pean “civilization” (celebrated in its strange way by Milan Kundera’s bitter but nostalgic “A Kidnapped West, or Culture Bows Out” — Granata 11) or the cultural liberalism of the fading bourgeois- ism of Paris, Weimar, Lina, Santia- go, Cape Town, New York. That the language from which all of this derives has different connections is studiously avoided. The connect- ions made in Granata are only too evident in the columns, in The New York Times, the Manchester Guardian, The Australian. Gran- ta is the bourgeois intelligentsia’s Reader’s Digest.

That other connections are pos- sible and necessary can be demon- strated by examining Critical Arts, which comes from a society where things really is a de- ser. It comes out of the Critical Arts study group at the Universi- ties of London and Warwick. DICU- rral, and, unlike Granata, it is not glossy. It is printed on a typewri- ter with some beautiful color graphics. The quality of the individ- ual issues is erratic (but Critical Arts does not seem to care about “Best of anything: it is about culture in motion and about cul- ture in the third world where everything is self-consciously in flux). Critical Arts is not cele- bratory, like Granata, but tries to act “as a cue for creating alter- native dimensions to the stereotyped view of the world. In all cases it is a critique of the ideology”. Its issues deal with cinema, visual anthropology, perfor- mance, how structures in English and British imperialism is imprinted in society, popular culture and perfor- mance, the press and broadcast- ing. If it is more “academic” than Granata it is an academicism which is concerned with pedagogy and pol- itical action. Consequently it draws on traditions that Granata ignores: Raymond Williams, the Birmingham School, structural anthropology, semiotics, American cultural theory, symbolic interaction, Screen. Cri- tical Arts’ nervousness about what stage would be appropriate to coming to terms with culture in Africa seems to be perfectly in place with the way it comes with coming to terms with Africa. As Wole Soyinka has remarked, the black nationalism of Nigeria is the twin brother of South Africa’s apartheid, with the corollary of South Africa’s role in creating a critical black con- sciousness in South Africa requires more than simply having a black South African nationalism. The role of the media — and hence media literacy — in Africa has to be thought through. Paradox- ically, South Africa, living through the hiatus of white domination and the ultimate revolution, may be just the place for that thinking to take place. Not many people are doing that thinking and Critical Arts represents most of it. The issue now is not simply that impe- rialism has created an infra- structure of control of which Afri- cans must take account, but that it is being taken into account in places as different as Botswana and Tanzania.

However, that English is no longer the preserve of a select few but is in a sense the lingua franca of the world, it is entirely appropriate that the British should produce a magazine dedicated to writing in English everywhere, including writing in translation. It is also ap- propriate that out of South Africa should come a journal which looks at things as third. The largely African) media, writing and perfor- mance and which displays an agenda that claims the lingua franca only connects with the vast number of people in Africa. At 99.7% according to the South African Imperialism — Milan Kundera, Gabriel Garcia Marquez, Josef Skvorecky, Stepean Kitchin, John Ber- ge, Edward Said, Mario Vargas Llosa, Reinaldo Arenas, Michael Ignatieff — preprinting or re- printing pieces which are available elsewhere in books, either in the authors’ own collections or in other jour- nals or magazines.

It is worth contrasting Granata with New Writing which Penguin also published, but in the 1990s and 1980s, under the editorship of John Lehmam. New Writing also had an international spectrum — in its pages appeared Kaf- ka, Brecht, Lorca, Pound, Koestler, T.S. Eliot — but it also had a four decades encouraging British writers, had a sense of move- ment (as something which grew out of the Spanish Civil War was bound to have) and, because of its existence throughout the Second World War, it necessarily became a vehicle for keeping in touch with those who were dispersed.

In contrast, Granata represents something like an Amnesty Inter- national view of literature or a magazine that is a sucker for the Nobel Prize winner or with her eye firmly trained on the next Prize, in splitlet terms, a criteriast with which they try to collect the “best” of this or that form of Brit- ish (and in the case of the Wal- ter) it included American writing. In this way it carefully avoids any of the schools of literary or cultural criticism the any of the committed work which is related to these schools. It is also totally devoid of poetry, drama, sexual or poetic analysis, but very strong on photo- graphy and action journalism. It is therefore in many ways a direct successor of the “God that Failed” version of anti-Marxism that emerged after the Second World War, and plays on Euro-