.N.C. if he is again found guilty of provoking party divisions within the next two years.

Senators Demand Tighter Rules on No-Fly List and Addition to Terror Group List

By SCOTT SHANE

WASHINGTON — After a briefing on the Times Square bombing attempt, the top Democrat and Republican on the Senate Intelligence Committee called Tuesday for improvements in the no-fly list and the addition of the Pakistani Taliban to the govern-

ments for airlines to check the no-fly list, imposed after the man accused of being the Times Square bomber was allowed to board a flight to Dubai, were still not adequate.

After the accused man, Faisal Shahzad, 30, a naturalized American [illegible] born in Pakistan, was [illegible]

hours of being told of an update.

But Mrs. Feinstein said that the delay should be reduced to 30 minutes, and that a plan for the Transportation Security Administration to take over the no-fly list checks from airlines should be accelerated.

Mrs. Feinstein said that Mr. [illegible]

and we need to think about new defenses," she said. "The no-fly list itself is one of our best lines of defense."

Particularly after an attempted act of terrorism, Mr. Bond added, "This is not something that should be waiting on a list for people to review hours later."

Schumer, Democrat of New York, in a letter to Secretary of State Hillary Rodham Clinton.

The list includes organizations believed to threaten the security of the United States or its citizens. The Pakistani Taliban have focused largely on the Pakistani government and military targets. [illegible]

tempted Times Square attack on May 1, which involved an S.U.V. loaded with gasoline and propane.

Mr. Bond said that based on Tuesday's briefing, he thought the evidence was less definitive than Mr. Holder suggested. Mrs. Feinstein said she disagreed [illegible]

"All the News That's Fit to Print"

The New York Times

National Edition

[illegible] A mix of clouds and sun. A passing afternoon thunderstorm in the [illegible]. Hot. Highs mainly in the [illegible]. An early thunderstorm in the [illegible]. Weather map, Page C8.

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OBAMA STEPS UP THE PROSECUTION OF MEDIA LEAKS

ANGER AT DISCLOSURES

Cases Begun by Bush's Team Are Pursued Aggressively Now

By SCOTT SHANE

WASHINGTON — Hired in 2001 by the National Security Agency to help it catch up with the e-mail and cellphone revolution, Thomas A. Drake became convinced that the government's eavesdroppers were squandering hundreds of millions of dollars on failed programs while ignoring a promising alternative.

He took his concerns everywhere inside the secret world — his bosses, to the agency's inspector general, to the Defense Department's inspector general and to the Congressional intelligence committees. But he felt his message was not getting through.

So he contacted a reporter for The Baltimore Sun.

Today, because of that decision, Mr. Drake, 53, a veteran intelligence bureaucrat who collected [illegible] faces years in prison on 10 felony charges involving the mishandling of classified information and obstruction of justice.

The indictment of Mr. Drake was the latest evidence that the Obama administration is proving more aggressive than the Bush administration in seeking to punish unauthorized leaks to the press.

In 17 months in office, President Obama has already outdone every previous president in pursuing leak prosecutions. His administration has taken actions that might have provoked sharp political criticism for his predecessor, George W. Bush, who was often in public fights with the press.

Mr. Drake was charged in April. In May, an F.B.I. translator was sentenced to 20 months in prison for providing classified documents to a blogger. This week, the Pentagon confirmed the arrest of a 22-year-old Army intelligence analyst suspected of passing a classified video of an American military helicopter shooting Baghdad civilians to the Web site WikiLeaks.org.

Meanwhile, the Justice Department has renewed a subpoena to [illegible]

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CARL FOURIE/EUROPEAN PRESSPHOTO AGENCY

Everybody Watches, Nobody Loses

Soccer fans in South Africa, top, and in Mexico City, middle, watched as the host team held on for a 1-1 tie with Mexico in the opening game of the World Cup. In Paris, bottom, fans watched on a screen near the Eiffel Tower as the French played a scoreless tie with Uruguay. SportsSaturday.

Karzai Is Said to Doubt West Can Defeat Taliban

Former Officials Say Afghan Leader Seeks Deal With Militants and Pakistan

By DEXTER FILKINS

KABUL, Afghanistan — Two senior Afghan officials were showing President Hamid Karzai the evidence of the spectacular rocket attack on a nationwide peace conference earlier this month when Mr. Karzai told them that he believed the Taliban were not responsible.

"The president did not show any interest in the evidence — none — he treated it like a piece of dirt," said Amrullah Saleh, then the director of the Afghan intelligence service.

Mr. Saleh declined to discuss Mr. Karzai's reasoning in more detail. But a prominent Afghan with knowledge of the meeting, who spoke on condition of anonymity, said that Mr. Karzai suggested in the meeting that it might have been the Americans who carried it out.

Minutes after the exchange, Mr. Saleh and the interior minister, Hanif Atmar, resigned — the most dramatic defection from Mr. Karzai's government since he came to power nine years ago. Mr. Saleh and Mr. Atmar said they quit because Mr. Karzai made clear that he no longer considered them loyal.

But underlying the tensions, according to Mr. Saleh and Afghan and Western officials, was something more profound: That Mr. Karzai had lost faith in the Americans and NATO to prevail in Afghanistan.

For that reason, Mr. Saleh and other officials said, Mr. Karzai has been pressing to strike his own deal with the Taliban and the country's archrival, Pakistan, the Taliban's longtime supporter. According to a former senior Afghan official, Mr. Karzai's maneuvering involves secret negotiations with the Taliban outside the purview of American and NATO officials.

"The president has lost his

Continued on Page A8

Arkansas Campground Floods Leave Trail of Death and Worry

By EVIN DEMIREL and ERIK ECKHOLM

LODI, Ark. — At least 16 people were killed and dozens more were unaccounted for after flash floods raged through campgrounds in western Arkansas early Friday morning.

As many as 300 people, including families with vehicles and off-road backpackers, may have been camping along the Caddo and Little Missouri Rivers as waters surged by 20 feet between midnight and dawn, according to Red Cross and state emergency officials.

Terrified families tried to outrun the churning, swiftly rising water, some fleeing up hillsides as tents vanished, recreational vehicles flipped over and rental cabins were demolished.

As of Friday afternoon, 16 bodies had been recovered and dozens more people were still missing, said Chad Stover, a public affairs officer of the Arkansas Department of Emergency Management.

Caddo Gap, Ark., was hit by floods that killed at least 16.

Kayla Curtis, 21, of Vivian, La., and her family had been camping in the area since Monday. "Without warning, everything started washing away," she said.

Around 2:30 a.m., Ms. Curtis, her 3-year-old daughter and her [illegible] were pummeled into the floodwaters. She held her [illegible], but she watched in horror as her daugh-

Continued on Page A12

From Troublemaking Teenagers To International Terror Suspects

This article is by *Kareem Fahim, Richard Pérez-Peña* and *Karen Zraick*.

NORTH BERGEN, N.J. — One [illegible]

[illegible] who cannot compete with the sense of belonging or purpose their boys find elsewhere.

"Of course we tried everything we could," said Nadia Al[illegible]

Sandy Island, a Tourist Mecca, Fears a Long-Term Oil Smear

By MICHAEL COOPER

GRAND ISLE, La. — They are not selling many fried Snickers bars à la mode these days at the [illegible]

"It's shifted from a beautiful tropical paradise with people running around in bathing suits [illegible]

A Bet on Last Century's Styles To Open This Century's Wallets

By STEPHANIE CLIFFORD

For some clothing brands, the summer of 2010 looks a lot like the summer of 1910, and 1940, and [illegible]

plied to World War II pilots and 1950s mountaineers. Jantzen's ruffled halter bikini is modeled on

SOWETO JOURNAL

Rugby Fans Go Offside and Run Into Racial Reconciliation in South Africa

By BARRY BEARAK

SOWETO, South Africa — The wildly zealous fans of rugby's Blue Bulls are a decidedly white lot but for the blue paint they smear on their faces and the blue wigs they fit over their scalps. They customarily attend games at Pretoria's Loftus Versfeld Stadium, where they are comfortably among their own kind and the language over the loudspeakers is Dutch-rooted Afrikaans.

For most of them, the mammoth township of Soweto, though only an hour away, is a world apart, a no-go area, too black, too unfamiliar and too intimidating. Back in the days of apartheid, this was the best-known bastion of resistance to white rule. Government soldiers in armored vehicles menacingly careened through the streets, sometimes firing into crowds.

But these past two Saturdays, with Loftus booked otherwise, two of the Blue Bulls' biggest games of the year were necessarily moved to the nearest available arena of sufficient size: Orlando Stadium in Soweto.

There was worry among the bluest. "From a security point of view, I didn't know whether I wanted to risk coming here," said one Bulls fan, Timus Geyser, 48. "Were people going to be friendly? Were people going to get hurt?"

As it turned out, not only was Soweto courteous to the rugby hordes, it embraced them with open arms, open hearts and, most importantly, open bottles of beer. The streets near the stadium turned into block parties. Whites and blacks got soused together in the small taverns known as shebeens.

Commentators immediately called this merriment one of South Africa's greatest moments of racial reconciliation. One sportswriter said, "the beloved country cried tears of joy" as pot-bellied Afrikaners swigged their Amstel on a sunny Soweto day. The all-news TV station here said, "Nelson Mandela's dream of a nonracial South Africa was starting to be realized."

