

INTELAG

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EDITORS' NOTE



MEGAN AND LETHABO

It's Freedom Month, which of course affects people differently but for most of it we can't help but wonder if we've gotten anywhere in the past 24 years.

Regardless, this issue celebrates the struggle icons who fought for the freedom we have. Tribute is paid to the late mother of nation, Mama Winnie, with an eye opening piece from guest writer and blogger Pearl Pillay.

Our feature speaks to a university leader and upcoming author about the true meaning of freedom.

We also look and reminisce back on how our fallen black heroes fought tooth and nail for our freedom and built a legacy for us. As a South African celebrating this inherent freedom, what are you fighting for?

Nonetheless, you to decide if it's 24 years worth the celebration or not...



FASHION REPORT

By Thandeka Sincadu

TREND REPORT

Power suits are evolving and becoming androgynous fitting for anyone. The classic reiteration of the power suit is more or less monolithic in its approach to everything—bold blocks of color and mostly devoid of stylish details or subtleties...

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TREND REPORT :

THE POWER SUIT

The Power suit is back with a bang. It is no longer just limited to the corporate world; we now make money moves every day, all day whilst looking fierce.

The history of women's fashion has strived to make social statements. The development of the two piece suit by Coco Chanel in the 30s has been a great turn for women in fashion. The power suit has been used in as a tool to fight for equal rights for women in a man's world. Although we may live in a different time, women's rights are a daily topic to women everywhere. From the #MeToo movement right to the "Future Is Female" boss babe mantra. It is no secret why the power suit has come back. It is a symbol of strength and defiance.

The Power suit is an ultra-androgynous look and it can suit anyone and anybody type.

The new Power suit is not what it used to be. It has evolved into many different styles; from oversized men's blazers to tailored feminine suits. The current trend is the use of bold colours and tweed on suits. For a more cohesive look, make use of the contrast between an oversized blazer with a tailored pant or skinny jeans.



Paris Summer/ Spring 18 Fashion Week

The Power suit is an ultra-androgynous look and it can suit anyone and anybody type.



Off-White Spring '17

The choice of accessories and shoes can either dress the look up or down. Coloured sunglasses and sneakers are perfect for daytime and the addition of the envelope clutch bag and stylish statement block heel can transition the look.

THE RAP GOD

BY LETHABO LETSHOKGOHLA



The anticipation of a newer flavour in the music industry that is also constant is what Thokozani is all about, no compromise.

He is 1 of 4 born in Mpumalanga(Volksrust) to two phenomenal hard-working public-serving parents, mother being a teacher and the father a correctional officer. Around the age of 10, when other kids were cart-wheeling, the young lad found a place in which his soul and mind aligned with music that was a mediator between the spiritual and the sensual.

“Inclined to figuring things out, I would literally write out 2 Pac’s lyrics just to figure out how it felt to write something and speak it to existence. Little did I know that at that moment, I was rewriting feelings. With that I would listen to a lot of different music from legends Ladysmith Black Mambazo – to contemporary R&B/Soul artist Luther Vandross, but rap stood out for me as a form of expression. “

Wanting more for himself, he decided to enhance his craft and attended poetry sessions that allowed for him to write snippets of his own feelings and allowed for him to discover who he is and becoming at the young age of 13 after being serenaded by 2 Pac, pun intended.

He started production with no background knowledge of whatsoever or internet to say the least, but with passion and drive. When the software/DAW called FL studio was hot like the mouth-watering pan-cakes back-then, Thokozani jumped on the bandwagon that was a sign of a beginning of a turning point in his life.

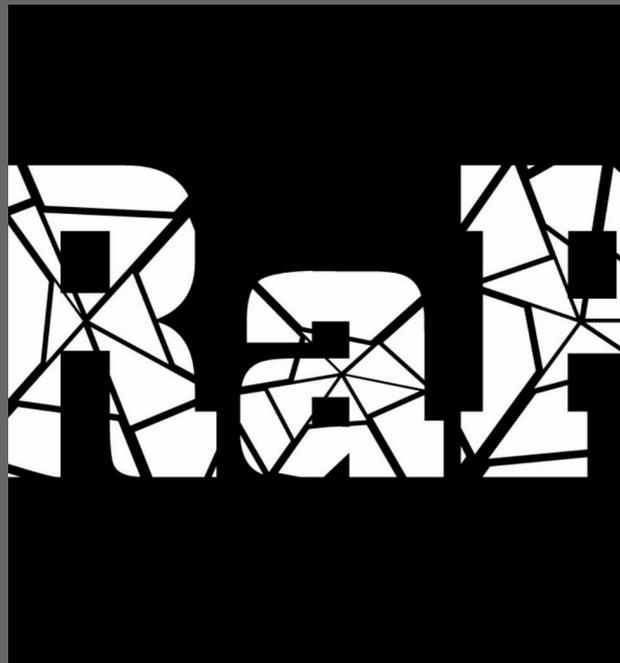
Thokozani always regards his next music project perfect and therefore doesn’t have any “Chart toppers”...interesting!!! Confidence drippin maybe? In his boundaries, he’d rather have a least favourite. In his words, you can’t chart love and to him music is a parallel to love.

