

FULL
FRAME

REVIEW OF SOUTH AFRICAN PHOTOGRAPHY



SOUTH AFRICA'S FIRST JAZZ MAGAZINE

Vrye Weekblad

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MAX DU PREEZ

Die 21e eeu het eintlik al begin, kan u in dié uitgawe lees. 'n Mens het nie eens veel argumente daarvoor nodig nie, kyk maar na die ongelooflike omwenteling in ons eie land, op ons vasteland en in die res van die wêreld.

Nie net het die winde van demokratisering oor Afrika begin waai nie, die ganse wêreldorde het soos handomkeer verander met die disintegrering van die eens magtige Sowjet-Unie en die ineentuimel van die Oos-Blok.

Dit is 'n buitengewone tyd om in te lewe en mee te maak. Want die verandering is ten goede: outokratiese regimes maak plek vir regering deur die mense; die regte van die individu begin weer voorrang geniet; daar is 'n nuwe klem op menswaardigheid.

Bowenal: verandering stimuleer kreatiwiteit.

Saam met die verandering het daar ongelukkig ook heelwat onstabiliteit

en konflik gekom. Dit is onvermydelik. Dit is maar hoe die menslike natuur werk. Solank dié onstabiliteit net nie sekere grense oorskakel nie, soos die gevaar nou is in die Sowjet-Unie.

Al dié opmerkings geld ook ons

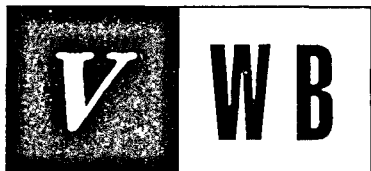
eie land. Met uitsondering van 'n paar persent het alle Suid-Afrikaners nou aanvaar dat die demokrasie 'n minimum-eis en algeheel on-onderhandelbaar is. Ons politiek het van wit-op-wit verander na 'n nasionale politiek. Rassisme word wyd as 'n euwel gesien. Swart en bruin Suid-Afrikaners begin hulself laat geld.

Ongelukkig het die onstabiliteit wat dié grondverskuiwings meegebring het, 'n ongewoon sterk wit teenreaksie ontlok. Daar is vroeë aanduidings dat die algemene wit opgewondenheid met die Nuwe Suid-Afrika besig is om soos mis voor die oggendson te verdwyn.

Dit is jammer dat daar nie 'n breër begrip onder wit Suid-Afrikaners vir die nuwe dinamiek is nie. Dit is seker deels te wyte aan jare se isolasie wat meegehelp het dat Suid-Afrikaners dit so moeilik vind om internasionale tendensies reg te kan lees en te kan

PLUS - Look inside! The first editions of our two magazines:

TwoTone, a monthly jazz magazine edited by Shado Twala, and *Full Frame*, a quarterly magazine on photography edited by David Goldblatt, Paul Weinberg and Guy Tillim



DIE NUUSTYDSKRIF
VIR MENINGSVORMERS

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BRIEWE

ARME TANT RINA

Medikus van Zonnebloem skryf:

Brolloks en Bittergal is nog steeds my favourites. Sê my watter een is Brolloks - die een met die passion gap of die skêrtongetjie? (As kinders was ons nooit heeltemal seker nie.) Elk geval, dis lekker om hulle terug te hê ná die amper te lang afwesigheid.

Ek wil graag iets bydra tot "Ag shame tant Rina" (VWB 5 Des '91). Net voor julle dink ek is 'n square, moet ek sê dat ek anti-dop (alkohol) is, 'n fan van (oorle) Don Martin en ds Herbie Brand en Monty Python én David Kessler (hy skryf ook in u koerant en ek het in Bellville grootgeword) én Moeder Theresa én prof Chris Barnard.

Eerstens moes Elna Boesak se program heelhuids gebeeldsênd word siende dat dit tog gemaak (en relevant) is. Andersins hoef hulle dit glad nie te gewys het nie, eerder as om so 'n verkratte weergawe aan ons kykers op te dis. Enige bobbejaan kon deur die SAUK se speletjie sien.

Tweedens is dit onregverdig om dr Rina Venter verantwoordelik te hou vir die gemors waarin die Ministerie van Gesondheid hom bevind. Ons moet onthou wat sy van haar voorganger in dié verband geërf het. Ek is 'n dokter en ek het ondervinding van gesondheidsdienste in die Kaapse Provinsiale Administrasie, Staatsgesondheid én die Weermag. (Ek werk nou nie meer vir een van dié drie nie.) Ons is tog almal bewus van die belaglike fragmentering van gesondheidsdienste wat tydens die reign van Venter se voorganger plaasgevind het. Het haar voorganger enigiets aan hierdie situasie probeer doen of hom ooit daarvoor uitgespreek?

Myns insiens doen dr Venter haar

uiterste bes. Sy lê klem op primêre sorg - dit is dêm belangrik en dêm nodig (ek het in so 'n situasie op die Kaapse vlakte en Atlantis gewerk.) Daar moet ook ruimte (sommer baie) vir akademiese geneeskunde wees - dis logies. Net soos primêre sorg verg dit ook baie kapitaal. Maar die regering het nie die pitte nie! Moet dr Venter dan nou hieroor bedank?

Myns insiens is die Mediese Vereniging se eise en uitlatings oor dr Venter suiwer male-bitchery! Ai, hoe steek die longhorns by die flennelbroeke uit! Ek stel voor dat die eerwaarde lede van die Mediese Vereniging in Venter se Harley Streets gaan staan.

Derdens wil ek ook sê dat baie mense (u kan seker raai) ontevrede was toe 'n nie-dokter aangestel is. Dis dié dat die reaksie oor tant Rina nou so heftig is. Maar dokters het mos al in nie-mediese portefuljes "gedien" (en hoe). As ek reg onthou, was 'n koekmechanic nie so lank gelede nie die Administrateur (of so iets) van eks-Suidwes. En wie sal dan vir omie dokter Munnik wat minister van Poswese was met sy R20 per maand handout aan pensionarisse (nie hyself nie) ooit vergee. (Terloops, hoe lyk dit met 'n update oor dié omie dokter en hoe hy met sy pensioene klaarkom?)

Manne, gee dr Venter 'n bietjie begrip en krediet - sy het dit nodig en verdien dit.

O ja, nog 'n item op my CV - ek het as eks-PF aan al die plaaslike "March Magnus Out" opmarse deelgeneem. Maar ek is nie te vinde vir 'n "March Tannie Rina Out" opmars nie.

Mag ek nog so ietsie sê en van die onderwerp afdwaal. Die eerste VWB wat ek gekoop het, het die artikel

"Leef by die swaard, sterf by die swaard" featuring oom PapWiel bevat. Dis Dynamite dié, sê ek toe en word 'n gereelde leser. Ek voel ook die VWB raak te Ingels - solank dit die Ingelse kan oortuig dat ons waarlik liberal is, dien dit seker 'n doel - maar nie té veel Ingels nie (hulle het baie skeletons in die kas, hulle was in elk geval die eerstes wat konsentrasiekampe gebruik het). En wanneer lees ons iets in Xhosa of Zoeloe?

Ten slotte wil ek julle hartlik bedank vir die wonderlike werk om die BSB en oom Lothar Neethling te ontbloot. Hou so aan.

Alles van die beste vir die toekoms - mag Brolloks en Bittergal net nooit weer op Short Leave gaan nie.

FEMINISTIESE ONDERROK

Chris Claassen van Brooklyn, Pretoria skryf:

Ek raak nou gatvol vir Andrea Vinassa se rolprentresensies. The Fisher King kry twee sterre: so-so. " 'n Groot, blink, soetsappige mislukking". Vinassa gaan dié kritiek nog lettergreep vir lettergreep eet.

The Fisher King het soveel simboliese, religieuse ondertone, dat 'n mens wonder of Vinassa dit als gesnap het. Vir die volk daar buite, soos Oom Krokodil altyd gesê het, wil ek sê: Gaan kyk, dis puik, vat my woord daarvoor.

Guilty By Suspicion kry een ster: vermy as jy nugter is. "Uiters vervelig... 'n mors van tyd en geld." Haai wie, ten spyte daarvan dat ek heel nugter was, was die movie heel goed. Maar dan moet mens 'n soort gevoel vir geskiedenis hê, 'n vermoë om die relevansie van die boodskap vir ons eie land, waar 'n rooi heksejag steeds plaasvind, raak te sien.

Die temerige Thelma & Louise kry

verstaan dat ons hier ook nie daaraan kan ontkom nie.

Diegene wat nou hul geesdrif vir ons nuwe gemeenskap begin verloor, gaan self uiteindelik die enigste verloorders wees. Hoeveel mense in die geskiedenis het die geleentheid om die geboorte van 'n nuwe nasie te aanskou? Wêreldwyd is nasies besig om op te breek nadat hulle geslagte lank in 'n valse eenheid gedwing is, maar hier by ons word iets nuuts geskep, want ons nasie is weer geslagte lank kunsmatig in hokkies en etniese groepe gedwing. Ander nasies word nou in bloedige konflik gedwing, terwyl ons besig is om vrede te maak.

Ons in Suid-Afrika het op die oomblik 'n unieke geleentheid - een wat ons voorgeslagte én nageslagte ons kan beny - om die avontuur van verandering en kreatiwiteit te ervaar.

Maar dan moet ons meer waagmoedig wees. Ons moet ons lossny van ons starre, vasgelegde ou wêreld met al sy uitgediende gebruike en waardes en begin meemaak aan die dinamika om ons. Dit kan net 'n verrykende ervaring wees.

Miskien is dit 'n wonderlike nuwejaarsvoorneme: om in 1992 werklik déél te word van die energie wat oral om ons ontketen te word.

'n Paar woorde oor hierdie, ietwat ongewone, uitgawe van Vrye Weekblad. Ons is baie trots op ons twee tydskrifte

wat dié week hul verskyning maak: Full Frame, 'n tydskrif van dokumentêre fotografie waarby van ons land se heel beste fotografie betrek is; en Two Tone, Suid-Afrika se heel eerste jazz-tydskrif.

Dit is 'n nuwe rigting waarin ons in 1992 gaan beweeg, naamlik om vir ons lesers met elke uitgawe iets ekstra te gee. Daar is 'n hele paar nuwe idees op pad.

Met dié tydskrifte wil ons ook graag lesersgroepe betrek wat ons glo toegang tot ons soort joernalistiek behoort te hê, terwyl ons ons gereelde lesers iets wil bied wat hulle nêrens anders kan kry nie.

Daar is heelwat klagtes oor ons deesdae ook Engelse artikels plaas, en daar sal sekerlik mense wees wat ontevrede sal wees dat dié week se twee tydskrifte in Engels is.

Ons hoop ons gereelde, hoofsaaklik Afrikaanssprekende lesers gaan 'n bietjie geduld met ons hê. Tweetaligheid maak Vrye Weekblad toeganklik vir mense wat eintlik baie naby aan ons is en met wie ons beter vriende wil word: swartmense wat, soos die meeste van Vrye Weekblad se lesers, in vernuwende, prikkelende en kwaliteit-joernalistiek belangstel.

Uiteindelik sal daar 'n volledig Engeltalige publikasie uit Vrye Weekblad voortvloei sodat Vrye Weekblad weer net in Afrikaans beskikbaar sal wees.

Sterkte met die jaar wat voorlê.



weer vier sterre: sterk aanbeveel. Die rede is waarskynlik omdat die prent SC (sexually correct) is volgens u resensent. Die feministiese onderrokke hang bietjie uit in 'n sin soos die volgende: "Dis 'n road-movie wat 'n mens laat dink oor die subtiliteit en alomteenwoordigheid van vrouehatery". Come off it. Meeste mans hou nogal van vroue, Andrea Vinassa inkluis. Maar ons praat weer Oscar-aand. (*Big is not always better, baby - AV*)

RAPE: A MALE PHALLACY?

Chris Callitz of Observatory, Cape Town, writes:

It is truly exciting to see your magazine addressing urgent gender issues such as sexual harassment, affirmative action and abortion. Amanda Gouws' article (22-28 Nov) regarding the reproductive rights and freedoms of women not only liberates women in a patriarchal society, but also "men" who are seeking to re-define themselves, free from male dominance and violence.

The rape trial of William Kennedy Smith once again highlights how patriarchal law legalises the ownership of women - was she drunk, was her skirt too short, did her kissing him constitute a "come-on" etc, etc.

However, not only are female rape victims victimized by a male system, but so are men. The fact that rape is defined as "vaginal penetration" by law reduces male rape (a redundant term in malespeak) to sodomy, a "homosexual perversion" where the victim, very much like a woman, is held to be responsible for the act of violence. This is male, heterosexist oppression. Rape, whether the victim is male or female, is an act of violence which all people should condemn. Isn't it time that the

legal profession started challenging sexist, heterosexist law?

IS ALLE UNISA-DOSENTE TE ALLE TYE ONFEILBAAR?

AF Schrenk van Pretoria skryf:

So pas het die voorgraadse studente weer rekenskap moes gee van hulle werk deur die jaar. Party lê die eksamen af op 'n "touch wood" basis terwyl ander deur die jaar hul kant gebring het. Vir sommige is die loon dan ook daar; vir ander nie - en dis 'n groep van die "vir ander nie" wat 'n mens soms verontrus...

Studente kan gewoonlik, binne perke, bepaal of dit baie goed (75+), heel goed (60+), sal deur wees (50+), dicey (onseker) of vrot (50-) gegaan het in die eksamen. Wat my verontrus, is die groot aantal studente wat wel gewerk het, reken dit het heel goed (60+) in die eksamen gegaan, maar as hulle die uitslae kry, pluk hulle, amen. Geen vrae kan gevra word, géén eksamenskrif kan bekom en géén aansoek kan gedoen word om 'n hernasien nie. Is dit reg en regverdig? Wat is die doel van die eksamen?

Ek glo die meeste van ons het al van een of meer gevalle aan residensiële universiteite gehoor waar 'n student gedruip het, maar toe die vraestel hernagesien word, is hy heel gemaklik deur - selfs met 'n onderskeiding! Dosente is (hopelik) ook net menslik en kán per abuis nalaat om 'n punt aan 'n korrekte antwoord toe te ken. Daarbenewens toon ondervinding telkens dat daar ook gewetenlose en lakse dosente is wat vrede het met die impak wat hul laksheid, moreel sowel as finansiële, op studente het. In die meeste gevalle is die tweede eksaminator 'n blote teologiese formaliteit: hy merk nie die skrif nie, maar onderskryf

bloot die eerste eksaminator se oordeel. Is Unisa daarvan oortuig dat hy nie ook sy kwota van dié tipe dosente het nie?

Daar is bepaald geen redelike persoon wat nie besef watter fenomenale implikasies dit sou hê indien Unisa se derduisende studente aansoek kan doen om 'n hernasien nie. Ek glo egter vas dat, sou die swaard van hernasien oor ons lakse vriende gehou word - of selfs net indien hulle sou weet dat die studente insae in sy eksamenskrif het, hulle noulettender sal merk eerder as om op die rooi mat te verskyn indien hulle té veel studente onnodig laat druip het. Aangesien hul werk net vir hulle 'n "drag" is, sal hulle ook twee keer dink voor hulle hulself dubbele werk op die hals haal - overgesetsynde: die aantal aansoeke om onnodige hersiening sal nie buitensporig hoog wees nie.

'n Verdere klagte teen die feit dat studente hul eksamenskrifte om die dood nie mág terugkry nie, is dat hulle dikwels nie weet hoe en waar hulle die spoor byster geraak het nie, en gevolglik nie weet hoe om weer "on track" te kom nie - veral as in gedagte gehou word dat daar 'n paar van die groot geesteswetenskaplike departemente aan Unisa is wat deurentyd kontak met hulle studente verry en ontmoedig, asook dat Unisa-studente in geïsoleerde omstandighede studeer. Dit is onrealisties om van dosente te verwag om elke student se foute te memoriseer en in Desember hulp te verskaf aan studente wat mag "her". Indien studente egter self kan sien waar hulle punte verloor het, het hulle darem 'n idee waarop om te konsentreer en kan hulle hul foute regstel vir die hereksamen of, indien hulle wel net-net geslaag het, hul verdere studies reg aanpak.

SO SÊ HULLE

"More jet fuel please."

Actress Amanda Donohue, asking for a drink during a recent interview.

"Changes in labour legislation mean little to the farmers. Most are saying they will continue in the same old ways."

Mona Pietersen, of the Farm Workers' Project, on the attitude of Western Cape farmers to the feudal conditions on their farms.

"Ons weet hy is so skuldig soos die hel. Willie het probleme."

John F Kennedy Jr, seun van die ontslape president, oor sy neef, William Kennedy Smith wat op aanklag van verkragting tereg staan.

"Die familie weet al jare lank Willie is so. Hoekom het hulle nie vir hom hulp gekry nie? Ek weet hoe dit daar gaan. Ek was self deel van daardie familie. Hulle is die konings van ontkenning."

Jackie Kennedy Onassis, oor William Smith.

"Although her body is still detained, her voice is free."
Michael Aris, who accepted the Nobel Peace Prize on behalf of his wife, the Burmese opposition leader Aung San Suu Kyi, who is under house arrest.

"It's personal."

Carel Boshoff (28), CP youth leader and son of Carel Boshoff senior, leader of the Afrikaner Volkswag, on his romantic relationship with Hedwig Barry, a leader in leftist student politics.

"Dit was duidelik dat Flip 'n heer is. Hy het nooit 'n denim gedra nie. Hy het baie selde 'n bier gedrink en soms 'n koeldrank."

Joanne Muller, oor die Hervormde Kerk-dominee Flip Alberts, wat met haar in die geheim 'n liefdesverhouding gehad het.

"Ek wil jou nooit weer sien nie."

Ds Flip Alberts, toe hy hoor Joanne verwag 'n tweeling van hom.

"Those who steal and lie, those who corrupt and are corruptible, the bigots and the bunglers, those who exploit and swindle, and, yes, those who plot murder, can sleep a little more easily."

Dave Hazelhurst, editor of the Sunday Star, on the death of renowned investigative journalist, Kitt Katzin.

Vrye Weekblad plaas graag briewe wat nie die wet oortree of lasterlik is nie, mits die korrespondent se naam en volledige adres bygevoeg word as 'n skuilnaam gebruik word. Briewe korter as 200 woorde sal voorkeur geniet, en die redakteur behou die reg voor om briewe te verkort. Skryf aan:
VRYE WEEKBLAD BRIEWE, POSBUS 177, NEWTOWN 2113.



**Let all
know peace**



VIVA MARX! VIVA LENIN! (Wie? Waar?)

In dieselfde naweek dat die Sowjet-Unie deur drie van sy sterkste republieke as “dood” verklaar is en in 'n tyd waarin byna elke sosialistiese land ter wêreld dié stelsel begin uitfaseer, het die **Suid-Afrikaanse Kommunisteparty** (SAKP) hulle op hul agste nasionale kongres “onbeskaamd” verbind tot 'n “revolusionêre klassestryd teen die kapitalisme en die uiteindelijke vestiging van 'n sosialistiese Suid-Afrika.”

HENNIE SERFONTEIN het die konferensie met die tema “Die toekoms is sosialisme” bygewoon

WAAR baie waarnemers die begrafnis en agteruitgang van die SAKP voorspel het, was die onlangse kongres meer van 'n wedergeboorte van die kommunisme in Suid-Afrika. Dis die eerste ope kongres binne Suid-Afrika in die byna 50 jaar sedert die party - wat al 70 jaar lank bestaan - verban is.

Die ander sterk boodskap is die vasbeslotenheid om van nou af 'n baie meer onafhanklike rol te begin speel om so 'n eie identiteit vir die party te vestig.

Die verkiesing van Chris Hani as die nuwe Algemene Sekretaris van die SAKP in die plek van Joe Slovo, was 'n groot triomf vir die party. Maar terselfdertyd is dit 'n besluit wat waarskynlik vir die ANC nog probleme gaan besorg, veral rondom die kwessie van dubbele lidmaatskap en die lojaliteit van SAKP-lede. Daar is glo klaar 'n opstand in senior kringe in Umkontho we Sizwe oor die verkiesing.

Hoewel daar in besluite en besprekings op die kongres kritiek was op die gebrek aan beraadslaging binne die SAKP se alliansie met die ANC en COSATU - klaarblyklik 'n bedekte steek in die rigting van die ANC, hoewel die leiersfigure dit ten sterkste ontken - is daar geen sprake van onttrekking aan die alliansie nie.

Inteendeel: soos die nuwe manifest duidelik uitspel, bly samewerking met die ANC steeds absoluut noodsaaklik vir die

“proses van nasionale demokratiese oorgang” omdat dit die mees regstreekse weg na die sosialisme is.

