

# Follow that Dream

*Obie Oberholzer*



# Follow that Dream

I was born on a farm in 1947 and you don't really want to know the rest. Except perhaps, that my photographic career started in 1956, when my mother took me to Pisa in Italy.

I placed the leaning tower vertically upright, which made all the surrounding church buildings lean over. Nobody found that funny except my mother. She made me study art at Stellenbosch University, which still makes me ponder that word.

After lengthy photographic studies at the Bayerische Staatslehr Anstalt für Fotografie and many beer halls in München, I returned to South Africa because it had wide-open spaces and the Swartberg Pass. I lectured at the Natal Technikon and Roads University for many years. I always spelt it like that so that the university would not give me any administrative duties. Back then I thought that enthusiasm was the basis of everything photographic.

Now, at 70 years old, I still think that. Every morning when I wake up I thank all the Gods for my one gift - my eyes. Through all these years I have travelled to many places, over many valleys and mountains, but somehow --- never past the chequered flag. My passion for looking at lines and shapes and colours continues unabated.

This exhibition at the FotoZA Gallery is perhaps my 36th one-man show in South Africa since 1975. I don't really remember. There were also 11 in Europe, where the one in Spain stands out. King Carlos's daughter, Princess Christina, was the patron of the

arts back then. At some fancy banquet she sat next to me. I told her the story of the upright Tower of Pisa. She found it very funny.

I have produced 12 Wine table books, which have become progressively worse since the first one, 'Ariesfontein to Zuurfontein' (1988) that had Ouma Roos Cloete on the cover. These 103 images on exhibition are all recent, except for Ouma Roos Cloete with the pink Kappie and John and Janis at the River Edge Lodge.

I have many songs tucked away for a hundred places, but the one that shows me where to go, is the one from Elvis Presley. Follow that Dream.

I have been married to Lynn for 48 years and that's all that you really want to know, except perhaps that I have two sons, Jesse, a Videographer on the Great Barrier Reef and Nikki, a creative director for the Abu Dhabi Motorsport Corporation in the UAE. When they were younger I called them Money and More Money. Recently, the one that now has a lot more money asked me where my chequered flag was? With a sigh and a smile I said "Fokkolfontein".

# PRINTS FOR SALE

All images on display are for sale. Prices are as marked on both the captions and in this booklet.

For sales please contact Heleen Swart;

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# **I Ouma Roos Cloete.** (1911–1994). Eksteenfontein. South Africa.

Through the passing of the years and the lengthening of my roads, I have always been in some linked harmony with the gentle being of an old lady with her pink kappie.

The first chance meeting we had as she sat on her stoep in Eksteenfontein in 1989 is as vivid as yesterday. In some kind of way, she is an icon that travels with me in my search for everything pictorial; she is the kindness that guides me and the lines, shapes and colours that mind me.

Born Maria in 1911, she married Jan Cloete and together they had 10 children, 6 of whom have passed away, according to a recent letter from Eksteenfontein. When she died in 1994, she was buried by two of her sons who were both ministers of the NG church. For the latter part of her life, she was affectionately known as 'Ouma Rosie Cloete'.

The peculiarities in photography are many and its history enormous.

Generally, a photograph taken documents a moment in time. Of course, these moments can be stretched with time exposures. Fewer images can record moments stretched over days, months or even years.

In 1989, I took the first picture of Rosie Cloete. On my return home, I chose her for the cover of my first book. Two years later I returned and portrayed her holding that book. Then we produced a second book using this image on the cover, which she once again held proudly, there on her stoep in Eksteenfontein.

One day, around 1999, I travelled back to her town to show her this photograph. Her stoep was empty and a neighbour told me that she was in the graveyard. I found her grave, and, with tears, I left her the photograph beneath a simple cross, a mound of hard earth and some faded red plastic flowers.

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## 2 A duck leaves a trail of blue ripples on a canal north of the Swedish city of Strömstad.

Going duck shooting around the resort village of Strömstad in Sweden wasn't on my cards. In the canals and lakes, little ducks were ducking around everywhere, causing kitschy ripples that reflected the blue sky and all the wooden houses. There were also other lekker young ducks without feathers in the saunas, heated pool and various Jacuzzis in my Spa-hotel. I ducked in there with my white gown and camera. The scene was so pleasant that it misted over my lens and my eyes. Duck it. I've done a bit of ducking and diving in my time.

In the sixties I ducked into the Saturday night sessions at the Masonic Hall. I also tried to duck Johnnie Wilkinson and his Ducktail gang. One night he caught me dancing with his chick, or rather duck. Before I could duck he hit me with a knuckle-duster across the face. I still have the scar on my forehead. This is now slowly disappearing with the advancing wrinkles. Playing cricket, I ducked beneath many a fast bowler's bouncer.

If you don't love cricket then don't worry about the Duckworth and Lewis system. Tiger Lance, who played for South Africa, once bowled me a bouncer that I couldn't

duck under. The ball hit my head and I haven't been the same since. That's Duck-Luck. I've also been out for 5 ducks. That sucks. In the 70's we ducked, or rather dived into two sunken submarines. I duck you not. The British bombed these German U-Boats during World War 2. They still lie in 3 or 4 metres of water in the harbour of Antisirana, Madagascar.

Back then, also in Madagascar, a mad Frenchman and I travelled from Andevoranto to Antananatovo on the roof of a goods train. On this trip we had to duck beneath 31 tunnels. Going up to the mountains the train was so slow that we could get off the train and pick bananas. An iron Boule once hit the Frenchman's head. He also hasn't been the same since then. From then to a few years ago I have ducked into many saloons, bars, hellholes, heaven holes, shit holes, graveyards and other colourful places. It's a marvel that I haven't gotten plucked somewhere along the way. I've ducked the taxman, the old Bureau of State Security, taxis, trucks and our President. I especially duck away from young students who want to know what it's like being a duck photographer

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### 3 Photographer with old Polaroid camera waits for clients in front of the El Capitolio building in Havana, Cuba.

It's now been two days of walking the streets of 'La Habana Vieja' --- the old part of Cuba. My body, bone tired, still pounds out greed to feed on the images that my eyes provide. That evening, lying on the bed of our little 'Casa', I try to fall asleep watching the rickety fan chop at the humid air above my head.

One blade is bent and it is loose at the base, so it vibrates like the prop of an old bi-plane at take off. My mind leaves my weary body to sleep amongst the conglomerate of old Spanish buildings on earth and starts to climb a thin staircase that ascend up pinkie-red cumulus clouds, billowing high above. Being so lekker and easy climbing up here without my body, my mind runs up last steep bit that disappears into the last big cloudy billow. Suddenly I am sucked upward into an almost luminous tunnel that glow the colours of the rainbow. Wow! Violet - blue - green - yellow - orange - red.

The juggernaut is of such a force that my mind inverts and travels backwards and I see parts of my life flashing by. Then suddenly, I am floating down this old street surrounded by quietude and a light of immense softness. I travel like this for a while, unable to feel the pavement or touch the walls. This is weird, totally otherworldly, a feeling that I've always wanted to have, to separate the body and the mind. Then I see him, the wondrous man, the Apostle of light, Saint Peter Photographer sitting in front of heavens gate. "I have not called for you yet" he speaks. " You have come to confess, so then, confess".

I think of my body asleep beneath that old shaking fan and say --- "well, yes there are a couple of things. When I was studying art at Stellenbosch in the sixties, I always use to fail history of art. The night before the final exam I forced my way into the old art building, and stole the paper from the professor's desk. Before dawn I had swotted up most of the answers. Then my eyes pause, and I am left in mid-air. "So-so, what happened with your exam" the apostle of light, pushes me on. "I still failed". Then continue, "which was maybe good as it made me into a photographer and not an fine artist.

In my long teaching career as a photography lecturer, I have also led many young students from the road into the dongas of photographic wilderness. I overworked them and set unreal high standard. I use to tell them that if your sails are not filled with passion, your Photo-boat will never leave port. Then recently, insome pictorial Rausch, I stole my wife Lynn's cooking brandy and dark chocolate. The next day I refilled the bottle with strong coloured tea and put it back behind the pots. "OK then sinner-man, that will do for now", Saint Peter waved me away. " You still have a little while to go, so go back down that tunnel of colour and climb back down those stairs.