“Roller-coaster rides are a way of life. The mere fact that you go through the things you go through should excite you. We’re placed on the earth to experience, expand and experiment. The mind is a powerful tool. In a ‘dying’ world, spreading truth, love and light (knowledge) is my responsibility. To spread, love, experience and knowledge is what in my very being am here to do

Being different is to refuse to conform but the willingness to experiment-Thokozani, eat that folks. His constant search for something different and futuristic is what constantly sets him apart. Backing up this with his drive is people's experiences and the hunger of wanting to learn which has always been his soul-food. Out of interest, we asked the rapper what top 3 things he'd save if humanity was being moved away from Earth, and to our surprise, himself(mind,body and soul) is the three things that would make it out of Earth.

His pedestal moment would be the opportunity to have a platform to reach millions in the midst of all the hogwash. "What happens after that is that we'd give a platform to new ideas and we grow. There's always room for growth. Also, increasing the lifespan of creatives and still be able to 'fund' their ideas."

His support structure has kept him levelled up and focused, and fortunately his parents the biggest constituents, are his biggest supporter. "I'm getting enough support to reach my next set of supporters and the next level of my own creative capability. Miss me with the status quo, I think there's no right or wrong way to get support. There's just a way (you know). The people who support me now, are those meant to be the recipients of my message."



"I'm a constantly working creative which runs me straight into a wall sometimes, ha-ha. However every time I run into one, I find a way to go through."



Images extracted from www.news24.com

Thokozani's belief lies in what he chooses and that is his fate and therefore believes inn fate in that narrative.

Be sure to checkout for Thokozani because he's got a few projects lined up and unreleased music in the oven. "I'm a constantly working creative which runs me straight into a wall sometimes, ha-ha. However every time I run into one, I find a way to go through."

ARE WE TRULY FREE?

BY MEGAN GOVENDER



Let's talk about 24 years of freedom. Our struggle icons spent time in Robben Island, were brutally tortured and some lost their lives. Was it worth or was it just a passing maritime to get the oppressors to back off but low key from the pits of South Africa to hound us?

Eastern Cape born, Mookameli MK Moeketsi, shares his view on the concept of freedom in our country. MK is a young activist in his own right. In 2017 he served as the Wits Junction House committee Chairperson and went on to becoming the Wits All Residence Council Chairperson in 2018. He is also an ambassador for Africa 54 and the current Junction Vice Chairperson.

Driven by wanting to break the forms of oppression posed on society, MK developed a knack for leadership. After his father left him as a child, he encountered various forms of oppression that shaped him into what he believes in now.

He also believes that Black History should be in books as History not as a particular form of history and written by people who want censor what really happened to the likes of Robert Sobuke and Steve Biko.

His statement riled up thought in me, how many people know about Sobuke? When you search for struggle icons on Google his face doesn't pop up immediately, so if you were to read a pretty article with nice words on this man who contributed to the riches of our history would you believe that you were told the full story and does that make you any wiser than the person who hasn't heard of him?

It's high time we learn about the icons buried in the archives, not just about Mandela and Napoleon Bonaparte or Marie Antoinette.

Finally, MK believes that freedom shouldn't be bound to race and instead be defined as living without fear. Unfortunately, we live in a world where we're afraid to speak out, practice our sexuality, dress the way we want, to study or being a certain skin colour or body in fear of being oppressed financially, socially and to some extent on an intellectual level. The worst part yet, living in fear of death, as if the Grim Reaper is waiting for you in the corner on a daily basis. I don't know about you but those look like Human Rights violations to me.

South Africa, actually the world has a long way to go and once they start respecting humanity, that is the only time we can safely say we're truly free!



