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Lindsey Ridden

The face and the fight

We sit in a liminal space in South Africa (and in the world), the space where 'with Mandela' is about to become 'after Mandela'. The space in which one person's approaching death makes us all take stock of the extraordinary era we've just lived through. The space which poses the question of how we are going to remember it and what meanings we should take from it.

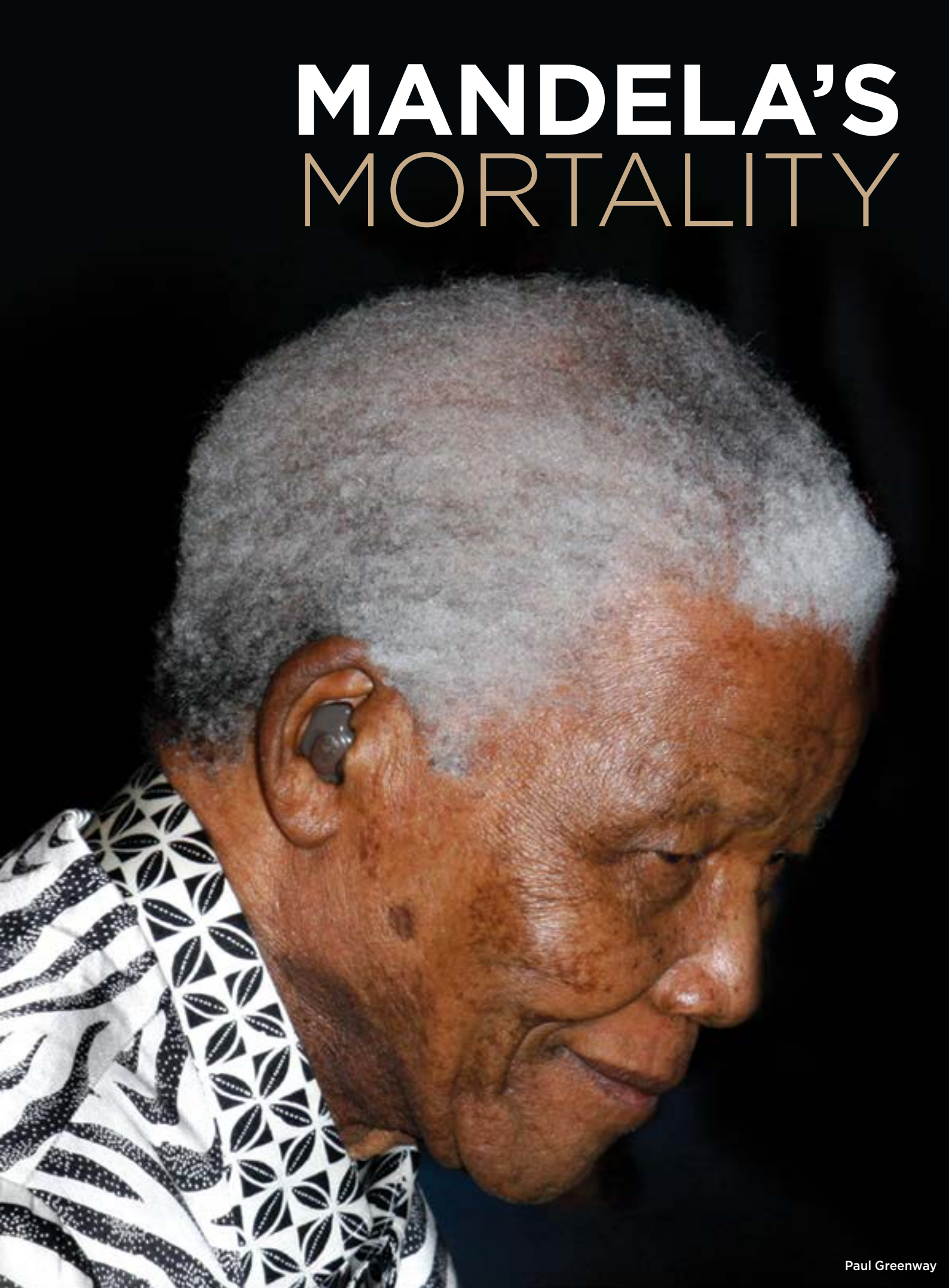
Mandela was the man put forward by the ANC to be the face of their movement and struggle and we all know he didn't fight the fight alone and that he was frail and human and shortsighted, as well as exceptional. We shouldn't become hagiographers. We should keep in view the collective out of which the man came, the ideals and principles which animated the fight.

So we offer you a range of thoughts and opinions in these pages to view this impending moment.

We also think about history, legacy and archives. When we tell the stories (the many many many stories) of this era what evidence will we look to to help us remember? What will still exist? Who will hold it? Where? In many ways this documentation is more important than the life and of course more important than our memories. It's directly linked to the ideals and principles and must not be lost.

Anthea Garman, Editor

MANDELA'S MORTALITY



Paul Greenway

By Sarah Nuttall

Nelson Mandela was not – of course – a witness to his own birth. On many occasions during the course of his life, though, he has contemplated his own death. Not only has he at times embraced his own mortality, he has also attempted to take ownership of his own death. Few recent accounts of Mandela, as he approaches extreme old age, have tracked and remarked on Mandela's thinking across several decades about life and death in general, about the obligations of the living to the dead and indeed, about his own inner world as he experienced deep suffering and loss, states of being which one 'never wants to experience ever again'. A complex dialectics of presence and absence, disappearance and reappearance, have been a hallmark of Mandela's life, from the time he went underground in 1961 to his re-emergence to freedom in 1990. Because of this, Mandela's actual death will be anything but a sudden death. Nor will his death open onto total absence – his life having been lived as a long oscillation between encounter, distance and separation, solitude and conviviality, the life of the day and the life of the night.

Mandela on death

The first death Mandela witnessed was that of his father, Gadla Henry Mphakanyiswa: "I found him in my mother's hut, lying on his back on the floor, in the mid of what seemed like an endless fit of coughing. … He remained in the hut for several days without moving or speaking, and then one night he took a turn for the worse". After the coughing fit, he asked to smoke his pipe. "He continued smoking … and then, his pipe still lit, he died". Of his father's passing, Mandela cannot remember "experiencing great grief so much as feeling cut adrift". Having defined himself through his father, the latter's death signalled the end of a world for Mandela. His mother had decided that he would leave Qunu, his first home. He mourned less for his father than for the world he was leaving behind.

Mandela viewed every death as "a frightful disaster no matter what the cause and the age of the person affected". He distinguished between a gradual, slow death, as in the case of illness – when the next-of-kin are at least forewarned and the blow may not be so shattering when it ultimately lands" – and the kind of death that claims "a strapping and healthy person in the prime of his life" . Living through the second type of death experience could be "paralysing". Each death was nevertheless a singular event. Although shattering, its meaning could be ungraspable at the moment of its occurrence. For it to fully become an event for those who mourned the loss, it had to trigger a remembrance of the decreased as well as memories of other deaths. That is when death as such emerged to consciousness as actuality. In Mandela's case, the death of each individual member of his family (his daughter, his son and his mother) produced its full effects mostly after the fact, when it was remembered at the occasion of other deaths – a repetition that often became its own spectral presence.

Significantly, Mandela missed the burial of most of those who meant a great deal to him: the Regent of Thembuland in 1942, the deaths of his mother and his eldest son Thembekile while he was in jail. His application to the prison authorities was ignored on the death of his mother. When his son Thembi was killed in a car accident in July 1969, he was shattered:

"The news was broken to me about 2.30pm. Suddenly my heart seemed to have stopped beating and the warm blood that had freely flown in my veins for the last 51 years froze into ice. For some time I could neither think nor talk and my strength appeared to be draining out. Eventually, I found my way back to my cell…" In *Long Walk to Freedom* he wrote: "I do not have words to express the sorrow, or the loss I felt. It left a hole in my heart that can never be filled. I returned to my cell and lay on my bed. I do not know how long I stayed there, but I did not emerge for dinner. Some of the men looked in, but I said nothing. Finally, Walter [Sisulu] came to me and knelt beside my bed, and I handed him the telegram. He said nothing, but only held my hand. I do not know how long he remained with me. There is nothing that one man can say to another at such a time."

In later years, after his release, it is the deaths of Oliver Tambo and Walter Sisulu that Mandela is least able to handle in terms of defying the public expression of his pain. He likened the death of Tambo to "the falling of a giant oak tree". "I felt very lonely," adds Mandela, "and seeing him lying there I couldn't believe that he was dead". Walter Sisulu's death, by contrast perhaps, left him "almost prostrate with grief".

What we observe in these descriptions is Mandela's dramatic expression of emotion, the quasi-physiological and somatic effects of the tragedy upon him; and the nature of his response (withdrawal to his cell) in a context of extreme powerlessness in which he can strictly do nothing.

Mandela's closest encounter with the prospect of his own death occurred during the Rivonia Trail in 1964. The possibility of being sentenced to death for treason was real. One of the accused's lawyers, Joel Joffe, wrote: "On our way home we stopped at the jail to talk to the accused. They were calm, living now in the shadow of death. The strain and tension was becoming almost unbearable, yet the only matter they wanted to discuss was how they should behave in court if the death sentence was passed." Informed that the judge would ask him whether he had any reason to advance why the death sentence should not be passed, Mandela responded that he was "prepared to die for his beliefs, and knew that his death would be an inspiration to his people in their struggle". There is "no easy walk to freedom. We have to pass through the shadow of death again and again before we reach the mountain tops of our desires," he concluded.

In a conversation with Ahmed Kathrada, Mandela says of his and the other trialists' deaths that, "we should disappear under a cloud of glory, we should fight back". This was quite different, he acknowledges, from being

The death of each individual member of his family (his daughter, his son and his mother) produced its full effects mostly after the fact, when it was remembered at the occasion of other deaths – a repetition that often became its own spectral presence.

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in his cell alone and trying to confront the fact that he was likely "to not live". "I must however, confess that for my own part the threat of death evoked no desire in me to play the role of martyr. I was ready to do so if I had to. But the anxiety to live always lingered."

The cell as a shroud

Some of Mandela's most momentous engagements with death occurred while he was in prison. A pivotal space was the cell. It might not have presented the strict appearance of a grave: measuring eight foot by eight foot (or three paces in length), its features were a mixture of a coffin and a catacomb. It was the actual instantiation of the harshness and grimness that surrounded him for decades. Whenever death struck, as we have seen, it is to his cell that he withdrew, or disappeared into. A physical space of confinement and solitude, the cell became a shroud, a space of mourning and confrontation with oneself and with the memory of the dead.

Significant during the Robben Island years are Mandela's dreams, almost always ghostly narratives, usually about arriving at his house in Orlando and finding no one at home. These are preceded by an actual event involving Evelyn, his first wife. After his arrest and imprisonment for two weeks in 1956, he records, he receives one visit from Evelyn. "But when I left on bail, I found that she had moved out and taken the children. I returned to an empty, silent house. She had even removed the curtains, and for some reason, I found this small detail shattering." Mandela wrote to Winnie: "Sometimes I feel like one who is on the side-lines…who has missed life itself".

In all his accounts, the prison cell in these accounts appears, then, as a space of isolation and loneliness, capable of jeopardising Mandela's personhood. But it is also a place of ascetic detachment and mourning. And it allows Mandela to perform a practice of regeneration. In prison he struggled the most in relation to how to let go of attachment; it is here that he felt the loss of beloved objects as losses of his own self. The objective wretched conditions of prison separated his ego from his body and the limits placed upon it and its movements, separating selfhood from the most brutal aspects of pain, the threat of complete objectification. He created a division in his self between psyche and soma in order to attain a certain state of detachment. An example of this removal is his sexual life, his celibacy, of which he speaks very little. He held onto the assurance that joy was possible when almost everything (except the right to be human and free) had been given up. In prison he encountered the reality of affliction and the void, but he was able to build a bridge back to the world left behind. This bridge was built with trusted others, especially, as we saw above, women. In his letters, he deliberately tried to remain in contact with a universe wider than his prison cell.

Late images

Recent images of Mandela focus on his bodily frailty, his increasing inability to walk properly and his aging face. On the night before the opening of the South African-hosted Cup, Mandela's 13-year-old granddaughter Zenani was killed in a car accident. Her death recalled the many losses Mandela has suffered in relation to children in his family: including that of Thembekile, in 1969 and of Makaziwe, at only 9 months old. His third child, Makgatho, died of AIDS-related illness in 2005. Zenani was the niece of another Mandela, Kefuoe Seakamela, 7, who drowned in a school swimming pool in 2008. The body of Kefuoe, granddaughter of Madiba and Winnie, was found in the shallow end of the pool at Sacred Heart College in Observatory in Johannesburg.

In the funeral image, Mandela's cheeks are so sunken as to completely change the shape of his face. The pall of his skin is different, he looks older than he does in other pictures, his grief and despair are revealed in the slackness of his mouth and the angle from which he looks into the camera. It is interesting to recall here, in the sense that the body carries its affective past with it, Joffe's description of Mandela after a year on Robben Island: "He had withered during his year in a South African jail, and looked thin and miserably underweight. His face, formerly well filled out and a rounded, deep glistening brown, was now hollow-cheeked, a sickly pale yellowish colour. The skin hung in bags under his eyes."