Go back to your body beneath the fan. Keep on walking the streets and riding the roads. Keep on reading between the photographic lines"

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## 4 Swallows gather to roost for the night on the cables along the French colonial bridge over the Kampong Bay River in Kampot.

Destroyed during the Khmer Rouge period, Kampot's old French bridge was later repaired in a mishmash of styles. It is now open to motorbikes and pedestrian traffic after being closed for years.

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## 5 One rainy day at the Sydney Opera House. Sydney. Australia.

I am busy with my pictorial Walkabout in Sydney and it's not long before I am staring at the Sydney Opera House, one of the world's most iconic buildings.

The Sydney Opera House was declared a Unesco World Heritage site in 2007. It's drizzling, which is strange, as all the postcards and brochures show this spectacular building in bristling-bright Aussie sunlight. I have to keep on wiping the raindrops from my glasses, which adds a kind of greasy streaky effect to the building's expressionist shapes. Designed by the famous Danish architect, Jørn Utzon, construction was started in 1959 and Queen Elizabeth opened the Opera House 14 years later, in October 1973. Apparently, it also drizzled on that occasion. I feel that this is quite appropriate as it was built on Bennelong Point, once called 'Tu-bow-gule' (meeting of the waters) by the Gadigal Aboriginal clan. Sadly these ancient peoples did not survive long, as most of them perished from Smallpox, after the arrival of the Europeans.

My camera is wrapped in plastic and standing behind me is my wife, also wrapped in plastic. I love them both without the plastic. It is estimated that 7 million people visit the Opera House annually. Millions of billions of photographs have been taken here over the past 42 years. I also want to take some pictures to add to

the million billion other ones. My assistant tells me that I might wreck my camera. "Ag ---Lovie..." I say, gently stroking her wet cheek," but I'll still have you". She smiles, tenderly wiping the wetness out of her eyes.

I start to concentrate on the abstraction and simplification of line and shape. This is quite a task with one of the most shapely, linear buildings on the planet. I give up on the glasses and find that the expressionistic greasy-streaky affect is now transferred to my lens.

The poor lens and the wife are alarmed as the oke (dude) behind the camera starts to shout, " This might be Art, it might be Art!" Tourists stop and stare, three stumble and trip on the steps and one Japanese lady drops her camera. Actually, she might have been South Korean or Chinese. It's difficult to tell through the little droplets of rain.

I follow a man, who resembles a Gadigal Clansman, through all the operatic abstractions and expressionistic reflectivity. Despite the wet conditions, there are still thousands of people wandering around. Every one has a camera. Many are jumping up and down in front of their cameras with the Opera House and the Sydney Harbour Bridge behind them. I am proud to be part of this, by far-far-far the biggest hoppy on earth. Then I grab my wife, hold the camera out in front of us and take an 'Ussie'.

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6

A man walks past a shop window treated with a tinted plastic layer that has been bubbled by the sun. Graaff Reinet. South Africa.

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7

The dawning of the day along the Murry River near Paringa in South Australia.

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8

Young Eucalyptus Camaldulensis nymphs in the Flinders Range. Australia.

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9

The desert road between Zagora and Mhamid. Morocco.

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10

'Plooie' Nel poses as a mutant on his sheep farm 'Bokvlakte' some 30 kilometres north of Loeriesfontein in the Hantam Karoo. South Africa.

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11

Discarded 'Africa Burn' sculptures in the Tankwa Karoo. South Africa.

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12

A view from the Cascades steps looking down over Yerevan and Tamanyan Sreet with a sculpture by Yue Minjun (China). In the far distance Mount Ararat hides in the clouds. Yerevan. Armenia.

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# 13 Milay Gonzalez, the daughter of a tobacco farmer, Hedardo, smokes a cigar produced and made on their farm near the village of Viñales in western Cuba.

It's almost dawn as we follow a farm track leading out of the town of Viñales to the nearby tobacco farms. I am reciting my new and difficult photo-slogan. "If you go, you get", to anyone around. But there's nobody, just a vista of rising sunbeams, shimmering off the emerging farmland.

Lynn, my trusted companion and occasional assistant, is already far ahead trying to talk to a lady in her vegetable garden. I am sure she is telling her about how un-enterprising some of our rural people are, when it comes to producing their own food. "What did you say to her?" I ask her, out of breath. "That some of our rural people.....", she answers. See, I told you. On a ways, a house with yellow shutters stands amongst yellow flowers. When warm yellow light strikes yellow flowers they appear yellower than yellow, like on the first day of creation. Or, the second day: I am not sure about that bit.

The dog on the balcony looks amused, wondering why this human fool is pushing his camera into the flowers. Lynn points to a bird on a wire. She is reading a biography of Leonard Cohan. At night she relates some weird and juicy tidbits from his life. I look at some more birds sitting on wires and wish to touch something with my mind and have some nice tidbits of my own.

From a small pink wooden house set amongst tobacco fields, a woman approaches us. She's kind of pretty. A pretty woman makes my pinks pinker. I am so taken with the looking that I am too slow to know what she is going to say. She invites us in to buy some of their home produced cigars. My faithful assistant rolls her eyes and then looks up at the Mogotes. (Sugarloaf Limestone Mountains of Valle Viñales). I have never been to a smoking room; never had the club fees or the money for a good Cuban

cigar, but this room is small and simple, painted pink. Milay Gonzalez, a 26-year-old mother of two, farms tobacco with her husband and father Hedardo. They produce their own handcrafted natural cigars. Lynn courteously excuses herself and heads for the nearest Sugarloaf.

She hates all forms of smoke and sugar. I am relieved to discover that Milay speaks some English. She tells me that their cigars affect all five senses. You must feast on its looks, smell it, feel it, taste it and listen to it, she explains. "Listen?" I ask, puzzled. "After awhile of smoking", she says, "it will talk to you, just listen" I watch her lighting up, then follow her. I light up with all the dramatics of a cigar connoisseur, which I am not. Slowly, a feeling of well-being, mild intoxication, a warm mix of fragrance, flavour and aroma slowly dancing between my senses, overtake me.

I feel vital and alive; images float in from the window as this slow-puff magic makes me feel exotic, passionate and creative. I am sure that this cigar feel can touch your mind. The birds on the wire fly into the blue Cuban sky and the young woman smiles, but all virtues will turn, lights will fade and shadows lengthen. All good days end and all cigars turn to ash.

That is ---- till another brilliant day and another Cuban cigar.

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# 14

Mime artist called the 'Silver Troll' stands along the Stranden Street in Oslo, Norway.

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# 15

82 year Ouma Katrina Mentoor sits in her kitchen window. Fraserburg, Great Karoo, South Africa.

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# 16 Pothole Installation. Natures Valley. South Africa.

The asphalt road that I am travelling on in southern Tanzania is rutted and gutted, with overgrown jagged edges. Whether this strip through the bush is more gravel than tar is an insurmountable puzzle.

The worst pothole scenario is the asphalt and gravel one, where the asphalt edges of the holes are sharp and the gravel pots are muddy and deep.

The direction on the Michelin map suggests that the village of Songea lies in an easterly direction, but with all the weaving to avoid the giant potholes, the general way forward includes northern and southeasterly deviations.

If the Good-Lord-Spirit were watching from above he'd say I was a drunk driver. I start to chuckle, thinking about another pothole incident that happened on a road near Mount Kilimanjaro during a photographic shoot for Tanzanian Breweries.

The road was so abominable that it was way off the scale. Traversing a road with such a high pothole index made conversation near impossible due to high noise levels, the number of swearwords and cries of painful delights interjected during a sentence. Our Masai guide finally gets a message through, that he's got a hard-on from all the moving and shaking.

An extra chorus of laughter rattles through the vehicle. "Stop-ha-ha-ha. Stop-ha-ha-ha", I shout. In the name of Africa, you can't drive with a guide with a hard-on. I mean, what would the locals say? Just as fate would have it, a policeman with a huge gun stops us, as we enter a village. He glares at us suspiciously. In turn, we all glare at the guide. Ha-ha-ha, the Land Rover vibrates. Man-Masai gets out and holds his red blanket that flaps over his groin covering his big gun, which is slowly getting smaller. The locals gather. Ha-ha-ha, the policeman roars with laughter. " Me lauffing too ---

sometimes, me also get big gun on this bumpy road. Bump-bump-bump. Ha-ha-ha."