Maar, beklemtoon die manifest en ook by herhaling die leiers, die oorgang na sosialisme - wat hulle beskou as die bereiking van ware bevryding - sal geskied langs die weg van demokratiese oortuiging van ander partye, soos die ANC.

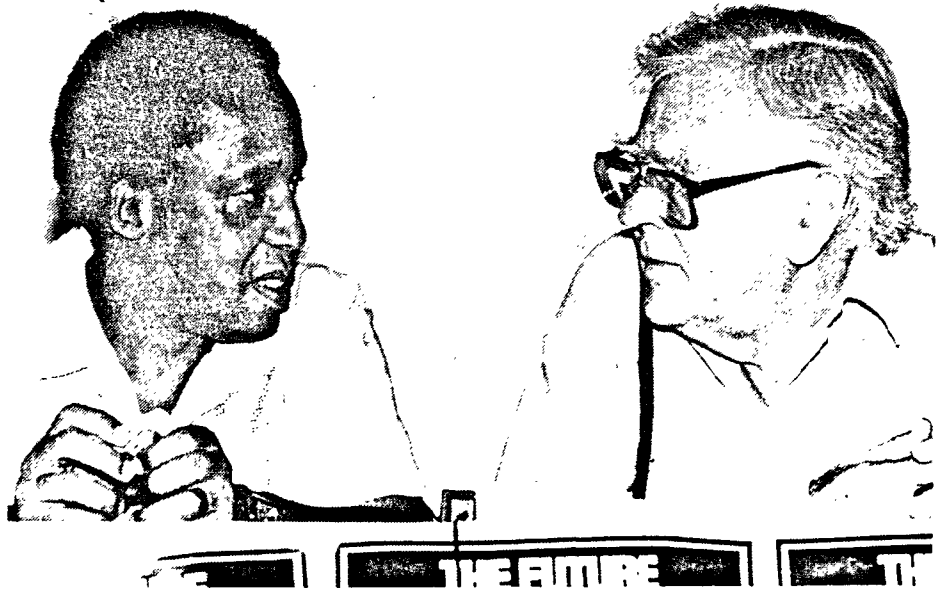
Herhaaldelik word beklemtoon dat die SAKP nou 'n voorstander is van 'n veelparty politieke bestel, 'n handves van mense-regte en vryheid van spraak.

Joe Slovo, die nuwe voorsitter, waarsku ook dat daar nie te veel gemaak moet word nie van die kongres se oorweldigende verwerping - met 'n stemming van 3 teen 1 - van die partyleiding se voorstel dat daar van “demokratiese sosialisme” gepraat moet word.

Daar word op gewys dat die meeste sprekers gesê het die sosialisme is inherent demokraties, en dat 'n verduideliking nie nodig is nie.

Hoewel die kongres aanvaar het dat die sosialisme in Oos-Europa en die Sowjet-Unie verwerplik was omdat dit “verwonge sosialisme” was - nie omdat die sosialisme inherent gebreke het nie - het die valke in die SAKP sterk daarteen beswaar gemaak en ook teen die weglating van verwysings na Lenin.

Die uitlatings van die twee veteraan-



Die twee hoofkamerade: Chris Hani, die nuwe leier, en Joe Slovo, die nuwe voorsitter van die SAKP. (Foto: Steve Hilton-Barber / Southlight)

valke Govan Mbeki en Harry Gwala, en die feit dat hulle steun oorweldigend is, wys egter weer dat die meeste afgevaardigdes aanklank by hul militansie vind.

Gwala het ná die kongres aan joernaliste gesê: “Ek is baie tevrede. Dit was 'n hoogs militante kongres en ons het gekry wat ons wou gehad het.”

Onder groot toejuiging het Gwala aan die kongres gesê: “Ons is 'n Marxistiese-Leninistiese party wat die kommunisme in Suid-Afrika wil vestig. Ons laat Lenin nie vaar net omdat daar diegene is wat apologeties oor hom is omdat hy nie demokraties genoeg was nie.”

In sy toespraak het Govan Mbeki gewaarsku dat die konsep “demokratiese sosialisme” die indruk by “die kapitaliste en imperialiste kan wek dat die SAKP wegbeweeg van sy idees, ná die gebeure in sosialistiese lande.”

Ná die debat, met verwysing na Marx, Engels en Lenin, het Mbeki aan joernaliste gesê: “Ek is baie tevrede en kan nou gaan rus, want ek is daarvan oortuig dat Suid-Afrika eendag die bastion van die kommunisme in die wêreld gaan word.”

Die ander vuurvreter, Ronnie Kasrils, het in 'n bespreking oor die opbou van die SAKP dit duidelik gemaak dat massa-aksie 'n wesenlike deel is van die strategie om die party-organisasie uit te bou en “om ons teorie in die praktyk om te sit om sodoende die massas te bereik.”

Kasrils sê dis daarom baie belangrik dat die SAKP sosio-ekonomiese omstandighede

moet beklemtoon: die sewe miljoen plakkers, diegene wat honger en huisloos is en geen gesondheidsdienste het nie.

“Twee duisend jaar gelede was dit 'n ander revolusionêre kameraad, Jesus Christus, wat ook sy aandag op die annaliges toegespits het,” het hy onder groot toejuiging gesê.

Kasrils noem as voorbeeld van “kreatiewe massa-aksie” dat die SAKP na die plakker-gemeenskappe moet gaan en “hulle saambring na die supermarkte, verkieslik in die omgewing van die die Carlton Hotel, dat hulle sitstaak in die strate van Egoli om brood van die regering te eis”.

Hani se verkiesing vestig die aandag op moontlike komplikasies van dubbele lidmaatskap van Kommuniste binne die ANC. Hani is ook lid van die ANC se uitvoerende komitee nadat hy die hoogste aantal stemme op die ANC-kongres in Julie verwerf het, asook stafhoof van Umkontho we Sizwe.

Dit beteken dat Hani se persoonlike lojaliteit, soos dié van ander SAKP-leiers, in die eerste plek by die SAKP lê en nie by die ANC nie.

Hani is nou 'n leiersfiguur in twee partye, terwyl die SAKP se uiteindelijke sosialistiese doelwitte, veral ekonomies, in belangrike opsigte van die ANC's n verskil. Dit is nie goeie nuus vir die ANC in 'n stadium dat Nelson Mandela besig is met internasionale veldtogte om Westerse kapitalistiese beleggings in Suid-Afrika aan te moedig nie.

DIT WAS TEN MINSTE DEMOKRATIES

DIT was met 'n gevoel van totale onwerklikheid dat mens die SAKP-kongres bygewoon het. Want dit lyk of die werklike les van Oos-Europa - die mislukking van sosialisme as stelsel - aan die kongres en sy leiers verbygegaan het, hoewel baie ure aan die bespreking van lesse van die mislukking van “verwonge sosialisme” gewy is.

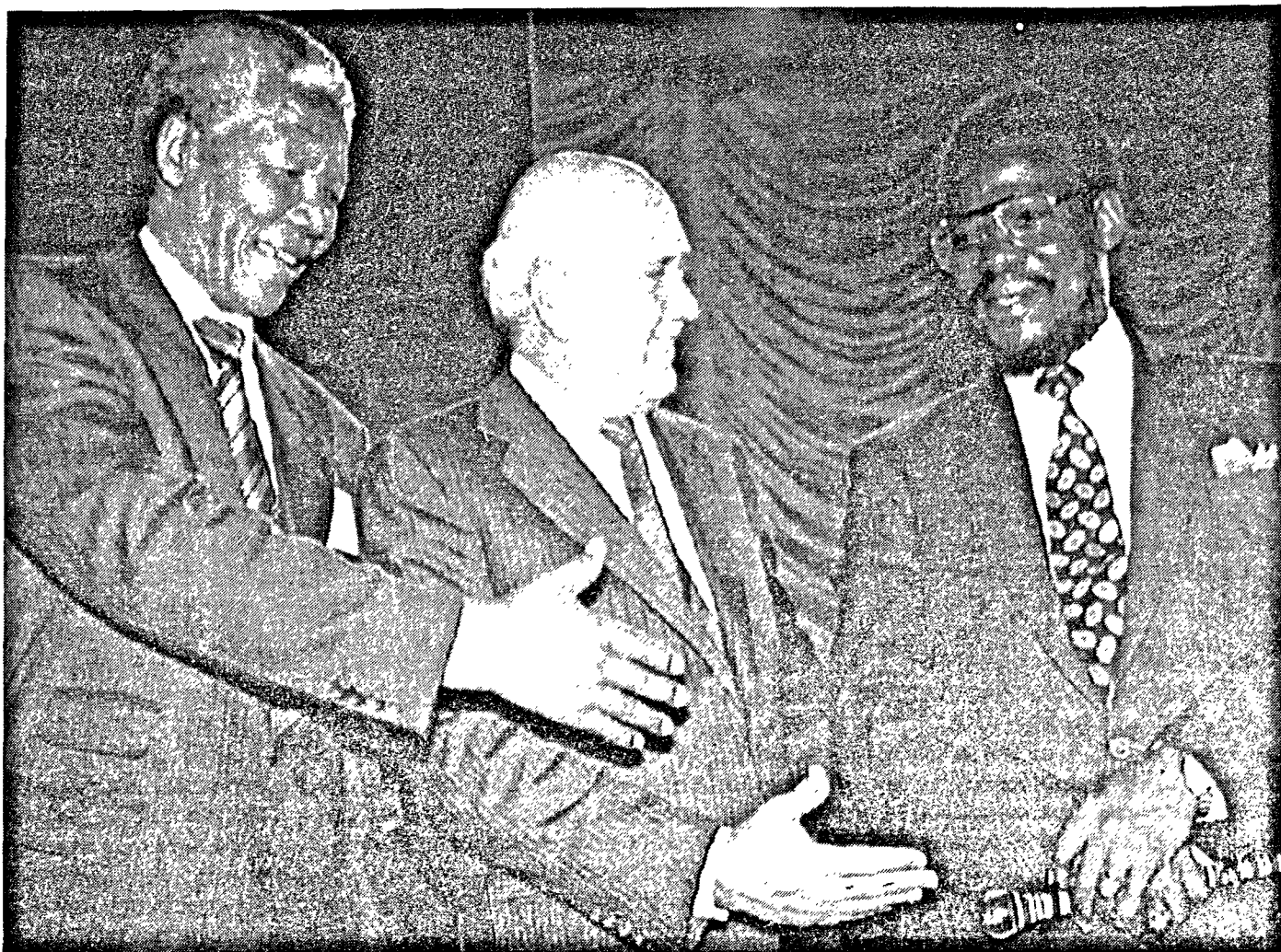
Buite die kongres-saal was boeke oor Marx, Engels en Lenin, en ook ander “rooi” lektuur te koop, publikasies wat blykbaar almal in die opleidingsprogramme van SAKP-lede gebruik word om die “ABC van Marxisme-Leninisme” onder die knie te kry.

'n Uiters belangrike aspek van die kongres is dat 85 persent van die mense hulle in die laaste jaar aangesluit het toe die SAKP sy lidmaatskap van 5 000 tot byna 25 000 verhoog het.

Van die 413 afgevaardigdes was 75 persent uit die werkerstand, en van hulle was 40 persent werkloos. Met die gemiddelde ouderdom van die afgevaardigdes nie ouer as 30 jaar nie, is die militante toon van die kongres, en die verwerping van gematigde voorstelle, dus maklik verklaarbaar.

Die SAKP se strategie om deur “progressiewe vakbonde” die werkers te manipuleer en 'n “vanguard” posisie van die werkers te bekom, blyk ook uit die verkiesing van vyf bekende COSATU-amptenare en leiers tot die nuwe Sentrale Komitee: Chris Dhlamini, John Gomomo, Sam Shilowa, Moses Mayekiso en Sydney Mufamadi - laasgenoemde is ook 'n lid van die ANC se uitvoerende komitee.

'n Verblydende aspek van die kongres is die demokratiese aard daarvan in sowel besprekings as tydens die verkiesings; ook dat die kongres merendeels tydens die bespreking van politieke sensitiewe sake vir die pers oop was. Dis in skrilte kontras met die ANC-kongres, waar slegs die opening en afsluiting vir die pers oopgestel is.



Dié foto vertel 'n hele verhaal... Nelson Mandela, FW de Klerk en Mangosuthu Buthe tydens die Vredesberaad

DIE WÊRELD SPRING NA DIE 21E EEU

Die revolusionêre gebeure wat die wêreld in 1989, 1990 en 1991 getref het, is besig om die 20e-eeuse wêreld so volledig te sloop dat kultuur-historici dalk eendag sal beweer dat die 20e eeu reeds in 1989 tot 'n einde gekom het, skryf **SAMPIE TERREBLANCHE**

DIE 20e eeu, het 'n Nederlandse kultuurfilosoof tereg beweer, het eers in 1914 begin - toe die uitbreek van die Eerste Wêreldoorlog die treine van die geskiedenis as 't ware op vinniger spore gerangeer het. Hoewel die Groot Oorlog - en die voortsetting daarvan in 1939 - yslike tragedies was, het dit die geykte maatskaplike, ekonomiese en politieke patrone van die 19e eeu deurbreek en tegnologiese en wetenskaplike vooruitgang sterk gestimuleer.

Die revolusionêre gebeure wat die wêreld in 1989, 1990 en 1991 getref het, is besig om die 20e-eeuse wêreld so volledig te sloop dat kultuur-historici dalk eendag sal beweer dat die 20e eeu reeds in 1989 tot 'n einde gekom het. In die laaste drie jaar is - om ongepaste beeldspak te gebruik - verskeie Fast Forward-knoppe op die videoband van die geskiedenis gedruk. Dit het tot gevolg dat die wêreld in 'n versnelde tempo voortspeel na die 21e eeu - as ons ons nie reeds daarin bevind nie.

In Junie 1989 het die bloedbad in Beijing plaasgevind. Dit is wêreldwyd met woede en verontwaardiging veroordeel. Kommunistiese diktature van Oos-Europese lande is so ontnugter dat hulle die sosiale opstande - wat in die tweede helfte van 1989 spontaan in daardie lande "uitgebreek" het - met ongekende verdraagsaamheid geduld het. Dit het die oorsakeling na demokrasie en na markgeoriënteerde ekonomieë teweeggebring.

In Oos-Duitsland het 'n "Germaanse Volksverhuising" in die klein geleidelike dat die Berlynse Muur op 9 November 1989 tot 'n val gekom het. Om alles te kroon het Moskou hom die Oos-Europese Revolusie van 1989 gelate - en met 'n stilswyende goedkeuring - laat welgeval. Die vereniging van Oos - en Wes-Duitsland op 3 Oktober 1990 en die inskakeling van 'n Warschau-verdrag land by NAVO

het die Warschau-verdrag laat verkrummel. Daarna was die verdwyning van die Ystergordyn en die beëindiging van die Koue Oorlog bloot formaliteite.

In Januarie 1991 het die Irakiese oorlog ons 'n voorsmaak gegee van die soort kleiner oorloë wat waarskynlik gereeld gaan plaasvind noudat die dissipline wat die Koue Oorlog oor kleiner lande uitgeoefen het, verdwyn het.

Die mees epogmakende gebeurtenis van 1991 was ongetwyfeld die "drie chaotiese dae" wat Moskou van 19 tot 21 Augustus beleef het. Dit het sowel die Kommunisteparty as die KGB - en die standbeelde van Lenin en Stalin - in duie laat stort. Dié "revolusie" het die bankrotskap van die Sowjet-ekonomie - ná 70 jaar van Commandism - finaal blootgelê. 'n Verbrokkeling van die USSR - en "burgeroorloë" - lyk onvermydelik.

Die patroon wat die Nuwe Wêreldorde (NWO) - ná die Revolusie van 1989/91 - in die 21e eeu gaan aanneem, begin al duidelik vorm aanneem. Die tempo van die wêreld gaan aansienlik versnel - in elk geval solank die omgewing dit toelaat en tot tyd en wyl Aids 'n tweede Swart Dood veroorsaak.

Maar wat veral belangrik is, is dat "the global village" al hoe kleiner gaan word, terwyl die meeste arm lande nog afhankliker gaan word van hulp en ontwikkelingskapitaal wat net deur die 20 of 30 rykste lande - wat almal oor mark- of kapitalisties-georiënteerde ekonomieë beskik - voorsien sal kan word.

Dié ryk lande gaan waarskynlik net kapitaal en hulp aan arm lande verskaf as die regerings van die lande aan streng voorwaardes omtrent mense-regte, demokrasie en begrotingsdissipline kan voldoen en as die lande mark-ekonomieë met die nodige finansiële verantwoordelikheid kan ontwikkel. Daardie arm lande wat nie aan dié streng voorwaardes kan of wil voldoen nie, gaan gerantsoeneer en geïsoleer word en die gevaar van honger-oorloë staan hulle (met uitsondering van lande soos China) in die gesig.

Dit wil dus voorkom asof daar in die "herenigde" wêreld 'n sterk "historiese dwang" in die rigting van demokrasie en kapitalisme - dws in die rigting van Demoratiese kapitalisme - gaan bestaan. Hopelik sal die ideologiese oriëntasie daarvan al hoe sterker Sosiaal-Demokraties word.

Die onverwagte vinnige oorgang na die NWO van die 21e eeu plaas bykomende druk op Suid-Afrika om sy huis gou in orde te kry. Suid-Afrika het 'n dringende behoefte aan 'n groot invloei van buitelandse kapitaal om weer teen 4 of 5 persent per jaar te kan groei. Om in die NWO die nodige kapitaal te lok, sal Suid-Afrika aan die

streng eise van sosiale stabiliteit, mense-regte, demokrasie en kapitalisme moet voldoen.

As die land nie daarin slaag nie, gaan armoede - oorloë en groeptoetsings ons bittere lot wees. Die demokratiese dimensie van die NWO gaan hoë eise aan die NP en sy kapitalistiese vennote stel, terwyl die kapitalistiese dimensie hoë eise aan die ANC/Cosatu/SAKP gaan stel.

Sedert 1989 ondervind Suid-Afrika ook "revolusionêre" veranderinge vanweë 'n reeks gebeurtenisse wat ook die Fast Forward-knoppe op die videoband van ons geskiedenis gedruk het. Ons geskiedenis begin toevalling parallel verloop met dié van die wêreld en dit lyk of dit 'n inherente deel vorm van die wêreldwye "revolusie" wat besig is om die wêreld vinniger, kleiner, meer demokraties en meer kapitalisties te maak.

Verskeie Nasionaliste het my al probeer oortuig dat President FW de Klerk op 'n goeie dag in 1990 spontaan en onafhanklik besluit het om die ANC te ontban en Mandela vry te stel. Net Nasionaliste is naïef genoeg om sulke snert te glo.

Die feit dat die nuwe "Zeitgeist" (tydsgees) Beijing, Berlyn, Budapest, Warschau, Praag, Moskou, Windhoek en Pretoria in dieselfde jaar getref het, is waarskynlik nie toevallig nie. Maar vanweë die Revolusie

van 1989/91 staan die Oosbloklande en Suid-Afrika - en verskeie ander Derdewêreldlande - nou voor die gemeenskaplike uitdaging om hulle so gou moontlik gereed en geskik te maak vir die Nuwe Wêreldorde van die 21e eeu.

In 1989 het die NP uiteindelik onder verskerpte diplomatieke druk geswig en "kopgegee" om van die apartheidstelsel ontslae te raak. 'n Mens sou 1989 as die NP se Jaar van Sieweroeging en Kopgee kon bestempel. Ná 'n beroerte-aanval in Januarie 1989 het PW Botha as hoofleier van die NP bedank. Op 2 Februarie 1989 is die "regs-georiënteerde" FW de Klerk as sy opvolger gekies. Toe die baie siek Botha nie as staatspresident wou bedank nie, het dit tot ondraaglike spanning en frustrasie in NP-kringe gelei.

In 1989 het die ANC se internasionale status 'n hoogtepunt bereik toe die OAU die Harare-verklaring op 21 Augustus uitgereik het. Binnelands het die UDF/MDM ondanks die Noodtoestand met protesoptogte voortgegaan en die gesag en legitimiteit van die apartheidstaat op 'n ernstige manier uitgedaag.

Begin Augustus '89 het die moontlikheid van 'n "hung" parlement - ná die verkiesing van September 1989 - die NP in die gesig gestaar. Botha is op 14 Augustus oorboord gestoot en die NP het die verkiesing gewen, maar nie sonder om hom met baie twyfelagtige verkiesingstruiks te bedien nie.