South African readers are also regularly exposed to the active planning for his death which is taking place, and the nature of the controversies arising from preparation for his final passing and his burial. With the fact of his late old age comes the sense that he marks a deep void at the heart of a place that has always struggled to mask what it feels might be an emptiness at its centre; that has struggled to define itself as a nation and to draw together its many fragments into a sustained sense of commonality, in the wake of a long racist past. We approach alongside him the anxiety or anguish that South Africa is neither a concept, nor an idea – just a physical place, a geographical accident.

All quotations are from *Long Walk To Freedom* and *Conversations with Myself*.

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Sarah Nuttall is Professor of Literary and Cultural Studies and Director of WiSER (Wits Institute for Social and Economic Research). This is an extract from a lecture she gave at WiSER recently. Nuttall spoke about Mandela's mortality at this year's Think!Fest during the National Arts Festival.
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Joshua Oates

Mandela

THE PRESENCE OF ABSENCE

In the days and weeks before my father, Georg, died at the age of 87 two years ago on 7 June, I listened constantly to the music of the Estonian composer, Arvo Pärt. Daily, driving the 25km to and from his deathbed vigil, it was the simplicity and transcendence of Pärt's music, and particularly the sparse and mournful, Spiegel im Spiegel, that contained and comforted the searing grief.

By Marianne Thamm

I have been listening to Pärt again these past few days as Nelson Mandela, my second father, my liberator, the man who restored to us, South Africans, our dignity and humanity, lingers in a hospital in Pretoria in that "middle place", the space between life and death.

"It's Time To Let Him Go", read the headline in last week's *Sunday Times* above a portrait so characteristic of Mandela as we have come to know and love him. In the photograph he is smiling, that generous wide smile, and waving as if saying goodbye.

Are we ready?

Are we ready for a South Africa without the physical presence of Nelson Rolihlahla Mandela, Dalibhunga, Madiba, Tata?

I search for an answer in *Spiegel im Spiegel*. The simplicity of the piece, composed for a single piano and violin with the endless repetition of small notes, reflected back and forth, back and forth, creating, like a mirror, an infinity of images.

And this, for me, perfectly captures the essence of Mandela and what he will always be – a prism, a mirror and a reflection.

It is an essence that is deeply embedded in our collective consciousness as South Africans, even now as we still struggle "to become".

For those of us who lived through and survived apartheid in South Africa, Nelson Mandela had always been the man who
wasn't there.

Banished to Robben Island in the winter of 1964, Mandela spent 18 of his 27 years in this isolated prison, both physically and politically cauterised from South African society.

The presence of absence

As time and life wore on, we all knew he was there, only 9km from the centre of Cape Town. Now prisoner 46664, confined to a five-metre square cell, forced into hard labour breaking stones in a quarry, Mandela embarked on his own now well-documented long personal and political *Via Dolorosa.*

But like illusionists, the apartheid government attempted to render Mandela (as well as almost all of his fellow comrades, including his dear friend and colleague, Oliver Tambo, who had fled into exile) "invisible" and "disappeared".

They removed all tangible traces of him from the physical landscape. In South Africa it was a criminal offence to quote or publish the words of Mandela, his jailed comrades or any "banned" anti-apartheid activist operating inside the country. We risked imprisonment for the mere possession of an image of Mandela in whatever form.

But the less we saw or heard of Nelson Mandela, the more the man and the ideals he stood for grew. While we could only whisper his name and imagine what he looked like, outside the country's borders, in Europe, in Africa, the US and most corners of the world, Mandela soon became the world's most famous political prisoner.

The presence of absence.

I was 27 in 1988, the first time I saw a photograph of Mandela that was not blacked out or censored. I had left South Africa for London and still recall the overwhelming feeling of standing in a bookshop and seeing, for the first time, the face of the man the world wanted set free. The man we wanted set free.

When he stepped out of Victor Verster prison in February 1990 as a 72-year-old man, it was the first time millions of South Africans inside the country had seen Mandela or heard him speak in almost a quarter of a century.

It is almost impossible now to imagine, as images of Nelson Mandela are ubiquitous. There are streets named after him, statues in squares, he features on aprons, on table coasters, stamps, carpets and even on our money (Randelas as we call the new notes).

And today his is an image infused with so much deeper meaning and significance, transcending the politics of the ANC and representing universal qualities of what it means to be human; to forgive, to reconcile,
to care, to speak out, to be kind, to be tolerant, to be wise, to be selfless, to honour dignity
and to recognise yourself in your fellow human being.

Mandela left us for a second time when he stepped down in 1999 after one term as the first democratically-elected president of South Africa. While he initially continued to play a role in public life, eventually he withdrew almost completely.

In the meantime, we are getting on with the messy business of democracy. Mandela and his comrades opened the door and now we are on our way just as he is on his way.

But we will always return, as do the notes in *Spiegel im Spiegel*, to endless repetition, a reflecting back and forth, back and forth, producing, as does a mirror an infinity of reflections and possibilities about ourselves as human beings, as South Africans and our future as a country.

We are ready to let go because in his final absence, Nelson Mandela will forever be present

Marianne Thamm is an award-winning author, journalist, writer, editor, columnist and satirist who has written for a number of local and overseas publications during her 31-year career in the media industry. lopez@iafrica.com. Thamm blogs at www.mariannethamm.wordpress.com

If it bleeds, it leads

A CASE STUDY OF REPORTING ON NELSON MANDELA'S HEALTH

By Minnette Nieuwoudt and Stephano Radaelli

There is a well-known adage among the members of the media community that "if it bleeds, it leads". This saying refers to the tendency of journalists to cover stories about murder, death, destruction, war, violent crime and the like. Often journalists counter by arguing that these stories make headlines not because of the inherent gore factor, but rather because such events are considered newsworthy.

The recent ailing health of global icon Nelson Mandela presents a fascinating case study to investigate the veracity of the adage. On the one hand, Nelson Mandela has continuously been present in South African media even after his retirement from public office. On the other hand, coverage on the former president of South Africa increased exponentially after he was admitted to hospital for a recurring lung infection in June 2013.

According to research by Media Tenor analysing 3 941 news reports on Nelson Mandela across six South African TV news bulletins over the last 10 years, the media coverage he received remained fairly low with occasional spikes occurring in his birth-month when International Nelson Mandela Day is celebrated.

In fact, reportage on Nelson Mandela remains below the awareness threshold for most of the months during the period of analysis. The awareness threshold is a measurement used by Media Tenor based on McCombs and Shaw's (1972) agenda-setting theory. The reasoning behind this measurement is that in order for a particular person, company or event to make an impact on the public agenda, a certain proportion of coverage in the media needs to be generated.

Figure 1 shows the increases in the number of reports on Nelson Mandela in the months of July each year. During these months, coverage on Nelson Mandela exceeded the awareness threshold. According to agenda-setting theory, this means that he was also prominent on the public agenda, a fact which most people can attest to as they volunteer 67 minutes of their time on 18 July every year.

In June 2013 an unexpected spike in coverage is recorded as media focus turns to the ailing health of Nelson Mandela after he was readmitted to hospital with a recurring lung infection. Suddenly the world media is focused on the Mediclinic Heart Hospital in Pretoria where the elderly statesman is being treated. Citizens and journalists keep a vigil outside the hospital walls sending messages of love and support for the former president. Mandela's name is on everyone's lips.

With no change in his condition, there was little for journalists to report to a public obsessed with news on Nelson Mandela. The media focus moved on to human interest stories about the people keeping a

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vigil outside the hospital, tightened security measures, and other issues not directly related to his health. It became apparent that he was in fact not dying and slowly Nelson Mandela started to drop off the media agenda in July 2013.

The question, however, is whether one can argue that the visibility of an issue on the media agenda alone determines the prominence of the issue on the public agenda. What about the way in which the media frames the information? In order to address this question, Media Tenor examined the tonality of reporting on Nelson Mandela.

Tonality is a measure of the tone of voice of the source of information in a news article. In other words, tonality is the way in which a statement is framed as positive, negative or with no clear tone. Research by Media Tenor revealed the first shift in tonality occurred in December 2012 when news broke of the former statesman's admittance to hospital. The overall tonality remained positive even amid concern for his ability to recover.

A subsequent readmission to hospital during April 2013 revealed support for the former president from South African government officials and members of the public in the media. This in effect initially outweighed the negative tonality of reportage on his health. It was during another readmission to hospital where a statement was sent out notifying the public that Nelson Mandela's condition was "critical but stable"; this in effect drew international media attention and resulted in significant negative tonality for him.

From an analysis of 1 213 reports on 31 global TV news bulletins in 12 countries for the period 1 April 2013 to 25 June 2013, the international media tone was that people did not expect Nelson Mandela to recover this time.

Figure 2 illustrates that almost all international news broadcasts were focusing on his "impending" death. Only South African and French TV news bulletins remained optimistic during this time and endeavoured to shed light on the legacy that Nelson Mandela was expected to leave behind.

After June 2013, international media coverage on Nelson Mandela faded and only South African, UK and US news bulletins kept him on their agenda. The international media agenda moved on to clashes in Egypt post Mohamed Morsi's removal from power.

The findings suggest that media only remained interested in providing coverage on Nelson Mandela because there was the possibility of his death. Outside of South Africa, very few news reports on Nelson Mandela – 28% specifically and mostly generated in France, Canada, the UK and US – focused on his person and not on his inevitable mortality or state of health. That is to say that despite interest in Nelson Mandela around this time of year normally focusing on his legacy and inspiring members of the public to do charity work in his name, in June 2013 62% of coverage focused on his health.

The results seem to indicate that once Nelson Mandela's death was not a likely possibility anymore, the media lost interest. At the end of the day, the media has a vital role to play in keeping the public informed of what is happening in the world. It is imperative that the media continues reporting on an issue until it is resolved. If the media fails to do this, it is likely to leave the public with a disconnect between crisis and resolution. The public is then left wondering about what happened or how the story ended, fundamentally distorting the media's ability to keep the public informed.

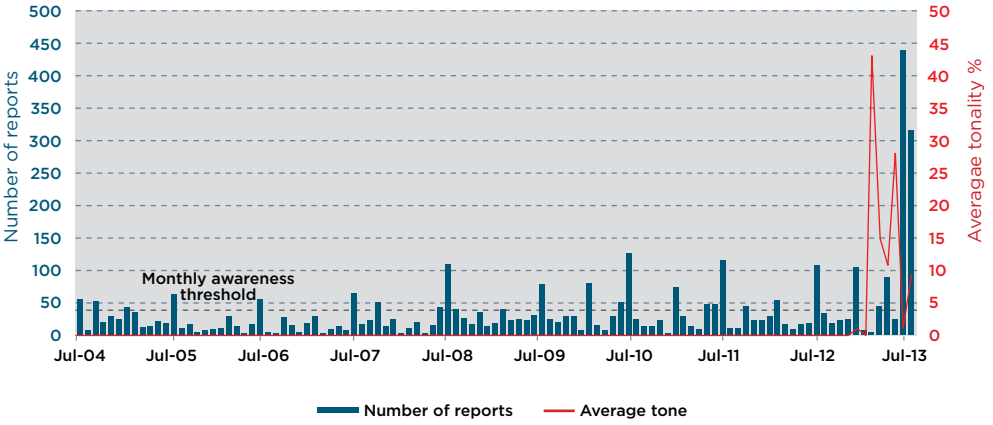

FIGURE 1. NUMBER AND TONALITY OF SOUTH AFRICAN REPORTS ON NELSON MANDELA

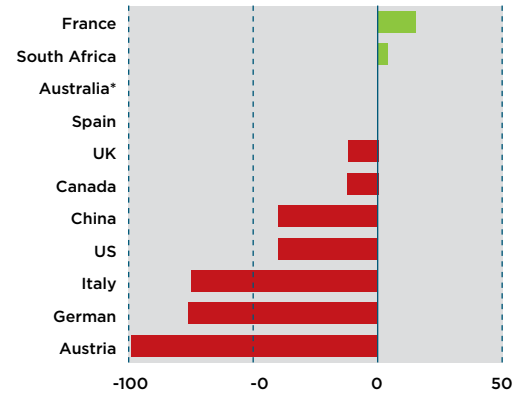

FIGURE 2. TONALITY OF INTERNATIONAL REPORTS ON NELSON MANDELA

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Joshua Oates

Madiba AND ME

Anthea Garman

When I arrived at Rhodes in 1997 one of the first things I had to do was an edition of Rhodes Journalism Review which reported on Nelson Mandela losing his temper with South African editors (see "Tough Talk from the President, RJR 15" http://www.rjr.ru.ac.za/rjrpdf/rjr_no15/tough_talk.pdf). This was round two in which the President took up issues (in particular the oppositional attitude of 'white' editors and owners to the ANC in power) he wanted to raise with the press and which had become extremely heated. We forget now that we've had another two presidents that sometimes the media relationship with Mandela was fraught and very fractious. I then joined the newly formed South African National Editor's Forum and a while later was alerted that yet another meeting was going to be held at Tuynhuys in Cape Town with Mandela. The Cape Town editors Ryland Fischer (Cape Times) and Moegsien Williams (Cape Argus) warned us all to arrive early for the meeting and arranged for us all to gather at the gates of Parliament long before the appointment so that we could enter as a group punctually. Those of us who were really early were standing in a chill, whipping wind waiting for the latecomers when Mandela appeared at the front door of Tuynhuys. "What are you doing out there in the cold," he shouted across the paving, "come inside and get some coffee!" We abandoned our post and the solid front we'd hoped to create and fled inside. As I remember it the meeting was quite cordial.