The ever-swelling crowd moves closer, no one wants to miss the epic climax of this roadside blockbuster. The laughing policeman continues, " I have big answer for you. I see you have work for Safari Lager? Ha-ha-ha, first you give me beer, then I tell you answer to big gun problem". A breath of expectancy ripples through the throng of people. Most of them look poor and bedraggled, but somehow happy and joyous. (Africa personified, I think).

We haul a kist of brew from the back and place it at the policeman's feet. The crowd lunges forward. He swings his AK 47 around. They crowd lunges back. Man-Masai, now fully recovered, says, "look-look! Like lion eating kill with many Hyenas around ---- ha-ha-ha". The policeman waves his hand and gun around and we all hush up. "You no get big gun in pants if you drive with cold beer between legs --- Ha-ha-ha". "Yes-yes-yes" echoes the bedraggled crowd.

So off we go, each with a cold beer in our croches and Man-Masai with two. I am shaken back into the present as I enter the village of Songea. A band of children with spades, throng and dance around a number of newly filled potholes. They shout, " Give us money, give money, we fix road! ---- Look-look ---- We fix road".

I overnight in the village. Early the following morning, I see the same grubby gang of children digging out the gravel they had so laboriously filled into the potholes the previous day. They would empty the potholes every morning and then diligently fill them again during the day.

What great youthful originality, I thought, such brilliant pothole entrepreneurship.

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# 17

Tables and chairs stand in front of the guest rooms on the Beltana sheep station in the Flinders Range Outback. Australia.

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# 18

**A large Yellowwood log, washed down by floods in the nearby Grootrivier River, now lies embedded in the sand on the beach at Natures Valley.**

**South Africa.**

Sunday morning was blissfully uneventful, and not 'coming down' as Kris Kristofferson once sang. Then, when Monday was followed by Tuesday and Wednesday and Thursday in boring regularity, a queasy unease started wriggling around in my mind.

I checked the net for some cataclysmic event that was about to unfold. Nothing. I checked the Doomsdayer's calendar and the End-of-the-World predictions. Nothing. The four horsemen of the Apocalypse had long since galloped away and when the full moon rose over the ocean in the east, it looked damn good, not bad. I asked my wife how things were with her and she just rolled her eyes with a smile, like she always did, then carried on kneading her Sourdough bread. Was it me? Was I losing my lifelong search for the weird, the bizarre and the strangely wonderful?

When the following Sunday arrived, I checked the Ten Commandments to see how I was doing. Then, like the pop of an old magnesium flashbulb, the light burst upon me, blinding me momentarily. I could not see, for all the looking, that the mistake lay not in the world beyond but deep within me.

The truth had hidden itself in the shadows of my shallowness. Commandment 10: 'You shall not covet ---- your neighbour's wife. Far worse than just looking at her beauty, dreaming of her sensuality, I was smattered, smitten and totally in love with

my neighbour's wife.

I fell upon my King sized bed with emotional convulsions, tears pouring down through gasps of misery. My philandering had come home to roost, no wait ---- far worse; it had come for the final act of avengement. My apocalypse was upon me; the four horsemen had saddles down outside my house, beneath the Milkwood tree near the succulent garden. The end was truly nigh.

Then, overcome with the last remaining bit of manliness still left in me, I jerked myself upright and walked to my wife in the kitchen. Shaken by the cruelty of the words blending in my mouth I hesitated awhile and then it all poured forth.

They sounded weak and meek, but still, the meaning was heartbreaking. "Lovie" I cried, "I am having an affair". She took the sour dough bread out of the oven; it looked warm and lovely just as she has looked for all these years. "Yes, I know", she said, rolling her eyes with a sarcastic smile, "That woman who has been lying on the beach for the last five years. I saw you hugging and stroking her the other day". Then her smile turned into a laugh

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"But the worst was, you photographing her in the nude. You should be ashamed, at your age!"

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# 19

The cemetery of Coves near the town of Sibiu, lies on a hill above the town in central Romania.

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# 20

Hubcap and hand on the Eyre Highway across the Nullarbor Plains in Western Australia. With a straight section of 146.6 km, this is the longest straight road on earth.

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# 21

On a barrier along the road to Ladismith just outside Calitzdorp a little boy plays, waving his arms. His name is Elden Lewis. "What are you doing?" I ask. "I can fly", he answers. (GPS = 33° 31' 21.39" South & 21° 40' 05.59" East . Elevation = 288 metres.)

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# 22

A Social-Weaver bird nest hangs on a telephone pole on road R361 between Vanwyksvlei and Kenhardt. South Africa.

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# 23

## **John and Janis. River Edge Lodge. New York State. USA.**

In 1992, whilst on assignment for a German magazine in the Eastern USA, I made a special detour to visit the venue of the most famous festival of love and music ever held on planet earth. Woodstock 1969. It was held on a dairy farm in the Catskill Hills near the town of Bethel, New York State.

On the balcony of the River Edge Lodge, I collided with a set of moments that remain, to this day, surreal and uncanny. All the magnetic forces, lines of chance, fate, love and light seemed to have intersected at this spot on that early evening.

It was my brief encounter with some otherworldly song of love. The young couple near me told me that both their parents had been at the Woodstock Festival in 1969 and both of them had conceived children during those 4 days of love and music. The young man was named John, (after John Fogerty, the lead singer of Creedence Clearwater Revival) and the young girl was called Janis, after Janis Joplin. Between the kissing and the hugging and the loving, the gentle rustling of the trees and the flowing of Ten Mile Creek, I managed the mundane act of photographing them.

Only just, I must admit, as I was overcome by some hyped sense of sensuality and

sensitivity mixed with a laissez-faire flow of creativity. They were held close by evening's cool ambient light, lit by a warm light bulb that poured love from an open door.

I look at this image now after so many years and wish that I were back there on that balcony for just one more song. In 1969, half a million people chanted --- 'just one more song'. John and Janis had only been married for a few weeks and had come to Woodstock to love each other, to love in the hope that their first child would be conceived here, near that dairy farm field of song. Long after they had gone to their room, I sat there, entering into the peace of the night, thinking of the lines of fate and chance that intersect those who love.

(PS. On the Woodstock dairy field of 1969 there stands a beautiful auditorium and museum called The Bethel Woods Centre for the Arts. It was opened in 2006 by a performance of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. Later that year, the band Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young performed in front of 20,000 fans, some 37 years after Woodstock)

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# 24

The road to Getazat past the Kotayk Reservoir south of Yerevan in the Kotayk Province of Armenia.

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# 25

Lynette Oberholzer tied to the railway tracks at the small railway siding of 'Eensaam' in the Great Karoo. Two days till the next train. South Africa.

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# 26

A street scene with umbrella in downtown Santa Clara. Cuba.

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# 27

The photographer's hand shields the African glare along a small road in Malawi.

So it was and so it will be for those who continue to shade their eyes in search of the way. Perhaps not always the correct one, but hopefully it will be an exciting, adventurous way. And so it will continue to enthrall for those who learn to look with the mind, finding the places of the heart.

The hands only guide and turn the steering of the road, but the treasures are found in places that lie in the way the mind guides the heart. From the softness of a shaded view, spring forth the brightness and adventures of a hundred different ways. No road is the same; dark roads, long roads, curved and dangerous ways, bright-light ones, happy ways and sometimes very saddened ways.

But each one in turn, however far and distant, forms memories that stay, like an etched tattoo, like an eternal flame, like a never-ending song. He, who seldom searches for a new road, denies the ways of truth and knowledge to pulse and enhance the veins of memory.

The road is like a giant lateral tree, the trunk is the road that grows up ahead,

the branches are all the visuals that stretch out all around us, and the leaves are the memories, the memento's that we pick, hold, write about and record.

It is often said by sages of the human way, that those who never go will never get. Dusted over now from Africa's reddened dust, somewhere on my bakkie's dashboard is still written ---- 'If you go, you get'.

The anchor is to know where you have been, the suspense and mystery is to watch with intent and wonder at what passes, and the future is to follow that ever-receding infinite point.

The old traveller stops me some place far and says, "Get to go and go to get". All roads must surely lead somewhere? Where to only you will know, through a shaded view, somewhere along some forlorn track, across the skies and over all the lands ---- but hopefully to somewhere the mind can hold in the heart.