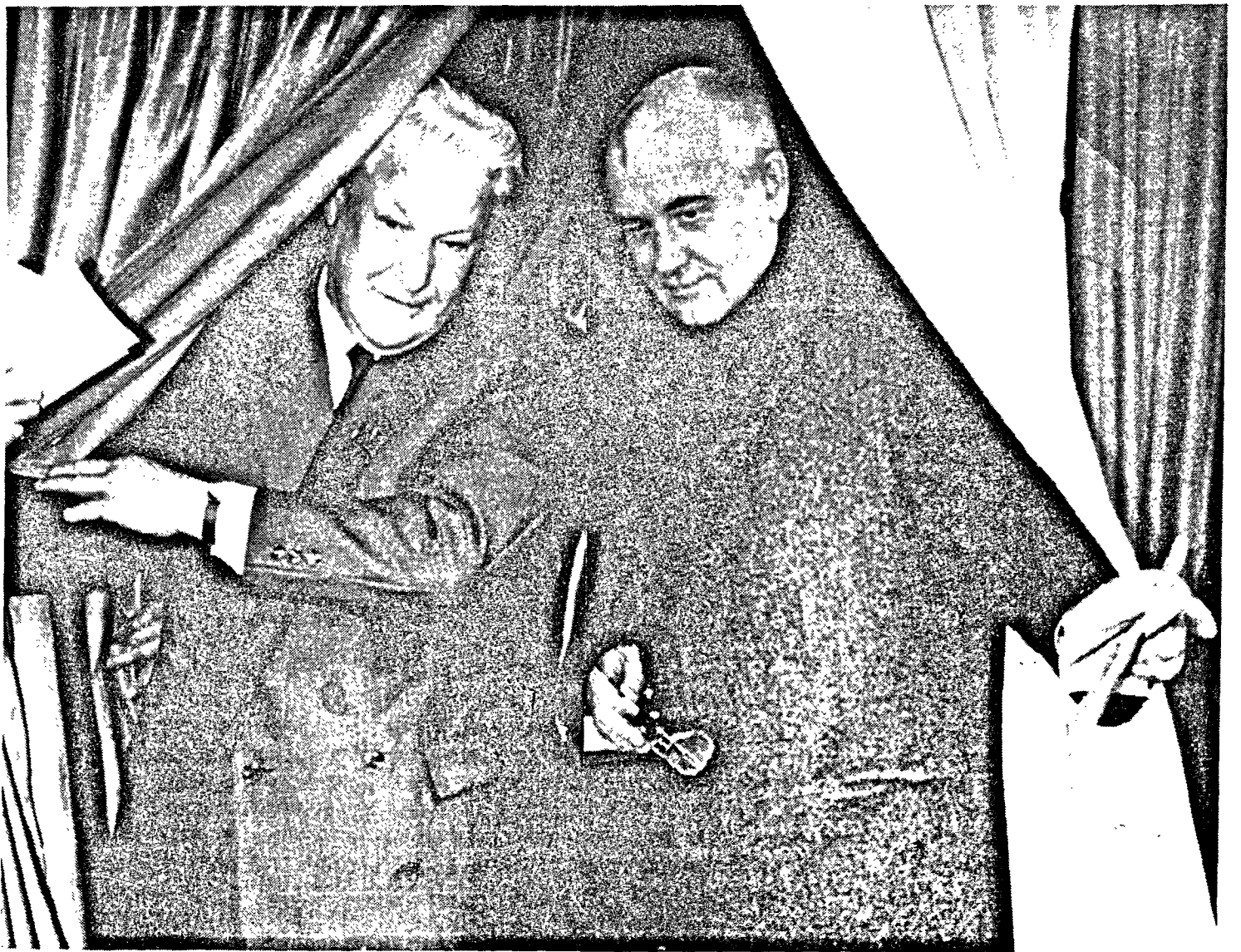
In 'n lang reeks gesprekke waaraan Reagan, Gorbatsjof, Kohl, Bush, Mitterand en Thatcher sedert 1987 deelgeneem het, is die taak om die NP-regering tot ander insigte te oortuig, aan Thatcher opgedra. In Junie 1989 het sy in Londen aan De Klerk gesê dat sy Mandela vrygestel wil hê voor die Statebondskonferensie van Oktober 1989. Onder groot druk het die De Klerk-regering uiteindelik in Oktober "kopgegee" en die "Sisulu Sêwe" vrygestel. By daardie geleentheid is aan Thatcher belowe dat Mandela vroeg in 1990 vrygestel sou word.

'n Hoë Brit, met goeie kontakte in binnekringe, het in Londen aan my gesê dat die gebeure van 2 en 11 Februarie 1990 net reg verstaan kan word as die briewe-wisseling wat in die tweede helfte van 1989 tussen Thatcher en De Klerk plaasgevind het, gepubliseer kan word:

'n Mens sou 1990 as die NP en die ANC se Jaar van Euforie, van Beweerde Integriteit kon beskryf. Die Nasionaliste en hul kapitalistiese bondgenote was eufories oor die wêreld wat ná 2 Februarie 1990 weer "oopgegaan" het en oor die "wondere" wat De Klerk sou bewerkstellig, terwyl die Bevrydingsorganisasies eufories was oor hulle weer vry kon huis toe kom.

Die Grootte Schuur Minuut en die Pretoria Minuut van Mei en Augustus 1990 het merkwaardige ooreenkomste danksy die "chemistry" wat toe nog tussen De Klerk en Mandela bestaan het. Mandela het in 1990 uit sy pad gegaan om De Klerk as 'n man van integriteit te beskryf, maar nie juis 'n "beloning" daarvoor ontvang nie. Intendeel.

Terwyl President De Klerk hom in 1990 soos 'n staatsman-in-wording gedra het, het sy ware kleure as partypolitikus weer in 1991 na vore gekom. Enersyds belowe hy 'n "nuwe" en "demokratiese" Suid-Afrika, maar andersyds gee hy aan die blankes die versekering dat hulle lewenswyse en lewenstandaarde onveranderd en "gewaarborg" sal bly! Met dié teenstrydige en onhaalbare praatjies het hy hom die geleentheid ontnem om die blankes omtrent die onvermydelike implikasies van 'n demokratiese Suid-Afrika op te voed. Vir dié verspeelde kans gaan hy nog duur betaal. Hervorming kan nooit so 'n "meganiese" affêre wees soos die NP dink



Die Ystergordyn is finaal oopgetrek... Boris Yeltsin het die Sowjet-Unie dood verklaar en Michail Gorbatsjof is op sy laaste politieke bene.

nie. Dit is waarskynlik nodig dat De Klerk eers self 'n bekering op die politieke pad na Damaskus sal ondergaan voordat hy aan die blankes - met deurleefde oortuigingswerk - die nodige politieke opvoeding kan verskaf. Maar is hy vatbaar vir so 'n politieke bekering?

'n Mens sou 1991 kon beskryf as die Jaar van Vasskop en Gly. Die ANC/SAKP het in 1991 bly "vasskop" by hulle verbintenis tot uitdrukkende idees, radikale retoriek en "ou vriende". Gevolglik het hulle aansien in die nuwe internasionale arena baie "gegely". Die ANC bly ook "vasskop" oor die sanksie-aangeleentheid, terwyl die uiters swak stand van die ekonomie - waarvan die ANC nou eerstehandse kennis het - nou reeds 'n ander benadering verg. Die SAKP volhard ook met sy verbintenis tot demokratiese sosialisme terwyl die "Nuwe Wêreldorde" van die 21e eeu klaarblyklik geen geduld daarmee gaan hê nie. Dit is komplete asof die ANC/SAKP nie die volle betekenis van die Revolusie van 1989/91 reg begryp nie - daarom "gly" hulle internasionaal. Binnelands staan die ANC/Cosatu egter sterk.

In die eerste helfte van 1991 het die NP ten lange laaste van statutêre apartheid ontslae geraak - ook van die Bevolkingsregistrasiewet onder groot Amerikaanse druk. Ongelukkig het die NP tydens die afskaffing van dié wette weinig deernis met die slagoffers van apartheid getoon. Dit moet betreur word.

Hoewel die NP-regering se internasionale status verbeter het, bevind hy hom sedert Inkathagate op 'n baie skuins en glibberige glybaan in die binnelandse politiek. Hoe meer die NP sedert Julie 1991 probeer "vasskop" - selfs oor dinge soos die vlag en die volkslied - hoe vinniger "gly" die binnelandse politiek grond onder sy voete weg! Vanweë groeiende armoede in blanke geleedere en vanweë Ventersdorp en Virginia, kalwe al hoe meer grond na ver-regs uit en word 'n gevaarlike "regse afgrond" geskep. En vanweë Inkathagate,

die BTW-debakel, die Cosatu-staking en die ANC se beheer oor sport en ander "owerheidsterreine", verloor die NP-regering al hoe meer grond na links aan die ANC/Cosatu - en "gly" die NP se politieke monopolie uit sy hande.

Intussen belowe De Klerk steeds 'n eenmens-een-sterm-van-gelyke-waarde demokrasie, maar stel 'n grondwet voor waar die NP permanent verkanste (verpligte) verteenwoordiging in die Presidensie en in die Kabinet sal hê. Om voor te gee dat die NP-plan in ooreenstemming met kerngesonde demokratiese beginsels van sukseslande is, is pure boereverullery. Die NP se grondwetplan sou wel meriete kon hê as dit aangebied sou word as 'n grondwet vir 'n oorgangsregering - vir sê 5 jaar.

Terwyl die NP hom binnelands op 'n politieke glybaan bevind, lê die gevaar van 'n ekonomiese "afgrond" ook voor in die pad en wag. Ná 20 jaar van kruipende armoede en volgehoue internasionale isolasie - veral wat nuwe beleggings betref - word die ekonomiese krisis so ernstig dat 'n ekonomiese, 'n werkverskaffings- en 'n fiskale ramp ons teen 1994 of 1995 kan tref.

Die ernstigheid van die ekonomiese situasie verg dat 'n soort tussentydse "regering" reeds in 1992 tot stand sal kom sodat sanksie en disinvestering finaal opgehef kan word. Binne sê twee jaar behoort 'n oorgangsregering - in die vorm van 'n Groot Koalisie - ná 'n referendum tussen sê die NP en die ANC gevorm te word. ('n Grondwetskrywende vergadering kan terselfdertyd ook deur die referendum gekies word om intussen die besonderhede van die uiteindelijke demokratiese grondwet te finaliseer). In die oorgangsregering kan die ervaring en die redelike organisatoriese doeltreffendheid waaroor die NP beskik vir 'n paar jaar "saamgevoeg" word met die ANC se groter sin vir regverdigheid en hulle groter deernis met die slagoffers van apartheid, sodat daar vir mekaar se opvallende eensydigheid en

swakhede gekompenseer kan word.

Dit is egter onwaarskynlik dat die NP - wat saam met die burokrasie, die kapitalistiese sektor en die media 'n hegte magsblok of bourgeois-establishment vorm - binne die eersvolgende paar jaar sal instem tot 'n Groot Koalisie, waar die party wat die meeste stemme in 'n referendum verkry het, die politieke pas sal kan aangee. Die NP en sy bourgeois-establishment sal waarskynlik tot die bittereinde - wanneer dit ook al mag wees - probeer om die ANC en ander partye by 'n Groot Koöpsie te betrek sodat die effektiewe mag in die hande van die bourgeois-establishment saamgetrek kan bly. (As die bourgeois-establishment inderdaad nog vir etlike jare gaan bly "vasskop" oor die "oordrag-van-mag" aangeleentheid, kan dit die opheffing van sanksies en disinvestering vertraag. Dit kan noodlottige ekonomiese gevolge hê of weer eens aanleiding gee tot verskerpte internasionale druk).

In belang van 'n geleidelike en geordende (en hopelik taamlik voorspoedige) oorgang na 'n ware demokrasie voor die einde van die dekade (waar die meerderheidsparty alleen sal kan regeer as hy so verkies), is dit noodsaaklik dat 'n ware koalisieregering - en nie 'n koöpsie nie - so gou moontlik tot stand sal kom, sê in 1994.

Die bourgeois-establishment sal reeds in dié dekade 'n aansienlike deel van sy mag (in verskeie vorme daarvan) moet oordra aan die meerderheidsparty. Slegs op dié manier sal ons Suid-Afrika gereed en geskik kan maak vir die vinniger, die kleiner, die meer demokratiese en die meer kapitalistiese Nuwe Wêreldorde van die 21e eeu.

Alle Suid-Afrikaneers - ook dié wat met vêr-regse en vêr-linkse modelle smous - moet beseft dat ons slegs sal kan oorleef as ons gesamentlik, in 'n gedemokratiseerde politieke en ekonomiese bestel, kan voldoen aan die streng eise wat die Nuwe Wêreldorde van die 21e eeu gaan stel.



Ons veg vir 'n nuwe wêreldorde, het pres George Bush gesê toe hy die wêreld begin vanjaar in die Golf-oorlog gedompel het. Hier verwelkom 'n groep burgers van Koeweit 'n konvooi Egiptiese tenks wat die land ná Saddam Hoesain se neerlaag binnery. (Foto: AP)

DIE TYD STAP AAN

Elke ding het sy tyd, *skryf* **FREDERICK ENGELBRECHT**. En die ganse wêreld is vandag besig om die ou paradigma van geslotenheid te vervang deur 'n nuwe paradigma van openheid.

Die nuwe era kan nie gekeer word nie

DIE mensdom beleef vandag die laat gevolge van 'n omwenteling wat op geestelike sowel as stoflike gebied om en by die jaar 1900 begin het. Ons is besig om afskeid te neem van die ou vertroude wêreld wat omstreeks die jaar 1700 tot stand gekom het. Vir die oningeligte en onvoorbereide mense kan dié proses van transformasie nogal pynlik en ontwrigtend wees.

Veranderinge en hervormings in Suid-Afrika beteken vir baie mense slegs die gevolge van revolusionêre strategieë soos isolasie, sanksies, massa-mobilisering en -aksies sowel as die gewapende stryd. Dit is 'n uiters eng en verwarde opvatting.

Metabletiese veranderinge is baie meer grondig en hang saam met die aard van menslike bestaan asook met die wyse waarop die mens met stof, mede-mens en

met God op 'n sekere tydstip omgaan. In die metabletika is die binding tussen die mens en die totale wêreld wat hy bewoon en bewoonbaar wil maak van primêre betekenis. Soos elke tydperk 'n eie lewensstyl het, so sal by elke stylperiode 'n eie, passende lewensvorm behoort. Elke vorm van natuurwetenskap, wiskunde, kuns, denke en so meer pas by die tyd waarin mense die vorm beoefen. Die waarheid en waarde daarvan is tydsgebonde. Die metabletikus wil by graag weet waarom Charles Darwin en Karl Marx onafhanklik van mekaar in hul boeke wat in 1859 verskyn het, soveel klem gelê het op konflik en stryd: die een in die wêreld van plante en diere, die ander tussen mense. Waarom het ook die hoepelrok wat haar hoogtepunt in dieselfde jaar bereik het die omgang tussen mans en dames so moeilik gemaak? Uit 'n ander oord. Het daar vóór 1932

geen protone bestaan nie? Meer nog, bestaan die 18e-eeuse stowwe soos die flogiston, die ligstof, wat in die destydse teorieë so 'n groot rol gespeel het, dan vandag nie meer nie? In geen enkele handboek word hulle nog vermeld nie. Die taak van die protone kan vergelyk word met die taak van die krag-ge vulde eter uit die vorige eeu, of met die flogiston en die warmtestof uit die 18e eeu - naamlik om dit moontlik te maak vir die mens om sy wêreld te bewoon. Alle dergelike sake het 'n bepaalde werklikheidswaarde wat tydsgebonde is. Die Victoriaanse tydsges het dié onbewuste geskep. Freud het dit ontdek en gebruik om die wêreld vir sy pasiënte bewoonbaar te maak. Maak Freud vandag nog saak?

Kortweg: Ons kan sê dat die mens op uitnodiging van sy wêreld 'n bepaalde paradigma skep om sy lewe en werklikhede

betekenisvol volgens sekere stelsels en strukture in te rig. So 'n paradigma is die hele raamwerk van begrippe, waardes, verhoudings en beginsels waardeur die mens waarnaem en sy lewe tot waarheid maak. Daar bestaan volgens die aard van die mens twee soorte paradigmas - naamlik 'n paradigma van geslotenheid en ook 'n paradigma van openheid.

'n Paradigma van geslotenheid berus op die mens se strewe na onveranderlikheid, langdurigheid, permanensie, stabiliteit en selfbeskikking. Volgens dié beginsels en waardes word lewensvorms, stelsels en strukture geskep en tot absolute waarhede verhef. 'n Verhaaltjie as voorbeeld. Prokrustes, 'n reus uit Attika, het saans sy gaste in die bed passend gemaak deur hulle óf uit te rek óf hul bene af te kap. Tot sover die Griekse verhaal. Eddington, wat so pragtig geïllustreer het dat die mens

altd weer sy eie paradigma in sy ontdekking vind, het 'n stertjie by dié storie gevoeg. Toe Prokrustes oud geword het, het hy 'n geleerde artikel geskryf met die titel: "Oor die gelyke lengte van reisigers in Attika". In 'n paradigma van geslotenheid lê die mens die werklikheid en waarheid in 'n prokrustesbed.

'n Paradigma van openheid berus in hoofsaak op die beginsel van veranderlikheid, moontlikheid en toekomstige wording. Nog 'n storie as voorbeeld. Toe aan Gabriel Garcia Marquez, Nobelpryswenner vir letterkunde in 1982, gevra is waarom hy skrywer geword het, het hy geantwoord dat hy besiel is deur die eerste sin van Kafka se *Metamorfose*. Hy sê: "Toe ek besef dat Gregor Samsa op 'n sekere oggend wakker word, verander in 'n reusagtige insek, het ek vir myself gesê: Ek het nie geweet dat dit moontlik is om dit te laat gebeur nie - maar as dit so is, dan stel ek belang in die skryfkuns." Marquez en vele ander se werke is te danke aan die ontdekking dat die mens kreatief en vernuwend nuwe dinge en 'n nuwe wêreld kan skep. Die lewe en werklikheid is altd 'n moontlikheid van wording - na die nuwe.

'N WISSELING VAN PARADIGMAS

Die mees grondige en ingrypende verandering wat nou plaasvind, is 'n verandering van paradigmas.

Die paradigma van geslote stelsels, sowel as die grondbeginsels daarvan, word vervang deur die paradigma van oop stelsels. Nuwe strukture en stelsels moet geskep word.

Voordat ek meer hieroor sê, moet die leser my toelaat om weer 'n wyle na die metabletika te gaan. Wanneer my leermeester en vriend prof Jan Hendrik van der Berg, die vader van die metabletika, vir my kom kuier in die Houtbosberge, dan gesels ons aaneen oor die wonderlike metabletiese verskynsel: eeue lank geld 'n bepaalde lewensvorm, teorie of tradisie en dan ewe skielik eindig is daar 'n nuwe saak. Die metabletika is 'n delikate apologie van 'n wêreld wat uit nuwe dinge en 'n nuwe mens groei en van 'n God wat nooit die werke van sy hande laat vaar nie. Ek ontleen die volgende voorbeeld uit werke van JH van der Berg en kleur so hier en daar self in.

Die menslike onderkaak. 'n Vragie aan die leser. Bestaan u onderkaak, daardie so aandagtrekkende deel van u liggaam uit een of uit twee beenstukke? Terwyl die leser aan sy kaak voel, moet hy/sy daaraan dink dat hy/sy nooit die voorreg sal hê om sy/haar ontvleesde onderkaak in eie hande te neem nie of te betrag nie. Een of twee dele? Hieroor is eeue lank 'n hewige anatomiese stryd gevoer. Die antwoord is: die menslike onderkaak bestaan uit een stewige beenstuk. Tog, Claudius Galenus (130-210), 'n groot Griekse geneesheer en verteenwoordiger van 'n tradisie van veertien eeue, glo vas dat die onderkaak uit twee beendere bestaan. Vanwaar dié misgissing? Galenus en saam met hom die tradisie, het na die kaak gekyk deur die geloof dat die menslike liggaam nie geopen mag word nie. Oral ter wêreld was daar beswaar daarteen om te sny in 'n dooie menslike liggaam. Maar ook 'n lewende liggaam, die tempel van gees en siel, mag nie sy binneste verraai nie. 'n Mens krap nie sommer so met 'n mes of kryt aan die meubels en stene binne 'n kerk nie. Materie is daar anders, byna heilig.



Toe die verbokkelling van die Sowjet-Unie eers begin, kon niks dit stuit nie. 'n Kroaat gool 'n klip na 'n Tsjeggo-Slowaakse regeringstenk op pad om die burgerlike opstand in Kroasië te probeer onderdruk. (Foto: AP)

William Harvey kon eers die bloedsomloop ontdek toe 'n meer meganistiese liggaamsbeeld ontstaan het. Om dieselfde rede kon Lavoisier suurstof ontdek. Vroeër was dit nie moontlik nie. Verder moet onthou word dat Galenus deur die Griekse waardes van orde, ewewig en simmetrie na die liggaam gekyk het. Hy kon onmoontlik die ontblote menslike onderkaak raaksien. Vir hom en die tradisie het dit werklik uit twee dele bestaan.