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Mandela AND THE RHINO

By Yusuf Omar

An oxygen mask presses down on his cheeks and covers his nose. A plastic tube runs out in an arc from his left nostril. It fills with blood. Each breath louder than the last; rasping, spraying a fine mist of mucus into the air, gradually settling on the tired, square face. I stand there, looking. Then it hits me – somewhere in Pretoria, another South African icon is fighting to survive.

Nelson Mandela is dying.

Out in the bush, our cell phones muster up just enough signal to blurt the sms. "Mandela back in hospital. This time it's serious."

The Al Jazeera and CCTV reporters suddenly jump around like startled Springboks. "Back to the lodge! We need to be in Joburg, now!" The ranger turns his head, not sure what all the fuss is about. The journos don't mince their words. "Are you even listening? Do you know how big this is? Mandela! In hospital!"

We all know the drill by now. Madiba is back in hospital, so anyone remotely linked to the newsroom is on standby. We can't leave Gauteng till further notice. The Mandela story will be bigger than anything South African TV has ever seen – an asteroid hitting our collective conscience. It will change the landscape. And so we brace for impact.

There are already enough satellites outside the heart clinic to guide a shuttle to Mars. And everyone is talking an alien language. "Recurring lung infection". "Serious but stable". "Pulmonary expert". Reporters hang on every syllable out of Mac Maharaj's mouth. They munch on McDonald's between Twitter updates. Breaking news: The presidency says doctors are doing the best they can.

I decide to stick it out in the bush. Don't get me wrong. I can't stop thinking about Madiba. He's in a hospital bed, hundreds of miles away. I'm in the middle of nowhere. But I'm here to tell a story, and it's a story that matters.

A 60-million-year-old species is being systematically slaughtered. And this country can't seem to do anything about it. We all know it is happening. Rhinos die every day. But now I'm seeing it for myself. Up close and personal. Thick, smooth muscle. A leather skin that's faded in the sun. Two eyes staring back at me, cold and empty.

A ranger picks up his two-way and radios in. "White (rhino) down. Shot approximately two hours. Dead."

Flies have beaten his colleagues to the scene. The grass is flattened 10 metres in each direction, evidence that the animal kept fighting long after the bullet pierced her heart.

I look down and it seems the ground can't soak up any more blood. There are puddles of it now. Crimson splashes dot a nearby tree – some as high as two metres up the trunk. When the rhino stood firm, they hacked at its Achilles tendons with a blunt panga. Footprints indicate they then stood on its head, chopping at the nose till the horn came off.

Death is in the air. But it's more than a smell. Vultures have set up camp on the Acacia tree nearby. Eyes glued to the scene. Watching. Waiting.

The shooting is not even 10 kilometres from where we were, just minutes ago. But I realise I didn't hear the shot. Silencer, maybe? Sniffer dogs pick up the scent of a suspect and lead us to a hole in the park fence. Then nothing. "It's like chasing ghosts," says the ranger. "These people disappear in an instant."

Back at the carcass: Zzzzzzz. Using an electric chainsaw the forensics teams pry open the gas-inflated chest, which is already rock hard. They remove the bullet. It's a simple act – the vets take a quick look at the cartridge and throw it in a box. But somehow it means something. A small freedom. A scrap of dignity in the chaos.

My mind drifts back to Mandela as we slowly head off in the Landie. He was also hunted by big men with rifles. He survived that battle. This creature was not so lucky.

And then I realise something – we're telling the wrong story. This is not about the staggering death toll or the hunt for the bad guys. We've seen the stats, we've heard the sound bites. We know the rhino is on the brink of extinction. But for most people, the problem is out there, in the bush. And really, it's in here, in us.

This is about us as South Africans. Our failings and our weaknesses. Our strength and our spirit. Madiba would want us to tell that story. Madiba would want us to fight that struggle.

Yusuf Omar is a broadcast journalist for eNews Channel Africa and a Rhodes University graduate. He was born in the UK, raised in Australia, schooled in America, but calls South Africa his home. Yusuf once hitchhiked solo up east Africa from Durban to Damascus. More recently, he travelled to Syria and produced the documentary Working in a war zone. *journalisminaction@gmail.com*

This article first appeared in the *Daily Maverick*

MANDELA – A SYMBOL OF SOCIAL COHESION

By Sandile Memela

What happened outside the private-owned Mediclinic in Arcadia, Pretoria, in the last six weeks that Nelson Mandela was in hospital was neither a make-believe kaleidoscope of non-racialism nor uncaring citizens trying to be what they are not.

Rather, this monumental expression of solidarity, co-operation and interaction of a multi-racial, multi-ethnic, trans-class and largely public display of love, unity, care, concern and pride was a significant measure of a nation coming into its own.

For all the beautiful, heart-tugging, emotional outpouring and atmosphere of a political, social, cultural and religious festival, and its downright post-apartheid behaviour, it signified the sense of "people's power" and how citizens of this country are intuitively connected to one another and share a common desire to make this a caring and proud society that works.

Mandela's illness expressed and highlighted the powerful values, principles and ideals that glue this nation together: prayer, hope, love, care and pride, among others. No one can deny that not only is Mandela an icon of social cohesion but he inspires an inclusive spirit that galvanises individuals, organisations and communities to revive the common goal of living and working together as one people in one country. Any other interpretation of the man's life misses the mark.

Of the thousands of people who convened and gathered outside the gates of the hospital, the biggest number came from religious groups, a small but significant portion were from the governing party – including the highest level of government – some were women, youth, children and a delegation from his tribe, if you like. But we also witnessed media, professionals, police, students and countless ordinary folks, including those from early learning centres and primary schools who were moved by the plight of this saintly figure.

The picture of South Africa that was displayed was one of non-racialism, non-sexism, non-tribalism, non-partisanship, unity and an open willingness to work together to keep the spirit of Mandela alive. Mandela may have been immobile in his body but his strong spirit moved the length and breadth of this country, stirring each and every one, wherever they may have been.

The meaning of this forward-moving national action-oriented prayer event for Mandela in Pretoria – the former bastion of racism and conflict – may be difficult for some to grasp because most of us remain trapped in the narrow cynical attitude that says "nothing much has changed in South Africa" since 1994.

But these debilitating views deny us the ability to recognise significant steps that have been taken towards transcending apartheid barriers, inspiring individuals and organisations to be agents of what they want to see and empowering communities to be seen to be building social cohesion and contributing to nation-building.

Nothing can be more beautiful than a picture of little black boys and girls holding hands with little white boys and girls not only to pray for Madiba but to define and project a picture of the society they want to live in. The painful and distressing condition of Mandela is testimony to just how this prophet and visionary has redefined our history and heritage in the last two decades since his release in February 1990. His dream and legacy of a non-racial society where black and white will live and work together to rebuild this society will never disappear.

In fact, our public discussion and conversations on social cohesion and nation building overlook and even suppress the best of who we have become in the last 20 years and what we continually try to be on a day-to-day basis. Instead, we continue to judge social cohesion on the basis of how often black and whites get together at a stadium rather than the internalisation of the values and principles that Mandela lived for.

We have to begin to recognise the complexity of the life-transforming process of when a man learns to love a former enemy as he loves himself. The difficult thing is that there are no performance indicators or instruments to measure the change in a selfish and greedy man that has changed into a caring and proud soul. To this day, no one has told us how and when Mandela turned from this fire-spitting revolutionary renegade to a gentle prophetic pacifist who deplored war to become a champion of peace and harmonious co-existence.

The cynical notion that nothing has changed since Mandela came out of prison 23 years ago is simplistic – precisely because it focuses largely on how blacks, for instance, are doing measured against whites, especially in the economic and material dimension of life. In fact, there is obsessive preoccupation to judge social cohesion by the number of previously disadvantaged individuals who live in the suburbs, have expensive cars in the garage and with children who go to Model C schools. The predictable outcome of this yardstick is that it, unavoidably, integrates black people into the establishment they fought against without transforming its essence.

Yet the revolutionary programme of social cohesion and

Joshua Oates

nation building requires that individuals must look not at his neighbour but the man and woman in the mirror. People must change not only their behaviour and attitude to others but transform themselves into agents of what they want to see happen for SA to arrive at an egalitarian society.

What is urgently needed is not just for one to speak highly of or even pray for Mandela but to change oneself to be an individual who lives and acts out the values and principles he preached in his life. We must be examples of what we want to see happen in this caring and proud society.

We have to learn to recognise the humanity of white people in a way that does not hesitate to say they, too, are agents of social cohesion. Black people do not need a third eye to see that some whites are compassionate and do not see beggars at robots, for example, as sub-humans but fellow human beings who need food, clothing and shelter. And if any person, black or white, responds positively towards the needy, this is a little gesture that goes a long way towards social cohesion and nation building. In fact, it is through a little gesture of kindness, warmth and love that the cement and bricks that build a caring and proud society come alive.

How does it make you feel to do one little act that will decide whether a fellow citizen goes to be bed with or without food? As South Africans, we tend to set too high a standard for ourselves and forget that it is the little things that make the big ones. I do believe that through little acts of kindness and love, we can make Mandela proud and even do better than he did.

You too can not only reclaim and restore the legacy and heritage of Mandela but can celebrate it by being an agent of social cohesion and the society he desired to see in the new South Africa. Your part will always be bigger than Mandela's.

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REPORTING THE INEVITABLE
'AFTER MADIBA'

By Khadija Patel


Joshua Oates

Weeks after former president Nelson Mandela has returned home from a two-month hospital stay, interest around his health has fallen from the front pages. In mid-October President Jacob Zuma said Mandela's health was showing signs of improvement.

"He's a fighter. I think even the doctors admitted he is a born fighter because I think he has been able really to fight as he has done and really to a stage where you are able to see progress," Zuma told France 24.

"(Mandela) does things other people could not do, and I think even the doctors admit that he is an amazing kind of man," Zuma added.

It is exactly the quality of the man that has inspired the global interest in his health. Madiba is no ordinary man. And certainly the interest in his health has been extraordinary. Millions of rands have already been spent by domestic and foreign media companies covering Madiba's ill health – and millions more have been invested to enable the global media machine to cover the death of Mandela.

Yet, even a mention of planning for Mandela's death is regarded as "un-African" by some who believe Mandela's health has become a feeding trough for a hungry media. Journalists however, argue that they are just doing their job, telling a story that people around the world are desperate to hear.

And this debate has been raging for years already.

In January 2011 Mandela was admitted to Milpark Hospital in Johannesburg for "routine tests". Or so the official statements claimed. Reports however indicated that the elderly statesman had been seeing a pulmonologist for a respiratory disorder. At the time, I had only just restarted another attempt at a life as a freelance journalist. I was thrilled when a friend at Al-Jazeera asked if I'd be interested in writing a feature about the life and legacy of Nelson Mandela.

Editors at Al-Jazeera appeared to be in a panic about being ill prepared for the worst case scenario. Madiba was after all an elderly man and his ill health could not portend good news.

At the time, I was just excited at the prospect of a byline on such an eminent platform. I quietly began putting together a list of people to speak to while I waited for the official go-ahead from Doha. And like me, hundreds of journalists in South Africa were scurrying around for the latest titbit from Milpark.

At the time of this first hospitalisation in 2011, the scrum of journalists gathered outside the hospital became engrossed in reporting the comings and goings of the Mandela family at Milpark.

There was one particular incident where Winnie Madikizela-Mandela was reported to have been seen wiping tears from her eyes as she drove out of the hospital. This report fuelled speculation that the actual state of Madiba's health was much worse than the official statements suggested. It was perhaps the earliest example in the last three years of the doubt that colours government's statements of Madiba's health. That hospitalisation of Madiba however was not even first communicated to the public by the government or the Mandela family.

It was Mandy Wiener, a journalist at Eyewitness News, who arrived at Milpark Hospital shortly after she heard from a source that Madiba had been admitted. Later that afternoon the Nelson Mandela foundation issued a statement which claimed the former president was undergoing routine tests.

With media camping outside the hospital and a large number of Mandela family members visiting, there was no actual official process of updating the public about the state of Madiba's health. The vacuum of updates on his condition fuelled the rumour mill but Madiba was released from hospital two days later.