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Glacier White 260gsm Canon Paper*

# 28

## The raunchiest stallion of the Wild Horses of the Namib Desert at the abandoned railway siding of Garub between Aus and Lüderitz in Namibia.

I love the road between Sommervêr and Doerengone. The road between Aus and Lüderitz is also quite lekker and I have often travelled it to the town that's at the end of the line. Nice country song that, 'End of the line' ---- by the 'Travelling Wilbury's', - the cassette got stuck in my Isuzu's tape deck some 10 years ago.

Sometimes when I am sleeping on the vast plains near F#kkolfontein or somewhere in the Namib, I can still hear the boys sing that song.

Many years ago the saloon in Aus had those swing doors that the cowboys walked through in the old movies. It's a pity that Sherriff Pat Garret had to go and shoot Billy the Kid.

I used to walk in through those swing doors, pretend to wipe the dust off my clothes and slowly stroll over to the bar counter.

Before the weasel of a little barman could reach for his shotgun under the counter, I already had my Colt 45 under both his snotty nostrils. Then, with a mean-gruff

voice, a tone buffed by so many last shots of cheap liquor, I would say to the barman, "More Mampoer and fresh horses for my men".

Many years on, they revamped the hotel, sanded the counter with round glass stains on it and employed a smart new barman from Malawi. On the long road to Lüderitz, I would often siesta in the shade of one of the abandoned railway stations along the road.

If I remember correctly, there's Tsaukaib and Garub and Haalenberg. On one trip I awoke to the sound of scuffling and stomping, animal like snorting and wild panting. The barrel of my Colt had long since rusted, so all I had was my Canon. When I peered around the corner it was a very wild horse of the Namib.

*R12 000 ex. VAT  
Unframed | Size as displayed  
Glacier White 260gsm Canon Paper*

# 29

## The camels of the Jebel Misht Peak along the Al Akhdar Range in Oman.

*R8 000 ex. VAT  
Unframed | Size as displayed  
Glacier White 260gsm Canon Paper*



# 30

## A camel caravan winds its way through the Erg Chebbi dunes near Merzouga in the Moroccan Sahara.

Two photographers are standing next to each other looking out over the dunes of Erg Chebbi, which the late afternoon light is slowly transforming into something of magnificent beauty.

Both are standing behind two Japanese cameras and lenses mounted on slick Italian tripods.

Both have an extensive knowledge of their equipment. Beside their physical appearances and age, the one is considerably more honest than the other.

'Good Afternoon, I am Yuto Koutoura' the Japanese introduces himself. 'Howz'it, ek sê, I am Obie Oberholzer', the South African replies with a flat accent. When the moment is correct, both professionals lean forward and then, almost simultaneously; shoot the scene at 1/80th of a second at f16 using 300mm lenses.

The one fires 3 frames (click-click-click) and the other does 5 frames. (Click-click-click-click-click) The one has an expression of concentration and seriousness and the other has a naughty smirk on his face. Why? Because, like I said, the one has a lot more integrity than the other. The Japanese is thinking of optical lens precision and the so-called flattening of aerial perspective when

a scene is photographed from a distant viewpoint.

He knows full well that changing the viewpoint can only change that perspective. Wide-angle lenses and telephoto lenses, used from the same viewpoint, see more or less of the scene, but have the same perspective. Meanwhile, the other man is thinking of women, drooling and grinning more and more.

This is because the sand dunes of Erg Chebbi are being warmed and wrapped increasingly by the light. 'Extraordinaire! Phenomenal', he explains in a phony French accent. Meanwhile, back in the kraal, he is thinking of rows of beautiful, voluptuous naked woman lying next to each other, cuddled by the warm enveloping light. 'Look-look!'

The Japanese man exclaims in a Japanese accent, 'A camel caravan, a camel caravan' and then jumps about with joy. ( I'm happy, I am happy !!!). He glances to his left; only the Japanese camera remains, still mounted on its Italian tripod. The South African has run into the sand dunes of the Sahara.

*R12 000 ex. VAT  
Unframed | Size as displayed  
Glacier White 260gsm Canon Paper*

# 31

Two girls jump for me in front of Wave Rock. Wave Rock is a natural granite rock formation that is shaped like a tall breaking ocean wave. Hyden district. Western Australia.

*R12 000 ex. VAT  
Unframed | Size as displayed  
Glacier White 260gsm Canon Paper*

# 32

A woman washes the entrance to a cinema near Place Jemaa el-Fna in the old Medina of Marrakech. Morocco.

*R12 000 ex. VAT  
Unframed | Size as displayed  
Glacier White 260gsm Canon Paper*

# 33

## A 1952 Oldsmobile Sedan and horse cart drive down a street in Cienfuegos after a thunderstorm. Cuba.

Come along and let's all go to the Paseo El Prado. Drop it, leave it, chuck it, forget it and let's fly. This famous avenue is palm and bar lined and runs in a north south direction.

The harbour city of Cienfuegos is known as 'La Perla del Sur' or Pearl of southern Cuba. It is also said that if there's a Paris in Cuba, then it's here. When I walk down this avenue in the early morning the all night revellers are still pearling and when I return in the early evening they have just starting their yearning. But, you know, I feel that the exotic exuberance here carries with it a hidden, veiled dimness.

So I walk down this avenue of contradictions, photographing things I yearn to know more about. I didn't know that 'Cien' means 100 and 'Fuegos' means fires, thus the 'Place of a hundred fires'. That just out of town stands an unfinished, abandoned Soviet nuclear power plant. Before 2003, Cienfuegos was known for its teenage prostitutes.

Girls would skip school to go to the airport three times a week when the flights from Canada touched down, to meet Canadian men. Beginning in 2003, the police cracked down on this and now Cienfuegos has a reputation for the most vigorous anti-prostitution police patrolling on Cuba.

Here, in the growing cumulus clouds of the afternoon, the silver linings are blinded by the power of whiteness. The brightness, in turn, sends down sheets

of lightning and then the rain pelts all and sundry with a torrential darkness. I walk in front of the cloud after the storm, into the streets of reflective brightness. Men come out to shower under broken drainpipes gushing water.

A vegetable seller's horse shares its wetness with a tree and me. In my dampness there is a surge of pictorial abundance, so strangely weighted in its lightness. I am the taker of more and of nothing. I am more of a mirror than I am me.

Photography is like the map of the harbour city of a hundred fires. Each avenue and street brings with it different pavements and people, each has an impact, each satisfies another viewer. Each lane walked, shapes the next road taken.

After the long road taken, you rest to reflect, beneath the tree where the wet horse has just stood. A photograph created can stretch the moment lived, the moment lived is the thunder of the storm, the whiteness in a cumulus cloud.

When you arrive at the cul-de-sac you will have left the pearls behind, but hold up hundreds of burning flames. I look out from beneath the tree. The big drops have stopped.

A vintage red car slows in a stall and a horse cart passes in a short moment of reflective brightness

*R12 000 ex. VAT  
Unframed | Size as displayed  
Glacier White 260gsm Canon Paper*

Soviet Lada with piglets at the Artashat market in Armenia.

# 34

*Image 34 and 35 - R8 000 ex. VAT each  
Unframed | Size as displayed  
Glacier White 260gsm Canon Paper*

# 35

A river embankment near Yeghegnadzor decorated with the sides of Soviet Lada vehicles. Armenia.

# 36

The Dar al-Hajar rock palace in the Wadi Dhahr Valley. Yemen.

R8 000 ex. VAT  
Unframed | Size as displayed  
Glacier White 260gsm Canon Paper

# 37

Man playing flute in a Coptic religious ceremony in Axum. Ethiopia.

R8 000 ex. VAT  
Unframed | Size as displayed  
Glacier White 260gsm Canon Paper

# 38

## Muslim woman with Henna on her hands. Muscat. Oman.

I think of you, women dressed in black, sometimes grey, sometimes blue, but mostly black. You thrill me more than the rock song of that long-legged woman dressed in black. The Niqab covers your head and face and then flows down into the abaya to curtain the shape of your body, leaving a slit for your eyes to glimpse the turning of the world. You move all over the lands where the muezzin calls to prayer, where the Prophet Muhammad (ﷺ, *alayhi as-salām* '--- Peace be upon him') extends the words of Allah through the holy Qur'an.

You are the descendants of the descendants descended from Aisha, the favourite and youngest of Muhammad's, (Peace be upon him, again) eleven wives. Before your onset into puberty, the call to adulthood and marriage, you ran free into the water and felt the wind on your skin.

