

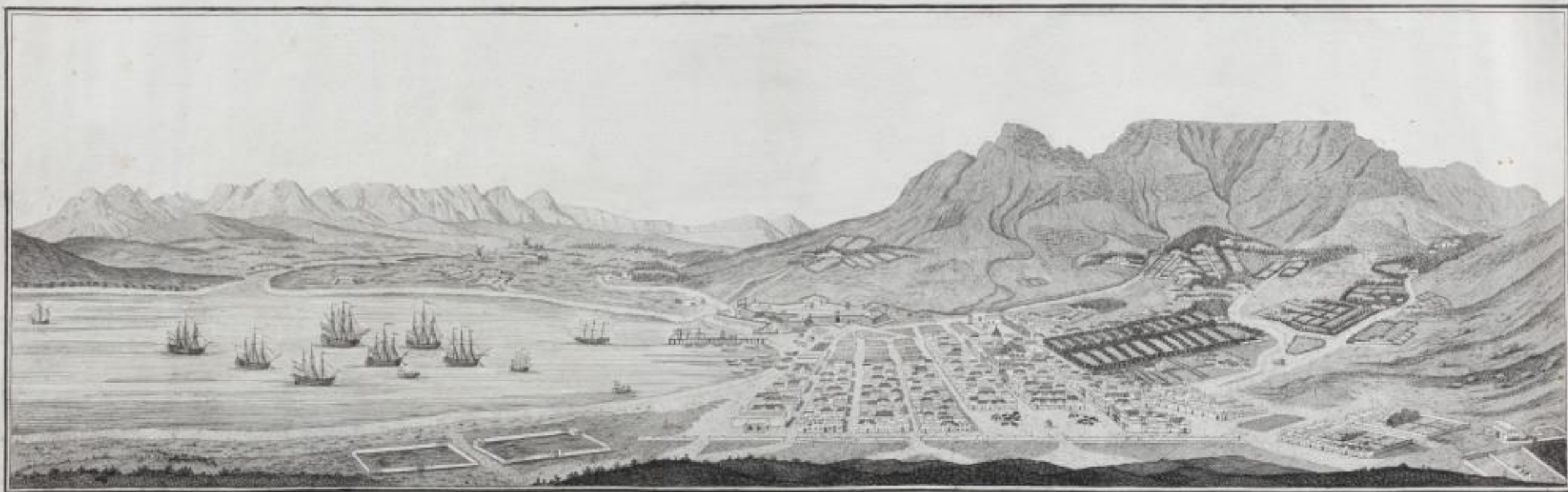
The Company's Garden, Cape Town: Middle-class white privilege and parks at the end of apartheid

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Vue du Cap de Bonne-Esperance de l'Ouest. | Gezicht van de Kaap der Goede Hoop, van het Westen.
J. B. Schumacher del. - J. B. Schumacher fecit.

Vue du Cap de Bonne-Esperance de l'Ouest (1763) by Johannes Schumacher



K. Byrd
PHOTOGRAPHY



Elsa Joubert

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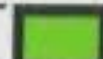
Welma Odendaal

KEERKRING



JEANNE
GOOSEN
LOUOOND



erf 
LETTIE VILJOEN



Berigte
van
Weerstand



Elsa Joubert

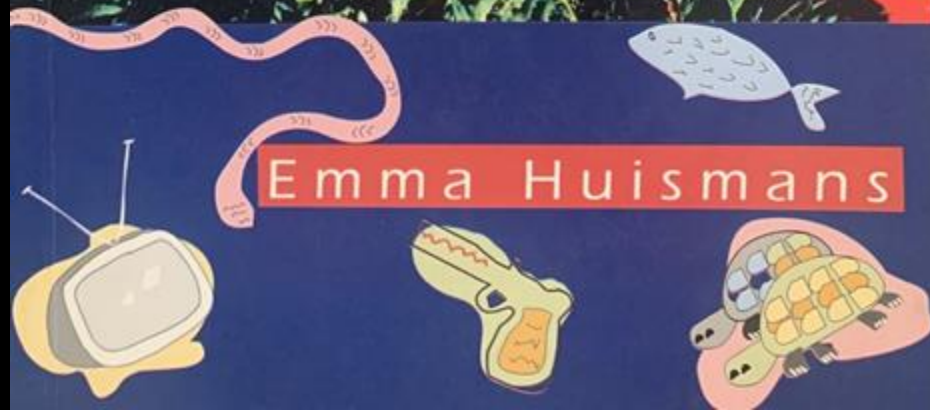
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SONATE VIR WRAAK