Some of the journalists who had been camping outside the hospital, moved to set up camp outside the Mandela home in Houghton. Many journalists were still embittered over the manner in which Madiba's hospitalisation was communicated.

In an editorial, the *Sowetan* newspaper said, "[In 2011], when Mandela was admitted to Milpark Hospital in Johannesburg, the government did not handle the communication around his health well. There was also confusion in government on whether the Presidency or the Defence Department should speak about his health condition."

The outcry over poor communication was diluted after Deputy President Kgalema Motlanthe held a press conference with Madiba's doctor, assuring members of the public that there was "no reason to panic", but also admitting that communication could've been better. The presidency then undertook to handle all matters relating to Madiba's health in future to prevent unnecessary panic and confusion.

That panic, however, built on suspicion within the media that the government is effectively lying about the actual state of Madiba's health.

It is not unusual for the South African media to distrust the government's statements; it is illustrative of the relationship between the South African government and media, a relationship that is fraught with suspicion and mistrust. The ANC government have often criticised the media for being hostile, overly critical and insufficiently transformed since the end of apartheid.

A Minister in the Presidency in charge of performance monitoring, evaluation and administration told *The Media* magazine in August 2012: "The media is not playing the critical role in building South Africa as a brand. The media focuses on divisive issues in society and tends to work against the moral values we are trying to put into place."

The impact of government's ambiguity and the resulting uncertainty proved particularly subversive Reports began to spread that Mandela had already died and his death was being covered up by the Zuma administration to allow the ANC's elective conference in Mangaung to proceed unhindered.

Since that Milpark visit Madiba has been in hospital four times. Each time, the presidency and the ANC has communicated to the public the news of the hospitalisation. In December 2012 however, the relationship between the media and government has significantly coloured the way in which Madiba has been covered in the media.

It was Madiba's admission to "a Pretoria hospital" last December, which lasted 19 days, which further soured relations between the media and government in the communication around Madiba's health.

During Madiba's hospitalisation, Eyewitness News reported that Mandela was not, in fact, at 1 Military Hospital, but at another hospital in Pretoria, which it declined to name.

As the *Mail&Guardian* put it, "Despite a long hospital stay, South Africa was relatively calm after receiving news about the health of Nelson Mandela this week – until it emerged the government had lied (at best, by omission), again. At which point the conspiracy theories broke out, again."

Hitting back, the presidency said, "President Mandela is being treated at a Pretoria hospital as said from the first statement we issued. We have refrained from disclosing the hospital in order to ensure privacy and also to allow doctors space to do their work of caring for Madiba without interruptions or undue pressure."

The impact of government's ambiguity and the resulting uncertainty proved particularly subversive. Reports began to spread that Mandela had already died and his death was being covered up by the Zuma administration to allow the ANC's elective conference in Mangaung to proceed unhindered. According to the *Mail&Guardian* there were also reports of "far-rightwing groups, who have long been preparing for what they consider an inevitable race war to be triggered by Mandela's death – a replay of events in January 2011, when similar uncertainty prevailed when Mandela was admitted to Milpark Hospital in Johannesburg amid a distinct lack of information".

Months later however, reports indicate that a major South African broadcaster had procured a video of a desperately ill Mandela being revived by doctors. The broadcaster had received the video

Zuma was widely criticised for unduly appropriating Madiba for his own political gain.

from a nurse but decided against using it. As thrilling as it was to have such a great scoop, the potential blowback for broadcasting that video could prove immense: Was it really in the public interest, and what about doctor-patient confidentiality? It certainly is a tightrope and a foreign media house may actually not have been shown the disinclination to broadcast that video.

The SA National Editors' Forum (Sanef) issued a statement in which it accuses senior government representatives of misleading the public on how the media has covered Madiba's hospitalisation. The organisation said: "Local and international journalists have expressed disappointment at the way the government has sought to deceive the public about the conduct of the media in covering Nelson Mandela's most recent hospitalisation."

Sanef pointed out that a joint attempt by government and representatives of the South African media to work out a media plan for coverage on Madiba was thwarted by a cabinet reshuffle. The former minister of defence Lindiwe Sisulu was meant to have signed off on the plan but her successor Nosivie Mapisa-Nqakula had not. It was a breakdown in the attempts to restore relations between the media and government over Madiba.

And while the appetite for news about Madiba appears insatiable, many South Africans have criticised the way the media has covered Madiba's health woes. Allister Sparks, quoted by the US National Public Radio when he spoke on the SAFM Media Show, criticised the volume of coverage devoted to Madiba's hospitalisations. "It does become a bit wearisome, and I suppose some people have become upset about it... the sheer volume of coverage and the degree of personal detail that goes with it."

Some South Africans feel the vigil held outside the Mandela home in Johannesburg and hospitals in Pretoria are simply "un-African". They believe that the media's approach lacks cultural sensitivity. This sort of criticism has invited debate about the right of the public to know more.

Zuma has himself contributed to the controversy when he visited Madiba at home in April 2013 following another hospitalisation. Video footage of the meeting which was aired on the SABC showed a frail Mandela who stared blankly ahead while others chatted amiably around him. Zuma was widely criticised for unduly appropriating Madiba for his own political gain.

While some lamented Zuma's political expedience at the expense of Madiba others called into question statements from the presidency that claimed Madiba was in good health when in fact he appeared exceedingly frail. Zuma then responded to the criticism by defending his visit, but also urging the media and the public to show respect for Mandela.

"Let us slow down the anxiety. The country must not panic. In Zulu, there is a time when somebody passes away, who's old. People say he or she has 'gone

Harold Gess

Madiba AND ME

Alette Schoon

I met Nelson Mandela twice in my life. The first time was in 1993. I was in my early twenties and working in an NGO in Cape Town. I was asked by the Mayibuye Centre to film the visit of ex-political prisoners to Robben Island that they were arranging, and worked with Dullah Omar's nephew on this. We had a little camera and a boom, and it was very intimidating to have all those guys from the foreign media with their large cameras try and elbow us out of the way.

I found it very moving to go with all the ex-prisoners on the boat to the island and see them getting moodier as it came closer. We filmed some ex-prisoners finding their old cells and telling stories about their memories and then we followed Mandela as he visited his old cell. All the foreign media people wanted a photo in the cell and we spent a long time there and just got some footage from the back. At the end of this many of the foreign media people joined a queue to shake

home'. Those are some of the things we should be thinking about," he said.

In the early hours of 8 June 2013, Madiba was re-admitted to hospital for a recurring lung infection.

The statement from the presidency informing the public of the former president's admission to hospital said: "He remains in a serious but stable condition." As journalists rushed to observe a new vigil outside the Mandela home and the hospital in Pretoria, there was a shift in the pitch of the statements. "There's definitely a different tone to the statements this time," one senior political journalist said.

Foreign journalists arrived in the country in droves. While they bided the time outside the hospital, or the Mandela home in Johannesburg, or indeed in some cases, Qunu, the demands of the print cycle and 24-hour broadcasters dictated that journalists on the ground have something, anything, new to say to the cameras, the wires, the world. In this vacuum then, journalists begin scavenging for news, speaking to members of the Mandela family and hospital staff.

Rumours, once more, proliferated.

The ANC reacted saying: "We call on all media houses and journalists to treat Madiba's health as a serious matter and stop making unwarranted speculations. We request the media to give the Madiba family the privacy and respect they deserve at this time."

Media analyst Anton Harber writing in his blog, The Harbinger, compared the coverage of two international broadcasters: BBC and CBS. He quoted Deborah Patta from CBS News, "What CBS News is hearing is completely at odds with statements from (former President Thabo) Mbeki. Sources tell us that Mandela's liver and kidneys are functioning at 50% and he had a procedure to repair a bleeding ulcer and another one to insert a tube." And Harber adds, "That's a bit too much information for me, Ms Patta."

And yet it was Patta's constant probing and poking at the official narrative of the status of Mandela's health that revealed that an ambulance carrying him to Pretoria had broken down on the highway, leaving him to the mercy of the elements as another ambulance was despatched.

After more than two months in hospital, Mandela was discharged from hospital on 1 September. The South African presidency said his condition remained critical and "at times unstable".

"Nevertheless, his team of doctors are convinced that he will receive the same level of intensive care at his Houghton home that he received in Pretoria."

While the hoards of foreign journalists who had travelled to South Africa have long left, Mandela himself, the man at the centre of all this attention, is still ill. Certainly some journalists have demonstrated that they do not seek to breech the privacy and dignity of Mandela and his family, at the same however, journalists must challenge the information received, especially when the information has previously been shown to be less than credible.

And yet, much of the ostensible thrust of the coverage of Madiba's ill health does not appear to be about him at all. The focus is once more on what comes after Mandela, what happens after the inevitable must come to pass.

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Mandela's hand. My soundman and I did so too but we were at the back of the queue. I could see Mandela was getting very tired but he carried on shaking hands, and he did shake our hands as well and smile at us – and we didn't wash them for a week!

In the quarry we filmed him chop some limestone and then got on the buses with the ex-political prisoners. It was very funny because every time we went through a gate the ex-prisoners would burst out laughing and shout "Dankie, hek!". Apparently this was what the wardens used to shout back in the day when they were prisoners.

The second time I met Mandela was in 2005, more than 10 years later. I had been working on a tribute video for Braam Fischer and Ghaleb Cachalia, on the anniversary of their deaths, at the request of their children.

The Cachalia and Fischer families wanted to make it clear that they did not resent their parents for being activists, but thought their parents' activism had enriched their lives and grown their love for their parents, even though life may have been harder because of this. When we showed the video Nelson Mandela was there to give a speech, accompanied by Graça Machel. He greeted all of us who were there beforehand, and it was clear he was getting frail. Graça insisted that Mandela sit next to Amina Cachalia, to the amusement of the Cachalia siblings, who thought that Graça was being very gracious and sweet, as Mandela had courted their mother for some time.

He gave a brilliant speech, filled with memories of Ghaleb Cachalia and Braam Fischer, and despite him seeming so frail at the beginning everyone spoke afterwards about how lucky we had been that this was a good day for Madiba, and that the event had gone so well.

In both of these meetings I was particularly moved by the way Nelson Mandela treated ordinary people who did not have a high status or profile, from cleaners and security guards to a young starry-eyed camera woman, awed by his presence.

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Joshua Oates

AN OBITUARY

(Not a rumour or social media posting, death announcement, blow-by-blow or copy-and-paste CV, eulogy, hagiography or cover-up)

By Angie Kapelianis

No two obituaries are the same. It all depends on whose obituary it is, how much time is available to compile it, and what information, including sound and/or visuals, you can find to create an accurate and interesting snapshot or portrait.

"Obituaries are one of the news industry's oldest conventions."[1]

Chip Scanlan

But that's not to say that obituaries don't share common features, such as: name and age of the deceased; confirmation, cause and place of death; claim to fame, notable achievements or contribution, and relevant biographical information; descriptions and quotes; recollections or anecdotes; next-of-kin; details of memorial and funeral services.

In a nutshell, an obituary in journalism is a profile of a person – more often prominent, famous, influential or noteworthy rather than "common" or "ordinary" – which attempts to reveal the significance and texture of their life, contribution, influence and impact, as well as the essence of their character and personality, but only at the time of death.

"Writing an obituary remains a basic and critical assignment, and for some journalists a speciality, that requires the ability to report a death and sum up a life with accuracy, speed and sensitivity."

Sometimes the best way to describe something is to say what it's not. So, an obituary is not a rumour or social media posting, death announcement, blow-by-blow or copy-and-paste CV, eulogy, hagiography or cover-up.

"The secret of fascinating obits is pushing the résumé into the background."[2]

And obits shouldn't be morbid or depressing. Almost everyone who's lost a loved one will tell you that they've cried and laughed in mourning as a way of coping with death. So, there's a place too in the obituary for some humour, where appropriate.

"I forgot to get married. I'm looking for a pensioner without teeth, with glasses, with a worn-out cap, with three legs, who still looks after himself."[3]

"She (the late South African queen of the blues and mother of jazz, Dolly Rathebe) was also a major fox! She was so good-looking! She was, I think, the first embodiment of African beauty and African pride in the 1940s when we didn't know that we could be glamour people."[4]

The *Providence Journal*'s former editor and veteran storyteller, Gerry Goldstein, has described the obituary as "freeze-framing a lifetime". While that's true, I've learnt, by accident, that a public radio obituary can also bring to life in sound "a lifetime" at death.

Ten years down the line, I still vividly remember the first radio obituaries I researched, time-lined, scripted, compiled and edited. They were for 90-year-old Walter Sisulu, one of the most unassuming and then underrated founding fathers of the ANC's freedom struggle and South Africa's democracy, as well as the "kingmaker" of Nelson Mandela. Sisulu just stopped breathing at about nine o' clock in the evening on 5 May 2003 after his doctor had given him and his health the thumbs up that very same day.