Now you are safe from the prying eyes of men, lustful and horny, wanting to feed on your soft sensuality. I watch your dark shapes float gracefully by in the mud villages of Oman, the souks of Egypt and the malls of Abu Dhabi.

Each entry you have into the blaring, obtrusive world of commerce and reality brings with it a return to the reclusive serenity of your walled home. Here, you stretch my imagination into the secrecy of your nakedness.

I am just a photographic philanderer, where graphic lines, hues and shapes are my eroticism. I make love to your

mysterious being, not that of the flesh, but what shifts beyond into the ethereal. I cannot talk to you, as I cannot explain it to myself. All I can give you is a smile. When our eyes do meet for that fleeting moment, I catch your sparkle of beauty, the hazel of your irises.

The light of your being, your eyes express so much. A meeting like this means more to me than the naked women tanning their bronzed bodies on the beaches of Saint Tropez and the Costa Smeralda.

I cannot point my camera at you, for this might antagonise your men. You are the Mona Lisa's smile, Julia Robert's laugh, Princess Diana walking the minefields of Africa and Lilli Marlene's ghost beneath the lamppost.

I watch the gold bracelet around your wrist move with your walk, the thin gold chain around your ankle, the rings on your fingers that glint the light of the sun and the Henna painted with such love on your hands.

You are the clouds that cover the Hajar Mountains, the water that flows beneath the dry wadi and the mist that covers the river. So, dearest, mysterious one, dressed in black and sometimes grey --- *ﷺ, 'alayhi as-salām* '--- Peace be upon you'

R10 000 ex. VAT  
Unframed | Size as displayed  
Glacier White 260gsm Canon Paper

# 39

Man with tattoo in a beach resort in Varadero. Cuba.

*R10 000 ex. VAT*

*Unframed | Size as displayed*

*Glacier White 260gsm Canon Paper*

# 40

Julius van der Wat with his dog Jessie. Julius has spastic quadriplegic cerebral palsy. Johannesburg. South Africa.

*R8 000 ex. VAT*

*Unframed | Size as displayed*

*Glacier White 260gsm Canon Paper*

# 41

'Beauty', a domestic worker in Johannesburg, poses for the camera behind a stained glass door. South Africa.

*R10 000 ex. VAT*

*Unframed | Size as displayed*

*Glacier White 260gsm Canon Paper*

# 42

Skulls of people killed by the Khmer Rouge are stacked together at the Choeung Ek Genocide Museum outside Phnom Penh. This area is also known as 'The Killing Fields'.

*R8 000 ex. VAT*

*Unframed | Size as displayed*

*Glacier White 260gsm Canon Paper*

# 43

A storm rolls in over La Boca Bay on the Ancón Peninsula. Cuba.

*R12 000 ex. VAT*

*Unframed | Size as displayed*

*Glacier White 260gsm Canon Paper*

# 44

Local youths from Chembe village at Cape Maclear frolic in the waters of Lake Malawi in the late afternoon. Malawi.

*R12 000 ex. VAT*

*Unframed | Size as displayed*

*Glacier White 260gsm Canon Paper*

# 45

A street scene in the Siyyaghin Souk in the Medina of Marrakech. Morocco.

*R8 000 ex. VAT*

*Unframed | Size as displayed*

*Glacier White 260gsm Canon Paper*

# 46

A herd of ostriches watches a farmer's dust along the Kammanassieberge in the Little Karroo of South Africa.

*R8 000 ex. VAT*

*Unframed | Size as displayed*

*Glacier White 260gsm Canon Paper*

# 47

This odd occurrence, known as “sea foam”, occurs when the water collides with organic matter impurities, such as plankton, dead fish, dead plants and other such elements floating on its surface. Natures Valley. South Africa.

In my way, happiness develops when all the body’s multiple receptors accumulate at some time and place to bring a feeling of overall well-being.

Happiness is a thought in our minds and a feeling in our hearts. It can be multifaceted in its minuteness or its enormity; the view from the top of the Drakensberg or the refracted brightness within a drop of water. It can be the feeling of total awe that I get when I look out over the wide vastness of the Namib Desert or the shining brilliance of grains of sand in the palm of my hand.

Of all the places I have been and all the times of being, I get the feeling of great happiness most often at Sinkers Bay, or as some call it, Blue Rocks, in Natures Valley. Here I sit, a mere grain of sand on our wondrous planet, looking out over the Indian Ocean towards the Tsitsikamma Mountains.

Happiness is wondering about the wondrous. I have been coming here for over 45 years, with my parents, my wife, my best friends, my two boys and the Weimaraner dogs we had. Yet, each time that I come to this place, it shows me a new character, a different mood, and it becomes the sage of life itself.

It teaches me again and again, what I do best: to see, to observe the big and the small with equal intensity. One morning I arrive to find this strange and surreal ocean landscape of foam floating across the bay.

I have witnessed this phenomena a few times over the years, but never on this scale. I photograph to learn and then to understand, to search for meaning, but in this particular case I was lost for

words. It’s not that all images need words; just that often an explanation enhances understanding. Ingrained image practise says --- first take the photograph and then endeavour to search what lies beyond. Later that day I phoned Dr. Peter Britz, an ocean scientist at the Ichthyology Department at Rhodes University. “Simple” he said. (Don’t you just love academics that start an explanation with ‘Simple’?).

“Simple --- The foam is formed by coagulated protein - same as the froth on a milkshake. When you actively aerate and agitate milk, the giant protein molecules begin to stick together and trap air bubbles. Protein molecules are gigantic and can uncoil and fold again. When they physically shear against each other they tend to stick together.

Same thing happens in the sea when wave action aerates and agitates water containing large amounts of planktonic organisms (single cell algae and small creatures) and dissolved protein; it all starts to stick together and form the foam you see.

The same principle is used to clarify water in marine aquariums using a ‘protein skimmer’. Water is pumped down a column with air bubbles rising from below. This causes the protein to coagulate and rise as foam to the top, which is skimmed off.” So there you are, quite simple, don’t you think? Then one sunny day, you can sprinkle my ashes on the water and the sand, here in Natures Valley’s most beautiful bay.

*R12 000 ex. VAT  
Unframed | Size as displayed  
Glacier White 260gsm Canon Paper*

# 48

A fisherman takes a break amongst the famous 'Blue fishing boats' in the harbour port of Essaouira on the Atlantic coastline of Morocco.

*R8 000 ex. VAT  
Unframed | Size as displayed  
Glacier White 260gsm Canon Paper*

# 49

Building reflections during a 'Walkabout' in Abu Dhabi. United Arab Emirates.

*R12 000 ex. VAT  
Unframed | Size as displayed  
Glacier White 260gsm Canon Paper*

# 50

An Abu Dhabi's Guggenheim exhibition introduces the future museum's curatorial vision through a theme-based collection presentation, featuring artworks by 18 international artists exploring the theme of light. Abu Dhabi. United Arab Emirates.

*R8 000 ex. VAT  
Unframed | Size as displayed  
Glacier White 260gsm Canon Paper*

# 51

Wooden spires and performance art at the Africa Burn Festival in the Tankwa Karoo. South Africa.

*R8 000 ex. VAT  
Unframed | Size as displayed  
Glacier White 260gsm Canon Paper*

# 52

A tyre track leads across an area of cracked mud on a gravel road near the town of Garies on South Africa's West Coast.

*R10 000 ex. VAT  
Unframed | Size as displayed  
Glacier White 260gsm Canon Paper*

# 53

A few Quiver trees grow next to abandoned houses in Brandkop north of Nieuwoudtville in the Hantam Karoo. South Africa.

*R12 000 ex. VAT  
Unframed | Size as displayed  
Glacier White 260gsm Canon Paper*

# 54

A street scene with water reflection in Viñales. Cuba.

*R10 000 ex. VAT  
Unframed | Size as displayed  
Glacier White 260gsm Canon Paper*

# 55

The 'Merry Cemetery' in Sapanta in northern Romania.

The founder of the Merry Cemetery was Stan Patras who started, in 1931, to make unusual crosses in the local graveyard. The images carved in wood, render, naively, an important aspect in the life of the person buried there and the epitaphs are short meaningful poems written in dialect, as a confession of the deceased.

