



# Onthaal Onthul

'n uitstalling deur / an exhibition by Naretha Pretorius

2011

Naretha Pretorius

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*This catalogue is presented in two languages, with the author's mother tongue, Afrikaans as the source text, with an English 'version'.  
Some Afrikaans words and phrases are impossible to translate directly into English, and have been defined in the context to capture as closely as possible the English equivalent.*

Ter herinnering aan my geliefde pa, Hannes.  
Met dankbaarheid, liefde en eer aan my ma, Wilna.

.....

In memory of my dear father, Hannes.  
In gratitude, love and respect to my mother, Wilna.

*With gratitude to my husband, Ivahr, and my son Kris.*

# Naretha Pretorius

Naretha Pretorius grew up and lived in Pretoria for over 20 years. She studied at the University of Pretoria where she completed her BA in Fine Art in 1997 majoring in painting. She then moved to Johannesburg working as a training manager at a Web Development company. Naretha started teaching at Vega the School of Brand Innovation in 2001, and in 2003 she moved to Durban to assist in the establishment of the Durban campus. She currently lectures and acts as the vice principal overseeing the academic operations and quality assurance.

Naretha is a practicing artist working in mixed media ranging from painting, drawing, gicleé prints, found objects, castings and installations. She has participated in numerous group exhibitions in Johannesburg, Pretoria, Cape Town and Durban. This exhibition is her first solo exhibition and forms part of her M Tech: Fine Art at the Durban University of Technology under the supervision of Professor Joan Conolly and co-supervision of Mr John Roome. Bronwen Vaughn-Evans has been her mentor.

Visit [www.narethapretorius.wordpress.com](http://www.narethapretorius.wordpress.com)  
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*Detail from: Bedien / Bediening / Bediende I to IV (Serve / Service / Servent I to IV)*

# Onthaal Onthul

*“The Story of my Work is that of my Life  
The Story of my Life is that of my Work”*

(Jousse, n.d.)

‘Onthaal’ means to welcome people. An ‘Onthaal’ can refer to a social occasion where friends, acquaintances or a community gather to celebrate a festive event. ‘Onthaal’ can also refer to a formal function or reception, which is conducted and structured according to strictly prescribed protocols and etiquette.

‘Onthul’ is to reveal something, to point something out, to disclose or to expose something. It can also mean to lay bare one’s heart.

This *Onthaal Onthul* will be simultaneously a commemoration, celebration and a revelation.

*Onthaal Onthul* is based on my lived experience and the perspectives that have grown out of those lived experiences. My *Onthaal Onthul* has been influenced by discussions with my family members, especially my mother. But this exhibition extends beyond my personal social and domestic experiences into the larger socio-cultural fabric which contextualised my childhood and young adulthood.

You are hereby cordially invited to witness and experience my story.





Detail from: *Die Statige Pretorius Gesin* (The Stately Pretorius Family)  
Oil on Canvas, 600x200

# Die Voorvaders (en Voormoeders)

## The Forefathers (and Foremothers)

Ons praat van voorvaders,  
maar ons voormoeders is  
ewe belangrik.  
My moedertaal,  
erken nie die woord voormoeders nie.  
In plaas daarvan, praat ons van ons voorvaders en voorgeslagte.  
Die uitstalling, is gerig met spesiale dank aan my voormoeders.

### *My Pretorius Voorgeslagte*

My pa se pa, Oupa Koos,  
gebore in Skeerpoort,  
geboer in die tabakwêreld van Brits,  
en daar begrawe.

Aktief betrokke in politiek,  
‘n streng ondersteuner van die Nasionale Party,  
en ‘n streng Doppe\*.

Getroud met Ouma Kotie,  
haar lewe lank ‘n huisvrou;  
koekies gebak, kos gemaak, geskrop, geskuur, gebrei en gehekel.  
Jy kon haar altyd deur ‘n ring trek.

Ek het gereeld op Oupa se skoot gesit,  
hy het stories van die verlede vertel,  
daarvan onthou ek maar min.

Ouma is oorlede  
voor ek haar  
kon leer ken.

In Afrikaans we speak of forefathers,  
but our foremothers are  
equally important.  
In my mother tongue,  
the notion of ‘foremother’ is not recognised.  
Instead, we refer to our forefathers and ancestors.  
The exhibition is done with special gratitude to my foremothers.

### *My Pretorius Ancestors*

My father’s father, Oupa Koos,  
born and laid to rest in Brits,  
was a farmer in the area  
then known for its tobacco trade.

Actively involved in politics,  
he was a believer and follower of the Nationalist Party,  
and a strictly religious ‘Dopper\*’.

He married Ouma Kotie,  
a housewife her entire life,  
baking, cooking, cleaning, knitting and crocheting.  
As neat as a pin.