FREEDOM
DAY

• B Y N A L E D I S H O L E •

By Naledi Shole

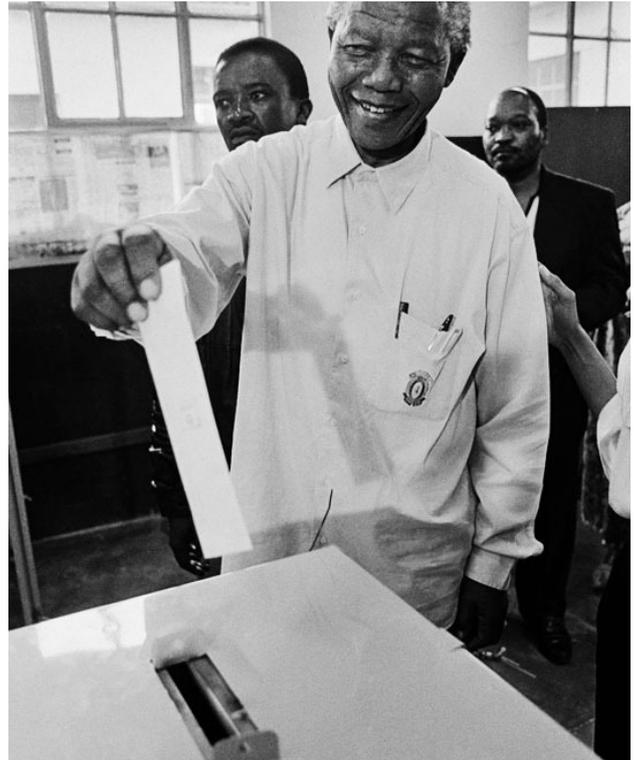
Freedom-day which is on the 27th of April 2018 is the day many South-Africans celebrate the liberation of the country, a commemoration of our country's first democratic post-apartheid elections which were held on the 27th of April in 1994.

As a nation, South-Africa has come a long way with its constitution and democracy. The baptized country celebrates this day by embracing and being proud of South-Africa's unique and remarkably detailed and inclusive constitution.

The constitution provides citizens freedom and being free of the oppression that used to dominate the country in the past. This day is an important day for South-African's indigenous people and different ethnic groups. Although it is an important day for black people in the country it too is equally important for all South-Africans whom understand the value of freedom.

There are various ways to celebrate this public holiday, firstly one can take a trip to Robben Island in-order to gain knowledge about the history of uTata Nelson Mandela, Steve Biko etcetera, the nation's freedom fighters that stood and still for many things.

Secondly, make your way to the streets of Soweto, a cultural hub of the country. A country full of heritage and where every culture is celebrated. South-Africa is a liberated country and that is why is should be celebrated with pride and dignity.



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" For to be free is not merely to cast off one's chains, but to live in a way that respects and enhances the freedom of others"



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F O S S A

BY TSEPANG



Fossa was established in 2016 over a couple of drinks and conversations with two good friends Chiloba Jere and Tsepang Phuroe. It came about over a casual conversation about the love we had for genuine leather products which most of us could not afford. We then saw a gap in the industry to make affordable priced leather products to our society.

After such a positive reception to our brand we saw the need to grow and not limit ourselves to the leather market. We then decided to change Fossa into a fashion company supplying a wide variety of products and incorporating African material into our products so that it could resonate to the land it was birthed.

On a daily basis we see people wearing all these brands owned by multi-million dollar companies overseas and yet it is very rare to find a brand that speaks to who we are as Africans. And that is what Fossa stands for. We seek to be the voice of Africa in the fashion industry. The name Fossa is a wild cat that is found in Madagascar, Africa and it is a very true image of what we stand for. A calm, classy, elegant and sophisticated brand with an immense force to reckon with.

Here at Fossa we have products for everyone from caps, beanies, bag packs, laptop bags, belts, wallets and soon to come, our highly anticipated clothing line.



LIMITLESS AND TIMELESS

In the years to come with the help of the support of our people, we strive to be one of Africa's top luxury brands. We are also looking to complete on a global platform and aim to gain a good percentage of the market share. It definitely will not be easy but with perseverance, hard work and patience we will get there.

COCONUTS, BANANAS, CURRY ON RICE – DELICIOUS!