This display of brotherhood, it was also noted, was especially timely given that the most watched event in all of sports, soccer's World Cup, begins on June 11 with South Africa as host. Eight games, including the opening match and the finals, will be played in Soccer City, a stadium on the edges of this township.

Last Saturday, Christoffel Groenewald found it hard to believe he had waited so long before visiting Soweto. "There's a vibe here you just don't get when it's white people alone in Pretoria," he said before the game.

By rugby standards, he was modestly dressed, with only wildly oversize blue sunglasses to enliven his wardrobe. He had boarded a bus that morning, crossed the racial divide and come to an epiphany: "Black people are better at accepting white people than white people are at accepting blacks."

Mr. Groenewald, a 37-year-old engineer, was standing in a stranger's crowded front yard. He continued his thought: "If black people came to our stadium, white people wouldn't be as welcoming. White people wouldn't be selling them beer, inviting them into their yards, grabbing them by the arm and asking them to come meet another white person."

Open arms and open bottles for visitors to a former no-go area.

He paused to consider his conclusion and seemed compelled to add, "White people wouldn't even do that for other white people."

Behind him, blacks and whites sat together on benches. A newfound friend, Mandla Tshabalala, ambled over, beer in hand, and said, "Everyone is mingling with everyone here. South Africa is a changed country now."

Up the block, Louwtjie Bekker, an off-duty policeman, called the scene "South Africa as it ought to be." He said: "People are exchanging their cultures. We're learning how the other lives."

One after another, Blue Bulls fans were having those feelings of pinch-me-I-must-be-dreaming. A young man named Pieter phoned his pal Christiaan. "I'm in Soweto, man," he said. "It's once in a lifetime."

Nearer to the stadium, Margaret Nkosi had rented out her yard to white people she had met the week before. No alcohol is allowed in the arena, and she was operating a small shebeen to allow the thirsty to fortify themselves.

"No Afrikaner has ever been here before," she said of her tavern, looking toward a 3-year-old girl in a pink dress. "That's my granddaughter. I don't think she's seen white people before. Oh, she has seen them, but never been around them."

Was all this bonhomie really evidence of a broader racial tolerance? As an experiment, there were flaws in the methodology. The 36,000 Bulls fans never got very far into Soweto, and in the joyous streets around the stadium the white visitors outnumbered the black residents by perhaps 50 to 1.

Some Bulls fans did not realize the limited nature of their venture, while others understood this was only a dip of the toe. "I have an office here so I come to Soweto all the time," said Grant Jooste, a food distributor. "But my father, who is 75, he'd never come."

Nevertheless, like so many others, Mr. Jooste felt he was sipping his beer in the midst of a watershed occasion. "This is the biggest transformational event in this country except for Mandela leading the country," he said.

Soweto itself is vast. The name, however African it may sound, is actually an acronym for Johannesburg's South Western Townships. It includes 30 to 50 square miles depending on how the boundary is defined, and within that territory are about one or two million people who live in homes of most every sort, from tin shanties to the occasional mansion.

While only a fraction of Soweto's population actually set eyes on the Afrikaners making their great trek into a black township, they could easily enough relate to the enthusiasm of these devoted fans. In South Africa, rugby has traditionally been a white man's game, but soccer is the pastime of blacks, and they take it just as seriously.

More difficult for them to understand was why it took these white people so long to venture into their famous township. Tour groups come here all the time.

"They didn't even know where Soweto was," said Bongani Maseko, 25. "They had to punch it into their GPS."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOAO SILVA FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

With their team's stadium in Pretoria otherwise booked, the mostly white fans of the Blue Bulls went to Soweto for a recent game.

Streets turned into block parties near the stadium in Soweto, the best-known bastion of resistance to white apartheid rule.

RUTH FREMSON/THE NEW YORK TIMES

Six months after Haiti's earthquake, hundreds of families live on the median strip of a road in the Port-au-Prince area.

Haiti's Displaced, Left Clinging to the Edge

Shelter Problems and Indecision Stall Recovery From Quake

By DEBORAH SONTAG

PORT-AU-PRINCE, Haiti — Hundreds of displaced families live perilously in a single file of flimsy shanties [illegible] along the median strip of a [illegible] congested [illegible] road [illegible] called the Route des Rails.

Vehicles rumble by day and night, blaring horns, kicking up dust and belching exhaust. Residents try to protect themselves by positioning [illegible] in front of their shacks but cars still hit, injure and sometimes kill them. Rarely does anybody stop to offer help, and Judith Guillaume, 23, often wonders why.

"Don't they have a heart, or a suggestion?" asked Ms. Guillaume, who covers her children's noses with her floral skirt when the diesel fumes get especially strong.

Six months after the earthquake that brought aid and attention here from around the world, the median-strip camp blends into the other [illegible] of the post-disaster landscape. Only 28,000 of the 1.5 million Haitians displaced by the earthquake have moved into new houses, and the Port-au-Prince area remains a tableau of life in the ruins.

The tableau does contain a spectrum of circumstances: precarious, neglected encampments; planned tent cities with latrines, showers and clinics; debris-strewn neighborhoods [illegible] [illegible] dead territory for a city of the future.

But the government of Haiti has been slow to make the difficult decisions needed to move from a state of emergency into a period of recovery. Weak before the disaster and further weakened by it, the government has been overwhelmed by the logistical complexities of issues like [illegible]

[illegible]

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[illegible] gress approved the Troubled Asset Relief Program, the Bush administration's $700 billion program to rescue the banking system at a moment when it appeared close to collapse, lawmakers from both parties who backed it remain haunted by the vote.

Republicans for months predicted that a backlash against the Democrats' big health care law would be the defining issue in this year's Congressional campaigns. But the bipartisan TARP vote has become a more resonant issue in a year when anti-incumbent, anti-Washington sentiment is running strong.

Democrats who voted for the bailout — which was championed by their own leaders along with President George W. Bush and Senator John McCain of Arizona, then the Republican presidential nominee — are now facing attacks from Republican challengers on the campaign trail. Republicans who voted for it are being accused of promoting big government and fiscal irresponsibility by Tea Party candidates and other conservatives.

Emotions can run high over the subject. Lawmakers report being buttonholed over bailouts by confrontational constituents, and Senator Robert F. Bennett, Republican of Utah, was jeered at a party convention by people chanting "TARP, TARP, TARP."

"It became a litmus test of [illegible]

Continued on Page 18

[illegible] remain — Wall Street.

The shift underscores the remarkable recovery of the biggest banks and brokerage firms since Washington rescued them in the fall of 2008, and follows the huge rebound in profits for members of the New York Stock Exchange, which totaled $61.4 billion in 2009, the most ever. Since employment bottomed out in February, New York securities firms have added nearly 2,000 jobs, a trend that is also playing out nationwide at financial companies, commodity contract traders and investment firms.

Though the figures are small in comparison to overall Wall Street employment, executives, economists and headhunters say they expect the growth to pick up steam in the coming months.

"I think we're seeing some hiring in anticipation of better times," said Rae Rosen, a regional economist at the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. "Wall Street typically hires in anticipation of the recovery, and there is a sense that the economy has bottomed out and is slowly improving."

The increase in hiring and cautious optimism stand in sharp contrast to the mood among workers in other fields, where jobs have been slow to return or are disappearing altogether. Since June 2009 the number of

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Students, Meet Your New Teacher, Mr. Robot

By BENEDICT CAREY and JOHN MARKOFF

SMARTER THAN YOU THINK

Engaging the Pupil

LOS ANGELES — The boy, a dark-haired 6-year-old, is playing with a new companion.

The two hit it off quickly — unusual for the 6-year-old, who has autism — and the boy is imitating his playmate's every move, now nodding his head, now raising his arms.

"Like Simon Says," says the autistic boy's mother, seated next to him on the floor.

Yet soon he begins to withdraw; in a video of the session, he covers his ears and slumps against the wall.

But the companion, a three-foot-tall robot being tested at the University of Southern California, maintains eye contact and performs another move, raising one arm up high.

Up goes the boy's arm — and now he is smiling at the machine.

In a handful of laboratories around the world, computer scientists are developing robots like this one: highly programmed machines that can engage people and teach them simple skills, including household tasks, vocabulary or, as in the case of the boy, playing, elementary imitation and taking turns.

So far, the teaching has been very basic, delivered mostly in experimental settings, and the robots are still works in progress, a hackers' gallery of moving parts that, like mechanical savants, each do some things well at the expense of others.

Yet the most advanced models are fully autonomous, guided by artificial intelligence software like motion tracking and speech recognition, which can make them just engaging enough to rival humans at some teaching tasks.

Researchers say the pace of innovation is such that these machines should begin to learn as they teach, becoming the sort of infinitely patient, highly informed instructors that would be effective in subjects like foreign language or in repetitive therapies used to treat developmental problems like autism.

Several countries have been testing teaching machines in classrooms. South Korea, known for its enthusiasm for technology, is "hiring" hundreds of robots as teacher aides and classroom playmates and is experimenting with robots that would teach English.