I had only six hours, in the dead of night, to:

- grasp what had happened;
- inform my editors and key colleagues;
- dash to work;
- muster up the courage to phone one of Sisulu's nine biological and adopted children in order to confirm his death and the details of what had happened;
- write two short radio news bulletin lead angles;
- re-listen to and process two embargoed, succinct and concise news bulletin voice reports of about a minute each in English, Xhosa and Afrikaans. (The SABC's seven other radio bulletin and current affairs language teams, Khwedam, Pedi, Sotho, Tsonga, Tswana, Venda and !Xu translated the English or Afrikaans versions);
- write a different news angle and introduction for Sisulu's estimated 14 minute embargoed radio current affairs obituary, also in English, Xhosa and Afrikaans;
- re-read, re-listen to, fine-edit and process the current affairs obituary; and finally
- re-listen to and process the edited soundtrack for the radio current affairs obituary so that the SABC's seven other language radio current affairs teams could mix and package their own versions for their own audience.

What I haven't told you yet is that by the time Walter Sisulu died, I'd already been working quietly on his embargoed radio bulletin and current affairs obituaries for about seven months since the 84th birthday of his wife, Albertina, in October 2002, and with the knowledge, encouragement and support of his daughter-in-law and biographer, Elinor. But I really didn't have the luxury of time. I still had to do day-to-day radio political reporting and journalism, including features, in two genres (for news bulletins and for current affairs) and in two languages (English and Afrikaans).

There are several reasons why it took me so long to work on Walter Sisulu's radio obituaries.

I'd never done a proper radio obituary before. I didn't have a blueprint, let alone a team. So, I had to figure it out all by myself. I had to read about obituaries and profiles. I had to read newspaper obituaries in the *New York Times* [5] and its well-known anthology, *The Last Word*: *The New York Times Book of Obituaries and Farewells*: *A Celebration of Unusual Lives* (edited by Marvin Siegel, 1997).

"In the middle of midlife, I read *The* [*New York*] *Times* obits for pleasure, a pleasure that arises from the contemplation of a completed cycle of

accomplishment or notoriety, concisely wrought."[6]

Then I had to work out how to do obituaries specifically for the fleeting, but powerful medium of radio, with not just the written word, but incorporating defining and memorable sound-bites and ambience sound. So, I trawled the web, looking for different examples from some of the world's major radio networks, such as ABC Radio, the BBC, NPR and RFI.

And all I could find in the SABC radio archives – due to apartheid, Walter Sisulu's 25-year-plus incarceration; his lack of public speaking and consequently limited recordings – were only two useable sound-bites in his own voice: One following his prison release in October 1989; and the other of him introducing the finally free political leader he'd groomed, Nelson Mandela, to South Africa and the world in February 1990.

I eventually struck gold when I found a cassette recording of a 28-hour Dictaphone oral history conversation-cum-interview at the UWC-Robben Island Mayibuye Archives in Cape Town. Pro-Africa independence activist George Houser and the late academic, Dr Herbert Shore, had recorded Sisulu's memories on tape in 1995. That lengthy interview was later transcribed and published as a book, *I Will Go Singing: Walter Sisulu speaks of His Life and the Struggle for Freedom in Southern Africa*.[7]

After my radio colleagues digitally enhanced the broadcast quality of the Houser-Shore recording, I was able to weave Walter Sisulu's life story in script and music (including Bayete's *Mbombela*; John Barry's *Cry the Beloved Country*; Tchaikovsky's *Swan Lake*; Amandla's *Freedom Charter*; Hugh Masekela's *Mayibuye*; and Pete Seeger's *We Shall Overcome*) around the following and other gems of sound.

These were his words:

"I used to hear from my mother [a black domestic worker, Alice Sisulu] about my father [a white assistant magistrate, Victor Dickenson], not quite a clear and connected story. She would show me photos of my father's sisters. They were whites.

Nothing has ever been as haunting as the pass laws. You felt indignant about it every time you thought of it.

One day [Nelson] Mandela together with [his nephew and regent king's eldest son] Justice Mtirara landed in my office. I was at once struck by the personality of Nelson. I found a person who just answered my hope. This is a young man who must be developed, who has a great part to play in the [ANC liberation] movement.

When I went underground [in 1963 after being convicted of incitement, but out on R6 000 bail], I was operating Radio Freedom.

Both Nelson [Mandela] and I pleaded not guilty [in the Rivonia Treason Trial at the Palace of Justice in Pretoria]. Instead, we accused the [apartheid] authorities of being guilty of treason.

If there's anything that has kept me alive, it's singing.

I think we were allowed two [prison] visits a year [from the end of 1964]. One visit every six months. And even the conditions of these visits were horrible.

I have no bitterness. I don't think my wife [Albertina Sisulu] has got bitterness. We both get angry about certain situations – bitterness? No.

I was excited to be back home [after being released from jail in October 1989], to meet my family. And I was particularly impressed and said so when I was asked about what changed, you noticed the tremendous politicisation of the people.

It [South Africa's first democratic election in April 1994] was a remarkable moment. I can never forget it, a situation, which I'm unable to describe properly. My whole life was geared toward this.

Paddy Donnelly

"Summing up a life is an awesome responsibility, challenge and privilege."[10]

Alana Baranick, Jim Sheeler and Stephen Miller

"I actually think of it as a job made in heaven."[12]

Bill McDonald

"In short, our job is a great deal like being parachuted into terra incognita without so much as a map or a compass and having to emerge just a few hours later with an accurate (and, in an ideal world, engaging) account of the lay of the land."[11]

Margalit Fox

I would like to be remembered as a man dedicated to the struggle of the people. I think that is what I was, that is what I did. I would like to have reached a position whereby I inspired the youth for greater ideals."

But what these sound-bites or quotes fail to convey on paper is the presence and emotional quality of Walter Sisulu's voice in sound, including the timbre, tone, speech pattern, pauses, nuances, light and shade. I completely agree with *The Economist* Obituaries Editor, Ann Wroe, when she says: "I want to get the texture and the sound and even the smell of someone, get right inside the essence of that person." [8]

In broad strokes, Walter Sisulu's insightful and multi-layered radio current affairs obituary told the story of a 90-year-old man whose life had mirrored and personified Africa's oldest liberation movement, the ANC, from 1912 to 2003 in only 14 minutes! I managed to reveal the essence of his spirit, being, values and contribution by paying attention to detail, looking for and sharing generally unknown facts or aspects of his life and personality. He was born out of wedlock and was of mixed-race. He had an enquiring mind and once dared to ask: "Who made God?". He was first arrested at the age of 10 for having collected sticks in a government forest. He dropped out of school in Grade 6. He had several jobs before becoming the ANC's organising genius: in a dairy and a mine, as a domestic worker, newspaper advertising agent, distributor and columnist, paint mixer; census enumerator, marketing agent and real estate broker. He was the first South African to put apartheid on the United Nations agenda and lay the foundation for international solidarity. In jail, he did his O levels, loved reading old newspapers over and over again, enjoyed playing draughts and Scrabble; and could only touch, hug and kiss his wife after 18 years when he was transferred from Robben Island to Pollsmoor Prison.

Almost immediately after my Walter Sisulu radio current affairs obituary was broadcast on the morning of 6 May 2003, my former colleague, the award-winning poet and writer Antjie Krog, phoned to tell me that hearing him speak so soon after his death had given her gooseflesh. It was only then that I realised how strong and effective that technique would be for future radio obituaries.

For our 6 May 2003 afternoon radio current affairs programmes, I'd prepared another obituary, a feature or sidebar, to show another facet of Walter Sisulu, the human being, liberated man and feminist who'd been devoted to the emancipation of all South Africans, as told to me by six women in his life during happier times: his wife, Albertina; daughter Nonkululeko; granddaughter Vuyelwa; niece and

Madiba AND ME

Annetjie van Wynegaard

My nerf-af knieë het gebibber onder my grys skoolrok en my wange was selfbewus rooi in die knypende koue. My tong het geknoop om die vreemde klanke van "Nkosi Sikelel' iAfrika" – tog het ek luidkeels soos net 'n kind kan die woorde uitgebasuin op my skool se grasperkie. Na die tyd het die man na ons toe gekom, ons klein handjies in syne gevou, en met trane in sy oë saggies gesê, "Dankie, baie dankie."

Twee dekades later wonder ek steeds oor daardie Karoo-oggend, wens ek dat ek die grootheid van die oomblik kon besef het, dat ek nie so 'n haasbek kleuter op soek na sweets was nie, dat ek die ervaring kon beskryf met meer as net byvoeglike naamwoorde en verwysings na die weer.

Nelson Mandela was by my skool om rekenaars te skenk, en die juffrou het al die koor kinders bymekaar getrek en die nuwe liedjie wat niemand geken het nie vir ons geleer.

Hoe het ons ouers hieroor gevoel? Ek weet nie. Wat het die mense in die dorp gesê? Ek kan nie onthou nie. Hoe lank was hy daar en wie was by hom? Dis te ver terug in die verlede om op te roep.

Wat ek wel so helder en skerp soos 'n weerligstraal voor my sien is die man wat kleiner lyk as sy beeld op die TV, hoe hy my hand skud en my laat voel asof my song die meeste vir hom beteken het. Hoe hy glimlag en sy kop skud en sy tyd, sy kosbare tyd, met klein kindertjies deel wat nie 'n benul het wie hy is nie.

Dis die Madiba wat ek onthou.

Annetjie van Wynegaard has a BJourn degree from Rhodes University and her dream job is to read books for a living.

adopted daughter Beryl; daughter-in-law and biographer Elinor; and also his comrades and friends, Rica Hodgson and the late Amina Cachalia.

From these women, I had extracted generally unknown, but interesting information about Walter Sisulu: he never fought with his wife, but respected and listened to her; he didn't have an exaggerated sense of self; he wasn't materialistic, but always shared the little that he had with others in need; he was quiet, but brainy; he was non-judgmental with a wonderful sense of optimism and faith in the human spirit; he was selflessly and scrupulously committed to his fellow South Africans and their freedom; he was inclusive; he was the "sorter-outer"; he was the ANC engine and political giant of the liberation movement; and his love for *pap en vleis* was one of his weaknesses!

"He's [Walter Sisulu's] so cute! He's really funny. He's the most patient person I know. He can be stubborn at times though. But he's really, really cool!"[9]

The obituary, like death itself, is a rite of passage, not only for the deceased, loved ones and mourners. But every single editor and journalist should write or produce at least one solid obituary during their lifetime, even if it is their own! Only then will they realise just how challenging, demanding, labour-intensive, time-consuming and nerve-racking it can be. But also how fulfilling and rewarding it is when all the pieces of the puzzle fall into place and you strike the right note on cue. The obituary, I have discovered, is the classic human story, albeit not necessarily the award-winning one.

Angie Kapelianis is an award-winning and passionate South African public radio journalist, who's dedicated the last decade of her 24-year career to compiling and commissioning over 700 obituaries for broadcast on SABC Radio News and Current Affairs.
kapelianisa@sabc.co.za

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2. Don Fry. 2011. Want to Live Forever? Write your Own Obit, http://www.poynter.org/uncategorized/74463/want-to-live-forever-write-your-own-obit
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11. Margalit Fox. 2006. *The New York Times*, http://www.nytimes.com/2006/09/25/business/media/25asktheeditors.html?pagewanted=all
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Madiba AND ME

Mma-tshepo Mokgoko

It was not uncommon to peer out of the biology lab window from sheer boredom, only to catch a glimpse of Tata and his body guards in the distance, taking a stroll along our top field at Sacred Heart College. His daughter Zindzi lived in a house across the road from there.

On one of those not uncommon days, Tata decided that he would come to meet and greet the pupils. I happened to be among the fortunate.

We formed a queue, failing dismally to contain our excitement. Of course we had spotted Tata on the top fields sometimes but never had we been this close to him. See, he always took his walks at the quietest time of day, when all the pupils were in class.

As my time drew nearer I wondered what I could possibly say to a man who I'd read and heard so much about, a paragon of change, an international icon. I decided that I would just shake his hand and give him my best smile. That moment, was when my most prized picture was snapped, it was 1996.

Mma-tshepo Mokgoko (class of 2009) is from Johannesburg and works as a manager within a through the line agency. She has a BA degree from Rhodes in Journalism and Politics, and a Post Graduate Diploma in Media Management from the SPI at Rhodes.

MADIBA MULTIMEDIA

In this second edition of RJR Alive we are paying tribute to the legacy of Nelson Mandela through a myriad voices, images, and sound.


Paddy Donnelly

Radio Diaries

Listen to the award winning radio series, Mandela: An Audio History.

This five-part radio series is recognised as one of the most comprehensive accounts of apartheid.

- http://www.mandelahistory.org/stories.php
- http://www.radiodiaries.org/becoming-nelson-mandela/

Joe Richman is the founder and executive producer of Radio Diaries (radiodiaries.org), a US non-profit that produces documentaries for public radio. He lived in South Africa from 2003-2006, when he produced Mandela: An Audio History and Thembi's AIDS Diary. joe@radiodiaries.org

Tune Me What

Brett Lock and Leon Lazarus pay a musical tribute to Madiba.