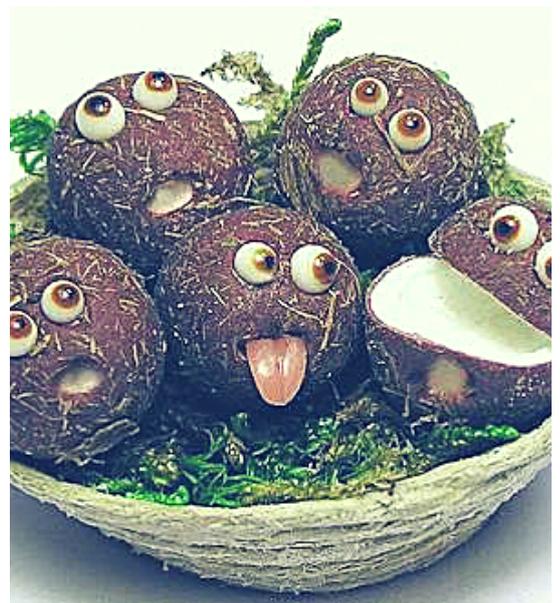
By Simphiwe Sedise



As we mourn the lamentable passing of the late Mama Winnie Madikizela-Mandela it serves us well to look back on the legacy she left behind, what she believed and stood for and as a result what she sacrificed herself and family for. Her strive for a more equal and just South Africa, shall ensure that her name is cemented in history. She proved that even in a White man's world, a Black woman could retain the fighting spirit of a resistance that defeats an entire institution of hate. She proved that if you strike a woman then you're striking a rock.

What has all suffering and torture that she and our parents and their parents before them endured accomplished? It is evident that we've come a long way from then oppressive days of apartheid, however, the road ahead is still very long and it appears that one of the largest hindering factors of diversification may be ourselves.

Long before the South African entertainment industry appropriated Western culture and incorporated American slang into every lyric resulting in a society of "skkrrrs", "skwas" and "niggas", there were the outcasts of society. Those ostracized by their own races for being "too White!" Before having a "twang" was cool, the coconuts, bananas and curry on rice we're ostracized. They were they discriminated against for not being Black enough, Coloured or Indian enough.



The main reason for the bullying was the belief that being well spoken was somehow an indication that one believed they were better than their peers of the same race. Having friends of other races, particularly White friends was seems as a validation of this claim.

Is it truly so bad that I don't see myself to be an inferior human because of my skin? Not having a deeply-racially rooted accent simply meant that I was blessed enough to have learned English at a younger age and grew up in a community that taught me that the only factor preventing me from succeeding was myself and not my race. The only thing that made me feel different from my White counterparts was that I could stand longer in the sun without having to worry about sunburn.

Since the dawn of colonialism, melanin was made to appear as being a genetic flaw. In the wake of science and liberalism, it's been proven to the exact opposite. Why do we then choose to continue believing these hurtful misconceptions? Seeing as how humans are humans regardless of complexion, there is no reason why I should deprive myself of achieving my potential simply because I am tanned.

Perhaps being raised in a multiracial society made me differently woke – not ignorantly blissful.

Is it truly so wrong that I look at other races as my equal? Perhaps the most woke of Blacks and people of colour in general have been those who have been believed to be the most foolish.

Coconuts, bananas and curry on rice – merely people who are woke in a different way.



Is it truly so wrong that I look at other races as my equal? Perhaps the most woke of Blacks and people of colour in general have been those who have been believed to be the most foolish.



THE WITCH IS DEAD; BURN THE WITCH!

Work by Pearl Pillay



That's the headline you want to see, right? You, the colonial residue turned apartheid stains, forever etched in the collective consciousness of black South Africa. You, who, from the saddles of your horses in your private estates and the cellars of your wine farms on stolen land, pretend that your indignation originates from a desire for a just society and a care for black life. You, who waxes lyrical about the importance of holding all people accountable for their actions, whilst you go home to your grandfathers who butchered black people but give them a pass because "they were just doing their jobs" and you "really were against what was happening".

You, who condemns a revolutionary for fighting the violent system of your fathers with force, as if they oppressed us with hugs. You, with your collective amnesia when it's time to account for your complicity during Apartheid and your continued benefit from it, demanding that we all "get over it" because your Rainbow Nation Tar-Tar forgave all of you, even though you hate the people he represented, the people who elected him to lead, the people he was once ready to kill for. Have you not realised yet that we see through you?