Already, these advances have stirred dystopian visions, along with the sort of ethical debate usually confined to science fiction. "I worry that if kids grow up being taught by robots and viewing technology as the instructor," said Mitchel Resnick, head of the Lifelong Kindergarten group at the Ma-

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At U.S.C., researchers have had the robot Bandit interact with autistic children.

KIRA SHAW/GETTY IMAGES

Many black South Africans will support the Netherlands in Sunday's World Cup title game.

Rooting for Dutch, South Africans Put Past Aside

By JERÉ LONGMAN

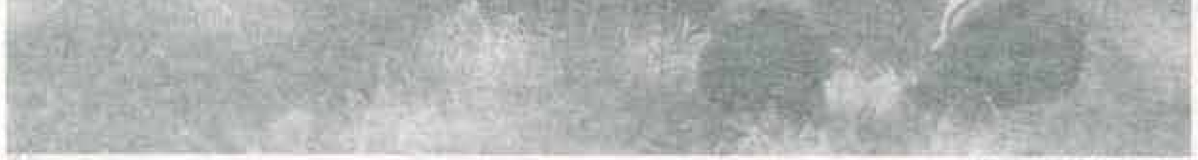
JOHANNESBURG — Given that the Dutch are former colonial masters and their descendants instigated the harsh racial policies of apartheid, one might think that many South Africans, blacks especially, would not cheer for the Netherlands against Spain on Sunday in the World Cup final.

In truth, many will not, but mostly for reasons involving the aesthetics of soccer, not a half-century of state-mandated oppression of blacks.

"Loads of us favor Spain, but it is because they have a flair, a quality," said Lucas Radebe, a black South African who was captain of World Cup teams in 1998 and 2002. "This is all about football. History is history."

On the other hand, many black and mixed-race South Africans are rooting for the Netherlands, along with white Afrikaners, who are of Dutch descent. Radebe said that 16 years after the fall of apartheid, this represented a sign of progress, a recognition of deep historical and cultural connections, and a confirmation of Nelson Mandela's belief in the

Continued on Page 4



Christopher Harder with his son Nicholas, who will be 5 this summer. Practicing the game together helped Harder practice being a father.

CHEERING SECTION

Still a Fan, Just With a Shorter Favorite Player

By CHRISTOPHER HARDER

I trained hard for the World Cup, and I like to think I'm in better shape than I was for the 2006 tournament — as a fan, and as a father.

Four years ago, I was set to hop on a plane bound for Germany to catch a World Cup game or two. I figured I could balance my 11-month-old son, Nicholas, on my lap with my wife, Beth, by my side. It would be a big thrill — for me. But Beth reminded me that as parents, our priorities had to change.

Instead, I watched as many matches as I could on television. Mostly, though, I watched Nicholas. He was my constant companion as he crawled and cruised, and I struggled to balance his life with mine. Joining the fatherhood league felt like joining a new team in a new country where everyone spoke another language.

My soccer career — playing in adult pickup games — had sputtered as I suffered affliction after affliction. But by 2008, Nicholas was a veteran walker and runner, so I bought us each a new soccer ball. I practiced the beautiful game with him, and I practiced being a father.

His ball was about as big as a large grapefruit and covered with polka dots. I did not inflate it fully, so it would be easier on his toes. His new ball was as soft as my old one, a classic black-and-white checkered model so worn it would not inflate completely anymore.

On our spotty grass, I gently passed the ball to him and played the bumbling keeper in front of a mini-goal I had picked up at the local sport shop. Nicholas flailed at the ball with a wholehearted, semibalanced swing of his little leg. Sometimes he missed, but sometimes, he blasted it into the net. After we kicked the ball around the yard a few times, it looked as if Nicholas had scribbled on it with green and brown crayons.

We also made up a game in which I kicked the ball up our sloping driveway and he tried to trap it with his foot as it rolled down. I welled with pride each time Nicholas, at 3½, managed to stop it. But within five minutes, something else would grab his attention and he would abandon the ball.

When Nicholas was almost 4, the mother of one of his preschool friends asked us to join them for a weekly soccer class. I signed him up. It would be good exercise and a chance for shy Nicholas to socialize. On the first day, I dressed him in a very small soccer jersey. As I drove him to the park, I talked up the class — in vain.

"I don't think this is a good parking spot," he said from his car seat when I finally found an opening. I parked there anyway.

> Becoming a father may mean new priorities, but it doesn't have to mean giving up soccer.

At the class, he did not join in right away. I nudged him in the back, but he stayed next to me like a goalkeeper hugging a goalpost. I thought of nudging him again, then thought better of it. He watched the class for about 10 minutes, then joined the other youngsters.

I backed away slowly but kept my eye on Nicholas as he dribbled and trapped a ball as tall as his knees. And I thought ahead to a time when he will choose to create his own space between us, and how, as he gains independence, I'll miss his company tremendously.

One day during class, rain started to pour. Nicholas ran to me for his raincoat.

"That was some nice dribbling out there, buddy," I said as he slid into his lemon-yellow hooded coat.

I thought he would stay by my side, but he ran back onto the wet field, ready to play again.

"He likes to play in the rain," I said to myself. "He's got what it takes to be a soccer player."

Nicholas will turn 5 this summer. I'm taking in the World Cup from the confines of the basement again, but I can focus on the soccer field instead of Nicholas's every step.

I can watch the redesigned ball as it changes direction unpredictably — like my son — and catches players off guard. I can tell Nicholas about the artistry of Spain and Brazil and the magic of Xavi and Kaká. During the games, I try to juggle my World Cup replica ball. I flick it into the air — and I routinely drop it. But I always aim to keep my balance, as I step in and step back.

Christopher Harder is a freelance writer and editor in New Jersey.

IN-BOX

The Noisy and the Subdued of the World Cup

To the Sports Editor:

Re "Critics' Howls Won't Stop Vuvuzelas' Buzzing, Organizers Say," June 14: It is South Africa's party and if the vuvuzela is part of their soccer culture, then those attending, players and fans alike, just have to buck up and deal with it.

For those of us watching on TV, though: if a $100 set of headphones available at any airport gift shop can cancel out the noise of a jet engine, why can't the networks find noise-canceling software so we can hear the commentators and crowd without that annoying, mind-numbing drone?

CHARLES RISSEL
Titusville, N.J.

•

To the Sports Editor:

The television coverage of the World Cup by Univision is like a breath of fresh for fans interested in seeing sport.

It shows three games per day with no commercial interruption, and a very simple and subdued promo on the pregame and postgame replays. As opposed to what? The over-the-top, self-promoting major American sports coverage, which after all is necessary to pay for the overinflated budget of the American commercial sports entity.

RAY JUGBARTH
Norwalk, Conn.

•

To the Sports Editor:

Re "Hop, Skip and a Tie," June 13: As an ardent England fan who has been waiting since age 11 for us to win the World Cup again, I found your comments about the match against the United States to be very generous. As disappointed as I was, I think the Americans did extremely well, and I wish them every success, as long as they don't do better than us.

CHARLIE ISAAC
Devon, England

•

To the Sports Editor:

On behalf of a grateful nation, I salute England goalkeeper Robert Green, the Bill Buckner of soccer. Thank you for making this soccer fan's day.

BRIAN WALLACE
Juneau, Alaska

•

To the Sports Editor:

Re "U.S. Shares the Blame for Feeling Cheated," June 19: George Vecsey conflates two wrongs — allegedly bad play by the Americans earlier in the game and a erroneous call by a referee — to come up with the conclusion in his column: one offsets the other.

Suppose a judge in a criminal trial makes a wrong ruling against a defendant: no one would say that the defendant was partly to blame for the judge's mistake by allegedly committing the crime in the first place and putting himself in a position to need a correct ruling.

The Americans may well have played badly, but whether they did or did not is irrelevant to their right to fair rulings.

STEPHEN H. SCHWARTZ
Williamstown, Mass.

Voting Against Congress

To the Sports Editor:

Re "Nebraska Moves to the Big Ten, Pushing the Big 12 to the Brink," June 12: Anyone wondering why the American electorate is so disgusted with the current state of political affairs need only read the report that the University of Nebraska is switching from the Big 12 to the Big Ten. Senator Jay Rockefeller, Democrat of West Virginia, said he would hold hearings about the realignment.

With all the challenges of true importance facing this nation, why would the Senate waste even a millisecond reviewing which colleges play in what conference?

Meanwhile, I'm still plowing through my copy of the Federalist Papers trying to find out where Alexander Hamilton, James Madison and John Jay stated that the federal government could and should exercise jurisdiction over steroids in baseball.

EDWARD S. HOCHMAN
New York

The sports department welcomes readers' comments. Letters must include the writer's name, address and phone number. Those selected may be shortened to fit allotted space. Send e-mail to sports@nytimes.com, faxes to (646) 428-8217 and postal mail to Sports Department, The New York Times, 620 Eighth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10018.

YURI KOCHETKOV/E.P.A.

A South African fan with a vuvuzela before a loss to Uruguay on Wednesday.

has groomed him and gave him money. When I played, you were owned outright by the club until a team traded you or released you.

Q. *Who was the toughest pitcher you faced?*

A. One pitcher who gave me a lot of trouble was Frank Sullivan with the Red Sox. He wasn't by any sense of imagination a great pitcher, but he was a big, tall sidearmer. I never got hits off him. When I was a real good player, Bob Lemon and Early Wynn were tough on me, too. Then when I got older, 38, 39, Nolan Ryan was tough.