"The medium through which some of the most heartfelt and profound tributes to Madiba were expressed is of course music. Even at a time when newspapers, books, films, photographs – and even individual journalists – were banned, it was impossible to ban a tune on the lips of the people, offering a chorus of hope, and ultimately celebration. To underscore this fact my friend Leon Lazarus and myself (both Rhodes Journalism alumni and former RMR DJs) recently devoted an episode of our podcast about South African music to songs about Nelson Mandela."

- http://tunemewhat.com/2013/06/28/madiba/
- http://podcast.tunemewhat.com/episodes/2013-06-28_tmw-e007.mp3

Leon Lazarus is a media and communications consultant in California. He co-hosts the South African music podcast Tune Me What. leonlazarusmail@gmail.com

Brett Lock lives in London and runs a small design and web development studio. He is also an enthusiastic political blogger and a contributing editor to the well-known trans-Atlantic blog, Harry's Place. He also has a podcast about South African music at tunemewhat.com. brettlock@gmail.com

Think!Fest

During the National Arts Festival Sarah Nuttall delivered a speech at the Think!fest lecture series about Madiba's mortality. You can listen to her talk here:

- http://thinkfest.wordpress.com/2013/07/13/nelson-mandelas-mortality/
- http://thinkfest.files.wordpress.com/2013/07/sarah-nuttall.mp3

Sarah Nuttall is Professor of Literary and Cultural Studies and the Director of WISER (Wits Institute for Social and Economic Research) in Johannesburg. Sarah.Nuttall@wits.ac.za

Mail&Guardian

The *Mail&Guardian* produced a beautiful site this year, "Nelson Mandela. Tribute to an icon".

- http://madiba.co.za

Paul Weinberg

In this month's edition of *RJR Alive* we've asked writers and photographers to help us tell the story of Nelson Mandela. In our collection of stories, photographs and audio material, we've found ourselves faced with the challenging task of constructing a narrative and building an archive of voices and images to help us remember a figure of history.

By Annetjie van Wynegaard

In our search for images of Madiba we stumbled upon the issue of social documentary photography and the problems of building an archive of images that will stand the test of time, a place to store original work in retrievable form over the long term.

Struggle documentary photography can be located within three phases: Recording the struggle, making the projects viable and sustainable, and archiving and managing the recordings. Post-1994 we find ourselves within the archiving and managing phase, riddled with problems, the most contentious of which is, who owns the images of the struggle?

Paul Weinberg writes in "The Present is in the Past: Mediating documentary photography and the archive in South Africa": "...to assume that the archive in a new South Africa is on an even playing field would be extremely naïve."

When the International Defence and Aid Fund (IDAF) closed their London doors in the early '90s they distributed their resources to the Mayibuye Centre located in the University of the Western Cape. Since then there has been much controversy from individual photographers over how the pictures have been curated and attributed.

Graham Goddard has been working with the IDAF collection since 1994. "When I started, I was not aware of the

Legacies & ARCHIVES

copyright issues but have spent most of my time removing and stopping certain images from being sent out," he said.

"Fortunately, I knew many of the photographers whose work resides in the collection that has made this task easier – one of the reasons I was hired for this job. The copyright issue also becomes a problem when the public sees us as a kind of resource centre for images and not as archives."

"I see this collection as an artefact of the struggle against apartheid and where one can view a large collection of images that were largely banned by the then SA government and examine the way in which these images were used against apartheid by IDAF."

IDAF collected this material through either hiring photographers or commissioning images from photographers themselves or agencies. The collection consists of original negatives and transparencies, copy negatives, original prints (the photographic print sent to IDAF) and masses of copy prints.

IDAF also copied onto negative film or colour transparencies (slides) any images relating to SA from books, magazines and newspapers. "Obviously this collection now leaves us with the headache of copyright issues," said Goddard.

Goddard: "Bear in mind this is the period before digital imaging and a photographic print was re-photographed and many prints were made from the copy negatives, for distribution."

Digitising images is an arduous, expensive, necessary process, but by definition a temporary solution. Cedric Nunn speaks more about the digitisation of images in his story, "A look at archives".

Weinberg writes, "Photographic heritage in South Africa is poorly resourced, managed and supported. It has taken sixteen years for a digitisation policy to be formalised and is still under construction at the time of writing." Karen von Veh writes about Paul Weinberg and the UCT Visual Archives in "How to make a national resource into a global treasure".

Goddard said, "The archiving of the collection at the UWC Robben Island Mayibuye Archives has been an on-going process and when funds have been made available. Negatives are stored in archival sleeves and files and stored in a storeroom. Original prints or clear, well printed copy prints are stored in photographic archival boxes. We now have a server on which scanned versions of negatives and prints are stored. The images that we have scanned are mainly images that we don't have issues with copyright – for the moment. The server is not available online and can only be accessed by the archivists and not the general public."

Social documentary film and photography played a vital role in South Africa's transition to democracy. As we grapple with the texture of a new South African story, we look at these images as a reminder of where we were and where we would like to be.

Proliferation and the lost

Paddy Donnelly, television production manager at the School of Journalism and Media Studies at Rhodes University, ran the picture library at IDAF for four years. During his 22 years in the UK Paddy documented South African issues and took nearly 100 000 photographs. He photographed all the big events that centred on Nelson Mandela – concerts, rallies, anti-apartheid marches, state visits and birthday celebrations. He photographed Mandela and his African ambassadors during their visit to London in 1996.

When he returned to South Africa in 2006 to work at Rhodes University most of his files stayed behind in England. "I have two filing cabinets of negatives in the UK," he said. He's afraid he might die before his pictures see the light of day. Digitising all those negatives will cost time, effort and money.

We also have a piece by Gavin Brown on the history of anti-apartheid campaigning in London.

Social documentary film and photography played a vital role in South Africa's transition to democracy. As we grapple with the texture of a new South African story, we look at these images as a reminder of where we were and where we would like to be.

Nelson Mandela said, "South Africans must recall the terrible past so that we can deal with it, forgiving where forgiveness is necessary but never forgetting."

Annetjie van Wynegaard has a Bachelor of Journalism degree from Rhodes University and her dream job is to read books for a living.
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LINKS TO DIGITAL REPOSITORIES WITH LIBERATION STRUGGLE COLLECTIONS

- http://africanactivist.msu.edu/
- http://www.aluka.org/
- http://www.disa.ukzn.ac.za/
- http://www.nelsonmandela.org/omalley/
- http://socialhistory.org/en/collections/anti-apartheid-and-southern-africa-collection-guide

CONTROLLING
THE MANDELA IMAGE

By Martha Evans

Few will remember the first released photograph of Mandela at the end of his 27 years' incarceration. The image shows a slim and youthful figure, dressed in a grey suit, alongside a beaming President F.W. de Klerk. Mandela is smiling too, but there is a something absent about his expression, perhaps because of his sideways glance, to the left of the camera's frame. The photograph was released on a Saturday night, some 24 hours before Mandela's charismatic eruption onto the world stage via the televised release. Perhaps De Klerk hoped that his own image would draw on the power of the already mythic Mandela figure. That he could in some way continue to "own" his prisoner. It was, predictably, a failed attempt. The photograph of Mandela walking out of Victor Verster Prison, fist triumphantly aloft, is the remembered image of the day, and De Klerk's subsequent attempts to position himself as the president who ended apartheid have been met with scepticism.

Legacies & ARCHIVES

Nearly free *(previous page)*: The first photo of Nelson Mandela in 27 years, released by FW de Klerk's communications team on the eve of the release in 1990.
Photo: FW de Klerk Foundation

While many have noted Mandela's canny control of his own image, it is in fact very difficult to determine the level of agency behind many of his great media events. An "absentee performer"[1], to use Eric Louw's phrase, of the anti-apartheid struggle, of the birthday tribute concerts and various struggle marches, and the mouthpiece of many of Thabo Mbeki's speeches, including the famous Rainbow Nation inauguration speech, his emergence from prison, at least, seems to have been one of the few media moments he engineered himself.

While De Klerk was keen for his prisoner to be released from Pretoria, Mandela insisted on being freed from the location of his incarceration, choosing, at the last moment, to walk rather than drive out of the gates of the prison in response to journalists' requests, thus launching a whole new national mythology, replacing the Great Trek with the long walk to freedom. Clarence Keyter, the news anchor tasked with covering the occasion, describes Mandela as "a free man taking his first steps into new South Africa … walking strongly, step by step further into freedom… into a new South Africa."

Today, watching the broadcast of the occasion reveals how unprepared the apartheid state was for the phenomenon of Nelson Mandela. In raw, unused footage of the event[2], journalists jostle for position, swearing at one another as they try to capture history, and the absence of a police presence is surprising. Crowds threatened to overcome Mandela's car as it tried to turn into Schuurmansfontein Road, and a sense of unease, downplayed by Keyter's attempt at bardic commentary, is palpable.

Since then, Victor Verster (now Groot Drakenstein) Prison, like all institutions linked to Mandela, has become a site for memory revision. In August this year, in an attempt to capitalise on the global Madiba mania that erupted over concerns for the 94-year-old's ailing health, Western Cape Premier Helen Zille announced the completion of an R8-million upgrade of Schuurmansfontein Road at a ribbon-cutting ceremony.

In 2010, Jacob Zuma's controversial first state of the nation address was synchronised with the 20-year celebration of Mandela's release. A two-hour live broadcast of crowds re-enacting the walk preceded Zuma's national address, in a not-so-subtle attempt to create some kind of continuity between South Africa's beloved first president and the divisive Zuma figure.

Mandela's image, it seems, can be bent (almost) to mean just about anything. His last public appearance, at the 2010 FIFA World Cup, is a case in

point. Numerous articles about the event's closing ceremony show images of a relaxed and happy-looking Mandela, sitting alongside Graça Machel, waving at the crowd. His appearance, these reports suggest, brought the necessary Madiba magic to the event's finale, linking it with other great sporting moments such as the 1995 Rugby World Cup. In a *Guardian* article, however, another image of Mandela, taken perhaps moments before or after the commonly-used photograph of the event, shows a tired-looking figure being held up by his wife as he is wheeled around the stadium. The article criticises FIFA's fiefdom, specifically Sepp Blatter's reported bullying of Mandela into attending the event.

Yet, Mandela has always been a lover of sport, as well as of massive media events. During the transition period, when the ANC tried to reinstate the sports boycott, they found that their hands were tied, partly because Mandela had been meeting with sports captains from around the world, preaching the message of sports reconciliation and approving South Africa's return to global competition before it was politically wise for the party to do so.

His relationship with the ANC is also frequently contested. Every time the party invokes Mandela in its political campaigns, there is a media backlash in South Africa. In 2009, when the then 90-year-old Madiba made a surprise appearance at Johannesburg's Ellis Park Stadium, wearing a T-shirt bearing Jacob Zuma's image, and delivering a pre-recorded address supporting the ANC, many South Africans were puzzled. The Nelson Mandela Foundation criticised the party for putting the elderly man's life at risk, and there was an unspoken assumption that the former president was growing confused, that he was too out of touch to understand modern South African politics. Mandela, the suggestion is, belongs to all of South Africa, and has outgrown the ANC.

This popular perception of the man is well illustrated in the recent run of Zapiro cartoons, which use Madiba (often paired with Desmond Tutu) to critique the perceived moral decline of the ANC. But while Tutu has been an outspoken critic of the ANC throughout his life, Mandela has seldom, if ever, spoken out against the party. As Raymond Suttner[3] has pointed out, Mandela has been increasingly, and erroneously, dissociated from the ANC over the years.

What, then, are we to make of the ANC's surprise visit to Madiba in August 2013? The occasion has given us our most recent image of Mandela: a stern-looking figure propped up alongside a jolly Jacob Zuma. Khaya Dlanga has remarked that Mandela's unsmiling expression in the photograph bears a striking similarity to his countenance in the clandestine 1977 photograph taken on Robben Island, an expression widely interpreted to express his displeasure at being photographed against his wish.

His relationship with the ANC is also frequently contested. Every time the party invokes Mandela in its political campaigns, there is a media backlash in South Africa.

One wonders whether the recent ANC image is perhaps a poor record of the event. After all, Mandela was, presumably is, a loyal ANC cadre. Who are we to assume his disapproval of an ANC publicity stunt?

But the SABC recording of the photo shoot does little to change the perception of blundering opportunism. A group of smiling politicians and photographers circle the stiff figure of Mandela, and the repeated instruction "you must smile" can be heard beneath the SABC presenter's grotesquely incongruous commentary. "Madiba was in good spirits," the anchor tells viewers, "interacting with Zuma, the ANC officials and his family." In fact, in the footage, Mandela's only movement is to blink his quarry-damaged eyes in reaction to the flashes of cameras, giving us little insight into his thoughts. One wonders why the presidency's communications team approved the release of the footage, or why the footage of Mandela blinking wasn't cut from the overall sequence. It seems the very triumph of having procured the footage, of "owning" the Mandela figure, took precedence, resulting in a backfired publicity stint. It is something of a tragedy that this will likely be our last moving image of the man.