Die man wat die stryd ontketen het, was Vesalius (in Nederlands, Andries van Wesel). In 1543 verskyn sy werk *Oor die bou van die menslike liggaam* - die grootste bydrae tot die mediese wetenskap. Vesalius besty die tradisie. Die onderkaak bestaan uit een stewige beenstuk. Hy moet tog geweet het. Hy het strooptogte op die kerkhof buite Parys uitgevoer. Ook vanaf die galgeveld buite die mure van Parys het hy van die stinkende, verrottende lyke in eie hande na sy huis gebring en skoon gekook. So het hy skelette opgebou. Hy vertel dat hy op 'n keer byna deur 'n trop wilde hondes verskeur is. Vesalius kon die onderkaak goed waarneem. Die liggaam was nou oop en onpersoonlik.

Sylvius van Amiens, dosent aan die mediese fakulteit te Parys en die grondlegger van die mediese naamgewing, was Vesalius se leermeester, 36 jaar ouer as hy. Meer as 'n generasie skei hom van Vesalius. Vesalius het 'n groot respek vir sy leermeester gehad en beskryf hom in sy genoemde werk as die "nooit genoeg te pryse Sylvius". In 'n geskrif van 1551 noem Sylvius Vesalius egter 'n gevaarlike dwaas. Hy spot met sy begaafde leerling en maak hom belaglik. Die onderkaak bestaan uit twee beendere, sê hy.

Sylvius moet tog ook die dooie liggaam en beendere in die kerkhof en op die galgeveld gesien het. Tog beskerm hy Galenus en die tradisie. Hy kon die tradisie nie prysgee nie.

Vesalius was in staat om oor die hoë drumpel van 'n nuwe paradigma, van 'n nuwe liggaam te stap. Sylvius bly voor of op die drumpel staan en kyk terug na die ou liggaam.

Dit staan die leser vry om die lyn van ooreenkoms deur te trek tot in politieke situasies. Kom ons keer terug na die paradigmas van 1700 en 1900.

Om en by 1700 het die geslote stelsel-paradigma ontstaan. Die grondeienskap van dié paradigma is dat dit na binne gerig is. Dit berus op die volgende begrippe en beginsels:

- Determinisme, meganisme en oorsaaklikheid. Alle natuurlike en menslike stelsels werk deterministies en ewewigtig soos 'n masjien en is onderworpe aan die eksterne wette van oorsaak en gevolg.

- Vertikaliteit. Vertikale en hiërargiese verhoudings speel 'n groot rol, maar maak verhoudings moeilik.

- Isolاسie. Geslote stelsels werk in isolاسie en in toestande van naby ewewig. Daar is geen noodsaaklikheid vir verandering nie. Die nuwe is vreemd; die tradisie byna oorheersend.

- Na-binne-gerigtheid. Alle aktiwiteite en verhoudings is na sigself en na 'n sentrum gerig.

- Individualisme. Die individu of groep of enkele element is die enigste voorwaarde van self-verweseningliking en self-beskikking. Die buitewêreld en die ander speel 'n geringe rol.

- Kontinuiteit, stabiliteit en permanensie. Alle verhoudinge, stelsels en strukture is langdurig en haas onveranderlik.

- Omkeerbaarheid. Berus op omkeerbare prosesse en is geneig om innerlike krag en vitaliteit te verloor.

- Afhanklik van wette en regulasies.
- Berus op geslote en geheime informasie.

Wêreldwyd het geslote stelsels en strukture onwerkbaar en in onbruik geraak.

Die grondbegrippe en beginsels van die oop stelsel-paradigma het om en by 1900 wortel geskiet; omstreeks 1950 werklikhede geraak en is sedert 1980 besig om die geslote stelsel met krag te vervang. Ek noem 'n paar:

- Moontlikheid en wording. Soos die natuur is die mens in staat om nuwe werklikhede te skep.

- Horisontaliteit: nuwe moontlikhede vir

konsosiatiewe en pluralistiese assosiasies word hierdeur geskep.

- Verskeidenheid en pluralisme.
- Die oop stelsel het inherente en self-regulerende beginsels.

- Oop kommunikasie en informasie.
- Onomkeerbaarheid: is meer gerig op die toekoms as op die verlede.

- Is gerig na buite en op die ander. Die ander is 'n belangrike voorwaarde vir self-verweseningliking.

Sedert 1980 het daar ook 'n wêreldwye demokratiseringsproses plaasgevind. In die geslote stelsel het te veel mag, bronne en informasie in die hande van die sentrale staat beland (die proses van etatisasie). Volgens die oop stelsel-paradigma is regerings wêreldwyd besig om die demokrasie uit te brei, om te her-konstitueer, en om uitgediende stelsels te herstruktureer - om te de-etatiseer.

In die proses van demokratisering het die werklikheid van meervoudigheid, van verskeidenheid en van etnisiteit ook na vore getree. Ook vir dié politieke werklikheid sal regerings strukture binne die oop stelsel-paradigma moet skep. 'n Terugkeer na die oue is nie moontlik nie. Toe Mikhail Gorbatsjof tussen 25-26 Junie 1987 in sy verslag aan die Sentrale Komitee die beleid van openheid en die proses van herstrukturering in oënskou geneem het, het hy gereken dat die sukses daarvan sal afhang van die uitbreiding van demokrasie en deur veranderde gesindhede van amptenare. Filosofe en ekonome het hom gewaarsku dat die grootste faktor die onvoorbereide mens self is. Die resultate is vandag baie duidelik.

Doen regerings genoeg om die mense wat vir so lank verstaatlik of verantstaal het, voor te berei op verandering vir die nuwe? Is ons bereid om soos Vesalius ondanks drumpelrese oor die drumpel na 'n nuwe wêreld te stap of wil ons soos Sylvius daarvoor bly staan?

Die lewe en die werklikheid is 'n moontlikheid.

(Frederick Engelbrecht is 'n afgetrede professor in die filosofie aan die Universiteit van die Noorde)

A NEW WORLD ORDER?

Yes - it's in the stars!

Bob Dylan got it right when he sang that the times they are a-changing, writes astrologer **ROD SUSKIN**. The Age of Aquarius is indeed dawning - as the heavenly bodies go through a focus of configurations never before experienced in living memory

WE stand at a point in history which a whole spectrum of prophets, astrologers, charlatans and religious teachers have cast their eyes and their horoscopes towards for hundreds of years. When a bunch of Broadway hippies sang of "the dawning of the Age of Aquarius" back in the '60s, everyone thought they'd grow out of it. Well, they did, but the Age had indeed begun to change - and in the nineties the terminology has simply been modified: A "New World Order." A "New Age?" Sounds like the same thing to my thesaurus!

While the term "New Age" has acquired all sorts of absurd connotations, the definition remains simple: the context of this expression is astrology, and the meaning is quite precise - referring to a zodiacal cycle which changes as regularly as clockwork, approximately every 2 000 years. Astrologically speaking, we do indeed stand at the dawning of the Age of Aquarius, although this does not refer to a new Utopia any more than the dawning of the Age of Pisces did 2 000 years ago!

In a nutshell, Aquarius is associated with radical change, revolution, technology and community. Perhaps these exist throughout human history, but it would be a very narrow sceptic who could not see that these words define the very era we are living through. When we examine recent history through the lens of astrology, it becomes clear that the current historical events represent a transition point in the global consciousness of the human race, and a change of almost every structure we have become familiar with in the last 250 years.

Indeed, a New World Order, a New Age, and a New South Africa!

The combination of planetary influences in the years 1986 to 1995 are an intense focus of configurations never before experienced in living memory. For this reason, we can understand that the change of world order represents something greater than that which was experienced in the second decade of this century, with the radical changes brought about by the First World War.

Despite the apparent similarity of circumstances, with countries and continents completely changing borders and political structures, it seems as if that was simply a rehearsal for the events of this decade and the next.

While the period of change is by no means over, a number of recent historical events have great astrological significance in the birth-charts of the relevant nations, and can be seen as an indication of what in fact is changing as we enter the Aquarian Age (a process which can take over 100 years!) The rebellion in Tiananmen Square

in 1989, while unsuccessful in itself, occurred when the astrological "ruler" of Aquarius - the planet Uranus - crossed the point of leadership in the Chinese chart.

While this indicates revolution and change, the presence of the conservative, structuring and limiting planet Saturn inhibited the success of the revolt. While the classical Saturnian response is indeed to clamp down even harder, a change in the structure of leadership will eventually have great significance in the future of that country.

The collapse of the Berlin Wall, and subsequently of most of the Eastern bloc regimes (and the Namibian election), occurred precisely at the moment of an astrological configuration associated with disillusionment and the collapse of false structures.

The converse results of such a configuration are the actual manifestation of old ideals - and so we see that the change in the Eastern bloc governments represent a foundation for the nature of the "new World Order." As a result, West Germany will be a key factor in the future of a new Europe, as one of the few countries whose transformation is practically complete and which now enters a phase of consolidation.

The Iraq-US war, as brief as it may seem, marked the beginning of the period of revolution and war which traditionally marks the change into the Aquarian Age, so closely associated with revolution itself. Bush's choice of January 15th was indeed ominous, for that date marked a solar eclipse (the ancient indicator of war) which occurred at the very point that the revolutionary Uranus was occupying at the time! Such an astrological event is influential for years, and would suggest that we have not heard the last of Saddam Hussein as an agent for the transformation the world is experiencing.

Such astrological confluences in themselves are not unique in history, and indeed this is not the first age of revolution we have experienced. However, the greatest player of all has entered the arena for the first time since our awareness of its influence: the planet Pluto, occupying the most powerful and transformational area of the zodiac. Mythologically, Pluto is Lord of the Underworld, of death, sex and viral illness, his arrival in this area coincided with the identification of AIDS, and identifies it as a player in the transformation of consciousness into a new Order. His symbol is the Phoenix, the bird which achieves new life through the horrendous process of self-immolation. Sixty years since the discovery of this influence, it has at last awoken.

As ruler of Scorpio, the planet rules the most influential Scorpio country of all - The

Soviet Union. The first contacts it made to the Soviet chart were in late 1987, the time of the Reykjavik conference, but the most powerful period thus far was November 1989 to August 1991 when Pluto crossed the Scorpio sun of the country (the point of leadership) - of course, culminating in the abortive coup which led to the collapse of the Communist Party. Even still, the changes in the Soviet Union are only beginning.

As we look at the continued progress of these cycles over the next few years, the process of change intensifies. The structure of the Soviet Union has changed beyond re-unification, and it is likely that the disintegration will continue further, as so many of the individual states fall under the influence of these planets.

Within the next two years the USSR's transformation intensifies, culminating in an increase of violence - perhaps another revolution, and the likely dissolution of the Union. Gorbachev himself is at risk, with the likelihood that he will lose power. If he does not choose to step down in 1993, he faces overthrow during 1994, when there is a likelihood of another plot against him.

South Africa is a good representation of the process of change affecting the globe, as the seat of government in the chart is located in the very area where so much of the Saturnian and Uranian influence is taking place. During the last two years conservatism and change have simultaneously swung the country towards many

extremes, leading to changes in structure, the growth of a reactionary movement and an increased cycle of violence.

While the violent Uranus remains in this area for another six years, the harsh obstacles and limitations of Saturn have now faded in their influence. Although much turbulence is to follow in the years ahead, the path towards complete change is now irrevocable, and the changes themselves will be of a magnitude we can barely imagine.

We still stand in the middle of this process affecting the world. Perhaps terms such as "New World Order" have been bandied about each time the world perceives itself changing: in 1919 after the first war and even at the turn of each millennium, when it is fashionable to believe that the world itself will be transformed by the magical figures in the new date! Perhaps such an unconscious heritage affects us to this day.

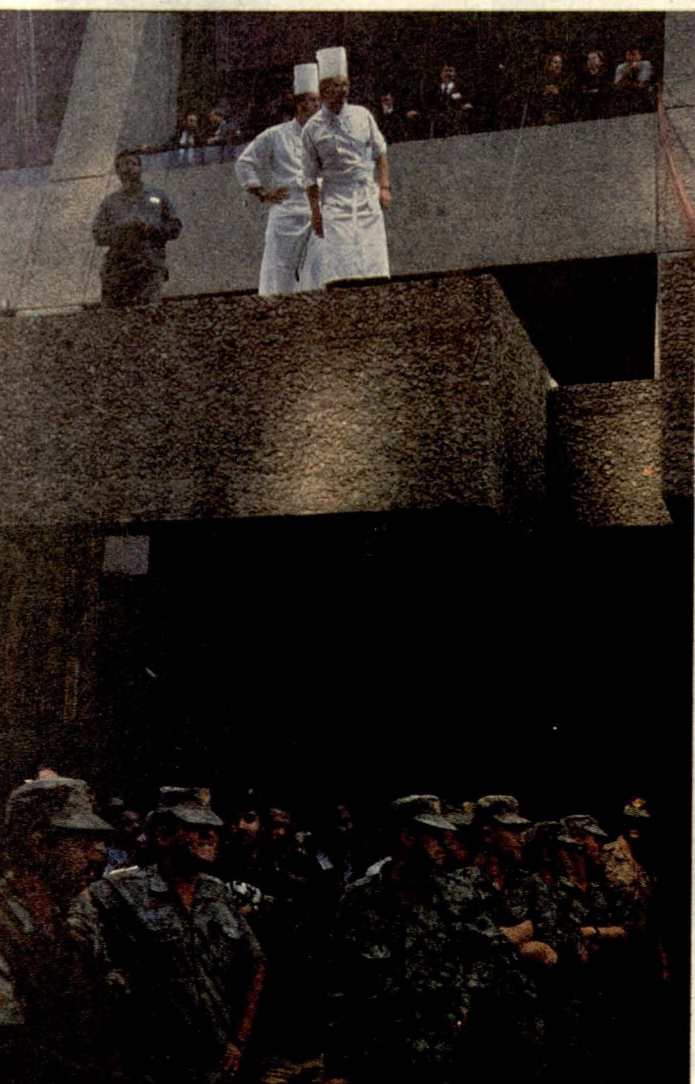
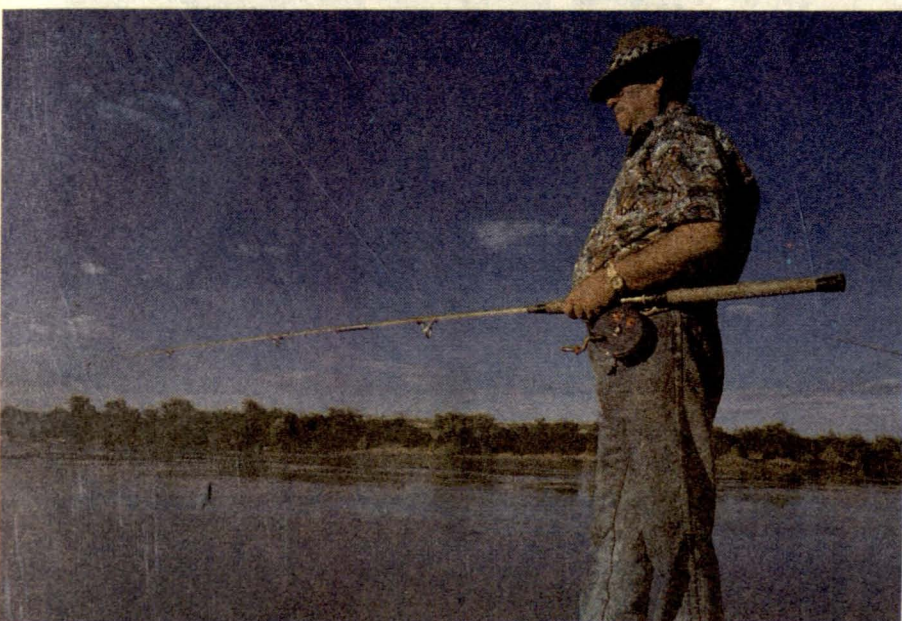
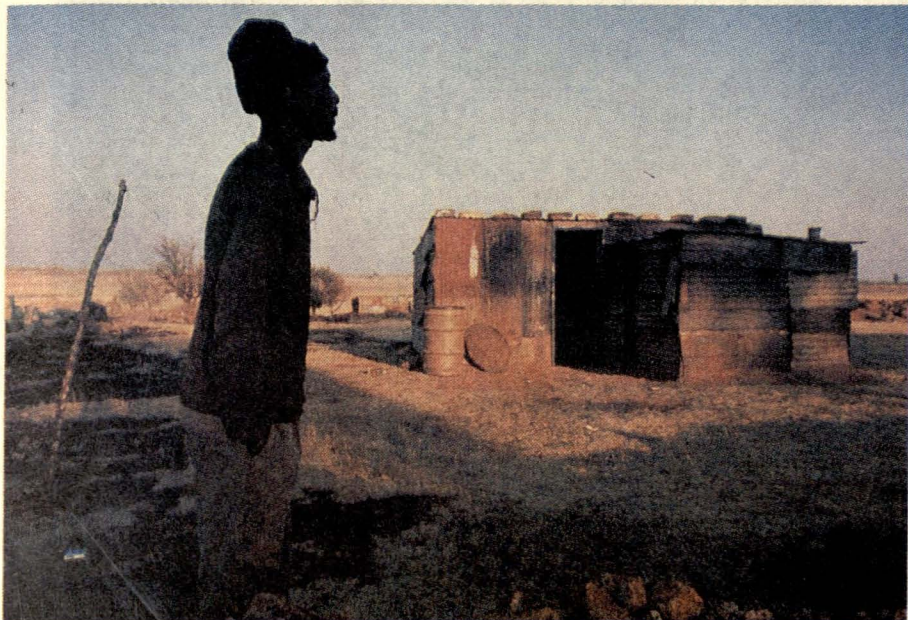
However, viewed from the perspective of astrology, the combination of influences is so unique in history that the very least we can look forward to is a New World Order - and despite the revolutionary birth-pangs it must experience, it should be an age of greater global community and greater awareness. The impulse to save the planet is not based merely on the destruction we have wrought thus far, but on a new awareness which may just bring a better future for all.

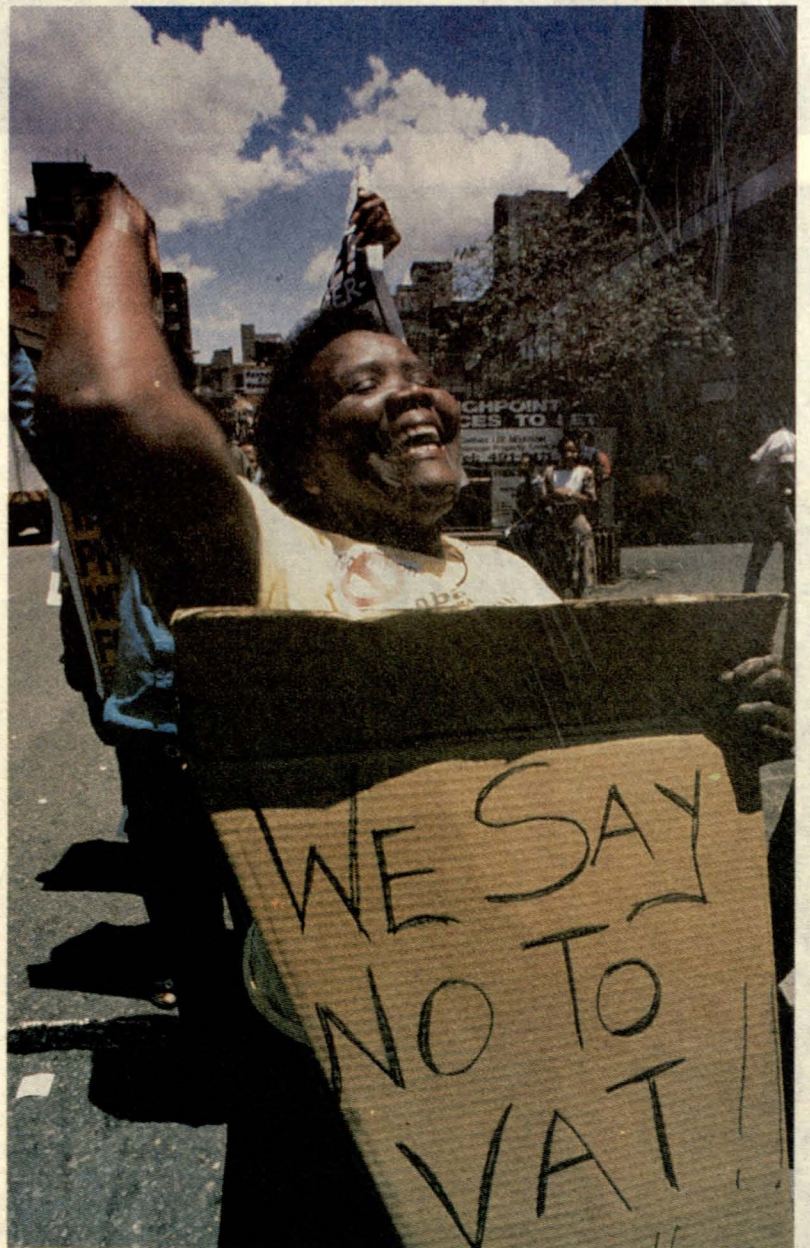
The onus remains on ourselves, not on the planets, to succeed.