PAUL SANCYA/ASSOCIATED PRESS

Al Kaline never played in the minors.

Q. *You had a strong arm and knew how to hit cutoff men. Do you see those skills lacking today?*

A. One reason outfielders don't have stronger arms might be they don't practice as much as we did. Most teams today don't take outfield practice. Another reason is baseball has to compete with other sports now — basketball, football, soccer — for the better athletes that might have more skills and stronger arms.

Q. *Who was the best player you played against?*

A. Carl Yastrzemski was the best all-around player. He could run, throw and hit. He had the ability to play a number of different positions. He signed as a shortstop. He could play the outfield, of course, and third base and first, too. He was a tremendous athlete. Mickey Mantle was unbelievable, too.

Q. *What is the biggest difference between the game today and when you played?*

A. The players are bigger and stronger. But the schedule is a little ridiculous.

Q. *Do you think players who have used performance-enhancing drugs should be inducted into the Hall of Fame?*

A. Players originally took steroids to have big years and sign long-term contracts. They were able to make more money than they could ever spend in their lives. But I don't think those players should be let into the Hall. And if they are, I think their plaques should be a different color.

Q. *Did players use performance enhancers when you played?*

A. I saw some players taking what they called greenies back then to get their bodies going and get the adrenaline up. But they didn't make you stronger or faster. They just made you get up to play.

OUT-BOX

The five most e-mailed articles from nytimes.com/sports for June 12 to June 18.

1. WORLD CUP'S INCESSANT DRONE WILL STAY FOR NOW Some broadcasters have been complaining since last June's Confederations Cup in Johannesburg that the vuvuzelas are too disruptive to TV feeds. *(Published June 15)*

2. WATSON, 60, PREPARES FOR PEBBLE BEACH Tom Watson, who won the 1982 United States Open at Pebble Beach, likes his chances. *(June 15)*

3. COMPLICATED TANGO FOR ARGENTINA'S COACH AND STAR Diego Maradona, 49 and perhaps the greatest soccer star ever, and Lionel Messi, soon to be 23 and perhaps the best player of his generation, have their fates entwined. *(June 17)*

4. DESPITE FLIRTATIONS, TEXAS AGREES TO STAY IN BIG 12 AND SAVE IT Left adrift amid the chaos of conference realignment, the Big 12 found an improbable savior. *(June 15)*

5. AT 47 YEARS OLD, AND AT 80 M.P.H., MOYER STYMIES YANKS Jamie Moyer can still befuddle hitters — elite hitters who work in the Bronx and who pummeled Roy Halladay the night before — to the point of dominance. *(June 17)*

The Baltimore rapper Rye Rye during Saturday's eight-hour Hard NYC show on Governors Island, an event headlined by M.I.A. Lightning and thunder as the evening ended the event early.

Eight Hours on an Island of Noise, as M.I.A. Headlines the Hard NYC Fest

From First Arts Page

classes) and brag about their sexual allure, and they got the whole crowd to sing along to an insult to someone's mother in Afrikaans. Skream + Benga, a British electronic-music duo, blasted the deep, slithering bass lines and earthshaking beats of dubstep.

Rye Rye delivered her rat-a-tat rhymes — fast, competitive boasts — over the sparse electronic propulsion of Baltimore club music while she outdanced everyone else on the festival bill. Sleigh Bells jumped with whipsaw unpredictability between Derek Miller's heavy-metal guitar riffs and Alexis Krauss's bright, piping vocals. Proxanmity, joined by members of the punk band Death Set, rapped funny, knowing songs to beats built from live drum samples, sometimes with a carnival-music drive.

The lineup also included the rapper Theophilus London — who, distractingly, performed with a half-dozen photographers onstage — and other electronic-music acts and D.J.'s: Richard Russell, Destructo, Borgore, Lil Planet and the three-member Nguzunguzu. Among them they drew on house, electro, techno, dancehall, drum-and-bass and plenty of dissonance and distortion.

All those sounds and more have shown up in M.I.A.'s music; at Hard NYC she was poised to top them with a political dimension. It was, like her sound mix, murky. M.I.A.'s best songs merge simple, singsong refrains with the rough bases of slums worldwide and glimpses of third-world struggle, as her fans know. M.I.A. grew up amid civil war in Sri Lanka. Part of her staging flaunted signifiers of the terrorism era. Silhouetted against a video screen, her backup singers appeared to be wearing burqas. Later she teased the audience to make a request amid samples of gunshots. "Nobody, just say 'Sri Lanka' the world '[illegible],'" she climbed to the connected "Born" (the request) and "World Town."

> ONLINE: MORE M.I.A.
> Past coverage of the rapper: nytimes.com/music

two older songs that haven't lost their impact.

The set started with "Steppin Up," with M.I.A. backed by about a dozen power drills as part of the rhythm track: noise triumphant. But M.I.A.'s vocals were often so buried in echo, and the bass so bloated, that her lyrics just became more of the din, and the songs that she segued together like a disc jockey set were barely distinguishable. Instead of a barrage, it was a morass.

Her set was cut short by thunder and lightning, which she attributed to God and answered with a last defiant gesture: rapping "Born Free," which vows to speak her mind, a cappella as her backup group sang down. But an exodus from her set had begun well before the downpour.

The rapper Ninja of the South African group Die Antwoord.

Jazz and Classical Meet To Learn and Improvise

MUSIC REVIEW

STEVE SMITH

Improvisation, a fundamental quality of jazz, is by nature a risky business. The act usually involves a confrontation between two perspectives — that of a composer and that of a performer or performers — with the goal of achieving a combination informed and enriched by both perspectives. At its idealistic peak, as in recent large-ensemble works by the composer and bandleader Anthony Braxton, improvisation can represent a vision of collaborative democracy.

Yet even when you approach improvisation with the purest of intentions and the sharpest of skills, you're never entirely certain what will happen. So it was no surprise that in two concerts presented by the first Jazz Composers Orchestra Institute in the Miller Theater at Columbia University on Friday and Saturday evenings, a feeling of agendas in [illegible]

Mr. Lewis, the director of the center, had another agenda: "just getting people up to speed on what's been happening since, let's say, 1970," he explained in a video clip the orchestra posted on YouTube. In panel discussions during both concerts Mr. Lewis proposed the notion of a "post-genre" aesthetic. On Saturday he put it bluntly: "A stupid word like 'jazz' is not going to hold me back from doing what I want to do with a set of instruments, or with a set of people, or with an environment, or with discourse."

That moment aside, the institute's objective could be unclear if you attended only the concerts. Among the works Wet Ink played on Friday, only one, "Wonderlust" by Leroy Jenkins, embraced jazz improvisation as a primary concern. Joshua Modney, a violinist, played a flamboyant solo part over an ensemble mostly deployed as accompaniment.

MATTHEW [illegible] FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

Jazz Composers Orchestra Institute

J. D. Parran performing on Saturday at the Miller Theater.

made these formidable works approachable.

A similar sense of conviction was missing during parts of Saturday night's concert by the American Composers Orchestra. The program, conducted by Gil Rose, opened with a solid account of John Zorn's zany "For Your Eyes Only," a successful example of Mr. Zorn's translating a jump-

A Thai Take on Myth and Modernity

ALASTAIR MACAULAY

DANCE REVIEW

Very schematically, the Pichet Klunchun Dance Company's hourlong production of "Chui Chai" — which was performed this weekend at the Gerald W. Lynch Theater as part of the Lincoln Center Festival — takes us from Thai tradition to Thai modernity. On the way there's a fair sprinkling of (eight) deconstruction.

"Chui Chai" means transformation. At the start we see the gorgeous costumes, the masks, the pagodalike headdresses and the slow-motion, elaborate gestures of Thai classical dance, as the company plunges into a tale, from the epic Ramayana, about demons, kidnapping and counterfeiting a human being. (Surtitles helped those who could not understand the chanted words.) By the end two of the dancers are in blue jeans (and one in denim hot pants) and the range of movement includes some crashing falls to the floor and suggestive sways of the pelvis.