The deaths of celebrated persons bring out the best and worst in people. They provide opportunities to claim allegiances, to speak on their behalf, to establish relationships where there were none. The vultures have already begun haggling over the pieces of Mandela's legacy. The in-family court cases over Mandela's final resting place have made a mockery of his wishes. The world's media have again begun jostling for position, assembling in Qunu, in Pretoria, as massive broadcasting deals are struck over the screening of the impending funeral.

In this final media event, Mandela will again play the role of an "absentee performer", leaving the event, and his legacy, open to manipulation. The assembled cast will again draw on the accumulated power of his life. No doubt, we will witness appalling political opportunism. But most likely, as was the case with Princess Diana's funeral, the event will also serve an integrative function, Mandela's parting shot at uniting a divided South Africa.

We owe it to him to remain measured in our mourning, to recognise the expected political manoeuvring for what it is, but also to resist hagiographical recollections of his legacy.

Martha Evans is a lecturer at the Centre for Film and Media Studies at the University of Cape Town. Her book, Broadcasting the End of Apartheid: Television and the Birth of the New South Africa, *is due out in 2014.*
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Endnotes

1. Eric Louw, *The Media and Political Process*, 2nd Edition. Los Angeles, London, New Delhi,Singapore, Washington DC: Sage Publications, 2010, 123.
2. See Craig Mathews's *Welcome Mandela* (Doxa Productions, 2010).
3. Raymond Suttner (2007), "(Mis)Understanding Nelson Mandela", *African Historical Review*, 39:2, 107-130.

ARCHIVING
Up close and personal

Mourners at the funeral of two United Democratic Front aligned youth who were abducted and murdered in the 'Natal' War that engulfed the region. Mpophomeni. KwaZulu Natal. 1987.
Photo: Cedric Nunn

Working as an independent stills photographer in the field of information and knowledge production, I quickly came to the understanding that the work I was producing constituted an archive, or was capable of being understood as an archive. This realisation came from my early association and membership of the Afrapix collective and agency which operated from the early eighties until around 1991.

By Cedric Nunn

The photographers who constituted Afrapix all kept individual ownership and custody of the negatives of the work they produced, and Afrapix would then distribute the images via a photographic print. Photographers regularly produced more prints of the ones kept in the Afrapix library as these went out for reproduction in the various publications they were to be used in.

When Afrapix disbanded in the early nineties the prints, which were still in the library, were returned to the individual photographers to whom they belonged.

This sense of ownership of images was rare from independent photographers in South Africa at the time. Also, in the 70s, the advertising industry had successfully lobbied government to revise the Copyright Act, investing the commissioning agents with ownership of images produced, which had not been the case prior to the revision.

So I was one of the early photographers to put in place and keep an efficient filing system, which allowed storage and efficient access of negatives to reprint. And when digital came along in the nineties, it was an easy transition to making these images available digitally, and in a way that facilitated easy access and management. All of these processes compounded my sense of the archive I was creating, and of course shaped the way I understood other archives.

I am aware of how at present various bodies of work, produced by independent photographers, groupings and publications alike, are finding their way into the archive. People like Bill Gates and others are recognising the importance, and future value of these various collections, acquiring them and developing them into important assets. These records are in some cases being managed efficiently and constitute an important part of our body of knowledge of our recent past.

While my work has in a sense passed its period of intense focus, which was in the first dozen years of post-apartheid's 'rosy glow', it will no doubt be part of a growing record of this era, and as such will come into its own without a doubt in some later time still to come. I find challenges associated with this particular period of inactivity and diminished interest in how to develop and manage this archive. There are still a great many images to be digitised, itself a laborious and costly process.

I have also found that images that are generated digitally present their own challenges in the archive. These are related to the technology of the medium, and are about the instability of the digital medium, DVDs corrupt and hard drives crash. As well as the rapidly changing and shifting nature of technology and the costs related to this phenomenon. As an individual who is facing an economic environment in which paradoxically, the superior technology of the digitally produced images allows for a far greater degree of production, and with a great many more photographers entering the field, maximising financial returns in this climate is increasingly difficult. So is meeting the costs of technology upgrades to keep abreast of the rapidly evolving platforms.

It is in light of some of these considerations that I have been drawn back to my original beginnings of analogue. Though this too is subject to its own disadvantages, such as the increasing costs associated with film being now a rare commodity, I still find it a more reassuring medium with regards to storage and archiving. Creating negative film, which is then printed in a traditional darkroom, allows for a silver-toned fine print, itself almost a dying art, each one being a one-off original, with the tangibility of a three dimensional object, and the luminosity only found in the organic nature of the silver halide based print.

The possibility then also exists for a high resolution scan to be done of the negative and digital prints to be generated from this scan, as well as of course reproduction onto the printed page. It would seem that for some or all of these reasons, film is finding its way back into the worlds of especially fashion and art photography, allowing photographers to produce work with equipment that is a fraction of the cost for the digital equivalent. As well of course as the possibility of producing silver prints.

Although some effort has been made to source, access, restore and archive photographs, not nearly enough has been done. The stories of work being dumped, destroyed, lying neglected in boxes etc. are legion, and most independent photographers I know have had little or no assistance in this regard to safeguard their own work. It would seem that the onus is on oneself, and usually the task is so costly and labour intensive that most balk at the process.

Until we see photographic images in terms of their heritage, knowledge and information value, both to us, and future generations, we will continue to see the daily degradation and loss of the all the work not yet identified and safeguarded. A much more concerted effort needs to be made by museums and the national bodies constituted to engage with this important task.

Legacies & ARCHIVES

Cedric Nunn has been an independent professional photographer for over 30 years. His work has been published extensively both locally and abroad. He has had several solo exhibitions and participated in many group shows, showing in the Johannesburg Art Gallery, the South African National Gallery and the Durban Art gallery among others. info@cedricnunn.co.za. He blogs at http://cedricnunnphotography.wordpress.com/

PAUL WEINBERG AND
THE UCT VISUAL ARCHIVES

How to make a national resource into a global treasure

Without remembrance, and without the reification which remembrance needs for its own fulfilment... the living activities of action, speech, and thought would lose their reality at the end of each process and disappear as though they never had been (Hannah Arendt 1998:95).

By Karen von Veh

Paul Weinberg is probably best known in South African photographic circles as one of the struggle photographers with a long standing belief in the importance of documentary photographic archives as part of our democratic right to knowledge. His ethos reflects the quote above and has developed during the course of his activities in the 1980s as a founding member of Afrapix and Afroscope, two collectives that were trying to amass material documenting the political and social situation in South Africa during the apartheid era. This was a precarious time for anyone involved in exposing or recording what the nationalist government wanted to keep secret, and in 1986 the archives were removed and destroyed in government raids. Weinberg has thus worked for most of his life to record and preserve our memories and actions, often against enormous odds, and consequently has a deeply held belief that such material should be available to everyone, an attitude that informs his approach to institutional archives in his current position as Senior Curator of Visual Archives at UCT.

The local shortcomings in managing documentary information, post 1994, were demonstrated when Weinberg worked on a book called *An End to Waiting,* documenting the first democratic elections in South Africa. He was the official photographer for the IEC and when he completed his work, he left them with five boxes of photographs that he and others had taken. One of these photographs shows Mandela voting for the very first time. Weinberg (2011) notes that he was the only photographer on that occasion so this is the only record of the event, yet neither this image nor the other boxes full of photographs are available digitally to a broad audience. This raises questions about our ability as a country to record our memory and heritage and provides the motivation for his work

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Clockwise from top left:

- Nelson Mandela votes for the first time in his life, Ohlange School, Inanda, Durban, KwaZulu-Natal,27 April 1994. Photograph Paul Weinberg, Visual Archives, UCT Libraries.
- Child with a replica of a Zulu hut at the Voortrekker Monument, on the Day of the Covenant. This day commemorated the vow taken by the Voortrekkers before the Battle of Blood River, that if God gave them victory over the Zulus they would always keep it as one of thanksgiving. Pretoria (Tshwane), Transvaal (Gauteng), 16 December 1963. Photograph David Goldblatt, Visual Archives, UCT Libraries.
- Life in District 6 shortly before its demolition. Photograph Jansje Wissema, Cape Town Architectural Society, Visual Archives, UCT Libraries.
- Life in District 6 shortly before its demolition. Photograph Jansje Wissema, Cape Town Architectural Society, Visual Archives, UCT Libraries.
- The farmer's son with his nursemaid on the farm Heimweeberg, near Nietverdiend in the Marico Bushveld. Transvaal (North West Province), 1964. Visual Archives, UCT Libraries.
- Security Police raid the collective Afrapix, Khotso House, Johannesburg, 1986. Photograph Visual Archives, UCT Libraries.

These are responsible ways of dealing with historical archives but there is a huge discrepancy between international models and South African practice. We have no coherent policy that has been implemented for heritage or digitisation.

as an archivist at UCT. Weinberg (2011) believes strongly in the importance of memory, especially in South Africa where our past was so contested, but he feels that an archive should not only contain records of spectacular historic events but should allow us also to rediscover the ordinary, the everyday moments that construct individual stories. Cedric Nunn encapsulates this view during his filmed interview in *The Road to Then and Now* (Lucey 2007) when he says: "I also like to think of documentary photography as a kind of nation's family album."

Weinberg (2011) is interested in the nuances arising from archival material that presents different points of view regarding one historic moment in time. He mentions as an example the 1976 moment, Peter Magubane, Alf Kumalo and Sam Nzima photographed certain famous pictures that became iconic and deeply etched in our memories. One is aware with hindsight at the same time, there were other press photographers who photographed from the position of security police as well as the security police's own documentation at the time. Questions are raised about the choices people make behind the camera and through the lens and their reasons for choosing certain subjects. If you interrogate the 1976 moment you have these different takes, as it were, so these become fascinating sites, of how the camera interacted with reality. The photographs become an amalgam of points of view, showing 'the view from the people' and simultaneously from 'the other side'. In curation these images can come together with the voices and feelings of many different people offering an opportunity for understanding and reconciliation. This is why Weinberg feels the archive cannot be separated from curation or intellectual interrogation. In South Africa we need to return to this important practice of engaging with our history.

"The human impulse to make sense of the world has remained a constant. Whether acting as instrument of social change, capturing a disappearing way of life, or preserving a moment in time, the work of documentary photographers provides a compelling social commentary on where we have come from – as a society, a culture, a community – and signals where we hope to go in the future." (*Beyond Beauty* 2009:91)

Access to historical material was once the domain of the academic elite but the digital revolution has democratised information and it is by this means that Weinberg is determined to provide a platform, or in digital terms a portal, for access to the visual archives. He refers to first world international examples of 'best practice' models such as the 'Memory of Holland', which is a national fund made available by the Dutch government and available to anyone with heritage material or archives. The fund provides money and expertise to record the material for a national data base, without cost to the owner, and then returns the original material to the source. In terms of University practice, Duke University in America is a good example of this as well. They have a centralised digital unit in their library that will digitise, record and archive any of the university collections irrespective of faculty.

These are responsible ways of dealing with historical archives but there is a huge discrepancy between international models and South African practice. We have no coherent policy that has been implemented for heritage or digitisation. Weinberg (2011) notes that the white paper has now come out on the digitising policy, after 17 years of democracy, but there is no indication of when it will be implemented. What this means, in Weinberg's (2011) words, is that "everything is up for grabs, digitisation funds, archival material, collections. Policies are fickle, institutions are in competition – it is the worst way to go". We have remarkable photographic collections by photographers like Peter Magubane, Jürgen Schaderburg, and David Goldblatt that are highly sought after by international buyers, and without a coherent policy they could easily be lost to the country's archives.

At this stage it appears that our heritage is for sale but Weinberg sees his role in archives as a way to engage with such imponderables. One suggestion for overcoming these challenges is to initiate a national audit on film and photography. The other way is to draw on the expertise of local and international partners.

As the visual archivist at UCT Weinberg must deal with several questions about the capacity of the university to engage with what is really a national problem. He asks, "Can this be the mother of all archives or do we make selective interventions depending on capacity, interest and policy? Do we take physical collections, or do we opt for digital

collections which are much more negotiable?" At this point UCT has an interesting interplay between physical and digital as they have an enormous cold-room, sealed off like a fridge, where negatives can be correctly stored. It is the only such facility in the country (probably because of the expense) and is carefully temperature controlled at around 4 degrees C and 40 degrees humidity. Anyone who wants to preserve film can send it here. It is particularly suitable for valuable collections like Goldblatt, or Schaderburg. If negatives are well preserved they can last for a very long time, so it is almost a prerequisite for archiving properly.

UCT also has the capacity to digitise both negatives and positives although this is a slow and ongoing process as it requires each image to be labeled and annotated with all relevant information. Weinberg (2011) emphasises that digitising, democratisation and public access is what they are aiming for and in an ideal situation they would hope to liaise with other institutionalised collections like UJ's collection, Wits' collection or IZIKO's collection for example. He explains that in this way the collections could complement each other; but that requires a maturity where people are open enough to want to share for the greater good, rather than hanging on to them for the status of their own institution. Unfortunately with the lack of a coherent archive policy resulting in everyone 'struggling for a piece of the pie' the current ethos is to cling desperately to what each person thinks is their property instead of being open to what is 'ours'.

