

Toetrede

Liturgie van die Lig

Aansteek van die kerse

Woorddiens

Tema: “Die afbreek van ons heilige tempels”

Skriflesing: Johannes 2:13-25

Lied 464

O Heer my God, as ek in eerbied wonder –
en al u werke elke dag aanskou:
Die son en maan, die aarde, sterre, wolke,
hoe U dit elke dag so onderhou...

*Dan moet ek juig, my Redder en my God!
Hoe groot is U; hoe groot is U!
Want deur die hele skepping klink dit saam:
Hoe heerlik, Heer, u grote Naam!*

Ek sien die veld – die bosse, berge, vlaktes.
Ek hoor hoe fluister grasse, stroom en wind.
O Heer, U sorg vir klein, vir groot, vir alles
en U sorg dag na dag vir my, u kind.

Broodjies vir die pad

Hierdie gedig is by die gedenkdiens van Judith Mason voorgelees deur haar kleinseun, Simon Attwood, en ook op die gedenkbladsy afgedruk.

Streek

vir Judith Mason

1.

Onder die skamel kreupelhout
met die rirug van die melkweg,
alleen in die wind en die weer,
teen die kreeftegang van die dood
het die jakkals sy streek verloor.

2.

Uit die bloedige desemberson
het 'n jakkals benerig & sku,
met my pen wat soos sy skadu volg,
oor die kaal ouwerf van wit papier
getrek & onder die kreupelbos
wat ek vir hom geskryf het inge-

kruip, hom opgekrul vir witbeentjie
maak, & sonder 'n geluid gevrek.

Johann de Lange

<http://www.litnet.co.za/streek-vir-judith-mason-deur-johann-de-lange/>



"I paint in order to make sense of my life, to manipulate various chaotic fragments of information and impulse into some sort of order, through which I can glimpse a hint of meaning. I am an agnostic humanist possessed of religious curiosity who regards making artworks as akin to alchemy. To use inert matter on an inert surface to convey real energy and presence seems to me a magical and privileged way of living out my days". Judith Mason, 2004



Judith Mason: A Prospect of Icons

Notes from her opening address

I would like to tease out a few threads from the fabric of the work on the display. The first is a fundamental belief in the democracy of pain. The curator of my retrospective, A Prospect of Icons, says my work reiterates how awful pain is. How banal. But when one reflects on how depicting pain is a huge part of popular entertainment, not to mention our political and military adventures, it could be argued that this banality is no longer part of common discourse. From when I was very small, about 6 years old, [I remember the time and place of this epiphany very well: Bushbuckridge, 1944, daytime in a fallow mielie field] I realised that pain was an experience shared by all of life; that ants, birds, prison labourers, little girls, lizards and snakes were all united by their capacity to feel pain, and were to be similarly pitied, or, if possible, comforted. Later I came to the inevitable conclusion that my duty of citizenship as a human being, and my participation in the animal kingdom depended on my not inflicting pain gratuitously. A lot of my work deals with pain experienced, the nature of pain inflicted, in order to explore the common ground we share and to refine our capacity for making choices. The "blood of our brothers crying out from the earth" makes us tread more gently. I don't consciously set out to preach. My marks are made by my central nervous system.

Bound with the pain thread, as I have already hinted, is a respect for animals. Again when I was very small, and feeling out of favour a lot of the time, I found myself siding with reviled creatures, hyenas, snakes, spiders, bats, resisting the popular belief that they were 'worse' than other beings. Living near the Kruger Park, as we did, in what was then pristine wilderness, some seventy years ago, made respect for creatures in their marvelous variety an easy thing to learn. I have never accepted that mankind has been given dominion over other forms of life, and now most of us realise with increasing dread that unless we identify with the needs and autonomy with the rest of creation, we are ourselves in jeopardy. William Blake's "Everything that lives is holy" is my mantra, give or take a mosquito or a despot or two. I have a blurred sense of species exclusivity, not to mention intra-species exclusivity, and if this transfers itself to the viewer I would be delighted. The third thread is religion. A lot of my work deals with religious themes, even though I have not been a believer in any recognised sense

for decades. As I speak I am reminded of Michael Dibdin's remark: I am tired of atheists. They are always talking about God. Yet, as an unbeliever, I threw Richard Dawkins' *The God Delusion* across the room in disgust. It should have been titled "Disdainfulness for Beginners". Religion and art seem to me to stem from the same set of overwhelming imperatives; a need to try to understand the world, a need to express that understanding, to find beauty in that understanding, and to communicate it. Perhaps all religions have their origin in the sense of wonder and response that motivates artists, and then, because those insights resonated with many people, rites and codes, scriptures, provisos and laws accrued to them and the social and spiritual insights became institutionalised. They became movements which depended for their authority on unflinching obedience to a particular system, and the repudiation, often vicious, of other systems. The same problem arises with systems of political faith, as our nasty decade has shown us. Kill the infidel, reduce a nation to rubble in order to impose democracy, insist, with menaces, that God has made you President for life.... We could go on and on but it would be too tiresome. These alternative realities have a tendency to impose the hammer on any dissidents with the promise of hellfire, pre-emptive strikes, jail or censorship.