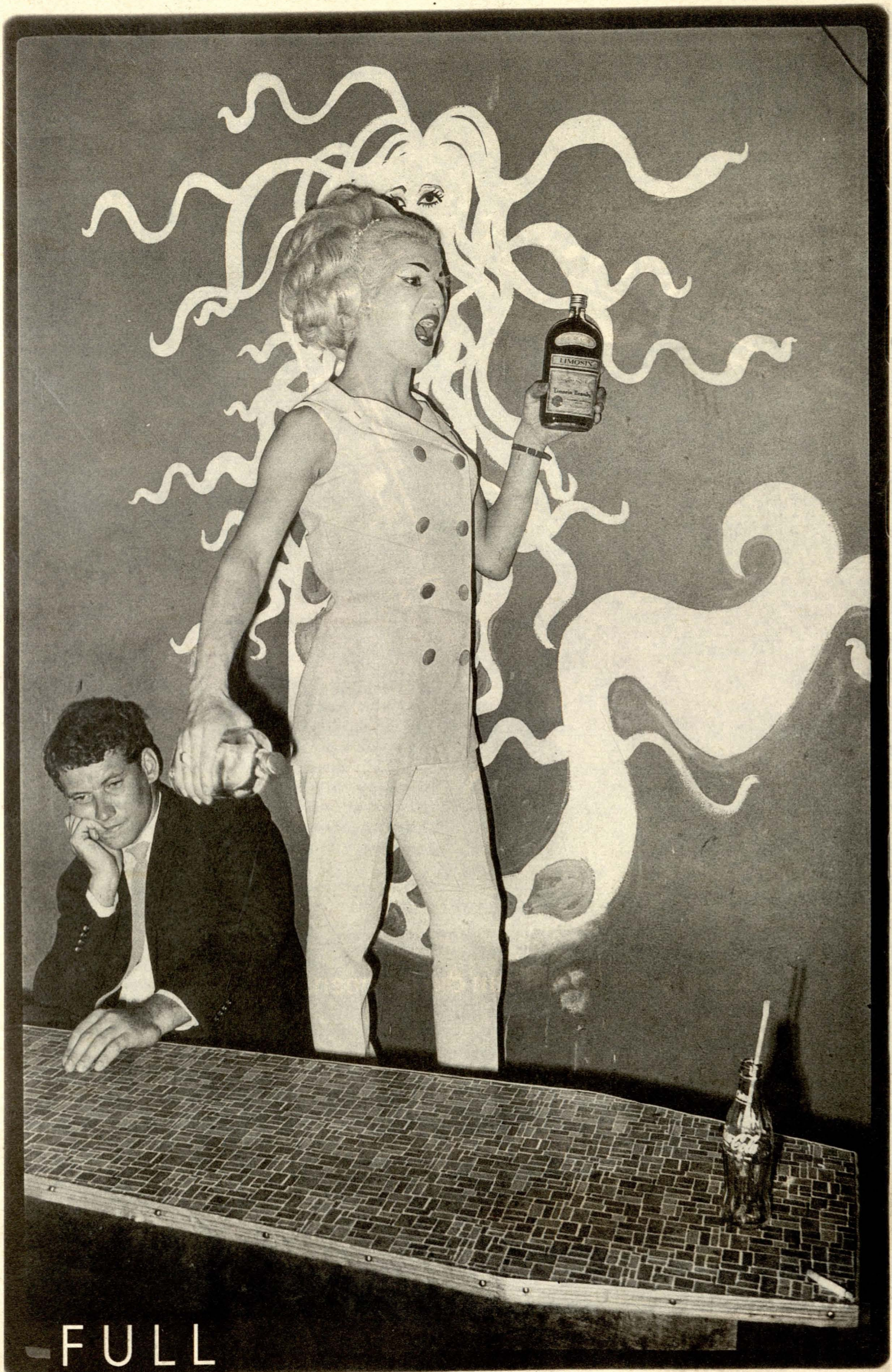


Rod Suskin ... an age of greater global community.

'n Jaar van bloed en geweld, van regse militarisme, van eise en gefrustreerde hoë verwagtinge. Maar ook van deurbrake en vrede maak. Die eerste boustene van 'n nuwe nasie is gelê.







FULL

FRAME

REVIEW OF SOUTH AFRICAN PHOTOGRAPHY VOL. 2 NO. 1



Die Standard Bank Nasionale Kunstfees in Grahamstad, Suid-Afrika se belangrikste kultuurgebeurtenis.

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E D I T O R I A L

IN association with **VRYE WEEKBLAD**, and with encouraging support from the photographic industry and photographers, we bring you another issue of **FULL FRAME**. The two previous issues of **FULL FRAME** on glossy paper set a standard in quality of reproduction and presentation of photographs. With this new format and paper, a first for a photographic magazine in South Africa, we will continue to strive for that quality.

We will be coming out quarterly, featuring essays of new and interesting work as well as developments in the industry, book reviews and debate. The relationship with **VRYE WEEKBLAD**, a bilingual news magazine with a proud record since its inception in 1988, pushes up our circulation to 15 000 and **FULL FRAME** becomes part of their national distribution network.

The concept behind this issue was to explore the insider/outsider aspect of photography. Does the value of a photographer's work depend on where he/she comes from - cultural background, race and gender? Working through these issues will challenge all of us who have ever pointed a camera at what technical books call "subject matter".

Andries Oliphant, editor of **STAFFRIDER** and co-ordinator of the **STAFFRIDER** art and photography exhibitions, addresses the debate. It has by no means been laid to rest.

We feature two photo essays: Billy Monk, one-time nightclub bouncer, boxer and professional diver, explores the Catacombs in Cape Town from the "inside". The Imperial Ghetto by Omar Badsha is an essay on the Grey Street area in Durban where he grew up and went to school.

Photographers are challenged to break the barriers of stereotype, to look inside South African lives. Read **FULL FRAME** and enjoy this journey.

We would welcome readers views on photography and the material published in **FULL FRAME**.

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C O N T E N T S

BILLY MONK

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE CATACOMBS IN CAPE TOWN
IN THE LATE SIXTIES.

WALTER ANDRIES OLIPHANT

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC MOMENT AND THE ETHICS OF REPRESENTATION.

OMAR BADSHA

PHOTOGRAPHS OF GREY STREET IN DURBAN.

THE MARKET PHOTOGRAPHY WORKSHOP

THE PHOTO-SCHOOL NEAR THE MARKET THEATRE.

BOOK REVIEWS

SOUTH AFRICAN PORTFOLIO. PUBLIC PEOPLE...PRIVATE VIEWS.
REVIEWED BY LESLEY LAWSON.

DRUM: DIE FÜNFZIGER JAHRE BILDER AUS SÜDAFRIKA .
REVIEWED BY MICHELE WITTHAUS.

THE COLD CHOICE.

REVIEWED BY TONY WEAVER.

DESPATCHES



HIS NAME WAS BILLY MONK

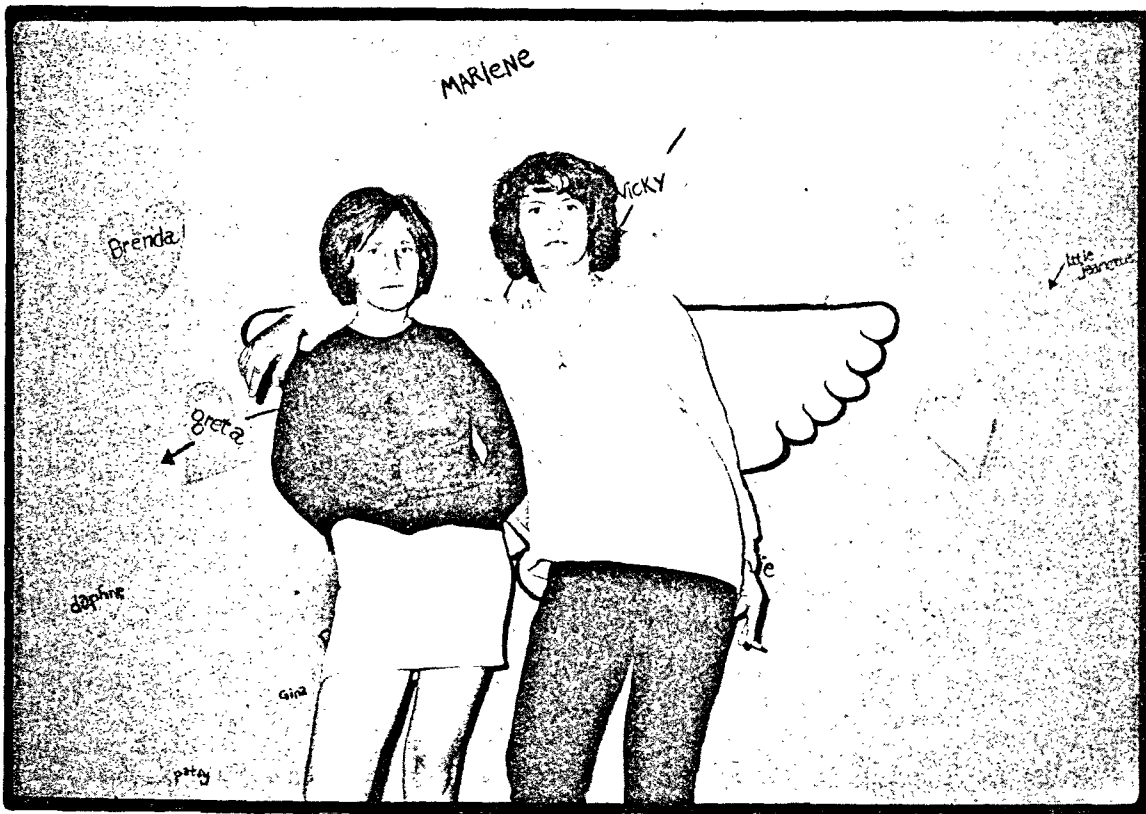
THE upper end of Long Street has always been the official address of low-life in Cape Town. No matter how hard the landlords try to gentrify this area, Carnival Court, the Mountain View Hotel and the Blue Lodge will remain home to the prostitutes and pimps, drunks and scruffs.

It was somehow fitting that a small leather shop, The Mad Monk, existed in this area during the mid-Seventies. Its owner was a short and lean man with the face of a boxer who had stayed in the ring for a few rounds too many. His nose had been broken and his face was bumpy and swollen, but he spoke with the polite charm that so many serious fighters have mastered.

His name was Billy Monk - the name suited the character somehow, for he became an icon of the underworld, the sleazy eye of the Sixties.

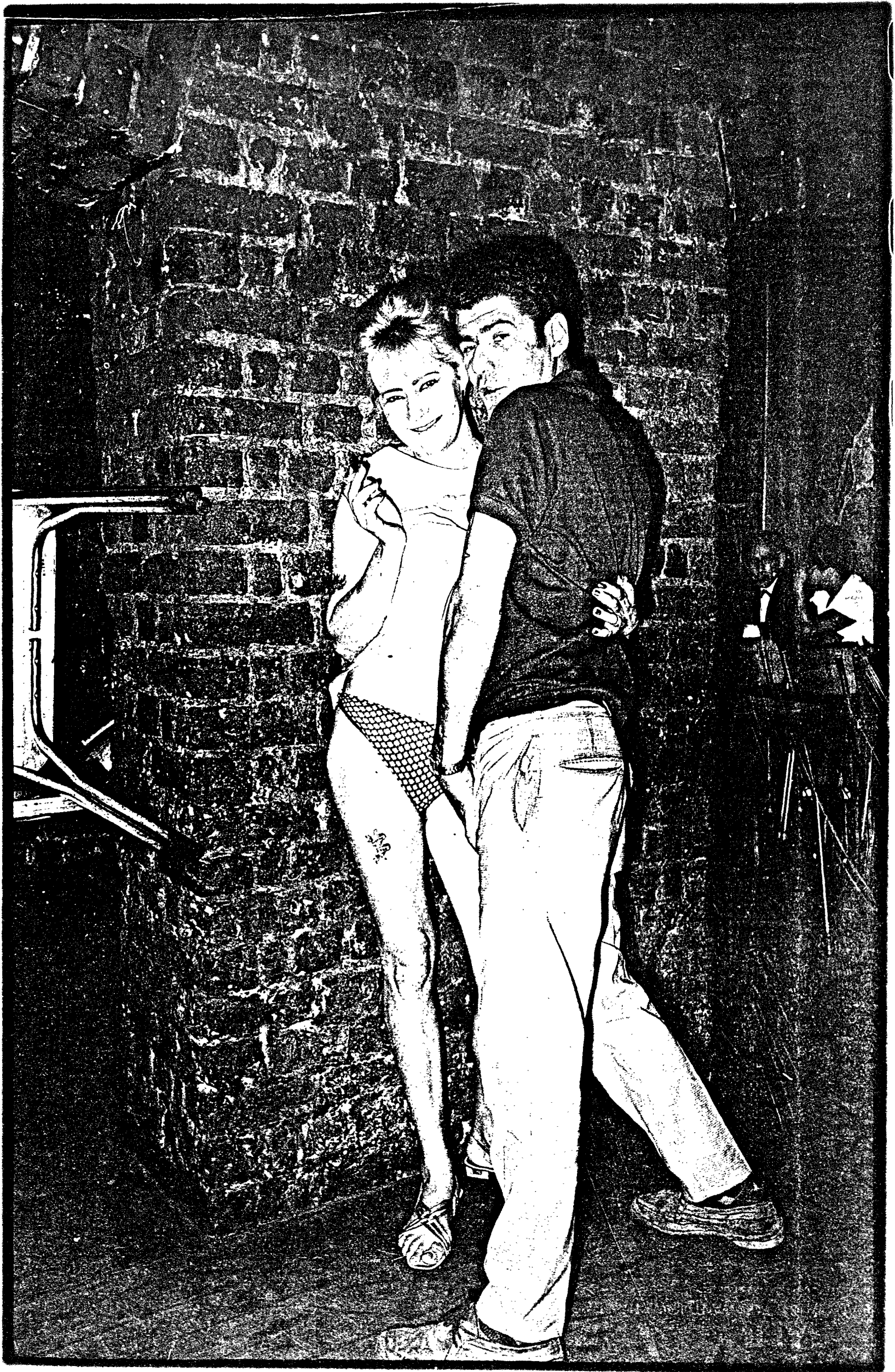
Billy Monk worked as a bouncer and a photographer in the notorious Catacombs Club during the late Sixties. According to the owner, Jacky Weiner, Monk was rather a bad bouncer (if that was possible) and he was relieved when he started taking pictures in the clubs instead.

Monk used a Pentax camera with a 35mm focal-length lens and a small flash and Ilford FP4-film. This technique exposed his fine grain film to the raw detail of the nightclub. He captured the decadence and the tragedy, the humanity and the pleasure. His approach was naive. His aim was not to make a social statement, but to sell the pictures to the people he photographed. He was one of them and he shared their experiences and they trusted him and and exposed their lives to ►



ALL PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILLY MONK







ALL PHOTOGRAPHS BILLY MONK

him. This, I believe, made his work so powerful.

In 1969 Monk stopped taking pictures in the Catacombs Club. He later complained to me that Polaroid film had become the vogue for social photographers and he had no feeling for this instant product.

In 1979 I found three files containing Billy Monk's photographs, seemingly abandoned, in a studio I had taken over. They were meticulously numbered and dated. A friend, Andrew Meintjies, and I approached Monk to print his work for an exhibition. He seemed pleased with the idea.

On July 17 1982 our exhibition of Monk's work opened at the Market Gallery in Johannesburg. Monk was diving for diamonds off the Port Nolloth coast and could not attend.

The critics loved the work and praised it and one called him a modern Toulouse Lautrec.

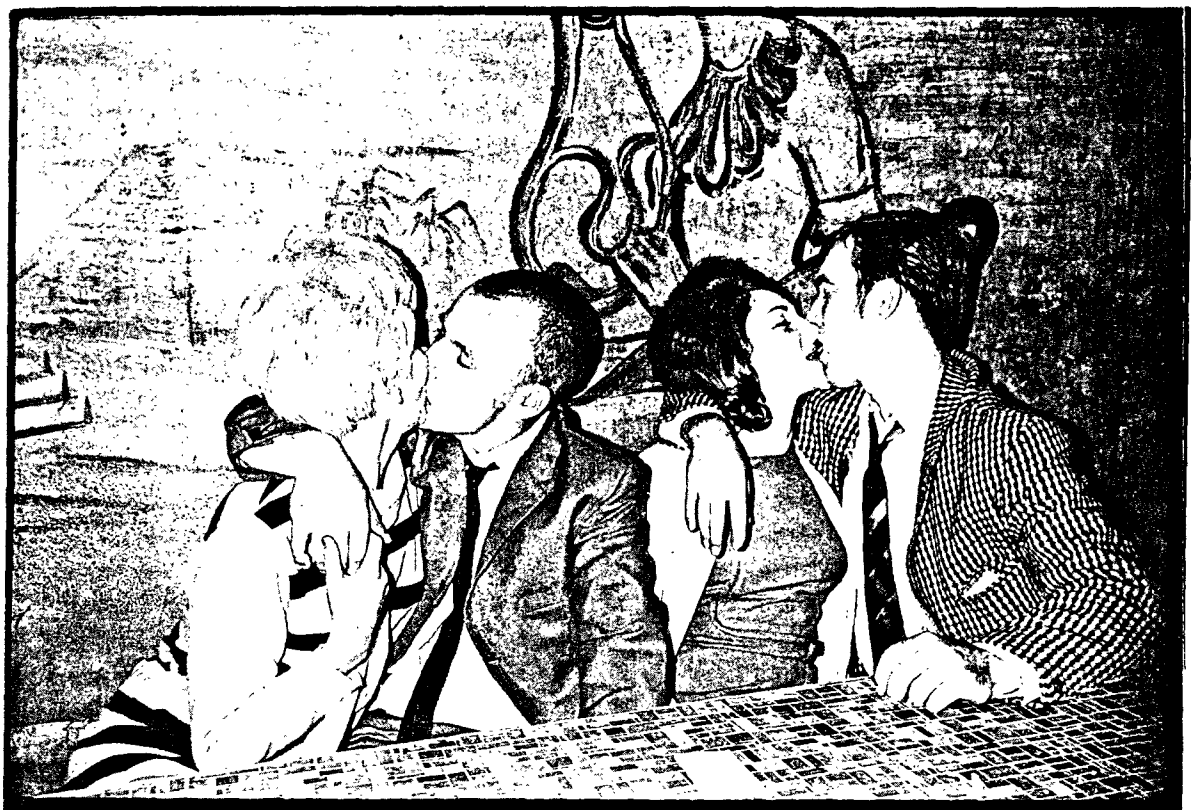
Tragically, Billy Monk never read the reviews or even saw his own work exhibited.

Two weeks after the opening Monk went to Cape Town in the hope of finding a lift to Johannesburg to see his work. On the evening of Saturday July 31 he got involved in an argument with a man and a fight broke out. The man pulled out a gun and shot two bullets into Monk's chest, one straight through his heart.

Billy Monk was buried at sea in bad weather from a leisure boat in a ceremony that somehow captured the melodrama of his life: There were women with weathered faces unaccustomed to the daylight and the wind; there were men who had done time in one way or another. There was his family, and a friend read John Masefield's "I must go down to the sea again..."

A seagull followed the boat as it steered uneasily in the rough green sea.