I often sat on Oupa’s lap,  
listening to his stories,  
few of which I hardly remember.

Ouma died before  
I had the chance  
to get to know her.

\*Doppers is a term used for and by the people belonging to the Reformed Church (Gereformeerde Kerk)





*Detail from: Die Gesellige Myburgh Gesin (The Sociable Myburgh Family)*  
Oil on Canvas, 600x200

# Die Voorvaders (en Moeders)

## The Forefathers (and Mothers)

### *My Myburgh Voorgeslagte*

Oupa Willie en Ouma Anna,  
my ma se ouers,  
beide gebore Kapenaars.

Oupa was in die SA polisie as  
die stasiebevelvoerder op  
Bonnievale, Worcester, Knysna en Plettenbergbaai.  
Hy was lief vir sy duiwe,  
en lief vir sy werk.  
'n Stil en gereserveerde man.  
'n Streng pa, en nie bang om sy kinders te foeter nie.  
My ma was wel spontaan genoeg,  
om sy pyp uit sy mond te haal,  
sy koerant weg te vat,  
op sy skoot te gaan sit,  
en hom te oorweldig met drukke  
en soene.

Ouma Anna, my naamgenoot,  
het gedroom om 'n onderwyseres te word, maar  
skool verlaat om haar pa se plaaswinkel te behartig, later  
'n tuissteskepper, 'n losies bestuurder en 'n boekhouer...  
'n Opperende mens.  
Sy het vir ander gesorg,  
die loseerders 'n warm huis gegee  
en selfs kos gemaak vir die gevangenis.

'n Gelowige mens, en getroue kerkganger,  
sy het mooi gesing, met 'n liefde vir klassieke musiek.  
Sy was goed versorgd en opgevoed.  
Sy was my enigste Ouma,  
en ek verlang na haar.

### *My Myburgh Ancestors*

Oupa Willie and Ouma Anna,  
my mother's parents,  
were both born in the Cape.

Oupa worked for the SA police  
as the station commander at  
Bonnievale, Worcester, Knysna and Plettenberg Bay.  
He had two loves in his life: his work and his pigeons.  
He was a reserved man.  
A strict father,  
who would give his children a hiding when they needed it.  
My mom was the only child with the knack  
of removing his pipe from his mouth,  
his newspaper from his hands  
sitting on his lap  
and overwhelming him with hugs  
and kisses.

Ouma Anna, from whom I inherited my Christian names,  
dreamed of becoming a teacher, but  
left school to manage her father's shop on the farm, she later became  
a homemaker, a manager of a boarding house, and a bookkeeper...  
A giving and self-sacrificing character.  
She cared for others,  
providing a warm home for the boarders  
and even cooking and feeding the prisoners at the station.

A deeply religious person, who enjoyed going to church,  
she sang beautifully, with a love for classical music.  
She was well groomed and cultured.  
She was my only Ouma,  
and I miss her.



Weg is die lewe  
wat, verdrewe  
deur pyn, die liggaam verbat

Soete herinneringe sal altyd voortleef.

Detail from: Die Statige Pretorius Gesin (The Stately Pretorius Family) & Die Gesellige Myburgh Gesin (The Sociable Myburgh Family)  
Both Oil on Canvas, 600x200

# Die Lewe is Weg: Soete Herinneringe

## Life is Gone: The Sweet Memories

*“Weg is die lewe,  
wat, verdrewe  
deur pyn, die liggaam verlaat...”*

‘Gedagtes en Gedrogte’,  
gedigte geskryf deur my pa,  
toe nog ‘n jong man,  
vol lewe  
en nou oorlede.  
Hy is weg,  
hy het my wêreld verlaat.

*“Onverwags sag en stil van my weggeneem,  
my geliefde eggenoot Willie.  
Soete herinneringe sal altyd voortleef”*

Dis my ouma se laaste boodskap  
aan my Oupa,  
soos sy vir hom eer wou bewys  
in die doodsberig  
geplak in haar Bybel.

My soektog het nostalgies begin.  
‘n Verlange na die wat oorlede is  
en die stories wat saam met hulle gesterf het;  
die verlies van kennis  
die verlies van my verlede  
die verlies van ‘n beter begrip  
van wie ek was  
en waar ek vandaan kom.

Die kennis is in ons bloed\*,  
weergegee, vasgevang en uitgedruk  
in woorde, beelde, objekte en gebare\*\*.

Ek verlang,  
na my mense,  
en hul herinneringe.

*“Gone is life,  
driven out of the body,  
with pain...”*

‘Thoughts and Monsters’  
poems written by my father,  
then a young man,  
full of life  
and now deceased.  
He left,  
gone from my world.