In line with the notion of archives serving the broader community UCT has chosen to offer a service to photographers who are part of the archive to have their material digitised at no cost. Weinberg (2011) points out that the process of digitising high-quality negatives costs about R200 (so R200 000 for 1000 negatives). Another key aspect of archival work is to ask the question: "Do we look at legacies? Or do we look at themes?" The decision had to be made around whether to collect individual photographers or themes such as landscape, history, or labour. The current policy at UCT is to concentrate more on individuals and their contributions.

Some of the older photographic collections in the UCT library are the Kirby Collection, the Black Sash collection, Monica Wilson collection, Benjamin Stone (a photographer from the late 19th century with some beautiful old images) and Fox Talbot's pencil of nature which is part of the rare collections archive. *The Cordoned Heart* is also in the collection – the Carnegie investigation into poverty in the 1980s. Other collections from the 80s are *Beyond the Barricades*[1] and the *Staffrider* Exhibitions[2]. Interestingly Weinberg was involved as part of these original photographic projects, in the latter two not only as photographer but also as curator and editor so it is somewhat fitting that he is now a custodian of documentary work that he helped to create.

Some of these existing collections have already been digitised but there is a vast amount of new material that requires digitisation

From top:

» **Migrant Hostel life, Witwatersrand, 1982. Photograph Ben MacClennan, part of the Cordoned Heart Collection, UCT Libraries.**

» **Workers return to the impoverished 'Bantustan' of KwaNdebele from their places of work in Pretoria, 1984. This photograph was taken at 9 pm. They would reach home between 9:30 pm and 10 pm, after travelling for four hours. Most would have caught a bus at 2:45 am in order to be at work at 7 am, totalling about eight hours of travel a day. Apartheid has gone, but the bus rides continue. David Goldblatt from the Cordoned Heart Collection, Visual Archives, UCT Libraries.**

» **A Duduza township resident lies dead while members of the special hit squad light up a cigarette after an 'all night clean-up'. Photographs such as this led to the government emergency regulations, making it an 'offence' to photograph such situations, 1985. Themba Hadebe, Beyond the Barricades Collection, Visual Archives, UCT Libraries.**

and documentation over the next few years. Among these are the collections of David Goldblatt, Jürgen Schadeberg, and Martin West – a UCT based anthropologist who documented the churches of Soweto. There is also the South Archive, a large collection that includes the work of 14 photographers including George Halett, Guy Tillim, and Grame Williams. UCT has been negotiating for the collections of deceased photographers such as Paul Alberts, Herman Potgieter, Ronnie Levitan and Gisele Wulfsohn. More recently they have signed contracts with Stan Weiner and Cloete Breytenbach (Breyten Breytenbach's brother) whose legacy includes the historic images of District 6.

There are a significant amount of photographers who live or have lived outside SA or whose work has ended up in collections in other countries, like Constance Stuart Larraby whose work is in the Smithsonian. There are also diasporic contemporary photographers like Gideon Mendel for example, or Jillian Edelstein, who now lives in London but photographically documented the Truth and Reconciliation Commission between 1996 and 2002, resulting in a book called *Truth and Lies*. Weinberg notes that UCT recently acquired Jill Edelsteen's collection. Ethographic collections are also an area of concern and interest. Because we were a colony many of the photos taken about culture in South Africa exist outside the country. An example is the largest collection of photographs of Zulu people, the Marion Hill collection that was taken by Trappist monks from Germany, so the core material is now in Germany. UCT was contacted recently by the Italian institute to collaborate on an exhibition that was shown at the University of Johannesburg in 2011. Siliva Zulu are ethnographic photographs taken by an Italian photographer in 1927. UCT digitised the negatives, printed them and made them available for exhibition and now they are part of an ethnographic dialogue with all the attendant issues of 'the other' and, as Weinberg notes, to make it more complicated the photographer was a member of the Fascist party. This then becomes part of a larger discourse on culture and memory and engages with the need to find creative ways of dealing with difficult material arising from past ideologies.

Part of Weinberg's work involves projects such as the recently launched *Ernest Cole Award*, and a book and exhibition entitled *Then and Now* in which eight photographers were asked to select twenty examples of their own work that they felt would exemplify the apartheid era (then), and images after the transition to democracy in South Africa (now). The importance of such a project lies in the nuances of a variety of personal views that bridge and assimilate two distinct periods in history, going "beyond the limited historiographies of the 'struggle period" and creating a broader collection of sometimes conflicting expressions of life in South Africa. As Michael Godby (2008:14) notes in his introductory essay for the book:

"…all the photographers chosen for this project have, to a greater or lesser extent, rejected the declamatory mode in favour of complexity of subject and openness of interpretation. Thus if the moment of *Then* can be characterised as a period of disciplined struggle that focused on clearly defined objectives, the moment of *Now,* with political freedom achieved, would seem to rejoice in the fuller humanity that can thrive with that victory, not least the creative expression of the photographers themselves."

Many photographers in the UCT collection are well known, high profile names but the project entitled *Underexposed* entailed digitising the works of 11 relatively unknown photographers. Weinberg (2011) explains:

The concept of this project emanates from a view that South Africa is often in the news, for positive but mostly negative reasons. Its focus is often quite superficial. While some South African photographers have made it to an international world art and cultural circuit, there is a depth of prodigious talent way off the radar screen, unseen and underexposed. These photographers are not known outside a small circle in South Africa, though their contribution to that country's photographic heritage and history is highly significant. Their work reflects stories off the beaten track, beyond the headlines and well worn stereotypes.

'Underexposed' is an in-depth and special collection of photography, showcasing different twentieth and twenty-first century photographers' work, including both the pre and post-apartheid periods in South Africa and abroad. The project dovetails very well with the broader vision of the Visual Archives Library at UCT which sets out to archive significant South African photography.

The Other Camera is a project that includes the archive of vernacular photography, an exhibition, and a book that is still in progress detailing the work of contemporary African people photographing their

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Michael Godby (2008:14)

own cultures and asserting their own identities. "Fundamentally they challenge the more traditional views of representation – of outsiders imaging the lives of 'others', particularly indigenous communities. The 'other camera' is a window on a world, highlighting how insiders photograph themselves, their fast changing typographies, and in itself, is a self sustaining sub-culture." (Weinberg 2011)

Long term proposals include *Other Photographies* which looks at Studio Photography , *Destination Africa* (postcards), *The Family Album, The Camera and South Africa* which would function almost as an audit of South African history, and lastly *Framed and Reframed* which looks at ethnographic collections. Add to this the fact that the extensive film archives are also part of his responsibility and it is clear that Weinberg has an enormous task. His goals include the creation of an online archive library showcasing virtual exhibitions, publications and an e-Journal for photography and film. 'Performance of the archive' also includes printing and displaying archival material in exhibitions like Siliva Zulu, or the Botanical illustrations framed and exhibited in the UCT library, or the retrospective exhibition of Tony Grogan, the Cape Times cartoonist, held at the Centre for African Studies Gallery in 2011. For the latter, the UCT archives scanned Grogan's original drawings and sketches, cleaned them up, printed them and framed them. Work on the archives is demonstrably vast and varied.

Of course the digital projects and outputs require a website as a portal to the outside world, which Weinberg feels is absolutely crucial to make the archive come alive. He uses Picture Australia as an ideal example where all the Australian photographic collections can be accessed from one portal. If you want to order an image or need more information at one click you go directly to the relevant museum that is the source of the image. Weinberg's vision is to have something similar in South Africa where the collections from every museum and University in the country can be accessed from one portal. At the moment the digital collection at UCT alone is over 50 000 images. Weinberg explains that these collections have been largely inaccessible and he feels that as part of our democratic calling we should make them available. An archive is inherently about foresight and identifying what our national treasures are, what we value, it should therefore be a national priority to both preserve and disseminate our heritage and this is how he defines his mission at UCT.

The process of digitising itself has little benefit unless it is open to be 'performed', curated and re-imagined. South Africa is challenged by the "digital moment" not only to embrace it, but to explore creative ways to re-ignite our collective popular memory, history and national heritage so that our voices are not only heard locally and continentally and but become part of a broader, global heritage conversation. Weinberg *Visual Archives*

From top:

- From the Amabandla amaAfrika project on African Independent Churches in Soweto, 1969-71. Photograph Martin West, Visual Archives, UCT Libraries.
- Minstrels, Cape Town 2005. Photograph Graeme Williams,Visual Archives, UCT Libraries.
- Nkosi Johnson, Aids activist. 1999. Photograph Gisele Wulfsohn, Visual Archives, UCT Libraries.

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Weinberg, P. 2011. Interview with Paul Weinberg by Karen von Veh, held at the UCT Archives on Monday 5 September 2011.

Endnotes

1. *Beyond the Barricades* was a project from the 1980s that documented public resistance to apartheid.
2. *Staffrider* was a radical journal published by Ravan Press that provided a platform for writers, artists and photographers to voice their opposition to apartheid.

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Surround the Racist Embassy, 16 June 1988. Photo: Jon Kempster

AN ARCHIVE OF SOLIDARITY

The City of London anti-apartheid group papers

By Gavin Brown

When I set out to research the history of the Non-Stop Picket of the South African Embassy in London, I knew I could trace enough former participants in that protest to make the project viable. I expected that many of these former activists would have kept their own modest archives of papers and ephemera from their anti-apartheid campaigning in the late 1980s. I knew I would be able to piece together other fragments of the story from the archives of the British Anti-Apartheid Movement, and from papers deposited in South Africa. What I didn't anticipate was that we would discover that, in 1994, when the City of London Anti-Apartheid Group (who organised the Non-Stop Picket) ceased to exist, the entire contents of their office had been packed away and stored privately, gathering dust, ever since.

Here I probably need to give a little bit of context. The City of London Anti-Apartheid Group (City Group) was formed in 1982 by Norma Kitson, an exiled South African, her children, and supporters of the Revolutionary Communist Group. From the beginning the group regularly held protests outside the South African Embassy in London's Trafalgar Square. In those early days, the group was recognised

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David Kitson speaks, 19 April 1987. Photo: Jon Kempster

The City Group singers on the Non-Stop Picket. Photo: Jon Kempster

as a local group of the national Anti-Apartheid Movement (AAM). But, before long, Norma Kitson found herself in trouble with the leadership of the African National Congress (ANC) in London, and relations between City Group and the AAM rapidly deteriorated. By the time the Non-Stop Picket was launched in April 1986, City Group had been 'disaffiliated' from the national movement. While City Group never stopped offering solidarity and support to the ANC, once outside the AAM, the group developed a close working relationship with exiled members of the Pan-Africanist Congress (PAC) and Black Consciousness supporters. As a result, the City Group archive provides an opportunity to understand a different perspective on the international anti-apartheid movement.

David Kitson, Norma's husband, had been imprisoned in South Africa for his role in the second national High Command of Umkhonto we Siswe. He became one of the longest serving white political prisoners in apartheid-era South Africa. One of City Group's earliest successes was an 86-day continuous protest outside the South African embassy which resulted in David Kitson and his comrades being moved off Death Row in Pretoria. Unfortunately, by the time David was released from gaol in 1984, Norma had become too much of a thorn in the side of the London ANC. David was forced to choose between his family and his loyalty to the ANC and South African Communist Party. He stood with Norma, but it cost him his SACP membership and the fellowship he had been promised at Ruskin College, Oxford, funded by his union, Technical, Administrative and Supervisory Section (TASS, now part of Unite).

The documents in the archive reveal much about how Stalinists within the British trade union bureaucracy uncritically followed the line of their allies in the South African party. They actively ostracised those anti-apartheid stalwarts, like Kitson, with whom they had political disagreements and who they could not control. Genevieve Klein (2009) has demonstrated those political prisoners and detainees whose allegiance to the ANC could not be guaranteed found themselves marginalised and often had to find support from other sources. This often led them to those smaller solidarity groups, like City Group who had good working relationships with the exiled structures of the PAC and Black Consciousness Movement.

City Group and the Non-Stop Picket played a leading role in building many solidarity campaigns for South African activists who could not rely on the international support of the ANC and its allies. The archive offers insights into the development and functioning of the campaigns for people like the Upington 14 who faced execution in South Africa under the common purpose doctrine for having participated in a protest that resulted in the death of a local official considered by many to be a stooge of the apartheid regime. City Group also campaigned for the detained trade union leader and community activist Moses Mayekiso. Although he would later become an ANC minister in the post-apartheid government, at the time, the ANC were not keen for him to be the focus of a major international campaign. In addition to the specifics of these campaigns, the archive reveals much about how the PAC and Black Consciousness Movement functioned in exile in the last years of apartheid – a story that has yet to be adequately told.

At present, the City Group archive remains in private hands and is not open to the public. My colleague, Helen Yaffe, and I are working with its current custodians to find an appropriate public archive where the papers can find a long-term home as a resource for all those interested in the history of anti-apartheid campaigning.

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