> ONLINE: 'CHUI CHAI'
> *More photos from the performance:* nytimes.com/dance

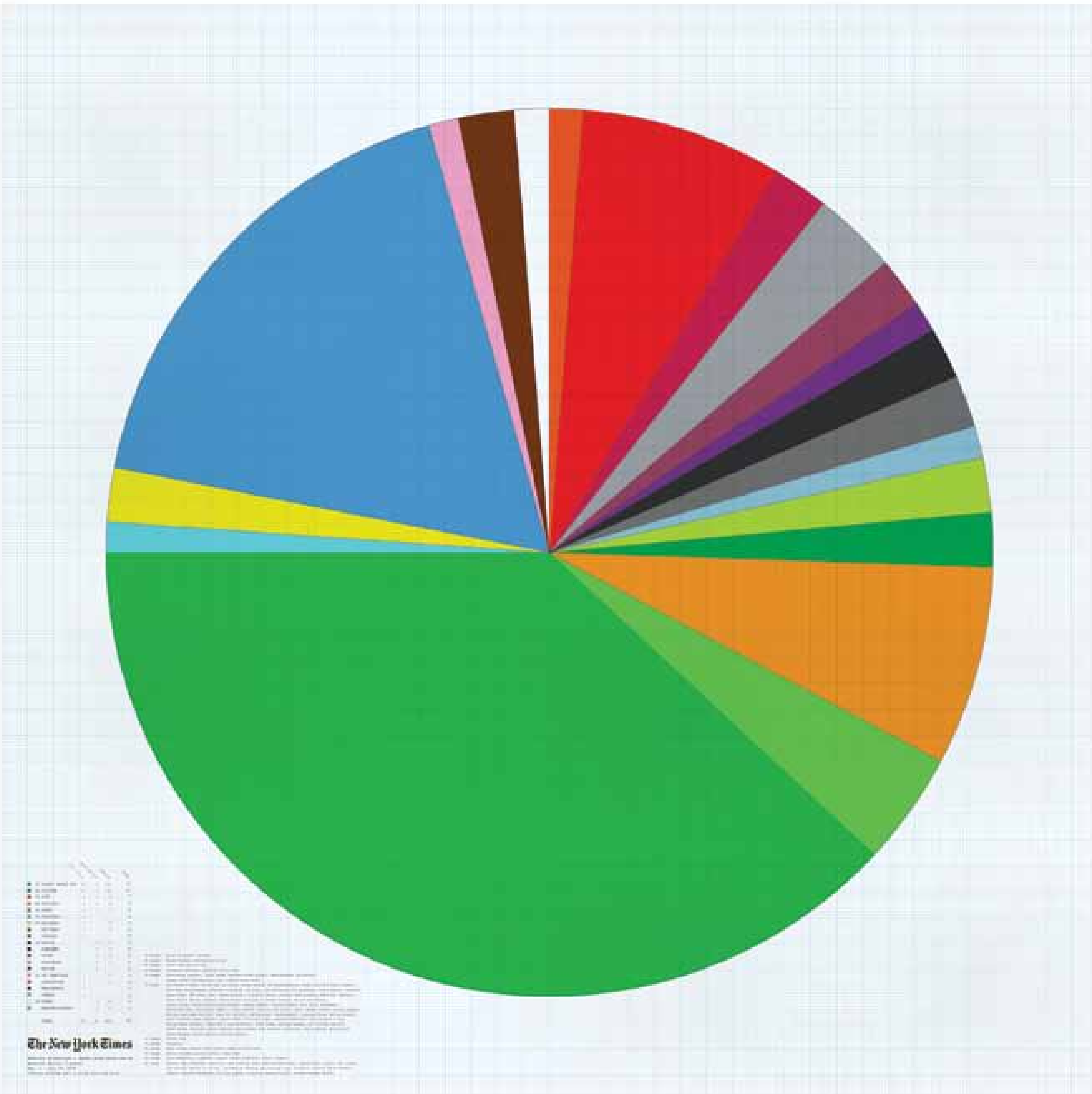
[illegible] graphed by Pichet Klunchun, who is also artistic director of the company that bears his name — cuts to an audio-taped questionnaire addressed to modern Thais about these mythic characters. (Traffic noise is heard in the background.) Translations are provided on a screen, and so we learn that there are plenty of Thais today whose notions of Sita and other characters are similarly muddled.

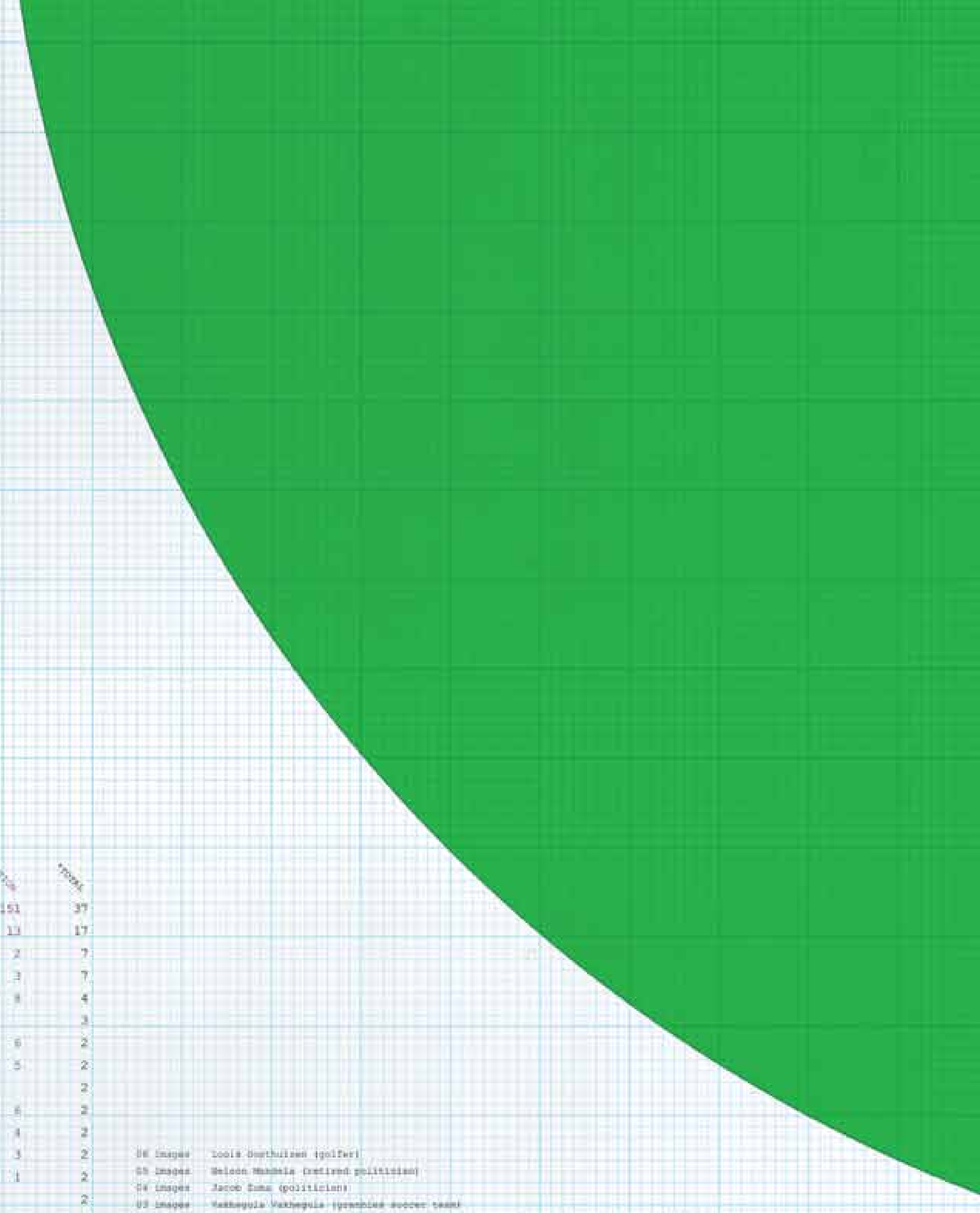
Next comes Mr. Klunchun, bare-chested, barefoot and in blue jeans, performing traditional Thai dance movements. He and the dancer playing Benyakai (in full costume and mask) engage in a long duet. Finally the stage is populated by characters ancient and modern, styles old and new, in some cases combined.

A Western eye is likely to feast most on the features of traditional Thai classical dance, since it's [illegible] arched back at angles unknown in most other dance forms. The feet are all placed carefully in slow-motion movements. (Mr. Klunchun's toes arch upward with something of the elaboration of his fellow dancers' fingers.) And the demon Thotsakarn, while keeping one leg bent sideways, sometimes leaps powerfully on the spot as if stamping sculpturally.

These pleasures, however, are monotonously developed. Though Mr. Klunchun accompanies the movements with traditional Thai music (voice, wind and percussion, all taped), dance and sound are seldom interestingly connected. (The music director is Sinnapa Sarasas.) Things don't improve when "Chui Chai" moves into its hybrid, meandering notion of modernity (which is, in the final section, accompanied by neo-Romantic piano music).