*“Suddenly, silent and gently removed from me,  
my loving husband, Willie.  
Sweet memories will live for eternity”*

The final message my grandmother passed on  
to my grandfather  
in memory of,  
as expressed in the obituary  
and as found in her Bible.

My study journey started quite nostalgically,  
with a longing for those who had passed away  
and missing the stories that disappeared with them;  
the loss of their knowledge  
the loss of my past  
the loss of a better understanding  
of who I was  
and where I came from.

The knowledge is in our blood\*,  
represented, captured and expressed  
in words, visuals, objects and gestures\*\*.

I long,  
for my people,  
and their memories.





*Detail from: My ma het vir my rokkies gemaak (My mother made me little dresses)  
Oil on Canvas, 200x600*

# Die Ouers: My Ma

## The Parents: My Mother

*Wilna Maryna Pretorius (1940 - )*

Mamma is in die Kaap gebore,  
op Stellenbosch haar graad gekry  
en het later 'n Transvaler\* geword.

Voorheen getroud met 'n 'van der Merwe',  
die oorsprong van my halfboeties, Hein en Willem,  
my ma word 'n weduwee op vyf-en-tweentig.

Later getroud met my pa, Hannes,  
sy word 'n ma van vier,  
Cobus en Naretha word tot die gesin gevoeg.

Lief vir musiek - opera en klassiek -  
lief vir sing, lief vir haar kinders en haar medemens.  
Barmhartig, vriendelik, liefdevol en 'n harde werker,  
'n sterk vrou;  
'n maatskaplike werker, 'n dosent  
en later 'n bestuurder van 'n aftreeoord.  
'n Aktiewe suster in die kerk,  
betrokke in haar gemeenskap,  
en 'n lid van Dames Aktueel en die Dameskring\*\*.

Sy het vele fondsinsamelings gereël,  
die skoolfunksies bygewoon en pannekoek gebak.  
Sy het die kinders versorg en rondgery,  
sy het soms vir Mina, ons bediende, op en af gelaai,  
sy het die rekeninge betaal en die huis se boeke gedoen,  
sy het gereeld vir 40 sondag kuiergaste gekook,  
sy het vroeg opgestaan om die huis skoon en netjies te maak.  
Sy het die huishouding aan die gang gehou.  
Sy het die huis bestuur.

My ma, was die opregte hoof van ons huis.  
Hoekom dan, as sy die huis bestuur het,  
kon sy nie die titel as 'Hoof van die Huis' gekry het nie?

'Mamma' was born in the Cape,  
where she graduated at Stellenbosch,  
and later became a 'Transvaler'\*.

Previously married to a 'van der Merwe',  
the origins of my half-brothers, Hein and Willem,  
my mom became a widow at twenty five.

She later married my father, Hannes,  
and became a mother of four,  
with Cobus en Naretha added to the family.

Passionate about music - opera and the classics -  
she loves to sing, she loves her children and  
she cares for her community.  
Compassionate, friendly, loving and a hard worker,  
she is a strong woman.  
A social worker, a lecturer,  
and the manager of a retirement village,  
an active sister in her church,  
and a member of 'Dames Aktueel' and 'Dameskring'\*\*.

She was a daily nurturer to her children,  
at times the driver for Mina, our domestic worker, to and from her home,  
regular provider of three course meals for our frequent two score guests,  
organiser of numerous fundraising events,  
provider of so many pancakes at many school functions,  
home bookkeeper and bill payer,  
early riser and house cleaner.  
She kept our home alive.  
She managed it all.

My mother, was the real head of our home.  
Why then, if she managed our household,  
did she not carry the title 'Head of the Household'?

\*Transvaal is now known as Gauteng. \*\*The 'Dameskring' was established in 1967 for Afrikaner Christian women, with the aim to support and develop the Afrikaner ideology, by working in communities and contributing to the South African society (Die Dameskring, n.d.). According to my mother, one only became a member if one's husband was a member of the 'Broederbond', in those days.





Detail from: "Ek onthou pappa wat ploeg" (I remember my father ploughing)  
Oil on Canvas, 200x600

# Die Ouers: My Pa

## The Parents: My Father

*Johannes Lodewikus Pretorius (1934 – 1995)*

Pappa het siek geword in standard agt, en op twintig is hy terug skool toe om sy matriek te behaal. Na skool het hy 'n Onderwys Diploma verwerf, en later het hy 'n Meestersgraad in Kuns voltooi.

Hy was lief vir sy jaarlikse visvang vakansies saam met sy familie en boesemvriende.

Hy was 'n natuurmens.

Hy was lief vir die see en die bosveld.

Die veld, die bos en wilde diere was die tema in sy kuns.

Trots op sy kleinhoewe in Kameeldrift.

Hy het die huis self gebou, en naweke 'geboer'.