JAC DE VILLIERS ●



THE QUEST FOR APPROPRIATE REPRESENTATION

ANDRIES WALTER OLIPHANT

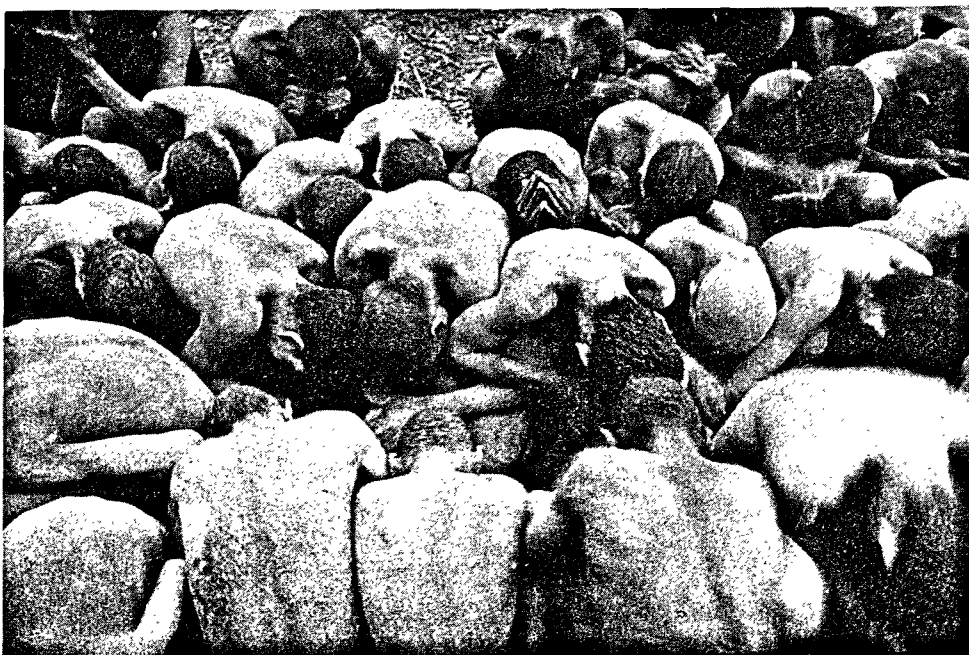
SINCE its emergence in the late 1830s, photography has come to occupy a central place in the network of recording instruments of contemporary society. While direct access to this medium has largely been restricted to the middle classes, it can be taken for granted that virtually all human beings are familiar with the photographic medium.

What, for example, in the field of representation could be more common today than to take a snapshot of a friend or family member, a landscape or an urban scene? The camera, according to popular wisdom, has reduced the difficulties of realistic representation to the act of selecting a subject, reading the light and clicking the shutter. The rest can be left to chance and the science of the photo-chemical process.

But how often has the need to have a photograph of oneself taken not unexpectedly complicated matters? Suddenly questions such as what would be the most ideal portrayal of oneself come up in relation to aspects of the self one would prefer not to reveal.

Even the most casual photographer is familiar with disgruntled subjects who refuse to accept images made of them. This tension between the desires of the subject and how they wish to be represented constitutes the fraught relationship between the photographer and his or her subject.

This relationship is compounded by the authority popularly accorded to photography. Unlike other visual images, photographs, as Susan Sontag has



NORTHSOTHO INITIATION. STEVE HILTON-BARBER

1950s and 1960s. The new movement which emerged in the 1970s focused on the consequences of forced removals and the effect of apartheid on the lives of South Africans. It produced a powerful body of work intent on exposing the dehumanizing effects of oppression and recording the various forms of human resistance to injustice.

Accordingly, the "innocent" were identified and the "guilty" condemned. In such a polarized context this, Badsha advances, "literally meant lining up photographic subjects on the opposite sides of a line in terms of black and white". White photographers from middle class backgrounds who were sensitive to the problems and needs of black rural and urban communities participated in this. For Badsha, this demonstrates that factors such as race, class or gender do not disqualify photographers from successfully portraying communities other than their own.

Badsha's view is shared by photographers such as Peter Magubane, David Goldblatt, Lesley Lawson, Guy Tillim, Paul Weinberg, Herbert Mabusu and others I spoke to. Many mentioned that in literature and painting, the ability to depict worlds beyond the community of the writer or artist is often marshalled as an indication of the practitioner's talent.

Most photographers agreed that approaching a subject as an outsider requires knowledge, sensitivity, compassion, respect and the need to win the trust of subjects. The Cape Town-based photographer, Guy Tillim, who has produced some of the most outstanding pictures of communities in the Transkei, remarks that "communities have every right to be suspicious of intruders' intent on appropriating their experiences for personal gain or some undisclosed motive".

Peter Magubane, renowned for his photographs taken in Soweto and other communities since the 1960s is, like David Goldblatt, a link between the photographers of the 1950s and the 1970s generation. He categorically dismisses suggestions that the race of a photographer is an inherent impediment to the successful portrayal of any subject. For him failure or success must be attributed to the abilities of the photographer. "Irrespective of colour, the good photographer will succeed and the bad one will fail. It's like with any other artist who represents what he sees, to the best of his ability," he says unequivocally.

Herbert Mabusu, who works as a news photographer for *The Star* agrees that there is no inherent reason which prevents photographers from successfully representing subjects alien to their personal background. He does wryly point out that black and white communities in South Africa are not equally accessible to all photographers: "While whites were prevented from entering black communities without official permission in the past, black communities are currently far more open to white photographers from South Africa and abroad than white communities are for black photographers." The inaccessibility of conservative white communities are examples. "Black photographers cannot photograph AWB or Conservative Party gatherings without great risks," he points out. Particularly worrying to him is how foreign photographers without any understanding of local communities go about their business.

Paul Weinberg, like Mabusu, is critical of the international media and their



AWB AND VOLKSWAG COMMEMORATION OF THE GREAT TREK, 1989.
GIDEON MENDEL (ORIGINAL IN COLOUR)

pointed out, are, because of their relationship to the real, often taken for reality. If we add to this the vexing question of aesthetics and what constitutes a "good" or "authentic" and a "bad" or "false" photograph, the issues at stake are extensive.

Photographers, writers and artists involved in representational aesthetics continuously have to deal with these problems. Generally, these problems are dealt with in actual work. Occasionally these practices are questioned in public. Locally, where every conceivable form of social division has been deployed in the service of an objectionable ideology, it is surprising that the question of representation has received such scant critical attention.

While the best South African photographers have individually and collectively crossed the barriers erected by apartheid in an effort to explore the problems involved in photographic representation, the public and even some critics seem to have inclined towards viewing social life in terms of the insider/outsider frame of reference nurtured by the ideology of cultural exclusivity. This was compounded by the traditional recourse to stereotypes which, until recently, permeated group perceptions locally. This bedevilled almost all forms of representational art.

For radical photographers and artists the only constructive way out of this quagmire was to adopt an oppositional perspective. This approach sought to galvanize perceptions in support of the oppressed. Many writers, artists and photographers, as David Goldblatt observes, "wielded their instruments like guns" against the prevailing order.

While this approach had its pitfalls, it produced a solid photographic tradition to which both black and white radical photographers, who identified with the victims of oppression, contributed. This tradition, according to Omar Badsha, happened in documentary photography "despite the arguments in certain quarters that whites, as outsiders, were ill-equipped to portray the real issues in, and capture the finer nuances of oppressed communities".

This new tradition, of course, was a continuation of the pioneering work by photographers like Ernest Cole, Bob Gosane, Eli Weinberg, and others in the

portrayal of South African society. Although he is sceptical of "the claim that only insiders and the oppressed can translate, depict or narrate the experiences of their community," he also points out the following: "It is important to keep in mind that people living in a particular society are often much more sensitized to the issues affecting them than outsiders. Some visiting photographers, for instance, arrive in South Africa looking for big names and media personalities. In the process they completely miss the complexities of the situation." To substantiate this, Weinberg refers to David Turnley's book *Why Are They Weeping?* and contrasts it with *Beyond the Barricades*. Both these books cover the events which took place in South Africa during the repressive period of the last State of Emergency.

The relative merits of the insider versus the outsider controversy in photographic representation is succinctly summarized by Goldblatt. "The history of photography," he mentions, is replete with highly successful work done by outsiders and so is there memorable work which could not have been done by insiders." This has not defused the issue, nor has it dispensed with what Goldblatt refers to as a "ceaseless challenge to produce all the layers of meaning and nuances of a reality fraught with complexities".

Recent photographic portrayals of sectors of South African society in terms other than the stereographic images of black people as victims and whites as oppressors, exploded in public controversies. Some examples are the snapshots by Kim Gray of black prostitutes exhibited at the Market Gallery in 1987. These pictures were rejected by the subjects and the public as images that suggested that all prostitutes are black and that all black women are prostitutes.

Two years later, in 1989, this outcry was followed by Gideon Mendel's colour pictures of the Groot Trek commemoration festivities. The pictures were admired by the subjects but denounced by many blacks as glorifications of right wing Afrikaner Nationalism. Some critics dismissed the photographs as grotesque caricatures of the subjects while others applauded the work for what they saw as its subtle visual irony and symbolism.

Last year, Steve Hilton-Barber's photos of a Northern Sotho initiation ceremony, were greeted with ferocious condemnation by the blacks and a cross section of whites including professional anthropologists and some photographic critics. He was charged with violating a sacred, private ritual and exploiting it for personal gain. The photographs were also met with intense opposition in Germany where they were exhibited this year.

Prior to these incidents, Goldblatt's book, *Some Afrikaners Photographed*, published in 1975, in which he represented some marginalized Afrikaner communities, was also met with resistance. Although, according to Goldblatt, it was never spelt out, it was suggested that he, as an outsider, had no right to depict Afrikaners. He recalls that Tertius Myburgh, the deceased editor of *The Sunday Times*, forbade his review editor from reviewing the book. Goldblatt subsequently realized that some Afrikaners, like some Jews, resented being reminded of their impoverished past. "Today the book is a collector's item sought after by many Afrikaners," he concludes.

If anything, these incidents have pushed the problems inherent to visual representation to the fore within the local photographic community.

Lesley Lawson, who has worked on a wide range of photographic subjects, ranging from black women in the workplace to the relationship between communities and the environment, points out that the problem of representation is so central to photography, that it is difficult to understand how it could have been left hovering in the background for so long by local photographers. She argues that while matters such as race, class and gender play a role in the problems a photographer faces, the problem of representation is not simplified by a subject which coincides with the photographer's race, gender or social position. "Whenever one raises a camera with the intention of portraying someone, including yourself, a series of problems and challenges confronts you," she observes.

These problems, Lawson mentions, include the attitude of the photographer towards her or his subject, the style and form of the representation, as well as the range of meanings which the photographer wishes to include in the image. This, and the irreverent tendency of the photographic medium which leads to the inclusion of unselected, random detail, makes it almost impossible to guarantee success before hand.

Lawson confronted this challenge by making an effort to strike a balance between formal difficulties and what she calls "surface rules". These involve refraining from photographing the subjects in private moments without permission and ensuring that a relationship of trust is developed between her and her subjects under other circumstance. In the case of street or public photography, Lawson's basic rule is to respect the wishes of anyone who objects to being photographed. "The morality for me," she reflects, "is to be open and visible while keeping in mind that the political and cultural context

can contradict my personal morality."

Badsha stresses that while South Africa with its history of segregation and conflict, presents its own problems to the photographer, the ethical problems concerned with photographic representation are not unique to South Africa. It is an international problem which affects photographers who wish to represent any community or human subject, including subjects which ostensibly are part of the photographer's personal history.

For Badsha photography always involves expressing the vision of the photographer in relation to the interest and needs of the subjects. The photographer has to negotiate the degree of control which both parties will have over the process. While this does not necessarily ensure success, it could establish that both the photographer and the subject retain the right to evaluate and criticise without the right to censor. He observes: "In photography, like any other discourse, there will be areas of agreement and disagreement. This dialectical relationship should be what informs the photographer".

Along with these ethical problems photographers also have to deal with the formal problems involved in making images in a genre which is a synthesis of visual art and documentary recording. More often than not photographs have to function in terms of the power and coherence of the single image as well as the scope and depth of visual narrative. Simultaneously, the photographic image has to strive to communicate to large audiences the complexities of reality and the interconnections between objects. It has to marry the subjective vision of the photographer with objective reality. In the words of Goldblatt it often involves "making something coherent and meaningful out of a fuck-all situation based on a critical decision at a given moment in time and space."

To illustrate this he refers to a recent picture lying in front of him as he speaks to me over the telephone. "I am looking at a photograph of a man building a house in Kenton-on-Sea. It is a small, match-box type house. The mast of a security light is visible. In the foreground the man is tipping a wheelbarrow of cement with his back turned to the viewer." Goldblatt pauses to reflect on this description



WEDDING ON FARM NEAR BARKLEY EAST. DAVID GOLDBLATT

before proceeding. "For me all the elements are right. The man building his house with body language indicating pride. The context is really Soweto by the sea with the shadow of the security mast falling across the picture." It took him quite a while and several exposures to arrive at a satisfactory treatment of the reality before him.

For Tillim, the medium in which he works is: "a matter of capturing a moment in time in black and white as well as in intermediary tones. Sometimes in colour. Regardless of the subject matter, which can often be unpleasant, the beauty of a photograph can lead the viewer deeper into the picture and the subject matter". To achieve this, he stresses, is never a simple and straight forward matter of composing and framing a picture. It depends on the haphazard coincidence of capturing a gesture, a mood, or a tone in the search for aesthetic balance. Weinberg too, reflects that photographic success for him revolves around moments. "Like when a man looks up to see where his roof was leaking. Capturing his expression in that relative moment of time and space and crafting it into an image which connects with the subject matter is what documentary photography for me is all about."

In the context of a rapidly changing society South African photographers are already focusing in on new issues and themes in which the personal and the intimate are blended with social perspectives. But in the quest for appropriate representation the problems related to their medium will not become any easier.



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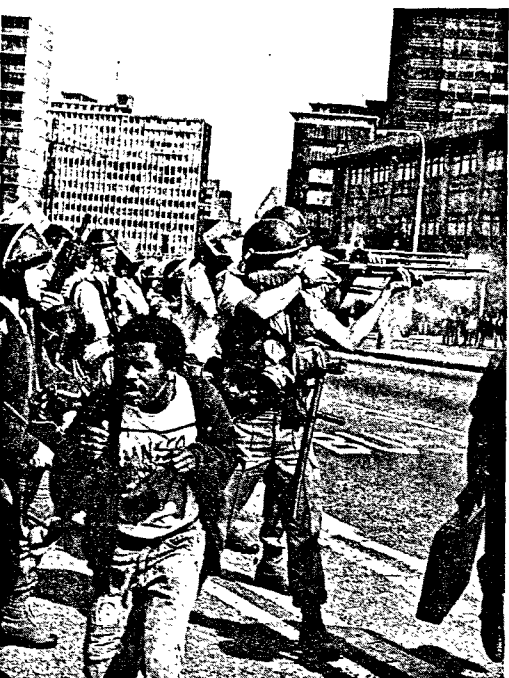
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CAPTIONS :

- 1 : IDOLS, AUGUST 1991. SYLVIA MORESCHE
- 2 : VENDA, JULY 1991. SYLVIA MORESCHE
- 3 : TPS SWANEPOEL, VREDEDORP. NATASHA PINCUS
- 4 : RIOT SQUAD OUTSIDE WITS CAMPUS.
TUMELO MOSAKA

THE MARKET PHOTOGRAPHY WORKSHOP

This photo-school based at the Market Theatre was initiated over a year ago by David Goldblatt with funds from the Donald Murray Trust. Goldblatt had felt for years the need for a non-racial facility that would teach photographic literacy and skills.

The project was started under the direction of Gillian Cargill. The old Newtown Post Office, near the Market Theatre, was converted into lecture room, exhibition space and darkroom facilities, with equipment acquired through the generous help of labs and individuals. Cargill has since left for Europe. The teaching is done by photographer T.J. Lemon and he will be joined by Phillip Mostert in the new year. Margot Janse coordinates and administers the project.

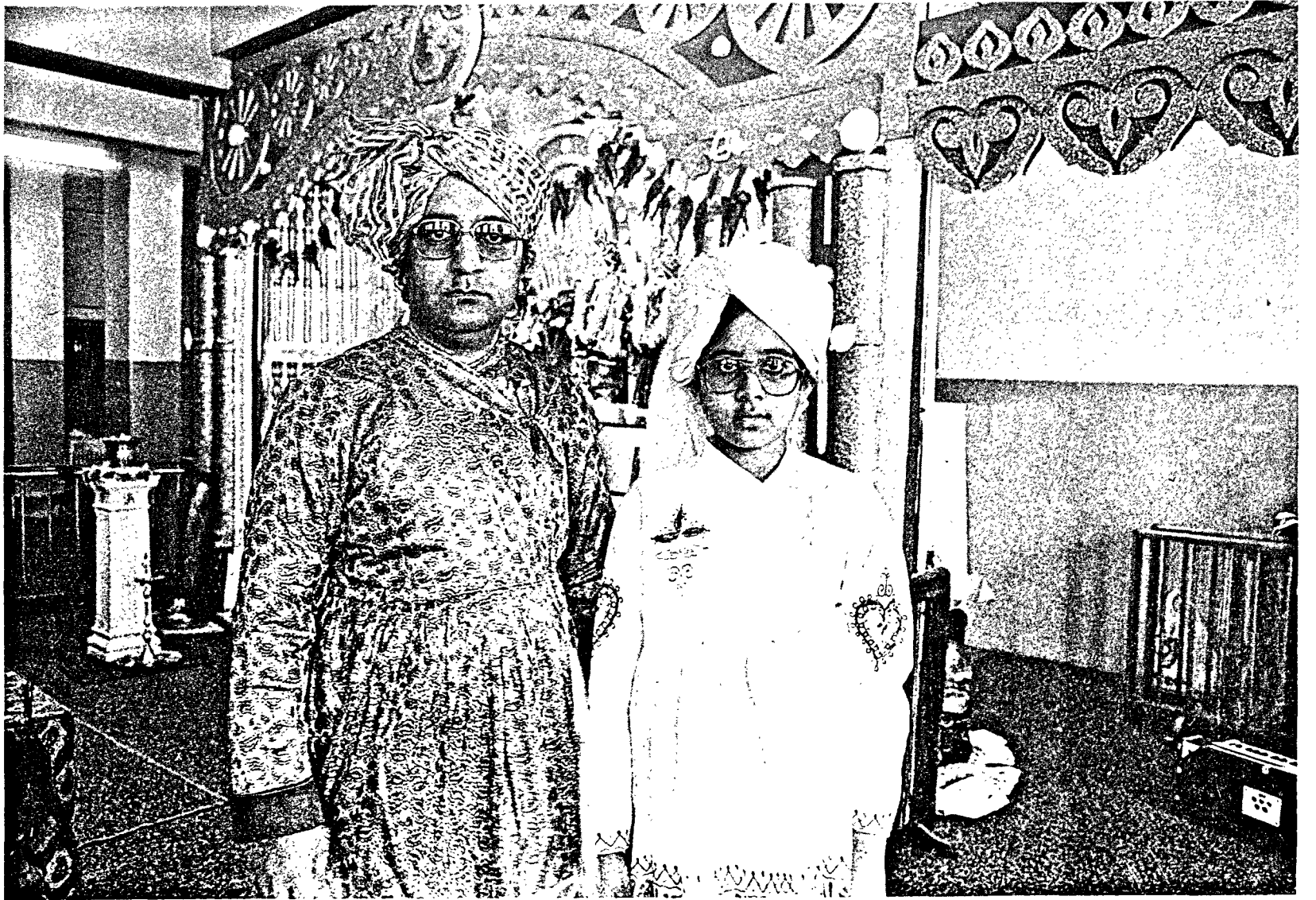
In the three course syllabus, there will be a progression from "camera skills" to "darkroom work" to "assignments at a professional level" when the Advanced course is on stream in early 1992. Advanced students will be developed to a point where they have the technical knowledge and problem solving logic to become professionals.

The Beginners have their course in the evenings once a week and photograph in the streets on Saturday afternoons. Intermediate students use the darkroom in the evenings once a week. Both courses last 8 weeks. The Advanced course will last 16 weeks. The cost of the courses is kept to a minimum and a limited number of bursaries are available. If you don't have a camera, there are ways around the problem.

The teaching doesn't end with classes. The darkroom is open to past and present students. Graduates are encouraged to stay on, develop their skills, and contribute to the workshop's projects. One such project is an exhibition "Inner City Life" which is expected to be ready by May.

The workshop invites participation from working photographers to give talks and critique students' work so as to expose students to a variety of influences. The workshop has been supported by the generosity of a range of donors including Phototechnik, Anglo American Properties, Mike Gorran, Evan Boddy, Procolor, Champion Photo-Chemistry, The Donaldson Trust, the German Government, Citylab and Singer Photographic.