"Chui Chai" is not principally about dance or theater; it's an inconclusive, artistically tepid theory about the climate change in Thai culture. Here's the old tale [illegible]



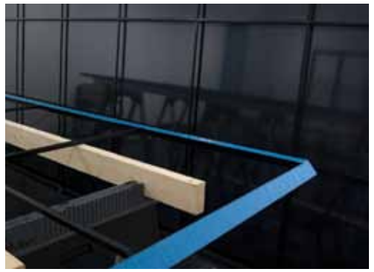


	FULL ARTICLE	BRIEF ARTICLE	MENTION	*TOTAL
01 SPORT: WORLD CUP	29	8	151	37
02 CULTURE	10	7	13	17
03 AIDS	4	1	2	7
04 POLITICS	4	3	3	7
05 SPORT	3	1	8	4
06 APARTHEID	3			3
07 BUSINESS	2		6	2
OBITUARY	2		5	2
TOURISM	2			2
10 AFRICA		2	6	2
ZIMBABWE		2	4	2
CRIME		2	3	2
FOOD/WINE		2	1	2
RACISM		2		2
15 GAY MARRIAGE	1		2	1
CORRUPTION	1		1	1
XENOPHOBIA	1			1
ISRAEL	1			1
19 OTHER		1	13	1
HEALTH/SCIENCE		1	4	1
TOTAL	65	32	224	97

The New York Times

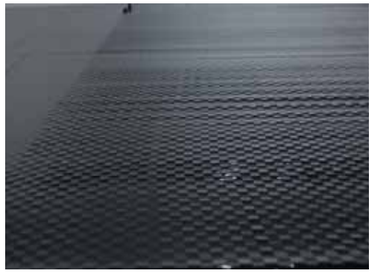
ANALYSIS OF ARTICLES & IMAGES ABOUT SOUTH AFRICA
Research Period: 3 months
May 1 – July 31, 2010
*Totals include full & brief articles only

06 images	Louis Oosthuizen (golfer)
05 images	Nelson Mandela (retired politician)
04 images	Jacob Zuma (politician)
03 images	Vakhegula Vakhegula (grannies soccer team)
02 images	Zack Rasego (caddie), Lucas Radebe (retired soccer player), Mosna Mokoena (gallerist), Sameer Granat (entrepreneur), Alex Simpson (cafe owner),
01 image	Paul Botha & Albert Martin (gay marriage), Zenani Mandela (NM granddaughter), Waddy Jones aka Ninja (rapper), Elon Musk (businessman), Nel-Mare Oosthuizen (LO wife), Jana Oosthuizen (LO daughter), Caster Semenya (athlete), Graca Machel (NM wife), Tulli Dameso (artist), Francois Pienaar (retired rugby player), Sahid Butt (grocer), Steve Mokone (soccer player), Sadick Isaacs (prisoner on Robben Island), Patrick Soon-Shiong, Jackie Selebi (former police commissioner), Siongazi Khumalo (soccer player), Nico Smith (reverend), Zwelinzima Vavi (politician COSATU), Carlos Alberto Parreira (SA soccer coach), Moneeb Josephs (soccer player), William Kentridge (artist), Ernie Els (golfer), Walcome Ngeju (businessman), Itumeleng Khune (soccer player), Danie Rossouw (rugby player), Bafana Bafana (SA soccer team), Siphiwe Tshabalala, King Mokgatle & Wife, Zolile Mvula (singer), Angie Batis (art director), Peter Rodda, Danleigh Borman, J.M. Coetzee (author), Karen Dudley (caterer), Winnie Mandela (politician), Hugh Masekela (musician), Julius Malema (politician), Aaron Mokoena, Shauna Duncan, Amra-Faye Wright
25 images	Soccer fans
13 images	Vuvuzelas
04 images	Maps, soccer stadium with workers, women in AIDS study
03 images	School children playing soccer, rugby fans
02 images	Zuma supporters, elephants, artwork (David Goldblatt), school students
01 image	Artwork (Mary Sibande), nightlife, chef cooking, opera (William Kentridge), Sandton Mall, miners, HIV classes, HIV testing, dancers at soccer, builders at Phokeng, gay marriage legal documents, artwork (Keith Calder), artwork (Zwelethu Mthethwa), military guards, courtroom, Makana football records (Robben Island)












WEAVES

In my student days, I recall being dissatisfied with the traditional format of painting and shredding canvas into strips to create woven panels, thus transforming a 2-D surface into a 3-D object. Although these formal investigations did not sustain my interest, I did return to this process some years later when artist Sam Ntshangase was invited by Andries Botha to teach, unofficially, in the Sculpture Department at Technikon Natal in Durban. Like Botha, Ntshangase not only used natural materials, but also appropriated "industrial waste" for reuse in his work. His influence rekindled my earlier interest in a craft common to the KwaZulu Natal region—utilitarian objects made out of scavenged telephone wire. What intrigued me conceptually about this particular process was how a castoff material from the communications industry could be transformed into raw material in a manner that contradicted its original function.

In 1990, I produced a number of woven works using videotape. The videotape had been used and therefore encoded, but what was actually recorded on the tape I never revealed.

I expanded the format of the weaves to explore spatial possibilities, and this led to a number of works where the woven panels behaved as walls. For the 2nd Johannesburg Biennale in the main space of the South African National Gallery, I configured 40 panels in such a way as to create a room within the larger room of the main first-floor gallery. The woven screens, or *La Jetée* as the piece was titled, interfered with and reflected works from the permanent collection. In another architectural woven work, *Screen*, I constructed an impenetrable black box with an inaccessible interior space much like the weave work made for the Anderson Gallery exhibition.

The timing of the exhibition of *La Jetée* led to speculation that the used videotape might contain footage from the Truth and Reconciliation Committee Hearings which were being conducted in South Africa live on television during this period. Other viewers assumed that it somehow contained all the coverage of Princess Diana's funeral, which just took place prior to the opening.

I was interested not only in the contradiction between the material and its application in a new context, but also in the fact that the videotape was rendered mute. That this "illicit" information remained present but unreadable evoked for me notions of mistrust and frustrated desire. Disguising the work as a formal, minimalist object also added to its covert function. The whole process spoke of misused technology and the dark opaqueness of the piece also gave it a funerary quality.

The videotape weaves, like my other collection works, are made with a process of gathering and configuring, and are built through accumulated small gestures to create a grid-like pattern. The videotape works are silent and in the context of this exhibition, become perhaps an archive of the unseen or the unknown.

- left: ***Screen II*** in process, 2010.
Anderson Gallery, Richmond, VA.
- right: ***Screen II***, 2010.
woven VHS videotape, steel, 7.5'x 12.5'x 14.5'.
Anderson Gallery, Richmond, VA.

EXHIBITION HISTORY

1993 | **Untitled**
Institute of Contemporary Art, Johannesburg, SA

1994 | ***Vita '93***
Johannesburg Art Gallery, Johannesburg, SA

1997 | ***2nd Johannesburg Biennale / Graft, La Jetée***, curated by Colin Richards / Okwui Enwezor
South African National Gallery, Cape Town, SA

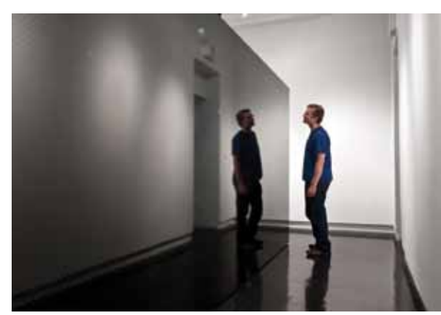
2000 | ***Translation/Seduction/Displacement, Screen,*** curated by Lauri Firstenberg & John Peffer
White Box, New York, NY

2001 | ***After the Diagram,*** **Untitled**
curated by Lauri Firstenberg & Douglas Cooper
White Box, New York, NY

2008 | ***Light Show, The Birds***
curated by Henrietta Hamilton, Robert Fraser & Vaughn Sadie, BANK Gallery, Durban, South Africa

2008 | ***Monomania, The Birds***
curated by Storm Janse van Rensburg
Goodman Gallery Cape, Cape Town, South Africa

2008 | ***Disturbance – Contemporary Art from Scandinavia and South Africa, The Birds***
curated by Maria Fidel Regueros & Clive Kellner
Johannesburg Art Gallery, Johannesburg, SA



THE WEAVE OF MEMORY
Siemon Allen's Screen in postapartheid South Africa

Andrés Mario Zervigón

• above: ***Screen,*** 2000.
woven VHS videotape, steel, 6' x 8' x 18'.
White Box, New York, NY.
• left: ***Screen II,*** 2010.
woven VHS videotape, steel, 7.5' x 12.5' x 14.5'.
Anderson Gallery, Richmond, VA.

Approaching the recent work of South African artist Siemon Allen is like encountering an object of classic Minimalism. His shiny black behemoth entitled *Screen* (2000), for example, bears a close resemblance to Tony Smith's *Die* of 1962. And like *Die*, whose enormous size, heavy dark rolled steel, and name all suggest a lethal threat, *Screen* also appears to mean something beyond its mere physical presence.[1] Perhaps its primary material, woven VHS videotape sectioned into twelve panels, contributes to this nonspecific sense of meaning. Or maybe its imposing size, the fact that most viewers cannot peer inside its six-foot walls, and the feeling that one can only guess at the recorded content of its constituent material, all contribute to this vague impression that *Screen* bears meaning of great significance. Indeed, the very fact that the work offers numerous levels of opacity may alone generate its greatest single message, its demonstrative unwillingness to reveal its contents.

For the last seven years, the international art world has fixed its attention on South Africa's art scene and has found itself fascinated by the country's sophisticated output.[2] Many foreign observers have been thrilled to see that contemporary art can successfully negotiate a history and context resonating with the social gravity of South Africa's transition from apartheid.[3] Indeed, much of the country's art revisits the apartheid past in provocative ways, mining South Africa's material history like an archive of memories and re-presenting this archive's contents for careful consideration. Allen's *Screen*, however, stands strangely apart from this trend in art. Rather than present discomforting terms of the past for reevaluation, *Screen* purposefully withholds its archived contents. The VHS videotape, which is normally used to record personal experiences, surveillance, or news, here reveals nothing apart from its shiny surface and the viewer's reflection in that surface. As videotape, *Screen* offers a material term for memory even as its black opacity references that memory's utter inaccessibility, the same sort of memory other South African artists labor to recoup. Indeed, the very weave of Allen's *Screen* offers a metaphor for the integration of individual memories into one national history, yet, simultaneously, the weave's tightness denies any simple decoding of that memory by, for example, feeding the tape through a video player.