My ma, het ewe getrou, die vrugte en groente ingelê.

Hy was kreatief, maar ook konserwatief.

Superintendent vir Kuns

by die Transvaalse Onderwys Departement,

'n getroue en streng Dopper,

'n opregte Calvinis, en

'n ouderling en leier in die Gereformeerde Kerk.

'n Rapportryer en later 'n lid van die Broederbond\*.

Oorspronklik 'n ondersteuner vir die Nasionale Party,

later vir die Konserwatiewe Party

en uiteindelik vir die Demokratiese Party.

Die patriarg, die man van die huis.

Die een wat die reëls en waardes vir ons huis neer gelê het.

My pa, was die titel houer as die hoof van die huis.

My dad fell ill during his standard eight, returning at age twenty to complete school. He then studied towards his Education Diploma, and later graduated with a Masters Degree in Fine Art.

He loved his annual fishing holidays, enjoying them with his family and closest friends.

He loved nature.

He loved the sea and bushveld.

The field, the trees and wild animals featured in his art.

He was the proud owner of our smallholding in Kameeldrift.

He built the house and 'farmed' on weekends.

My mom, ever so diligently, preserved his fruit and vegetables.

He was creative, but conservative.

He was a Superintendent of Art at the Transvaal Education Department, a religious and strict 'Dopper', a genuine Calvinist, and

an elder and leader in the Reformed Church.

He was a 'Rapportryer' and later a member of the 'Broederbond'\*.

He paid his political dues first to the Nationalist Party

then the Conservative Party

and eventually to the Democratic Party.

The patriarch, the man of the house.

Laying down the rules and values for our household.

My father, was the titular head of our home.

\*The Afrikaner Broederbond (AB) was an organisation originally governed by white Afrikaner men, recruited based on their credentials, such as belonging to one of the Afrikaner churches; their aim was to put strategies in place that would promote and strengthen the Afrikaners. "Numerous support organisations were established to broaden Afrikaner interests. These included the FAK, Voortrekkers and economic institutions such as the Reddingsdaadbond, Volkskas, Dagbreekpers and the Afrikaanse Handelsinstituut... An important strategy is that of gaining control of school committees, school boards, church councils and boards of directors in order to achieve its aims. ... The Rapportryers are often used for recruiting and screening potential members of the AB" (O'Malley, n.d.)





*“Die kerkpakkies” (The church outfits)*

*“Die speelpakkies” (The play outfits)*

*“Die skoolpakkies” (The school outfits)*

*Engraving with Oil Paint on Jesmonite, 100x200*

# Die Kinders: My Kinderdae

## The Children: My Childhood

Ek het groot geword op 'n kleinhoewe, net buite Pretoria.  
Waar die veld, die grondpad, die bome,  
die spruit en die kronkelende veldpaadjies ons speelplek was.  
Ons kon kreatief speel, en wegraak in ons verbeelding.  
Ons kon tot laatmiddag verdwyn op ons fietse.

Ons het gereeld gekamp.  
Oppad  
het ons langs die pad stilgehou en  
'n piekniek geniet.  
Vroegoggend gaan visvang,  
vervolmaak met mamma se koffie en beskuit.

Ons was gelukkig...

Elke Sondag kerk toe.  
Elke Sondag katkisasie bygewoon.  
Elke Sondag het die susters die gemeente tee bedien.  
Elke Sondag het die broeders vergader.  
Elke Sondag het ons as gesin om die tafel gesit en eet.  
Elke Sondag aand,  
tot die kinders se teleurstelling,  
het ons die aanddiens bygewoon.

Afrikaans is my moedertaal.  
Afrikaans is my huistaal.  
Afrikaans was my skooltaal.  
Afrikaans was my grootwordtaal.  
Afrikaans was my kerktaal.

Ek was 'n Voortrekker.  
Elke jaar het ons Geloftedag gevier.  
Preke van die preekstoel was van  
die Afrikaners as die 'uitverkore volk';  
en dat ons moes glo, en veg vir ons land!  
Die land van melk en heuning waarna God ons sou lei\*.  
Sommige boodskappe het nie vir my sin gemaak nie.  
As ek daarvoor uitgevra het, was die antwoord:  
"Dis nie vir ons om dit te betwyfel of te bevraagteken nie".

I grew up on a smallholding, just outside Pretoria.  
The field, the earth, the roads, the trees,  
the stream and the meandering footpaths were my playground.  
We played creatively, getting lost in our imaginations.  
We disappeared for whole days on our bicycles.

We often went camping.  
On the way,  
we stopped next to the road  
to picnic.  
Early morning fishing on the beach  
was only complete with mom's coffee and rusks.

We were happy...