Anyone interested in joining the workshop or becoming involved in it, should contact: Margot Janse, Market Photography Workshop, PO Box 8656 Johannesburg 2000. Tel - (011) 832-1641





3

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS OMAR BADSHA



4

CAPTIONS :

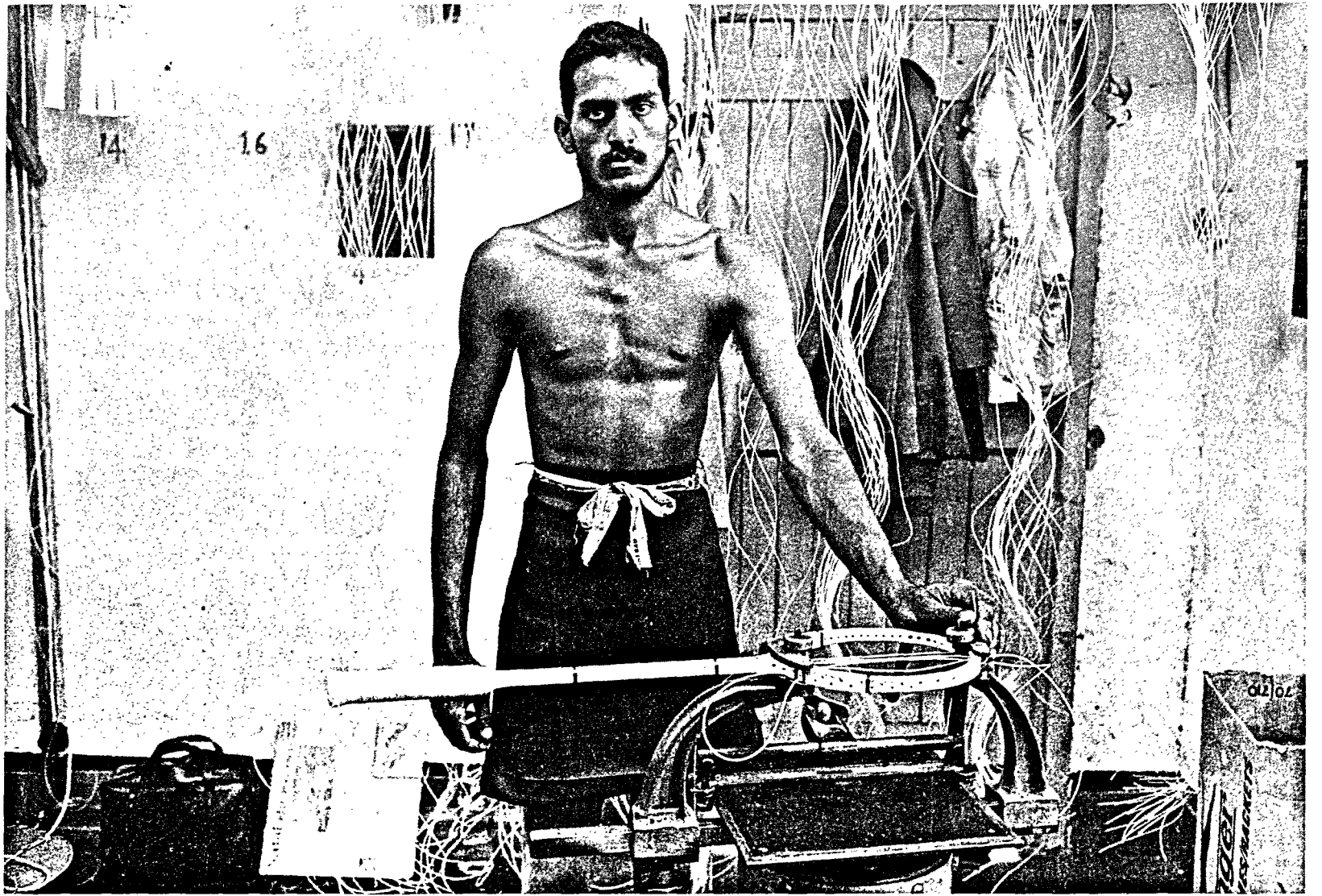
- 1 : TEMPLE, PRINCE EDWARD STREET.
- 2 : and 3 : PROCESSION TO THE GAVE/ARD TO
COMMEMORATE THE DEATH OF A LOCAL MUSLIM SAINT.
- 4 : RELIGIOUS PROCESSION, GREY STREET.

THE IMPERIAL GHETTO

Photographer OMAR BADSHA took these photographs of Durban's Grey Street and it's environs in the mid 80's. He grew up in this Indian neighbourhood which is bounded by streets named after Victorian royalty. His father was born in 7 Douglas Lane and Badsha went to school in the area, working there after leaving school. The neighbourhood first took on its present character in the 1870s when indentured Indian labourers who were freed began to work there. In the 1880s merchants and traders coming from India settled there and used it as a base for their forays into the colony.

During the attempt to confine Indians to certain areas, this became the heart of the South African Indian community. Later, under National Party rule, the area was physically defined by the Group Areas Act. Many African and coloured people had also made their home there, surrounded by the white community.

Badsha explored from his Muslim Indian background the different cultures, religions and rituals that made up life in Grey Street. ●



C A P T I O N S :

- 1 : DEAF AND DUMB MAN WORKS ON A PROJECT RUN BY A WELFARE ORGANISATION.
- 2 : MR AND MRS HAFEEJEE, THE LAST RESIDENTS TO BE MOVED IN TERMS OF THE GROUP AREAS ACT, MITCHEL STREET.
- 3 : AB ISMAIL, MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT, HOUSE OF DELEGATES.
- 4 : STREET PERFORMER, VICTORIA STREET.
- 5 : STORE WINDOW, PRINCE EDWARD STREET.
- 6 : COMMEMORATION OF THE DEATH OF A LOCAL MUSLIM SAINT, VICTORIA STREET.



ALL PHOTOGRAPHS OMAR BADSHA



5



6



DANCING AT THE RITZ, JOHANNESBURG 1952. JÜRGEN SCHADEBERG



ANC PRESIDENT DR J. S. MOROKA (LEFT), NELSON MANDELA (CENTRE) AND YUSUF DADOO, CATCH UP WITH THE NEWS DURING THE DEFIANCE CAMPAIGN TRIAL, 1952. JÜRGEN SCHADEBERG

BOOK REVIEW THOSE WERE THE DAYS

DRUM: DIE FÜNFZIGER JAHRE

BILDER AUS SÜDAFRIKA

Published by Jürgen Schadeberg and Klaus Humann

Price: R65-07. Available at Exclusive Books Hillbrow only.

MICHELE WITTHAUS

WE'VE seen these photos before, in *The Finest Photos from Drum*. But they bear looking at again in this collection with German language text which also contains more recent commentary from people who were part of the Fifties generation photographed by *Drum*.

Nelson Mandela, who features strongly in the collection, writes in the foreword: "My South Africa is a South Africa built on the foundations of our Freedom Charter, a non-racial society, in which all population groups are equal before the law and in which all forms of racial discrimination are scrapped".

What he describes, although it refers to a future South Africa, sounds very much like what the *Drum* photographers recorded in Sophiatown, Soweto and downtown Johannesburg in the Fifties, before Mandela was imprisoned.

They have left a valuable record of what was a golden decade for Indigenous culture. In the face of steadily increasing political repression, writers, performing artists and intellectuals of all hues celebrated life together with gusto. Their non-racial community spirit is, from our perspective in the Nineties, enviably natural and unselfconscious. One seeks clues to the origins of that group spirit in the faces captured by Jürgen Schadeberg, Bob Gosani, Peter Magubane and others. Some of the faces are famous, like those of Mandela, Helen Joseph, Miriam Makeba and Kipple Moeketsi. Others are those of ordinary passersby, but they are no less interesting for being obscure.

The mood of unquenchable optimism and self-confidence captured by *Drum* during the Fifties was never to return in quite the same form. How many black people have the time or the urge to go ballroom dancing any more? And what about the gangsters, those romantic characters whose life stories were recounted in the pages of *Drum*? Nowadays it would be hard to find any romance in the lives of desperados who belong to organised crime rings and would as soon shoot their victims as look at them. Cynicism has set in. The charm of the photographs lies in the exuberant life they depict, against the background of shabby interiors and ghetto scenes. "Those were the days" is an overriding theme of the book.

According to Can Themba, a leading light in the *Drum* editorial office, "The townships were fully alive. It was impossible to be bored. There was music on every street corner. For the first time there was a black self-consciousness, a big-city style."

As the exiles return and apartheid slowly crumbles, South Africa's writers, artists and musicians make tentative moves to rebuild an Indigenous culture. Writers' conferences, film festivals and musical extravaganzas are held, and committees make decisions on the political acceptability of individual offerings. We are a long way from that spontaneous, fragile ghetto culture of the Fifties. Books like this one give us tantalising glimpses of what was once possible, and what may re-emerge in time. ●

BOOK REVIEW
RICH IMAGES OF THE POOR

THE COLD CHOICE

Pictures of a South African Reality.
 Pix and text by Struan Robertson.
 David Philip, 1991.

TONY WEAVER

THERE is a sick joke told in foreign press circles: One agency photographer meets another and says "so where have you been?"

"Usual circuit, Iraq, Yugoslavia, New York, and you?"
 "Mozambique."

The first hack says "that must have been fascinating, tell me about it."

"Well, the worst thing - I saw this beggar, an old man, maybe 70, lost both legs and both arms in a landmine blast, half his face gone, dying of Aids, on a street corner in Beira."

"That's terrible, what did you give him?"

"250th at f8."

There is an inevitability about pictures of poverty and suffering, particularly when accompanying a plea for cash. Flip through 'The Cold Choice' and initial impressions are just that: A coffee table book about poverty.

But those first impressions are wrong. Robertson hasn't only photographed with compassion and perception - the accompanying text is well-written, politically informed, and conveys a well-controlled outrage - even rage - at what he has witnessed.

This book was written and photographed in conjunction with Operation Hunger, it is Robertson's record of four years travelling with OH teams to projects around South Africa.

Granted, there are a number of hack images, the cover photograph is perhaps the worst: A child, clutching bread, with mother/grandmother, staring into the camera. It was a bad choice, chosen perhaps because it would have emotional appeal. The Magesphula family on page 67 is a far stronger image and still has the standard emotional pull of staring children.

The strength of this book lies in its combination of informed text and narrative pictures. Few of the photographs can be called outstanding, the Ciskei sequences being among the exceptions. *The Ndebele Family*, *Emadaken* (pg 77), *Tentergate Relocation Camp* (pg 66), *Sick People*.

Red Location (pg 86) and *Mothers and Kwashiorkor children*, *Ngoabe Clinic*, *Sekhukhuneland* (pg 21) are excellent. The last in particular has, despite its grim story, a vibrant sense of community and, yes, grandmothers and nurses look on: All, save one, looking at the child, not the camera.

There are a number of mediocre, even weak photographs. But they are weak only in the sense of pictures judged in isolation. Read with Robertson's fluid and highly readable text, they make perfect sense, because they didn't fit the narrative flow.

In a recent article (*New Era*, Summer 1991), Eric Louw and Hein Marais launch a strong attack on the images used by charities and welfare organizations, in an article headlined "The Pornography of Poverty". They single out Robertson's book, using the cover pic and one other to

illustrate their argument that charity fund-raising has become a megabuck industry where white South Africans can save their consciences without ever having to come into contact with reality. Photographs of starving children-etc-etc-are an essential ingredient - the pornography of poverty.

The argument is good, but they err in attacking Robertson: Singling out a photograph of wide-eyed children at a school in Moretsele, Sekhukhuneland, they say: "A sense of unsullied innocence (a standard ingredient in charity publicity) and curiosity spills from the photo. But,

intentionally or not, the message is far from innocent. The camera-angle (downward) confirms the relationship between the powerful viewer and the 'helpless' subjects.....the images are heart-rending. And yet they serve to sterilize the relationship between the victim and the saviour.

Well, yes. Except, if they'd bothered to read Robertson's text, they would have discovered that Moretsele is an Operation Hunger success story, where the community has become empowered through aid translated into self-help. Its all very well to be nasty about the liberals

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BOOK REVIEW
NO NEW INSIGHTS INTO THE PORTRAIT

who dig deep, and the not-so-liberals who dream of being Operation Hunger millionaires: The facts are, as Robertson eloquently illustrates people are dying out there. Like flies.

Somebody has to give. The fabric of society has already collapsed through decades of racist social engineering, hundreds of



MALNOURISHED CHILDREN, DEARHAM RELOCATION CAMP, KALAHARI. STRUAN ROBERTSON

thousands of South Africans are past the point of being able to do anything about their own lives. So buy Robertson's book and give it to a rich aunt or uncle for their next birthday. They may not rave about the photographs, but they can't help but be educated and informed about the country they live in — and that, after all, is what documentary is all about.



JOE SLOVO, GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN COMMUNIST PARTY. ULLI MICHEL

SOUTH AFRICA PORTFOLIO

- public people...private views
By Andrew Steele, Ulli Michel
Published by STRUIK, 1991. Price R79,95

LESLEY LAWSON

THIS coffee-table book, aimed at the middle class Christmas market, purports to give personal insights into public figures. The interviews and photographs cover major players in the political, cultural, economic and sporting worlds.

There are few instances where the book achieves what it sets out to do. Certainly the personalities are all public figures - Mandela, De Klerk etc, but the view - both in text and image - is predictably familiar. There is little in this book with which a reader with a passing interest in local news media would not be familiar.

Sometimes it is apparent that the writer, Andrew Steele, had easier access to a clippings file than the people he interviewed.

The photographs suffer from the same weakness. There is nothing private about a portrait of De Klerk gazing into the camera from behind his desk (work or home?) - ditto Mbeki, Tutu, Margo, Suzman, De Beer etc. And there is little evidence of personal contact, or understanding which characterises great portraits.

However, there are a few exceptions. The much-publicised photograph of Joe Slovo in swimming gear shows a kindly man (with toes instead of talons) who swims with ordinary folk. Danie Craven, of the jutting jaw and folded arms, is clearly a person who will defend his goalposts against assault of any kind.

The portrait of Nadine Gordimer, sitting on a rough wooden staircase, designer Chris Levin surrounded by female busts, and the exquisite model Innocentia Moeophuli (who is she? half the text is devoted to the thoughts of her agent) all work.

Quite apart from their lack of insight, many of the other photographs are marred by a particular technical weakness - inadequate depth of field. Although this may sound like an existential comment, it is actually a photographic term describing the depth of focus around a central point. (In a portrait this is often the subject's eyes). For example photographer Ulli Michel shows us Beyers Naudé dwarfed by a huge fuzzy cross on the wall above his head, and Pik Botha's hands resting on a blurry globe. Raymond Ackerman's supermarket trolley is out of focus, as is the *Vrye Weekblad* held by Max du Preez.

Of course, there are no hard and fast technical rules when it comes to fine photography, but when one departs so boldly from convention - as Michel repeatedly does - it is usually to make some sort of point. To give Michel the benefit of the doubt, I have pondered long and hard over these photographs and the puzzle remains. Perhaps the point really is that the kind of people who will buy this book are unlikely to notice these mistakes. And mistakes they surely are.

In his years working for Reuters in South Africa, Ulli Michel built up a considerable reputation as a wire service photographer. In this sphere, where the pressures are enormous and the discipline harsh, Michel proved himself over and over again. I find it very disappointing that he has been unable to use this experience to create a new definition of the portrait. Instead he has made a superficial effort in the quirky-portrait genre made famous by the *Rolling Stone's* Annie Leibovitz many years ago. ●

DESPATCHES

STEVE HILTON BARBER

Steve Hilton-Barber's exhibition of photographs of a North Sotho initiation ceremony raised further controversy when hosted in Berlin by the House of Cultures of the World during a focus on southern Africa. After Hilton-Barber's photographs were spray-painted, a panel was convened to debate the issues raised by his photographs. Mixed reviews in the Berlin press accompanied allegations of 'artistic colonialism', 'slavery' and 'ethno-voyeurism'. Hilton-Barber had won the Staffrider photographic prize at the Market Gallery in December 1990 where the photographs evoked a similar reaction.

GREG MARINOVICH

Greg Marinovich, Associated Press photographer, and winner of the Pulitzer Prize in September this year, is now covering the civil war in Yugoslavia. In a recent postcard to colleagues in South Africa he bemoans the difficulties of shipping film out of Croatia: "Most of my material I sent out on a Croat speedboat that was shot up by Yugoslav navy and sunk. And you thought DHL was bad!"

BELVILLE PHOTO CONTEST

The Bellville City Council in conjunction with the Bellville Arts Association invites you to participate in what they call "South Africa's most prestigious Exhibition of Photographic Art". This will be an annual event with the first exhibition opening on 7 April 1992 in the new gallery in the Bellville Library Centre. Five prizes, ranging from R100 to R500, will be awarded. The Arts Association will be prepared to sell any photograph on exhibition for a commission of 25%. Deadline for entries is 28 February 1992. Details can be obtained from Sue Vellema at 021-9182103

WORLD PRESS PHOTO

The board of the World Press Photo Foundation invites photo journalists throughout the world to participate in the 35th Press Photo Of The Year contest. This competition, which is divided into eight categories, covers press photographs in black/white or colour taken during 1991 and intended for publication. There are 52 awards. All prize-winning pictures and a number of the runners-up selected by the international jury will be exhibited under the auspices of the Foundation and published in the Foundation's Year Book.

Entries accompanied by a completed entry form must reach the Foundation's offices at the latest on 31 January 1992. This deadline will be strictly observed.

Entry forms can be obtained from PROFOTO Magazine, 1 Hyde Park Corner, Hillbrow.

NATIONAL GALLERY AWARD

The South African National Gallery (SANG) has awarded six grants of R8 000 each to photographers working on certain projects. The photographers are: Geoffrey Grundlingh, Ingrid Hudson, Roger Meintjies, Lesley Lawson, Guy Tillim and Paul Weinberg. The work will result in exhibitions at the gallery. These commissions have provoked some controversy. All the photographers are white.

Cape Town-based photographer, Rashid Lombard, seemed to have the support of some photographers when he said: "...since it is expected that a large percentage of the work produced will deal with socio-political or black social conditions, it is surprising that there are no black photographers among the selected few... while we eagerly anticipate the new South Africa, the National Gallery is still adhering to the South African practice of white experts documenting the black experience".

Marilyn Martin, director of SANG, has refuted this charge. "At least four black photographers were on the shortlist, but for a number of reasons many of them did not respond." According to Martin, the National Gallery has been consulting various organisations such as the Culture Workers Congress and the Community Arts Project in an attempt to truly represent all South African art.

Omar Badsha, one of the judges, who had initially raised objections about the original shortlist, said that there was an

undertaking by the gallery that in future they would advertise in a broader manner instead of requesting proposals from selected photographers.

ANDREW MEINTJIES

Andrew Meintjies has constructed a 4x5 panoramic camera. This remarkable new camera, which only weighs 1.8kgs, and which is able to fit under an aeroplane seat, has the following specs:

- constructed from hard anodised aluminium
- fits lenses from 47 Super Angulon to 150mm (extensions available up to 600mm).
- International graffloc back
- Linhof lens panels
- permanent wide angle bellows
- price is R6 500 (without lens and film back)

Meintjies sales trips to the USA and Germany have paid off, resulting in sales to top photographers including Harry De Zitter. Four local photographers have bought the camera - Jac De Villiers, Alain Prost, Tony Meintjies and Harry Tyler. Give one of them a call for an independent assessment.

ILFORD PROFOTO AWARDS 1991 EXHIBITION

216 award-winning images from the Ilford Profoto Awards 1991 will be exhibited at the Durban Technicon's Art Gallery from 24 February - 5 March 1992 and in Port Elizabeth at the Greenacres Shopping Centre from 21 March - 5 April.

SAIP TO PPSA

The South African Institute of Photographers is changing its name to Professional Photographers of Southern Africa and have elected a new president, Mr Hoosain Ebrahim. Professional photographers wishing to join the institute can write to P.O. Box 18813, Hillbrow, 2038.

MILLENIUM

A new quality magazine is about to enter the South African market. Hugh Murray, former publisher of Leadership Magazine, has assembled the formidable team of, among others, David Goldblatt and Paul Bell, in the new venture. The project is of interest to photographers because of the publication's strong emphasis on visual content and excellent reproduction.

WALTER DHLADHLA

Agence France Press photographer, Walter Dladla, has recently won the New York International Centre for Photography (ICP) 1991 Infinity award. His portfolio of 10 photographs in the photojournalism category was selected above entries around the world, and exhibited at the centre.

If you have items you feel could be included in DESPATCHES, write to FULL FRAME, P.O. Box 177, Newtown, 2113.

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TWO ONE

SOUTH AFRICA'S FIRST JAZZ MAGAZINE

A black and white photograph of Hugh Masekela playing a trumpet. He is shown from the chest up, wearing a light-colored shirt and a patterned tie. He is looking upwards and to the right, with his mouth open as if playing. The background is dark and out of focus.