And you, Liberation Party. You, who sits back and watches a racist, sexist media trample her name when you could have mounted a defence so strong, it could have moved mountains, but chose not to, even though she loved you until the very end. You, who feigns sadness at the loss of a hero who continuously provided guidance about your movement's shortcomings, even as you consistently ignored her.



You, who paraded her during your rallies and your congresses, knowing the lengths you went to in order to deny your own movement of the best President it could have had. You, who hails her as an icon for women whilst you disregard the rights and freedoms women in this country and in your party deserve. You, who sends your men who retired from leadership but not from patriarchy to lament her memory, when they too, tried to break her spirit but thinks that we'll forget her betrayal the way we'll forget them. We see through you too.

We know your end-game, we know it very well, in fact. Yours is to erase the legacy of the most ferocious freedom fighter of our time because she did not fit into your idea of what a woman should be. Hers was a fire so fierce, it brought an oppressive government to its knees; yet you diminish her identity into someone's ex-wife, as if her struggle credentials were sexually transmitted, as if she doesn't come from a family of warriors, as if she wasn't the one who moulded your Rainbow Hero when he was nothing but another prisoner. She created him, this Mandela of yours. She raised her fist, often alone, often in the face of violence, of torture and of death, in the creation of your Madiba, and you immortalise her with one word: flawed.

Of course she was flawed! Is she not human? Was she not fallible like the rest of us? Why then, does she not get the same respect, the same admiration, the same adoration, as you would afford any struggle veteran? Is a black woman, standing on her own, against a tide that wanted to kill her, so threatening to you that even in death, you seek to control her? But that's what's supposed to happen to radical women, right? They're banished to the basements of history because they aren't allowed to be flawed, they are supposed to endure hurt, breathe in death and breathe out revolution and never shake. That privilege – the privilege to falter - is reserved for men, isn't it? Men, whose flaws are silenced in death, and pushed away in life, shielded by Nobel Peace Prizes, foundations and "nation-building" dialogues; but a woman must always be reminded that she was no saint, lest she starts believing that she's equal to the men whose lives she saved.



**a woman must
always be reminded
that she was no saint**



Winnie Madikizela-Mandela personified an unstoppable force meeting an immovable object. Her radicalism carried the revolution when it became too scary to do so, but when the time came to reap the rewards of that revolution, she was discarded by the same people who will claim her as theirs at her funeral. Ours is a country in which monsters like FW de Klerk enjoy luxury, platform and recognition without being called flawed. We have streets named after them, statues proudly standing to honor their vile legacies, and yet we can't even give her the dignity of a headline. She was betrayed by the people she dedicated her life to and perhaps that should be our greatest shame.

Few people in this country so aptly represent the burning rage which is still alive in the hearts of black South Africans. For black women, for feminists, Mama represents what happens to us when we trust anyone but ourselves to own the responsibility, the sacred duty of memory. A woman who fought death every day, who was tortured and imprisoned, who had her children ripped away from her repeatedly, who buried her friends and who fought for her imprisoned husband whilst keeping the fire of liberation alive, has been reduced to the sum of her flaws, her marriage certificate and her divorce papers. We owe it to her to never let the ahistorical, uncritical lens of patriarchy dictate how she will be remembered.

I loved Mama with every bit of consciousness in me. When my own sense of politics was shaky, it was her story that grounded me. Her death has brought an inexplicable sense of loss. Winnie Madikizela-Mandela was my hero. In her, I saw a glimpse into a society that valued women that saw us as more than political cattle to parade as a sign of growth and then slaughter us when the parade was over. I saw a fighting spirit who knew what patriarchy could and would do to her but lived and fought without fear. I saw a force who prevailed in spite of her husband, not because of him. My heart is heavy writing this. I wanted to reflect on my love for her the way I thought we would as a nation, yet I write this seething with rage at how quickly we turned on her. I am ashamed that we have become a people who are so quick to propel mediocre men, and so determined to destroy powerful women.

The mistake, though, was thinking that a light as bright as Nomzamo Winifred Zanyiwe Madikizela-Mandela could be diminished so easily. Hers is a legacy that will live on through the fire of the women who carry her spirit. She is the witch that will never burn. Her light will shine through the corridors of mediocrity that patriarchy occupies and dance in the shadows of its failings. History will never forget her. She was the match that liberated this nation and that fire will never, never die.

Mama, you did not deserve the hand you were dealt, and we did not deserve you. May you find the victory in death that you so greatly deserved in life. Thank you. We will never forget.

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