1. American Minimalist works were often interpreted as referring to nothing more than their literal presence. *Die* represents an early exception to this interpretation. For a discussion of Smith's *Die* within the larger context of Minimalism, see James Meyer, ed., *Minimalism* (London: Phaidon Press, 2000), 12-45.
2. The fascination with South Africa's contemporary art followed a general interest in the country's transformation to democracy. The first Johannesburg Biennial, held in 1995, offered the first broad exposure of the country's art to an international audience. Subsequent discussion was ratcheted up by the even more comprehensive 1997 Johannesburg Biennial, an exhibition of William Kentridge's art at the Museum of Modern Art, New York (1999), and various shows of contemporary South African art, for example, *Liberated Voices* (1999) at New York's Museum for African Art. South Africa's recent art has also hit New York's Chelsea gallery scene. A particularly exciting exhibition, *Translation/Seduction/Displacement*, highlighting precisely how sophisticated this art has become, was staged at the White Box Gallery in March 2000. This is where I encountered Allen's Screen.
3. This was particularly evident in the show *Liberated Voices* (see n. 2).

• ***The Birds,*** 2008.
woven 16mm film, aluminum, 6'x 8'x 18'.
Featuring all the footage from Hitchcock's film.
BANK Gallery, Durban, South Africa

In a sense, *Screen* functions apart from the country's archive-based art as an antimemorial, quite literally reflecting South Africaæ but otherwise refusing the memory its component material evokes. Like that of the country itself, *Screen*'s memory has yet to be determined. It is precisely in this space between the self and external reference, in the vague meaning navigated by Allen's almost-Minimalism, where *Screen* operates so successfully. For in the context of post-apartheid South Africa, where the stakes for representation remain high, a work of art that makes the mechanics and deferral of reference its primary concerns necessarily highlights the process, rather than the terms, through which a nation renegotiates its past.

This distinction is significant. South Africa has spent the past seven years heavily engaged with its past, often producing in the process as much divisiveness as reconciliation. This fact became painfully apparent at hearings before the Truth and Reconciliation Commission (TRC). Established in negotiations between the last apartheid government and the African National Congress (ANC), the TRC was charged with uncovering the truth of apartheid-era crimes in exchange for their perpetrators' general amnesty, an arrangement that granted judgment for these crimes to the country's diverse citizens and, ultimately, to history itself. By taking this course, South Africa had essentially chosen to represent its past rather than avenge it. And indeed, the TRC's creators hoped that this re-presentation, this disclosure of crimes to broad public scrutiny absent institutional judgment, might elicit a broad consensus on the past and thereby promote the kind of reconciliation a successful future demanded. But once it was seated, the commission sometimes took on a circuslike quality, threatening to render such collective judgment far more difficult than initially planned.[4] Dramatic confessions and horrific memories broadcast around the country quickly excited a mass audience whose diversity of responses often served to heighten, rather than resolve, the nation's differences. Because the past meant vastly different things to different people, its terms were difficult to digest collectively.[5]

The ambivalence produced upon uncovering South Africa's past typifies the country's general rapprochement with history. Unsurprisingly, many of its artists have elicited similarly mixed emotions as they, too, journey through the past, re-presenting familiar cultural terms without casting any obvious judgment on those terms' meaning or significance. As with the TRC, this art of memory has often found itself heightening, rather than soothing, the contentiousness of South Africa's history The fight generated by the confessions and pardon of the murderers of political activist Steven Biko, for example, found its equivalent in a heated debate about the use among white artists of the black female image.[6] Reconciliation, as it turns out, requires the kind of shared memories and values that apartheid specifically sought to extinguish. How, then, can such values be determined in contemporary South Africa when the existing terms by which they are generated often serve to heighten and spectacularize difference? Indeed, can the country ever commemorate its history? The answer to this question may unfold only over the course of decades, but Allen's *Screen* proposes a number of interesting provisional responses. As in many other South African contemporary art works, his structure takes memory as its central concern, yet unlike these other works, it does so without outlining that memory's contents. The very opacity of his woven tape suggests that memory can be decoded only once consensus arises on how it will be read. *Screen*, therefore, memorializes memory by making its indecipherability, rather than its contents, a central aesthetic focus.

Such a strategy can only find success in an environment where memory's terms are actively contested. This is why phenomena such as the TRC and archive-based works of art are so important to the success of Allen's structure. These same phenomena, however, can be troublesome in a way that Allen's *Screen* is not. Generally in South Africa, images have long borne significant consequences precisely because their power and meaning have never been negotiated properly. During the apartheid era, they helped mediate to a larger public an official understanding of race, and they even participated in the most basic applications of minority power. The notorious passbooks blacks were required to carry, for instance, bore the carrier's photographic portrait. Such fusing of image with legal pass linked the representation of black identity to its effective criminalization. Other images produced by the everyday culture of apartheid, as in television and advertising, also circulated within a context resonating with Group Areas legislation, resettlement schemes, and Bantu education policies, the dominant instruments of racialized power that institutionally defined the country's discourse on race. Within this environment, both the creation and the reception of representation were inevitably determined by the dominant racial structure. Such was the case even when images intentionally resisted apartheid's discourse, for the singular focus of this opposition only seemed to confirm the racial discourse's dominance. Inevitably, apartheid transformed any image into yet another mediator of racial meaning and, thereby, another tool of that oppressive system's power.

Today in South Africa, images remain haunted by their previous use even while charged with their new task of renegotiating identity. Whether they appear

4. American audiences can observe the character of the TRC hearings in the documentary film *Long Night's Journey into Day* (2000), directed by Frances Reid and Deborah Hoffman.

5. For a critical discussion of this problem see Brandon Hamber, *From Truth to Transformation; The Truth and Reconciliation Commission in South Africa* (Braamfontein: Catholic Institute for International Relations, n.d.), 1-28.

6.Okwui Enwezor initiated this debate with his article "Reframing the Black Subject: Ideology and Fantasy in Contemporary South African Representation," *Third Text* 40 (1997), 21-40. He suggested that rather than renegotiating identity, the work of some South African artists was instead recycling old racial conceits through representations of the black female body. He voiced particular concern for the montages of Penny Siopis and Candice Breitz, visually disjunctive works that seemed to render the black body abject and docile. The response among South African artists was largely hostile, particularly because Enwezor was then curating the 1997 Johannesburg Biennial. International curators, concluded many of these artists, could not truly understand South African art and certainly should not cast aspersions on it. Equally interesting was the debate among South African artists themselves on representing across racial lines. It seemed clear from the debate that a neutral image for one South African could constitute a terrible affront to another (this observation is based partly on a discussion I had with Allen in December 2000). Other responses appeared in *Third Text*, an interesting example being Brian Keith Axel's "Disembodiment and the Total Body. A Response to Enwezor on Contemporary South African Representation," *Third Text*, 44 (1998), 3-16. [see also *Grey Areas*, edited by Candice Breitz and Brenda Atkinson.]

• **Untitled (Boogie Woogie)**, 2001.
woven 1" magnetic tape, wood, 9 x 12 ft.
White Box, New York, NY.

in soap operas broadcast on reformed television networks, advertisements found in glossy magazines, posters used in political campaigns, or the news, South Africa's new images inevitably retrieve the past even as they mediate visions of a "rainbow" future.[7] A popular soap opera portraying a black middle-class family's integration into Johannesburg's plush northern suburbs may help establish a new understanding of identity, but it does so against a past when blacks only cleaned and gardened in this area.[8] Its representation of race must therefore remain in dialogue with terms of the past if only to acknowledge contrasting understandings of race and separation.

The danger posed by this dialogue is that an image circulating in contemporary South Africa may not be able to critique its previous power without also purveying it, even spectacularizing it, depending on the viewer being engaged. This, in turn, is precisely the danger faced by South African artists who try to reconcile the past through a use of images retrieved from their country's visual archive.

By referencing memory through an opacity yet to be deciphered, *Screen* elliptically evokes both the country's past and its deferred reconciliation, absent the spectacular. And this is exactly where the sense that Screen means something significant plays a role. Within the South African context, where history constitutes the country's primary discourse, Screen's videotape is far more likely to be understood as a general reference to national memory.[9] This possibility suggests that a consensus on historical meaning remains possible in South Africa despite its citizens' diverse experience of the past. *Screen* elicits a practice in consensus precisely because it resists the contested terms through which this past is normally articulated.

Like other conceptual works of art in which object and idea are unhinged, *Screen* allows its components to allude to any number of shifting concepts. Allen's tape consistently turns back to its own opacity and indecipherability. It becomes a near free-floating signifier, capable of enabling almost any association the viewer might make. Does the tape signify its recorded content at all, or does it refer to the industry of surveillance built under the apartheid regime? Perhaps the second option would strike South African viewers first, considering a recent series of revelations. Two years ago, a number of "training" videotapes were discovered that showed white South African police officers setting their attack dogs on undocumented Mozambican immigrants. The tapes had supposedly been used to teach the training of attack dogs, but instead the police distributed copies for their own personal amusement. The recorded attacks were particularly brutal and left their Mozambican subjects seriously disfigured, a fact that makes their use as entertainment all the more disturbing. This discovery revealed the surviving brutality of a supposedly expired apartheid period. Such revelations clearly give videotape an unsettling association for the everyday South African.