*R8 000 ex. VAT  
Unframed | Size as displayed  
Glacier White 260gsm Canon Paper*

# 56

The enclosed fish feeding and snorkelling area on the Quicksilver Pontoon on Agincourt Ribbon Reef. Great Barrier Reef. Australia.

Hordes of tourists move along the jetty towards the gleaming sleek shape of the Quicksilver catamaran.

Quayside posters exclaim that Quicksilver IS the Great Barrier Reef. I am agitated to be amongst the mass of tourists, but relieved to be with a company that's part of one of the Seven Wonders of the World.

Sadly, I have been to only one other natural wonder of the world; the Victoria Falls. The first time I saw the falls was during the Rhodesian bush war and then there was not a single tourist around. I would love to see the Grand Canyon, but the mere thought of sharing it with thousands of Americans cancels that one out.

The Fish River Canyon will have to do for now. Soon the 'Poseidon' is speed-spraying through the Coral Sea, with 43 crew members and 434 tourists on board. Vague memories of the 1972 epic movie, 'The Poseidon Adventure' come flooding back to me. That cruise liner was hit by a massive tidal wave.

I am with my younger son, Jesse, who must be somewhere in his late twenties. As a diver and underwater videographer, he is subcontracted to Quicksilver.

On board, there is a carnival atmosphere; the hum of adventure, the awesome thrill of the unexpected, it's the Great Barrier Reef Show. I walk around hiding behind my camera, shooting a kaleidoscope of tourist humanity, a total cocktail of race, age, size, dress and shape.

In-between the fat and the thin, tall and short, black, brown, cream, white and pink (sun burnt English) are 4 people in wheel chairs. It seems that we are all

on the last trip ever to this world's wonder. Perhaps it will one day be a lost world? Over the last 27 years, the Great Barrier Reef has lost more than half of its coral to the crown of thorns Starfish, global warming, coral bleaching and ocean acidification.

A pretty Japanese-South Korean-Chinese kind of looking woman points at me and exclaims "Watashi wa mata Kiyonon". With expectations I turn to my son who speaks an international reef lingo. "She also has Canon ---- Dad". He answers.

The boat arrives at the Quicksilver pontoon, a large floating structure anchored on the outer Agincourt Ribbon Reef. My son has organized a surprise helicopter ride for me. Words fail to explain the exuberance and beauty of flying over an earth's wonder. I gobble, eat, and swallow down images of delight.

A flotsam of visitors throw themselves into the clear waters of the Coral Sea, a thrashing, splashing, snorkelling, diving of underwater charms. Reef fish are fed in an enclosed area beneath the pontoon where the cold-blooded and the warm blooded meet in a chaotic aquatic show.

Lifeguards dash to save a fat boy from drowning, a granny going under and a child separated from his father.

Somewhere in the middle of this world of wonder, 4 people float the ocean without their wheel chairs

*R8 000 ex. VAT  
Unframed | Size as displayed  
Glacier White 260gsm Canon Paper*



57

The lover-boy pig showing a moment of love on the farm 'Solitaire' near the small community of Tessaarsdal in the Cape Overberg. South Africa.

*R12 000 ex. VAT  
Unframed | Size as displayed  
Glacier White 260gsm Canon Paper*

58

Milk cows (Nguni-Friesland cross?) on the road between Gouritzmond and Stilbaai. South Africa.

*R10 000 ex. VAT  
Unframed | Size as displayed  
Glacier White 260gsm Canon Paper*

59

A young Cape Gannet lies dead on the beach at Lamberts Bay. South Africa.

*R12 000 ex. VAT  
Unframed | Size as displayed  
Glacier White 260gsm Canon Paper*

60

The Ché Guevara Mausoleum (Mausoleo Che Guevara) is a memorial in Santa Clara. It houses the remains of executed Marxist revolutionary Ernesto "Che" Guevara and twenty-nine of his fellow combatants killed in 1967 during Guevara's attempt to spur an armed uprising in Bolivia. The whole area, that contains a bronze 22-foot statue of Ché, is referred to as the Ernesto Guevara Sculptural Complex. Cuba.

*R8 000 ex. VAT  
Unframed | Size as displayed  
Glacier White 260gsm Canon Paper*

61

A deceased man's engraved granite headstone in the Haghpat cemetery in the Province of Lori. Armenia.

*R8 000 ex. VAT  
Unframed | Size as displayed  
Glacier White 260gsm Canon Paper*

62

Man with straw hat and sunglasses in a street market in Santa Clara. Cuba.

*R10 000 ex. VAT  
Unframed | Size as displayed  
Glacier White 260gsm Canon Paper*

63

Man at the Afrika Burn Festival in the Tankwa Karoo in South Africa.

*R10 000 ex. VAT  
Unframed | Size as displayed  
Glacier White 260gsm Canon Paper*

64

The Wadi Shab in the Al Sharqiyah region of Oman, reflecting the Al Hajar al Gharbi Mountains.

*R8 000 ex. VAT  
Unframed | Size as displayed  
Glacier White 260gsm Canon Paper*

65

A brother and sister on their way to collect water at a communal water pump near the coastal village of Sani, south of Nkhotakota. Malawi.

*R10 000 ex. VAT  
Unframed | Size as displayed  
Glacier White 260gsm Canon Paper*

# 66

## Fishermen and others on the Malecón along Havana's seafront at sunset. Cuba.

On the flight from Paris to Havana I run my finger along a map of Cuba. It's shape is like a long happy-sad smile that turns up at one end and down on the other side. Growing up in the 60's and 70's I was fed a lot of slanted kak by the Afrikaner Christian Nationalist rulers.

Besides the 'Swart Gevaar' (those dangerous blacks), there was a communist hiding behind every bush. Communists were murderers, evildoers, infidels, imperialists, thugs, drunkards and worse than all the 'swart-gevaar' in the country.

As the plane approached Havana International airport, it started to vibrate with increased rhythm. The Cuban next to me took a last swig of Rum from those silly little bottles that the stewardesses provide you with a sneer when you ask for a triple. He looked at me and said about the vibrations, "Cuban vibes".

So OK then, off we all trudge to the immigration counters. For a brief moment, my communist prejudices of the past flash before me. 'Passport, por favor - stamp - stamp - gracias - welcome to Cuba'. The first real visual blast I get, right there at the arrival hall, are of the female immigration and custom officials. They are wearing extremely short skirts with black net stockings.

In fact, they were so short that I had to sit down and breathe deeply. Pretty faces with sensual olive brown skinned bodies fill what was left to fill. Actually, some bodies were quite fleshy and rubenesque like.

But, every little roll of fat was tucked and pushed into the uniform, which, when it moved, vibrated the rhythms of a country where, I've heard, hearts beat Salsa hot.

That same afternoon, I went for a walk along Havana's famous esplanade, the Malecón, which stretches for kilometres along the city's waterfront.

Here Havana's soul beats into you like the thump-thump rhythm of a bass guitar, you are blushed by its warmth, dazzled by its smells and noises and colour. Music and sights that spread like painted graffiti surround me.

The fifties and sixties are singing in weathered chorus: faded colours peel, old Chevi's, Fords, Dodges, Cadillac's, gleam, facades peel paint, columns crack, washing adorns balconies and a quiet ocean ripples a Caribbean blue. People walk, sit, and talk the passion of the now, of simplicity, of love. People smile at each other. I feel big city communality as never before.

I shoot for the fun of it; shoot colour, some new ones, some sad, some glad ones and a lot of faded old ones. I quickly shoot some lovers kissing. Nobody robs me. I feel the rhythm and the warmth of a people's place, of a city that embraces and pulses.

Someone taps me on my shoulder. It's my Cuban passenger from this morning's flight. He offers me a swig of rum and says. "Welcome to Havana. Here along the Malecón you can see the whole of Cuba

*R10 000 ex. VAT  
Unframed | Size as displayed  
Glacier White 260gsm Canon Paper*

67

Caught in a thunderstorm in Viñales, Louis Lianas Rico takes shelter in a bar. Cuba.

*R8 000 ex. VAT  
Unframed | Size as displayed  
Glacier White 260gsm Canon Paper*

68

Haghpat Monastery, a religious complex founded in the 10th century and included in the UNESCO World Heritage List along with monasteries in nearby Sanahin. Armenia.