Every Sunday we attended church.  
Every Sunday we attended catechism.  
Every Sunday the 'sisters' would serve the congregation tea.  
Every Sunday the 'brothers' would meet and deliberate.  
Every Sunday we gathered as a family around the table for lunch.  
Every Sunday evening,  
to the children's dismay,  
we attended the evening service.

Afrikaans is my mother tongue.  
Afrikaans is my home language.  
Afrikaans is my first school language.  
Afrikaans is the language of my upbringing.  
Afrikaans is the language of my religious beliefs.

I was a Voortrekker.  
Every year we would celebrate the Day of Covenant.  
Messages from the pulpit told us  
that the Afrikaners were the 'chosen people',  
and that we had to fight and believe in our land!  
The land of milk and honey which God had given us for safekeeping.  
Some messages did not make sense to me.  
When I questioned, I was told:  
"We don't question. We accept."



*“Piekniek onder die Kremetart Boom”  
(Picnic under the Baobab Tree)*



*“Vryheid”  
(Freedom)*

My gemeente was blank.  
My skole was blank.  
My gemeenskap was blank.  
Behalwe vir die bediendes en tuiniers  
wat apart in die bediendekamers gewoon het.

As kind, het ek het dit as normaal aanvaar.  
As kind, was ek onbewus van wat in die land aangaan.  
As kind, het ek nie verstaan wat 'Apartheid' was nie.  
Ons gesin het nie die woord gebruik nie.

Ek het wel gewonder...

Hoekom gebruik die bediende 'n aparte toilet?  
Hoekom eet die bediende uit aparte borde en bekere?

Ek was nuuskierig....

Ek het gaan kuier vir ons bediende en haar kinders.  
Ek het agtergekom hoekom hulle na rook ruik.  
Hulle kos was in 'n drie-poot pot\*\* op die vuur voorberei.  
Ek het op 'n stadium besluit om die woord 'kaffer' nie meer te gebruik nie,  
alhoewel 'n algemene woord in ons gemeenskap.  
Maar my bewustheid het nie veel verder as dit gestrek nie...

Dus, my storie is nie van geweld of staatsmoorde nie.  
Dit was nie deel van my verwysingsraamwerk nie.  
My herinneringe is grotendeels die van harmonie en geluk\*.

Totdat, in 1994, my nasionale identiteit verander het.  
Die Afrikaners was skielik die politiese minderheid.  
In 1995, is my pa dood.  
Die patriarg, die ysterhand, is oorlede.  
Alles het my genoeg rede gegee om my geskiedenis,  
my oorsprong, my geloof en waardestelsel te bevraagteken.

My studie soektog het toegelaat vir my persoonlike verhaal,  
om die sosio-polititiese hoofverhaal te kon ontmoet\*.  
Die hoofverhaal van ongelykhede.

“Wat het dit beteken, en sou dit vir my beteken, om 'n vrou te wees,  
in 'n konserwatiewe Afrikaner Calvinistiese patriargale sisteem?”

Die verhouding met my verlede, is bittersoet.  
Die herinneringe van my onskuldige en gelukkige kinderdae, is soet.  
Die kritiek op die sosio-polititiese hoofverhaal, is bitter.

My congregation was white.  
My schools were white.  
My community was white.  
Except for our servants living  
separately in their servant quarters.

As a child, I accepted all this as normal.  
As a child, I was oblivious to what was happening in my country.  
As a child, I did not understand 'Apartheid'.  
My family never said the word.

But I wondered ...

Why did our servants use separate toilets?  
Why did our servants use separate plates and mugs?

I was curious...

I visited our servant and her children.  
I realised why they smelled of smoke.  
They prepared their food on an open fire using a three-legged cast iron pot\*\*.  
At some point, I decided to no longer use the word 'kaffir',  
although it was commonly used in my community.  
But my awareness went no further...

So, my story is not of state brutality and murder.  
That wasn't part of my frame of reference.  
My memories are almost only of contentment and harmony\*.

Then in 1994, my national identity shifted.  
The Afrikaners became suddenly a political minority.  
In 1995, my father passed away.  
The patriarch, the iron fist, died.  
All of this, gave me good reason to question  
my origins, my history, my beliefs and my value system.

My study journey has allowed for my personal narrative  
to meet with the socio-political master narrative\*.  
The master narrative of inequality.

“What did it mean, and would it have meant for me, to be a woman  
in a conservative Afrikaner Calvinistic patriarchal system?”

This relationship with my history, is bittersweet.  
The happy memories of my childhood innocence are sweet.  
The critique of the socio-political master narrative is bitter.