Or, rather than alluding to these gruesome events themselves, perhaps Allen's tape refers to the TRC hearings before which similar revelations were largely made. Indeed, the TRC recorded all its hearings and often broadcast its gripping footage to the entire country. Maybe *Screen* evokes the abundance of these recordings, their dissemination over television, or even the popular culture that mediated their meaning. Allen prefers to keep this signifier as free as possible, refusing to reveal what lies recorded on the tape's surface except, on occasion and with deceptive frivolity, to suggest Princess Diana's funeral as its content.[10] This statement confuses *Screen*'s darkly serious reference yet suggests its status as a memorial.

Most important, *Screen* offers an alternative Minimalism of self-reference and external reference, and a liminal space between the two, where the motivation of meaning itself becomes the subject of aesthetic inquiry. Yet the fact that Allen's work successfully employs the formal rhetoric of Western Minimalism should not distract from its significance as a South African work of craft, a weave. This, too, contributes strongly to the work's referential power. The positive associations produced by a work that could be viewed simultaneously as craft and as fine art first occurred to Allen in 1989, well before South Africa saw the political and cultural developments with which his work dialogues. Then a sculpture student at Durban's Natal Technikon art school, Allen also studied weaving with the famous Zulu artist Sam Ntshangase. Rather than teach the traditional craft, however, Ntshangase encouraged his students to disassociate weaving from the fabrics with which it is normally linked. Taking this lesson to its logical end, Allen began making large four-by-eight foot weaves of shredded Coke cans, movie film, videotape, and even ripped-up painting canvas. He exhibited the weaves as framed two-dimensional works, thereby encouraging them to be viewed as painting. Yet, as weaves produced through painstaking labor, they also beckoned to be seen as craft. In addition, their incorporation of nontraditional materials seemed to stress a sculptural presence. These formal dislocations powerfully blurred the divisions of craft and fine art into which African and Western art, respectively, have customarily been separated. But of equal significance, they also interrogated Western distinctions between painting and sculpture. Through the adoption of such formal boundary breaking, Allen's early weaves established a dialogue between South Africa's cultural traditions and the type of avant-garde gesture whose heritage lay in places like Paris and New York.

• **Untitled**, 1990.
woven VHS videotape, wood, 4 x 8 ft.
ICA, Johannesburg, South Africa.

7. This is the term adopted by Archbishop Desmond Tutu and, subsequently, the new government to stress a diverse nation of equals.

8. In fact, the themes of racial integration and barrier breaking form a trend in South Africa's recent television broadcasting. Three examples are the soap opera *Orkney Snorkni*, which is set in a largely white conservative town learning to deal with its poorer black residents; *Igoli*, a particularly successful soap opera about a newly integrated school and its surrounding community; and *Isidingo*, another popular drama dealing with integration and its complexities.

9. Allen has exhibited his two most recent video weaves in New York at the White Box Gallery in Chelsea, in March 2000 and March 2001. Both exhibitions focused exclusively on South African art. Although all of the works selected serve their South African constituency on fascinating aesthetic and social levels, I would maintain that within the context of a specifically South African art show, they function similarly for American audiences, particularly given our similar histories. Allen has remarked that when his *Untitled (Richmond, VA)* (1996) was originally exhibited outside the context of South African art, it resonated far differently, even rather flatly.

10. This event is not as remote from the country as one might think. At the time of Diana's death, her brother, Charles, the ninth Earl Spencer, was living in South Africa.

• **Untitled (Richmond, VA),** 1996.
woven magnetic tape, 16mm film, sheets, steel, wood.
flatinternational, Richmond, VA.
Notably this was the first time "FLAT International" was used as an umbrella term for various exhibitions and projects that Ledelle Moe and myself organized in Richmond, Virginia in the Spring of 1996.

While Allen's weaves seemed of limited relevance to the more activist and content-driven art preferred by socially conscious artists during apartheid, their potential cultural resonance changed with apartheid's twilight.[11] In late 1993, eight months prior to the country's first democratic election, Allen co-founded an alternative gallery with fellow recent graduates. In the spirit of the approaching transition, these artists felt enough freedom from government restrictions to establish an experimental space where, as Allen recalls, "anyone could do anything."[12] Housed in their cooperative apartment, or flat, the FLAT gallery essentially sought to transform Durban's long-dormant art scene by selectively adopting Western avant-garde precedents from which South Africans had long remained isolated. Combined with the excitement of apartheid's end, this engagement with Western culture served to produce an art that was both aesthetically and politically radical. Suddenly, Allen's weaving practice seemed prescient, gently engaging African and Western aesthetic traditions, and serving as a foil to themes broached by the FLAT's other, frequently more assertive, exhibited works.

As a cofounder of, and participant in, the FLAT, Allen had already begun experimenting with magnetic audiotape, recording readings and exhibition discussions, which he later played back during the shows themselves. It was not long before he began using this tape as raw weaving material as well. The small format of audiotape, however, proved unwieldy in the weaving process, and he returned to videotape. At this point, he began exhibiting his video weaves not only as independent works, but also within larger three-dimensional assemblages. He constructed rooms out of wooden frames and white cloth, and in these mock galleries the weaves hung like strange voids. In these pieces, he highlighted the craft basis of his art by, for example, using cross-weaves whose diamond-shape patterns mimicked the look of cloth far more directly than Screen's square weave would. As a consequence, a viewer confronting the panels of a structure such as his *Untitled (Richmond, VA)* (1996) might gain the impression of looking at a painting or textile, both of which referenced the country's multiple aesthetic traditions. Allen's art literally wove African and Western aesthetic traditions together while leaving the significance of this interaction open to the intersubjective consensus of its viewers.

Allen's new work embraces Minimalism more tightly than his FLAT-era pieces had, yet the significance of its basis in craft continues to resonate with local artistic traditions. Now dialoguing with an art rooted in recollection, his increasingly inaccessible weaves suggest that South Africa's memory should never be fixed in a national representation at all but should continue being represented by the country's typically hybridized forms. Ultimately, as both a critique of and a stimulus to representation, *Screen* demonstrates the limits and advantages of South Africa's fascination with its own memory.

11. For further information on South African art in the apartheid era, see Sue Williamson, *Resistance Art in South Africa* (Cape Town: Catholic Institute for International Relations, 1989) and Gavin Younge, *Art of the South African Townships* (New York: Rizzoli, 1988).
12. This was the agreement made among the group's founding members. Siemon Allen, the FLAT Gallery, unpublished manuscript, p. 280.

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• ***La Jetée,*** 1997.
woven VHS videotape, steel.
2nd Johannesburg Bienale, Graft,
South African National Gallery, Cape Town, SA.


EXIT

BIOGRAPHY

SIEMON ALLEN

Siemon Allen is a South African artist who currently lives and works in the United States. His collection projects involve the accumulation, cataloging, configuration, and display of multiple historical artifacts in which he explores issues of identity and branding. Allen often employs the format of the grid within built architectural elements to frame his collections. *Records*, his most recent collection project, is currently being expanded into an extensive web based archive documenting South African audio through both visual and sound artifacts.

While in South Africa, Allen was a founding member of the FLAT gallery, an artists' initiative that operated in Durban from 1993 to 1995. Early versions of the stamp collection and a woven work were included in the *Vita 93* exhibition in Johannesburg. For *Vita 98,* Allen showed the first of his cut-up collage works, constructed from his collection of Tintin comics. His woven videotape and film works have been included in exhibitions in New York, Cape Town, and Johannesburg, with the largest installation included at the 2nd Johannesburg Biennale in the exhibition *Graft*.

Allen's collection projects are open ended in nature and have each been exhibited as fragments and at various stages of accumulation. *Stamps* has been presented at the Renaissance Society in Chicago, Artists Space in New York City, and the Corcoran Museum of Art in Washington, DC. *Newspapers* was first shown at FUSEBOX gallery in Washington, DC and later included in *The American Effect* at the Whitney Museum in New York City, and in *A Fiction of Authenticity* at the Contemporary Art Museum in St. Louis. In 2009, expanded versions of *Stamps* and *Newspapers* were shown at the Durban Art Gallery, together with *Makeba!*, which was first shown at BANK Gallery in Durban, South Africa.

In 2010, the gordonschachatcollection in Johannesburg acquired *Records*, a series of twelve large-format prints and commissioned Allen to complete the final and most comprehensive version of *Stamps*.

Siemon Allen is currently teaching in the Department of Sculpture + Extended Media at the School of the Arts, Virginia Commonwealth University in Richmond.

PUBLIC COLLECTIONS

BHP Billiton, South Africa
Durban Art Gallery, South Africa
gordonschachatcollection, South Africa
Guggenheim Museum, New York
Standard Bank Collection, South Africa

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Cover: ***Labels***, 2009.
Anderson Gallery, Richmond, VA.
page 2: ***Newspapers***, 2009.
A South African viewer reads about the election of Barak Obama in the US, through the tracing paper.
Durban Art Gallery, Durban, SA.
page 6: ***Opening of Union Parliament: King George V.*** stamp issued November 4, 1910, SAPO.

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