What the owner and commissioner of *Walking with and Away from Dante* and I did was to inhabit an alternate reality for more than two years. Our lives went on in the normal way, but our energy and judgement and passion and concern was bound up with Dante's great and terrible narrative, and our own responses to what he described. It was an extraordinary experience, and a very liberating one. We did not approach the *Divine Comedy* as scripture. We valued it as an artwork that was allegory, love story and political diatribe, with the provocativeness, charm and absurdity that any great work of art acquires with time. We engaged with it, and played with it. Our *Walking with and Away from Dante* may be pretentious or impertinent, but nobody is going to excommunicate us for it, or sue us, or burn down the studio, or issue a fatwah. The most they will do is write "disturbing" in the *Visitors' Book*. As Paul Scott wrote in an essay called "Literature and the social conscience", "The action of art may be the only kind of human action that does not directly challenge the HUMANITY of those who hold contrary opinions to his own". [To which I might add, wickedly, "except a critic or two!"]

I have tried to make sense of grief and mortality. It has helped me to appreciate life and joy and the boundless grace of creativity.

<http://judithmason.com/text-1.html>

Brood vir die pad

Populisme ook deel van SA

Johannes Froneman

Die woorde post-waarheid, fopnuus en populisme is die afgelope jaar dikwels in die konteks van Donald Trump se verkiesing tot Amerikaanse president gebruik.

In 'n effe breër konteks is ook dikwels na die opkoms van populisme gepraat. Vanjaar sal ons nog sien watter invloed 'n regse populisme op byvoorbeeld Frankryk, Nederland en Duitsland sal hê. Dit sal ook op ons 'n impak hê.

Boonop het ons ons eie populistiese werklikheid. In die plaaslike verkiesing het die EFF beduidende steun getrek. Dit was 'n linkse populisme, wat ook in die parlement as naakte anargisme gemanifesteer het. Daar is geen goeie rede om te

vermoed dat Julius Malema se party sy plafon bereik het nie. Trouens, dit sal bra naïef wees.

Daarom is dit noodsaaklik om te verstaan waaroor populisme gaan. Wat is die gevaar daarvan en wat is die kenmerke? Dit is 'n manier van dink en doen wat meer dikwels irrasioneel is – in die sin dat geïllustreerde waarhede summier verwerp word en op 'n instinktiewe manier in eiebelang opgetree word. Die massas word opgeswee om genuanseerde, intellektuele verduidelikings te verwerp en makliker "antwoorde" op moeilike probleme aan te gryp.

Daarom beloof jy die bou van 'n muur van duisende kilometer om onwettige immigrante uit te hou. En kondig jy met bravade aan dat "hulle" daarvoor sal betaal. Toejuiging.

Of jy dreig/beloof om wit boere se grond sonder vergoeding weg te neem. Nogmaals toejuiging. In Brittanje is belowe dat die land buite die Europese Unie beter af sal wees. Brexit wen.

Elke land het sy spesifieke omstandighede en daarom eiesoortige kwessies wat populistiese politici kan uitbuit.

Daarmee gee ek toe dat populisme die gevolg is van bepaalde omstandighede wat onbevredigend gehanteer word. Die sogenaamde elite laat die "gewone mense", die massas, in die steek. Dit roep om 'n reaksie. En dan kan 'n Hitler, Trump of Malema na vore tree. 'n Faktor wat die afgelope dekades bygekom het, is die wyse waarop die gewone man of vrou se stem in die massamedia gehoor word. Die gewone leser, luisteraar of kyker word letterlik gesmeek om via SMS, e-pos of watter kanaal ook al te laat weet wat hul menings is. Oor elke denkbare onderwerp.

Boonop gee die sosiale media aan alle standpunte 'n gelyke kans. Almal het 'n stem, 'n mening en 'n kans om gehoor te word. In sakekonteks is die "klant" altyd reg (en stap die besigheid of politikus weg met die wins).

Die positiewe hiervan is duidelik: die elite, die leiers en die base is nie meer al wat tel nie. Die demokrasie ontwikkel op die oog af in 'n inklusiewe sisteem waar almal se stemme tel.

Die negatiewe is dat die meer intellektuele deel van die bevolking veel minder is as die minder geleerde, meer instinktiewe massas. Die massas sal dus telkens wen, as 'n slim genoeg leier na vore tree om hulle te mobiliseer. Feite staan nie in die pad van 'n goeie demagoog nie.

Gelukkig gebeur dit nie altyd so nie. Daar is dus hoop, ook hier in Suid-Afrika. Dit lê waarskynlik in die (groeiende) middelklas wat toenemend rasionele keuses uitoefen en besef dat hul kinders se toekoms afhang van die handhawing van gesonde waardes, goeie opvoeding, orde en ekonomiese geleenthede. Hulle besef ook dat chaos materiële verlies vir almal sal meebring. Nou moet die regering net die wind uit die populiste se seile neem deur op 'n nie-populistiese wyse aandag aan "gewone mense" se legitieme besware te gee. Sodoende sal ons almal rustiger slaap.

Prof. Froneman is verbonde aan die Noordwes-Universiteit.

<http://www.netwerk24.com/Stemme/Aktueel/populisme-ook-deel-van-sa-20170108>

Lied 526

Waar daar liefde is, en deernis,
waar daar liefde is, daar is God die Heer.

Ubi caritas, et amor

ubi caritas, Deus ibi est.