*\*With reference to Jansen (2009) & Dlamini (2009). \*\*A three-legged cast iron pot used to be called a 'kaffir pot'.*





*Drag / Gedrag: Kuis, Drag / Gedrag: Uitgepiets, Drag / Gedrag: Ordentlik  
(Dress / Manner: Chaste, Dress / Manner: Dressed up, Dress / Manner: Proper)*

*Engraving with Oilpaint, 210x295*

# Drag / Gedrag

## Dress / Manner

Drag is die manier van klere dra,  
'n tipe mode.  
Gedrag is jou manier van optrede,  
'n tipe kode.

Die doilies,  
soos  
die vrouens,  
netjies,  
fraai,  
verfyn,  
uitgevat  
en goed gemanierd.

Hofskoene, sykouse en kerkhoede,  
handsakke, handskoene en borsspelde,  
dit was die mode.

Bene gekruis, hande gevou, en die snesie word vasgehou.

Beskaafd, onderdanig en kuis.  
Tierlantyntjies,  
in hul skik,  
volgens etiket,  
opgesmuk,  
dit was die kode.

Dress is the way we wear our clothes,  
a mode of fashion.  
Manner is the way we behave ourselves,  
a code of conduct.

The doilies,  
like  
the women,  
neat,  
fine,  
decorated,  
smart,  
and well mannered.

Court shoes, stockings and church hats,  
handbags, brooches, and gloves,  
were the mode.

Legs crossed, hands folded, and the tissue, held tightly.

Cultivated, subservient, and innocent.  
Pretty-pretty  
proudly  
according to etiquette  
all dressed up,  
this was the code.



From top left to bottom right:

*Die Mooi Fasade: Onskuldige Bruide (The Beautiful Facade: Innocent Brides), Die Mooi Fasade: Onderdanige Vroue (The Beautiful Facade: Submissive Wives), Die Mooi Fasade: Versorgende Moeders (The Beautiful Facade: Nurturing Mothers), Die Mooi Fasade: Voorbeeldige Tuisteskeppers (The Beautiful Facade: Exemplary Homemaker), Die Mooi Fasade: Barmhartige Susters (The Beautiful Facade: Compassionate Sisters), Die Mooi Fasade: Gehoorsame Dogters (The Beautiful Facade: Obedient Daughters)*

*Oilpaint on Jesmonite & Glazed Ceramic Plates, 250x250*

# Die Mooi Fasade

## The Beautiful Facade

Klomp klein kerkies  
staan in 'n ry  
een twee drie vier...  
stap hul verby.

Reg vir die seremonie,  
staan die bruid,  
gekleed in wit,  
skoon en rein.

Vandag is sy 'n onskuldige meisie  
wat eer getrou haar huwelik betree.  
Môre is sy 'n onderdanige en gehoorsame vrou.

Die huweliksformulier,  
verorden haar as die swakker geslag,  
'n hulp vir haar man,  
ingetoë en eerbaar,  
gehoorsaam en onderdanig.  
"Hy sal oor jou heers",  
want,  
"Adam is immers eerste gemaak,  
daarna Eva as 'n hulp vir hom"\*.

Die mooi fasade,  
op die oog af,  
so fraai versier,  
maar,  
van nader beskou,  
alles  
behalwe mooi.

A group of little churches  
standing in a row  
ever so beautiful  
one two three four...