*R8 000 ex. VAT  
Unframed | Size as displayed  
Glacier White 260gsm Canon Paper*

69

Early morning clouds over Lake Malawi on the beach at Fish Eagle Lodge near Nkhotakota. Malawi.

*R10 000 ex. VAT  
Unframed | Size as displayed  
Glacier White 260gsm Canon Paper*

70

Zimbabwean refugees, now employed in South Africa, buy groceries for the weekend at a trading store near Lutzville on South Africa's West Coast.

*R12 000 ex. VAT  
Unframed | Size as displayed  
Glacier White 260gsm Canon Paper*

71

Marilyn Monroe lives on in the yellow light of the sheep and goat tent at the Calvinia Meat Festival. Calvinia. Hantam Karoo. South Africa. In the background is the unusual Jacob's four horned sheep.

*R10 000 ex. VAT  
Unframed | Size as displayed  
Glacier White 260gsm Canon Paper*

72

23-year-old Mohamed Al Harti is a successful camel racer from the town of Al Qabil in northern Oman.

*R8 000 ex. VAT  
Unframed | Size as displayed  
Glacier White 260gsm Canon Paper*

73

A farmer or campesino, starts his early morning ploughing beneath the Mogote Del Valle near the town of Viñales. Cuba.

*R8 000 ex. VAT  
Unframed | Size as displayed  
Glacier White 260gsm Canon Paper*

74

A full moon rises over the city of Zagora. Morocco.

*R10 000 ex. VAT  
Unframed | Size as displayed  
Glacier White 260gsm Canon Paper*

75

Last light shines across a flock of sheep grazing along the Bell River near the Village of Rhodes in the southern Drakensberg of South Africa.

*R10 000 ex. VAT  
Unframed | Size as displayed  
Glacier White 260gsm Canon Paper*

# 76

Man with a tattoo stands on the waterfront of the small fishing harbour of La Boca on the Ancón Peninsula. Cuba.

The weekend spills its sun-coated vibe on the people of Trinidad who travel the 4 km stretch to the shores of La Boca, a tiny fishing village. Here, they can indulge and exuberate.

There is a hive of actions and expressions that move-billow-bulge, like the daily thunderclouds that gather over the nearby mountains in the afternoons. The Cubans have no fear in shedding articles of clothing beneath the bulging clouds.

I am just a happy-go-lucky Amigo, shooting everything that moves with a bit of thunder. Tattoos, once frowned upon by the government, have blossomed as a form of body art over the last 10 years. The rulers have lost the grip on their people's expressions of freedom.

Tattooing is an ancient, symbolic skin art of the peoples of the Pacific and Australasia. World explorer, James Cook, captain of the 'Endeavour', brought back the word 'Tattaou' from New Zealand to Europe in 1771. I wonder. Maybe he watched two clans of Māori warriors line up against each other doing their chilling battle cry called the 'Haka', after which they would roll around fighting each other in the dark mud till they were half dead and all black.

I think that the game of rugby could have started in New Zealand and the Pacific islands using a coconut as a ball. I walk along the edge of the Caribbean, beneath giant Flamboyants that hang out flowers so red that they blind the heart.

In the calm tropical ocean, groups of men stand in circles talking and passing a bottle of rum. José with the Aztec sun tattoo passes the bottle to José with the Cuban flag tattoo, then to the Ché, to the

dragon, to the lion, to another José with yet another Ché tattoo.

Around and around they go till the bottle gets drunk. I walk in on a group of youths that look like sex pistols playing heavy metal from an ear-blaster machine.

The one young dude has a Black Sabbath tattoo on his arm that should have been on his father's chest. A sexy, but rather plump woman walks past me with a psychedelic butterfly peeping out from one buttock and a marijuana leaf on the other cheek. I feel like slapping the leafy one and then flying away into the ever-increasing Cumulus clouds. Then you know what?

When I am up there I'd like to go and have a tattoo done across my back. Emblazed on my back will be a quote from one of the fathers of modern photography. In 1838, when Louis Mandé Daguerre, managed to capture the first image of a person, he ran into the street shouting 'I have seized the light, I have arrested its flight'. (It was a 10-minute exposure taken from his studio window of The Boulevard du Temple in Paris. Because of the long exposure time all the pedestrians have moved, except a man standing still having his shoes polished).

Slightly stoned, but at ground level again, I shoot a scene, where just for a fleeting moment all the linear co-ordinates engage. Then the dark clouds bucket down their water.

I shelter beneath the Flamboyant's red and out in the ocean, under a leaden sky, a Ché Guevara tattoo passes the bottle of rum to the Chinese Dragon.

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77

Proud to be cross-dressers, these young men from Prince Albert pose for me in front of the OK Bazaar Supermarket in this very accepting Karoo town. From left to right: Gaga Licious, Justine Booysen and Lashante Johnson. Asked what they thought of the Prince Albert community, they replied, "Splendid."

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78

Steel-pot (Potjiekos) cooking of meat and maize meal on open fires at the Mampoer Festival (Schnapps Fest) near Pretoria. South Africa.

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79

Two street artists, (Ché Guevara and Fidal Castro lookalikes) in Havana. Cuba.

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# 80

Dyson Chipakuza (45) and Bechi Venesiyo (52) are labourers on the Satmewa Tea Estate near Thylo in southern Malawi.

Life to me is this long road disappearing into the distance. Not really wanting to get to the end, I just enjoy the ride. The more the road twists, turns and bumps, the more exhilarating the journey. Sometimes in Africa, the dust, moments, and trials that you battle through become the memories you treasure the most. Like this one.

I am sitting on the veranda of an old colonial house overlooking the tea plantations of the Shire Highlands above the town of Thylo in southern Malawi. After a day of pictorial warfare amongst the estate's rolling green hills, vistas, and Afro-Montane forests, I am tired of looking with relentless intensity. There's no beer or wine around, just effing tea. I hate effing tea. In the pantry there are boxes of tea that are grown on the estate, Black, Green, Oolong, White, and Dark tea. I ask the waiter for Oolong tea, which arrives promptly on a tea tray with a gold-plated tea strainer that is engraved with the words, 'Where there is tea there is hope'. So there I sit with my little finger in the air drinking exotic, but for me, quite boring tasting Oolong Tea.

The estate being situated above the plains, there is little of the usual concert of rural African sounds, just the nonexistent hush of tea growing. Then, after awhile, I hear the rhythmic sound of a person sawing wood. I jump into the bakkie and go forth, following sound rather than sight.

My audio is a bit nervous, because for many years, it's been following my eyes. The saw-saw-saw-saw-saw-saw-sawing sound takes me along a small track into a dark indigenous forest.

This trip, quickly dubbed Operation 'Seesaw,' forces the engagement of four-

wheel drive, which ups the expectations. Then I see the saw. Two sawmen, dressed in sweat, are using a 2 metre long Crosscut saw on a massive fallen hardwood tree.

As a specialist in nothing much except pictorial small talk, I tell them the usual bullshit of environmental documentation, the unity of their saw-movements and their harmony with nature. Basically: 'If you come down to the old house for a portrait, I will give you something more than tea'. They smile. Soon I had Dyson Chipakuza (45) and Bechi Venesiyo (52) posing with their 182 cm long, 66-tooth saw.

How did I know about the teeth? Well, they told me. I tell them that a human has 32 teeth. We laugh: 'ha-ha-ha-ha'. How did I know that? Well, my dentist told me. They tell me that they have only a few teeth. The ice is broken and I take 4 frames.

My wife, Lynn, holds a powerful hunting torch on them for a little more seesaw. I tell them that the torch is as strong as a 1 million candles put together and do a few final frames of their more serious expressions.

This is all Oolong-boo-bah talk. Dyson and Bechi are occasional workers on the tea estate and are employed to saw up fallen hardwood trees.

They are linked in friendship and work, have very little but a hut and a family. Their most prized article is the combined ownership of a crosscut saw.

I give them more money than I should have and when they leave, a tea drop rolls down my cheek.

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# 81

A pensioner holds his pet rabbit in his yard in Santa Clara. Cuba.

I am the relentless hunter-gatherer for any edible image; the walkabout street gobbler, the searcher for the quick moment of unpredictability, the rhythm of the odd, the one liner of the haphazard and the spoiler of the picture perfect.

I am inadequately prepared to capture anything but a small slither of this vast and huge world, just a grain of sand, walking this endless human beach. Man was made to walk, so I walk.