Emma Huismans





ELSA JOUBERT

THE LONG JOURNEY
OF POPPIE NONGENA



Elsa Joubert

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“But in the parks... don’t you ever stand and chat under the trees, or have conversations while lying on the grass or...”

“Maar in die parke... staan julle nooit onder die bome en gesels nie, of lê julle nie op die gras en gesels of...”

“Never been in a park, when the leaves fall and rustle in the paths below your feet, walking under the trees with an Indian boy, never felt how the leaves softly fall on your head.”

“Nog nooit in ’n park, as die blare neersif en op die paadjies onder jou voete ritsel, met ’n Indiërseun onder die bome geloop nie, nog nooit gevoel hoe die blare saggies op jou kop neerval nie.”

“I started to see the trees and tree trunks and the leaves on the lower hanging branches, slowly loosening; I saw a squirrel coming out of his hiding place, and then the strange thing happened to me. Here in the small park the Indian boys started to appear”

““Ek het die bome en die boomstamme begin sien en die blare op die laaghangende takke wat stadigaan losraak; ek het ’n eekhorinkie uit sy skuiling gesien kom, en toe gebeur die vreemde ding met my. Hier in die parkie begin die Indiërseuns verskyn”.

“Apartheid discourse [...] elaborated contexts of intelligibility, domains within which certain demands and articulations of interests could make sense. Insofar as it became hegemonic, it delimited the domain of the possible. What fell outside that became unintelligible.” (Norval 173)



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“The winter came early that year. Overnight almost every oak tree in the Garden was stripped of its leaves and the squirrels warily carried their last acorns through the leaves. And, like every year, with the cold and the rain, the violence too increased. [...] It was downright war”

“Die winter het daardie jaar vroeg gekom. In die Tuine het die eike byna oornag kaal gestaan en die eekhorings het skigtig die laaste akkers deur die rooi blare aangedra. En, soos elke jaar weer, het saam met die koue en die reën die geweld toegeneem. [...] Dit was downright oorlog”

Elsa Joubert

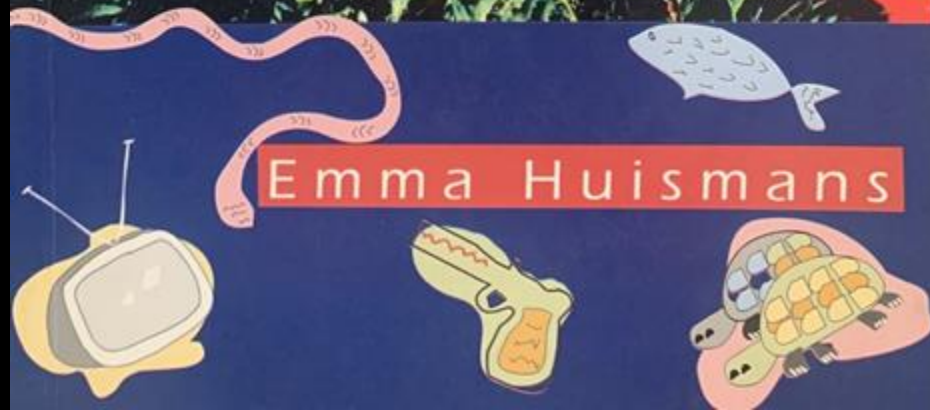
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SONATE VIR WRAAK



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Precisely because of the contradictions of the Company's Garden, its seemingly public and democratic nature and the way it wears its history on its sleeves, of the ways whiteness violently and symbolically protects but also isolates and impoverishes itself. At this time in history Afrikaans white women writers started desiring more, and differently, and one of the things they desired was encounters in a truly public space, which the Company's Garden has the potential to be -- in spite of the inescapable heaviness of its History.