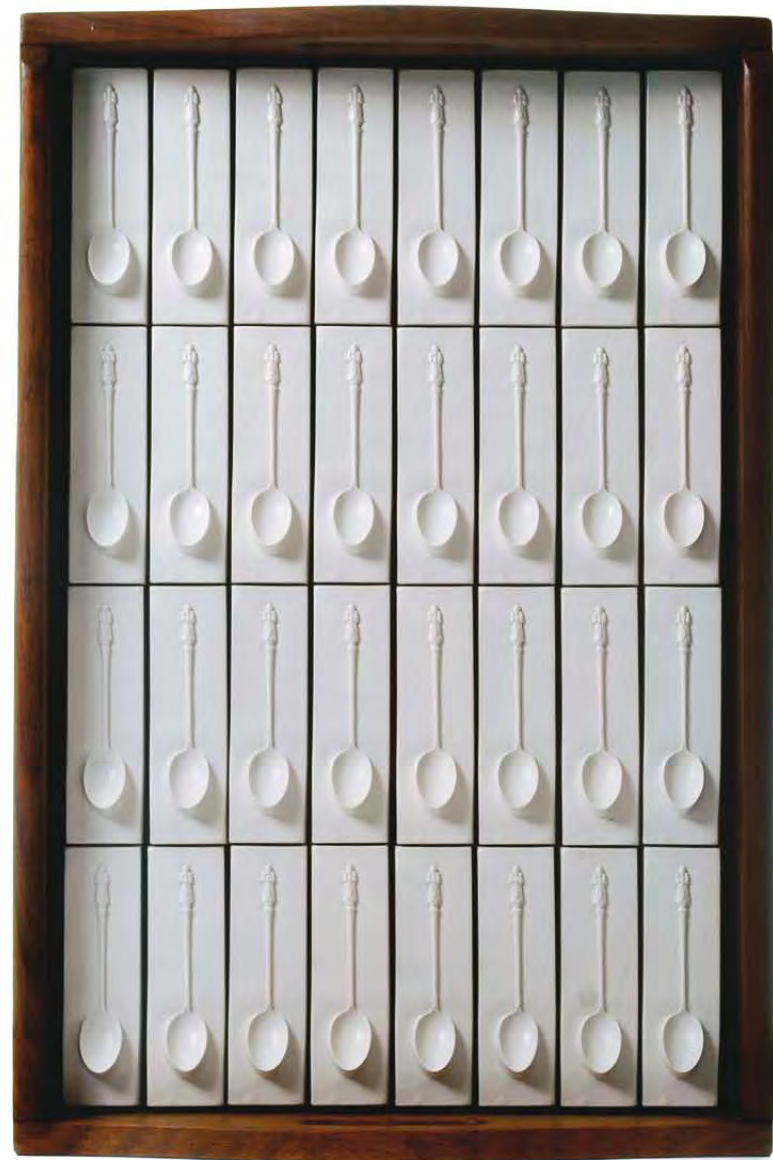
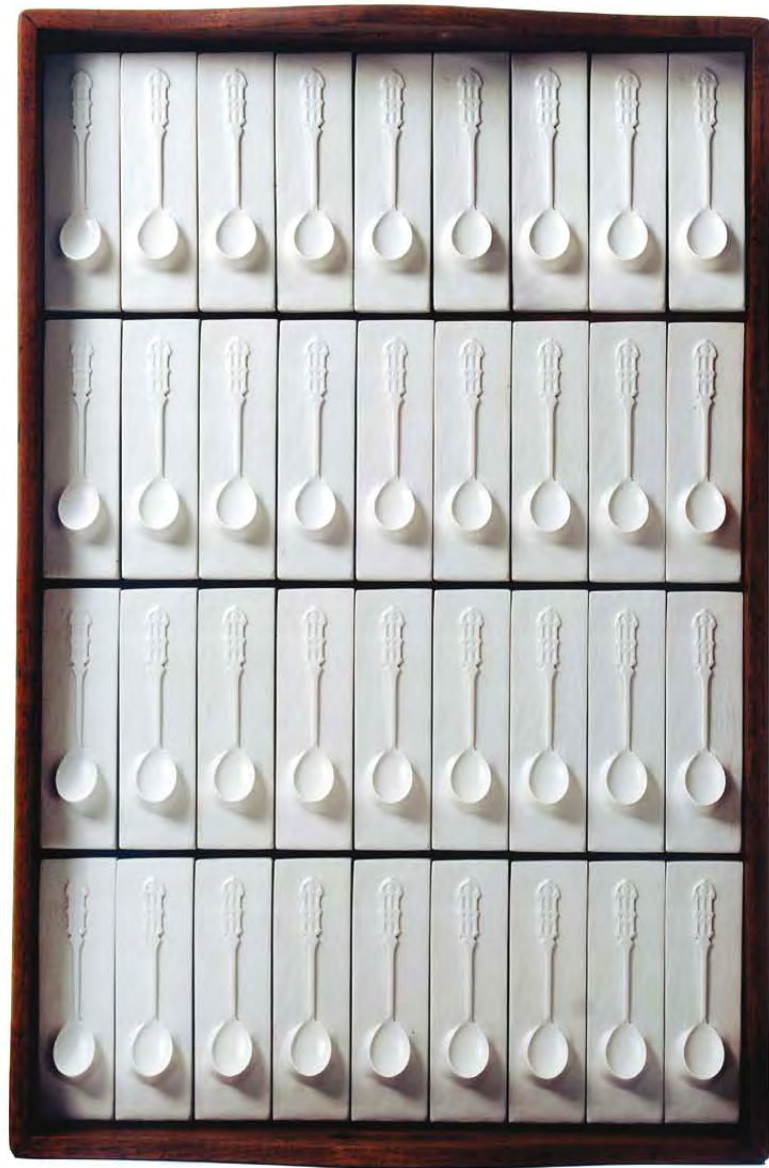
Prepared for the ceremony  
stands the bride  
dressed in white  
chaste and pure.

Today she is an innocent girl  
sincere and committed to honour her marriage.  
Tomorrow she will be a subservient and dutiful wife.

The marriage sacrament,  
decrees that woman is the weaker sex,  
helpmeet to her husband,  
discreet and virtuous,  
obedient and subservient.  
Only because,  
'Adam came first,  
and  
she is his rib'.

The beautiful facade,  
so exquisitely decorated,  
yet,  
just a little closer,  
not beautiful  
at all.