My camera is my white walking stick; it touches the way I should go. My hope still springs eternal in the search and dream, that I will get what I came for, slithers of light and moments that stay just a short while longer.

This is my second day in the Cuban city of Santa Clara --- the town of the revolutionaries, place of the final battle against Batista's dictatorship and the memorial monument to the eternal Cuban hero, Ché Guevara.

Big words on paper do not help to conjure up that short exposure which balances light, line and shape. Yet, in that lies a photographic contradiction. Sometimes, the offbeat and life's roughed edges, help to poise the balanced. I am the unbalanced man holding the balanced machine, the camera.

I am actually thinking this whilst walking down Avenida de Los Desfiles to Boulevard Independencia. (The way between one Ché monument and another Ché monument).

My assistant, walking a distance ahead, looks nice and balanced carrying my Manfrotto tripod. She's an awfully balanced person, neatly poised, carrying my truly well balanced Italian machine.

I tell her the bit about the unbalanced using the balanced. She sighs, rolls her eyes with a half smile and says, "You were totally unbalanced last night after that half jack of Rum".

So you see, in front of every man is a great woman. I search on without walking the talk. In all the Cuban cities, people live on the streets, cheek by jowl. Their close proximity to each other brings warmth and passion and atmosphere and love and sadness and happiness right there onto the pavements. I am walking through life.

Pavements are to Cubans what malls are to Americans, just that most Americans look to buy and the Cubans look to see. Their small living rooms overflow like iced cakes and puddings onto the streets.

Old dented fans chop at the thick air; kitsch ornaments shine and the state run television flickers the great Cuban lifestyle against cracked walls. Outside his front door, José has his greasy head beneath the bonnet, working on the Russian diesel engine in his 1948 Chevrolet Fleet-master.

The beautiful car stands, kept alive with everything hybrid. I greet an old man on the pavement called Rafael. He cuddles a baby rabbit. I conjure a picture, mime a question: May I? He smiles, I take. Then I walk on, saddened with a smile.

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82

Young soccer player with handmade ball. Teté. Mozambique.

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83

Woman washing clothes in the Zambezi River. Teté. Mozambique.

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84

'The House of the Hanging Boots'. Szék Village. Romania.

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85

A giant spider sculpture stands guard on a tower in the New South Wales town of Urana. Australia.

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86

Jansen with his arm tattoo and a 9mm Parabellum handgun. South Africa.

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87

Nico Masemula was a Sotho, assistant to the South African ceramist Hylton Nel. Photographed in Nel's ceramic studio outside Calitzdorp in the Klein Karoo. Nico died of Pneumonia at the age of 30 in 2015.

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88

Sunrise with rain clouds over the long road between Fraserburg and Carnarvon. Great Karoo. South Africa.

Take me there, Karoo Road, take me there. Behind me you wag your tail of dust and out past my window-arm you blur the bossies to a blended greenish grey. I hold you, I look you, I gravel you and I love you to a pale distant point.

I have rolled tyres on you for forty years and still I thrill to ride your endless eoughened way. Take me again and again to a place that becomes another space. Hell Boy, where is Taaboschfontein se Leegte? You give me freedom, Karoo road, freedom. Along you, I make photo songs, often just a few and sometimes a couple more. I can never pass you by; your long way connects the landscapes in my mind.

One day, when the body is too frail to change gears through your driffies and curves and passes, I will sit and dream you Karoo road, dream you. I watch the windmills pass, sheep look up, crows sit on poles, a row of ridges on the right, two, four, five koppies lie up ahead' a cracked dam, a lonely farm house and in front, an old sign, with bullet holes, that reads

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'Merweville 30' Lead me on, Great Karoo road, lead me on.

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# 89

The “Remarkable Rocks,” as they are called, are a collection of enormous eroded granite boulders (made up of bluish quartz, black mica and pinkish feldspar.) Kangaroo Island. Australia.

We drove to Cape Couedic on the southwestern corner of Kangaroo Island. The road through Eucalyptus forest pulled its sealed self to the horizon, just showing slight buckles from my long lens perspective.

Gary Google had told me that there were over 700 species of Eucalyptus. I was in a state of elevated ecstasy. I started substance abuse at the age of three, with a Eucalyptus based product called Vicks Vapor Rub. I used to rub it, eat it and sniff it long before Jack Kerouac hit the road and the hippies went to San Francisco to wear flowers in their hair.

Lynn looked at me and after awhile asked, “Why are you sucking your thumb?” I glanced at her, framed by the van’s window that showed passing blurred Eucalyptus trees. “Just thinking about my childhood”, I replied, trying to blur her and get the trees sharp. “Well, stop sucking your thumb ---- it’s disgusting”.

It reminded me of my mother, who said the same thing to me 64 years ago. We entered the Flinders Chase National Park and the early shades of evening had added a gnarly grotesqueness to the shapes of the tall Eucalyptus.

Then, in front of us, perched high on a cliff overlooking the Southern Ocean, perched on a giant dome of lava coughed up 200 million years, were a strange collection of huge boulders.

The ‘Remarkable Rocks’, as they are called, are a collection of enormous eroded granite boulders. Through the eons of time, rain, wind and sea spray have carved these boulders into Henry Moore sculptures.

I was on a visual high; tripping, my eyes giddy with delight. I hugged the scene, now bathed in the eerie luminosity of early twilight.

With my toy in hand, I started to run around the boulders like a boy of three. Somewhere long ago, I heard my mother shout, “Be careful now, look where you are running and don’t trip....” My assistant followed diligently with tripod and hunting torch in hand.

She shouted, “Look where you are going, its dangerous here, don’t trip”.

Remarkable tripping.

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90

Sunrise with Abu Dhabi architecture. United Arab Emirates.

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91

A Cambodian Zebu cow turns away from an advertising board in the town of Angk Ta Saom in central Cambodia.

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92

A display of dried fish in the open market in Teté. Mozambique. 2016

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93

Man selling sunflowers in the town of Trinidad. Cuba.

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94

Woman with baby in the Teté market. Mozambique. 2016

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95

'Notel' rooftop boutique hotel. Part boutique hotel, part caravan park, is the invention of Melbourne-born entrepreneur, James Fry, who wanted to do something unusual on the top floor of his multi-storey car park on fashionable Flinders Lane. Australia.

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96

The Ouberg Pass winds down the Roggeveld Mountains from Sutherland into the Tankwa Karoo. South Africa.

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97

The mud village of Birkat al Mawz. Oman.

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98

This book tells the harrowing story of Bou Meng, a survivor from Toul Sleng, Khmer Rouge Prison S-21 in Cambodia. "It offers a glimpse through a keyhole into the dark interior of the Khmer Rouge, who were responsible for the deaths of as many as one-fourth of Cambodia's population from 1975-1979. Bou Meng survived, after weeks of torture, because he was an artist. He was taken from a row of shackled prisoners and put to work painting portraits of the Khmer Rouge leader, Pol Pot, and he continued, as other were tortured and killed, until the prison was hastily evacuated in the face of the Vietnamese invasion. Tuol Sleng has been converted into a Museum of this Genocide, and its lower floors are filled with hundreds of portraits of victims.

R8 000 ex. VAT

# 99

7th Century temple in the Phnom Chhngok Cave near Kompot in Cambodia. The Temple is dedicated to the Hindu God, Shiva.

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# 100

Two young boys in a village near Teté. Mozambique.

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# 101

A wheel chair stands on the pavement in front of a fashion poster in Phnom Penh.

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# 102

A sudden thunderstorm breaks over the Kampong Bay River near Kampot in southern Cambodia.

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# 103

Charles Mark ferries back from Rabbit Island to the coastal town of Kep.

He said the following of the tattoo on his back: "So...the tattoo on my back is a post apocalyptic scene, everything and everyone from our current world has disappeared. What I wanted to show was the first living beings to appear in this desolate land, so I asked my tattooist to draw a tree, a tree with fruits.

And from these fruits would appear the first creatures, a crow, a deer and a woman. Each of these creatures has a special meaning of course. The crow is not our common crow, he's not black but instead he has a colourful plumage, it is said that crows will regain their gorgeous appearance at the end of time in Ukrainian legends.

He is the first-born and also the protector and the guide for the future children in this new era. The deer is obviously a symbol of Nature, and the woman a representative of humanity, humanity that is no longer a threat for nature since it came from the same strain."

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