*Detail from the series: Bedien / Bediening / Bediende I to IV (Serve / Service / Servent I to IV)  
Jesmonite mounted on Wooden Tray, roughly 500x400*

# Bedien / Bediening / Bediende

Serve / Service / Servant

Die teelepels is netjies in rye gerangskik,  
soos die gemeentelede wat netjies in hul rye  
in die kerkbanke sit.  
Gemeentelede wat dieselfde  
formuliere,  
formaliteite en  
formules volg.  
Jaar in en jaar uit  
dekade in en dekade uit.  
Dosyne 'blanke' teelepels,  
rein en skoon,  
fyn en vroulik,  
perfek in die houtkassies ingepas.

Volgens etiket,  
netjies in lyn gerangskik,  
die ore van die teekoppies  
in dieselfde rigting gedraai  
so ook moet  
al die teelepels  
parallel met die ore lê.  
Soos die gemeente en gemeenskap,  
wat hulle ore in dieselfde rigting draai.

Soos die susters van die kerk,  
elke sondag  
dosyne teekoppies,  
dosyne pierings, en  
dosyne teelepels  
moes voorsit.  
Soos die susters van die kerk,  
dosyne koeksisters,  
dosyne pannekoeke, en  
dosyne vetkoeke  
moes voorberei.

Die susters moes ook,  
die dosyne teekoppies,  
pierings  
en teelepels  
opwas, afdroog  
en wegpak.

Diens... of  
Diensbaarheid?

The teaspoons are neatly arranged in rows,  
like the congregation sitting neatly in  
the church pews.  
The congregation that follows the same  
sacraments,  
formalities and  
formulas.  
Year in and year out  
decade in and decade out.  
Dozens of white teaspoons,  
pure and clean,  
fine and feminine,  
fitting perfectly in their wooden boxes.

According to etiquette,  
neatly aligned,  
the teacup ears are  
turned in the same direction,  
and  
the teaspoons are aligned  
with the ears.  
Like the congregation and community,  
turning their ears in the same direction.

Like the sisters in the church,  
setting  
every Sunday  
dozens of teacups,  
dozens of saucers, and  
dozens of teaspoons.  
Like the sisters in the church,  
preparing  
dozens of koeksisters,  
dozens of pancakes, and  
dozens of 'vetkoeke'.

The sisters also wash,  
dry  
and pack  
the dozens of teacups,  
saucers  
and teaspoons.

Service...or  
Servitude?





*The series: Voorgesit, Voorgegee en nou Verlate I, II and III (Served, Pretended and now Desolate I, II and III)  
Compressed Charcoal and Pastel on Gicleé Print, 695x1160*

# Voorgesit, Voorgegee en nou Verlate

## Served, Pretended and now Desolate

Dit kom voor asof my verhaal hier eindig  
met die drie donker kerke.  
Die moederkerk.  
Die drie susters\*.

Ek het vir jare voor gesit in die kerk,  
en saam die tee bedien.

Ek het ook vir jare voorgegee.  
Voorgegee dat ek wou kerk toe gaan.  
Voorgegee dat ek 'n Calvinis was.  
Voorgegee dat ek daarvan gehou het  
om onderdanig te wees.

Ek is dit nie meer nie.  
Alhoewel ek hierdie donker en eensame landskap verlaat het,  
is dit steeds  
my grondlegging,  
my verlede.

Dit word  
gerespekteer.  
Dit word  
onthou.  
Dit word  
bewaar.

Ironies.

It appears as if my story ends here  
with the three dark churches.  
The mother church.  
The three sisters\*.

I have for years sat in the front row of the church,  
and served the tea.

I also pretended for many years.  
Pretended to want to go to church.  
Pretended to be a Calvinist.  
Pretended to enjoy  
being subservient.

I am no longer that.  
Although I have left this dark and desolate landscape,  
it is still  
my foundation,  
my past.

It will  
be respected.  
It will  
not be forgotten.  
It will  
be treasured.

Ironically.

*\*The three Afrikaner churches; 'Hervormde Kerk, Nederduits Gereformeerde Kerk & Gereformeerde Kerk' are referred to as the three sister churches.  
The Reformed Church's handbook titled "Van Harte Welkom" (A Warm Welcome) refers to the church as the mother church.*



*Mina (Mina)  
Three-legged Cast Iron Pot, no 14. (Found Object)*

# SY's APART

## She's Apart

Op die ou end...

Sy staan apart.  
Buite.  
Eenkant.  
Weg van die ander.

*Sy is die Ander*

“Dankie Mina,  
dis al vir vandag.”

Finally...

She stands apart.  
Outside.  
Separate.  
Away from the others.

*She is the Other*

“Thank you Mina,  
that's all for today.”



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