Hugh Masekela
on the History of Jazz

Dorkay House:
What Now?

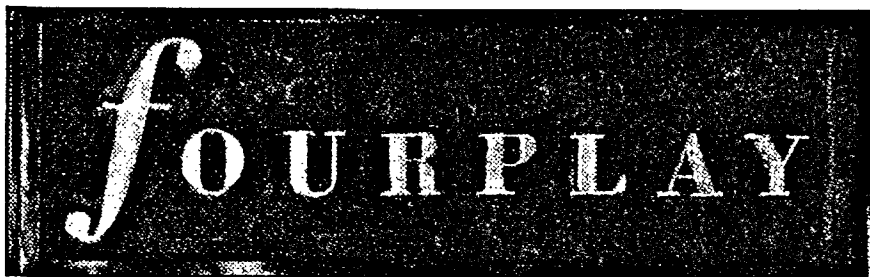
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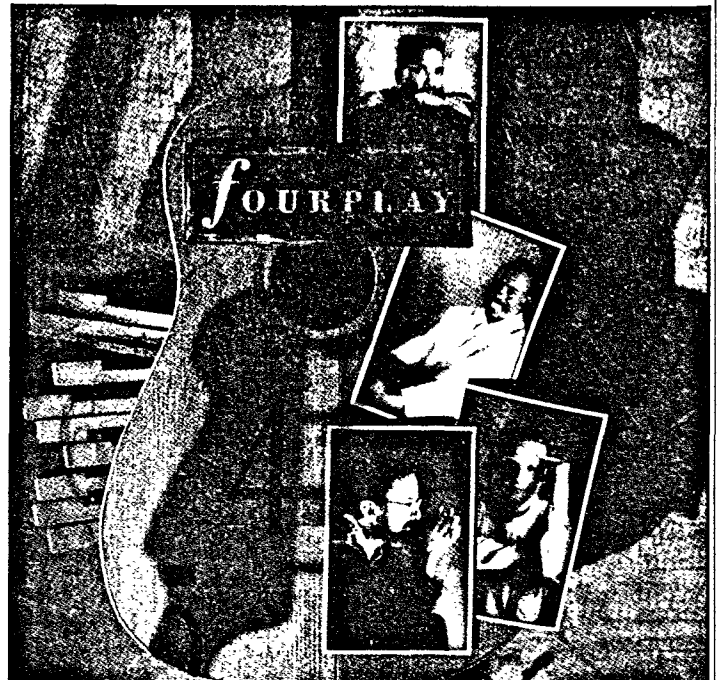
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Shado Twala

from the editor

"Shado, what does the word "jazz" conjure up in your mind?" I was asked. Goose-pimpled and starry-eyed I thought back to my childhood.

Sunday morning in Dube, Soweto; blaring, large loud-speakers on well-polished stoeps, a neighbour boning his two-toned expensive Flosheim shoes - "Look at me, Stetson up and down" - and occasionally sipping the "white man's brew" from a crystal glass. Constantly chatting to neighbours about their koffi days, ek sê. All sorts of aromas coming from the kitchen and the music was jazz. Art Blakey's Moanin', Jimmy Smith's Mojo, Shirley Scott and Ella Fitzgerald come to mind.

The cars were Pontiac, Studebaker and Plymouth, the dance was the jitter-bug and the twist. The place was Dorkay House and the Bantu Men's Social Centre. I can go on, but let these pages tell the rest.

Today things have changed. There is so much jazz going on, but we have very little means of sharing it.

South African jazz deserves its own magazine. This is it.

Two Tone is intended to be the platform where we can acknowledge musicians who have kept it going over the years and linking our talents with international jazz masters of our times.

After reading these pages hopefully you will have an insight into the music and what it represents.

Looking forward to your comments and contributions.

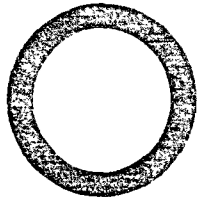
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TWO TONE IS A JOINT TWO TONE/VRYE
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Dorkay House: can the glory be revived?

The once vibrantly throbbing pulse of **Dorkay House** in Johannesburg - the cultural nerve-centre of the '50s - has faded to a faint throb. But it's still beating - and with enough help, interest and commitment, this historic link with the past can be revived to its former glory as a cultural training centre, writes **MFANAKA MSUTHU**



ON the outside of the once vibrantly alive Dorkay House the bricks are crumbling. Old paint is peeling off and the shutters are missing, warped or precariously hanging by a thread. But once inside, one realizes that the spirit of Dorkay House refuses to be bludgeoned to the ground.

Although four decades later it bears no resemblance to the lively venue of old, its pulse is still beating - but much slower and fainter. The almost decaying institution has been struggling in the throes of death, as no large corporation has been willing to help it on its feet again.

There is an expression of sadness on the face of office administrator Queeneth Ndaba as she launches into a thumbnail sketch of Dorkay House's will to live.

"In our worst moments we were supported by Father Trevor Huddleston," she explains how the place has avoided being shut down. "But now the place is really dilapidated."

Walking up the stairway, one sees nothing of the sparkle of the old days when Dorkay House became famous as a cultural centre. The sorry state of this historic old building is an indictment of black dreams: people pay lip-service - but are nowhere to be seen in the hour of need.

As if reading my mind, Ndaba continues with her story: "We had to write to Father Huddleston abroad because locally nobody was willing to put their money where their mouth is."

Her voice betrays deep emotion. "Ignorance has led potential sponsors to regard the institution as political because some of its products have gone on to take high political profiles. That is why we have not been supported."

This lack of financial aid inspired Ndaba in 1987 to establish the Dorkay House Trust to explore ideas on how the institution could become self-sufficient. In the past few years, however, not much money has been raised - although fund-raising campaigns still continue.

Listening in on the interview is recently returned legendary trombonist Jonas Gwangwa - one of the products of the Dorkay in the 1950s and a reflection of its former aura and prestige. He offers some more answers as to why the institution has lost its glitter.

"One factor responsible for Dorkay's demise as a cultural nerve-centre was the departure of some of the most gifted talents that used this place as a home," says Gwangwa. "A void was left when the people who used to work here left. Things always boil down to money - and whenever there is an economic slump the artists are hit hard first."

The exodus to America and Europe somehow "broke the continuum" at Dorkay, says Gwangwa. "This caused a cultural void in which music and the arts became diluted."

"There came a moment when history stopped dead in its tracks because of a ploy or strategy by some quarters who had no interest in the flourishing of the institution."

Without overtly pointing the finger at government policies, Gwangwa maintains that Dorkay's products, who after travelling the world were willing to come back to plough their experiences back into it, were barred from doing so.

"It was not a bad thing for black artists from this institution to go out and improve themselves - as they planned to come back and contribute to its enrichment. But once they went overseas, they could see South Africa for what it was - and thus became dangerous to the system. They had been exposed to what they were not supposed to see. Such artists, when they returned, could not be expected to act as if they hadn't seen the reality and to continue as if nothing had happened."

"Their passports were not renewed and this resulted in the disintegration of Dorkay."

Coming back to the present, Gwangwa says when he first came into Dorkay after more than two decades in the wilderness, he realised that it had nevertheless been kept alive.

"However, the place needs a lot of aid," he says. "The challenge now is to take it up a stage higher than where it was when some of us left. What is needed is a lot of equipment, computers, musical instruments and various other items - so that things can start happening."

The responsibility to revive Dorkay does not rest in the hands of Hugh Masekela, Mirriam Makeba or Caiphus Semenya, emphasises Gwangwa, but with the general populace. "This is a people's place. It needs input from the community, the city council and whatever quarter that is willing to help."

Still, Ndaba says, the return of the likes of Gwangwa, Masekela, and Makeba will go a long way towards restoring Dorkay House



Queeneth Ndaba (pic: Paul Weinberg)

to its original glory.

"The doors are open to veterans of the institution to offer whatever they have, for the upliftment of the place."

To restore Dorkay's former aura, various events including a Christmas party and frequent Sunday afternoon jazz events, fashion shows, and choral music sessions are in the pipeline.

The major problem remains a lack of money, says Ndaba. "We cannot exploit musicians by getting them to play here for no pay. They depend on their art for survival."

When Ndaba talks about various artists who have promised to donate proceeds to the Dorkay Trust, she is reluctant to divulge much:

"Yes, the name of this place has been used to draw large public support to some concerts and music events. But we have not received a cent from such people because perhaps they still expect us to make some application."

What would a renewed Dorkay House mean? "The thrust of the dream is to restore the place to its original prestige," she says. "But most important is that it can become a place to train our young musicians to reach an international stature and standard. It is our mission to aid youngsters who want to spend their lives in the various art forms."

"There is nothing that stops this place from once again producing people who can walk tall anywhere, anytime in the world. Today we only have a handful of people who are literate in the arts. Dorkay is one of the few cultural footholds that black people have today - and we must do everything in our power to preserve its cultural heritage and link."

The spirit of excitement pervading the dream to revive Dorkay can already be felt in its surroundings - a vibe that may ultimately spread to all cultural centres in the country.

"Over the past few years I have been waiting like a mother who had been abandoned by her children," says Ndaba. "But today my spirits have been lifted and optimism has filled my heart."

As I leave the decaying building that was the centre of black performing arts in the 1950s, I wonder: will the institution be able, in the next five years or so, to once again launch productions such as King Kong, Sponono and The Emperor Jones? Will the New South Africa mark the rebirth of the once non-racial cultural centre where artists such as Abdullah Ibrahim, Mirriam Makeba, Letta Mbulu, Hugh Masekela, Jonas Gwangwa, Chris McGregor, Athol Fugard, John Kani, Ken Gampu and the late Dudu Pukwana were groomed?

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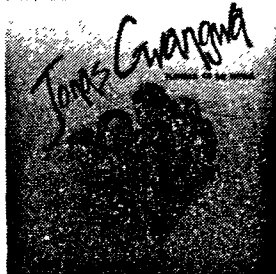
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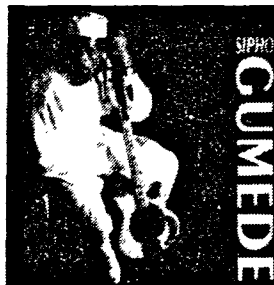
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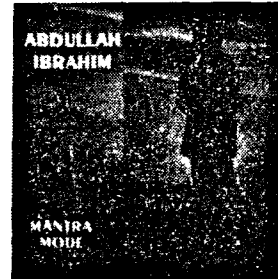
- Sakhile / Welcome home
Guest Artist - Hugh Masekela
- Hugh Masekela / Sekunjalo
Guest Artist - Sankomota & Bayete.



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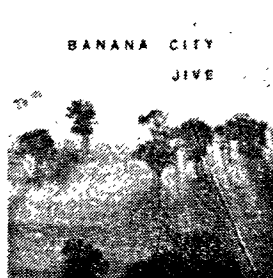
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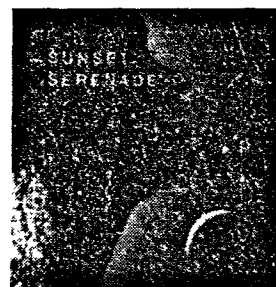
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the beat of the bordellos

Do you know where the the words 'jazz' and 'ragtime' come from? Oh you do, do you? And did you know that Mafia boss Al Capone gave Louis 'Satchmo' Armstrong his first job in Chicago - the centre from where jazz eventually spread to the whole wide world? All these fascinating facts and more are provided in HUGH MASEKELA's History of Jazz - specially compiled for *TwoTone*. So don't delay, start reading today...

THE word "Jazz" originated at the turn of the century when African-American musicians started playing in "houses of pleasure" or "bordellos" in New Orleans.

This was when Buddy Bolden and King Oliver were the kings of the cornet and the idols of young Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong - who was fortunate to have a job delivering coal to whore houses in New Orleans' fashionable Latin Quarter after school.

Great innovators such as Kid Ory, Baby Dodds and the great Jelly Roll Morton played at these pleasure joints, where men seeking fun would take their northern male visitors for some horizontal pleasures, saying: "Let's go get some jazz".

As they were working out in the bordellos' private rooms, men were heard sighing "Jazz me baby! Jazz me!" - while the musicians played in the parlour.

Since the Southern States of the USA were known as Dixie, south of the Mason-Dixon line the music was dubbed "Dixieland Jazz" by white self-appointed music critics who had little understanding of the music they described.

The style of piano playing popularised by Jelly Roll Morton and later by James P Johnson, Fats Waller and Earl "Fatha" Hines came to be called "Ragtime" piano.

Again, this word came from the New Orleans locals who would go to the "house of pleasure" when their wives were going through the menstrual cycle. The common phrase was: "My wife is on the rag, it's ragtime, I'm gone, go out there and get me some jazz." It is a testament to the power of the medium that, developing as it did in illicit sex houses, it went on to influence how people in big cities all over the world walked, talked, danced, dressed, played and sang.

In the 1920s Al Capone and other gangland leaders in Chicago were getting bored with the bland dance music that was being played by white dance bands, like those of Paul Whiteman. Capone complained to a young music agent called Joe Glaser to book more interesting bands into his "speakeasies" or "shebeens" - the illegal drinking establishments of the Liquor Prohibition era that gave birth to such dances as the "Charleston" and the "Shimmy".

Glaser told Capone about a young boy in New Orleans who played a hell of a trumpet and sang with a beautiful gravelly voice. That boy was Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong. That is how "jazz" came up the Mississippi river to Chicago from whence it was heard reverberating throughout all the comers of the world. Even we heard this



Kipple at one of his last blows, Alexandra. (pic: Paul Weinberg)

thunder in the townships and far lands of Southern Arica.

The first contact South Africa had with African-American music was in 1848 when the Brothers Band, a minstrel troupe from the USA, came to perform at a centennial in Cape Town. The annual Cape Carnival today is still a tribute to that visit.

The tribute to jazz has been evident in

the lifestyle that was modelled from the little snippets of African-American life that managed to ship into the townships during the last nine decades in the form of magazines like *Jet*, *Ebony* and *Tan* - which were illegal but smuggled in by "black" merchant navy seamen who docked into Durban, Port Elizabeth, East London, Cape Town, Mombasa and Lourenco Marques.

Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Fletcher Henderson, Lucky Millinder, Bany Moten, Cab Calloway, Louise Jordan, Johnny Hodges, Lester Young, Bessie Smith, Ella Fitzgerald, Mahalia Jackson, Dinah Washington, Lionel Hampton, Coleman Hawkins, Sy Oliver and many other music geniuses affected not only the way people dressed in the townships on the Witwatersrand and the port cities, but were the role models for what is today the urban township social life-style.

Hence the Uncle Sam and Dobbshire gaberdine slacks, Florsheim, Bostonian wingtip shoes, Catalina floral skirts, Stetson and Dobbs straw-hats, Paris belts and other African-American ways that have become subconscious patterns in everyday township life.

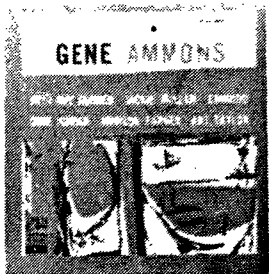
Sepia film shorts, records and rumours inspired people like Wilfred Sevelso, Griffiths and Mary Motsiealoe, Lex Mona, Lulu Boy Cele, Gwigwi Mrwebi, Kippie Moeketsi, Nathan Dambuza Mdledle, Zakes Mawela, Skip Phahlane, Elijah Nkwanyana, Dorothy Masuka, Thandi Mqumbani Klaasens, Victor Ndlazilwane, Peter Ntsane, Boetie Vark, Banzi Bangane, Sol Klaaste, Dolly Rathebe, Alpheus Nkosi, Todd Matshikiza, General Duze, Drabes Mbawu, Siba and Ntemi Pilusa, Mirriam Makeba, came the Skylarks of Mofolo, Quad Sisters of Orlando, African Inkspots of Spings, Manhattan Brothers of Pimville, The Merry-Makers of Springs, The Jazz Maniacs of Orlando, the Flying Home Septette, Harlem Singsters' Dolly Rathebe and Savoys of Sophiatown Alexander All-Stars and other groups from that era that came up with a hybrid of music which is a mix of African-American and township music called Marabi, Kwela, Mqgashiyo, Simanjemanje or, collectively, Mbaqanga.

Because of the recognition African-Americans achieved through their music, it is obvious why they became our role models - because through South African music, many of our artists have portrayed the struggle of our people and grabbed the attention and imagination of the world to pledge solidarity with the aspirations of our Liberation struggle.

The influence of the jazz life has had such a heavy impact on our urban lifestyle that it is necessary to delve deeper into the effects of this phenomenon on our urban cultural patterns. Next issue, we will further describe how jazz in the '40s, '50s and '60s affected our urban lifestyle in music dress, talk, walk, dance and survival - a phenomenon that African-Americans are always surprised to hear about.



ANOTHER HAND
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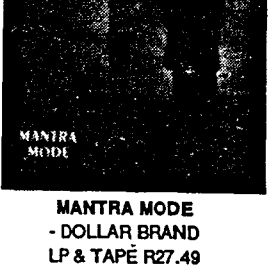
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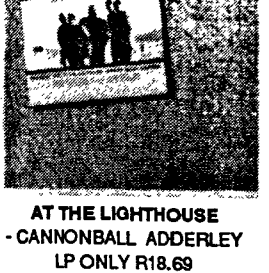
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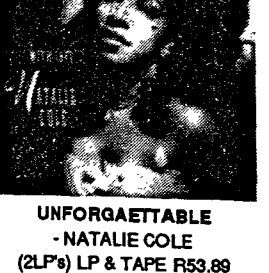
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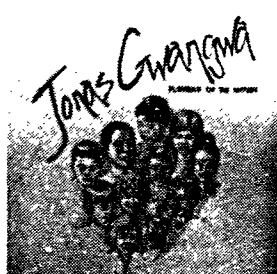
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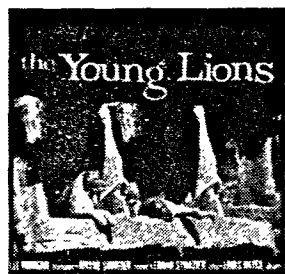
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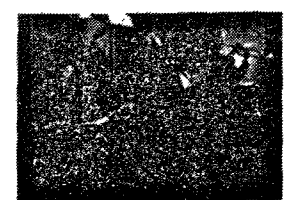


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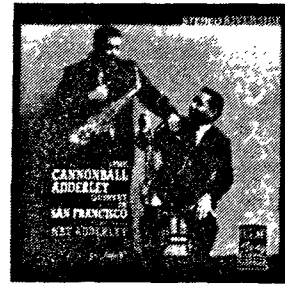


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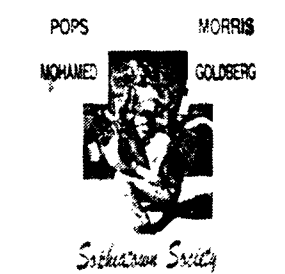
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Two giants: Hugh Masekela and Abdullah Ibrahim. (Pic: Kevin Carter)

the generation gap closes

Jazz is one of those ideas whose moment in history appears to have finally arrived, says

BRETT HILTON-BARBER

ALTHOUGH this country boasts a jazz tradition far richer than the wealth it bestowed on any of its disciples, the music has languished in the backwaters for close on three decades.

But now for the first time, a synthesis is emerging - placing local jazz on the threshold of an exciting new musical era. The return from exile of some of South Africa's finest musical talent combined with the coming of age of a new crop of local musicians bodes well for the future of the art.

The jazz generation gap is finally closing.

"It's been 25 years since the likes of Hugh Masekela and Abdullah Ibrahim left the country," says Darius Brubeck of the Natal University Jazz Centre. "Their exile created a kind of a musical vacuum for many years, which hasn't really been filled until recently.

"Now we're looking at the rise of a home-grown generation of jazz musicians in their twenties to forties who are stamping their own brand of music on the market."

The combination of this growth in local jazz strength, together with the return of the exiles, is likely to see the development and consolidation of South African Jazz.

"I don't think local jazz music has taken off just because the exiles are returning," says Eirfaan Gillan of Sun Records, the independent record label that has made local jazz its business. "I think it's too early yet for local music to have absorbed the influence of the homecoming of Hugh Masekela, Caiphus Semenya, Letta Mbulu and others.

"I'd say there's been a coincidental development of local jazz to the point where it's become fully fledged for the first time since the sixties. The fusion of these two influences is going to give local music, particularly jazz, a new direction."

Four years ago when Gillan started Kippies, Johannesburg's premier live jazz venue, he predicted that jazz was on the upswing but that it would take until the 90s for the music to take off commercially. He says his theory is proving itself - citing as an example sales of records by Pops Mohamed, whose latest album, *Sophiatown*

Society (with Morris Goldberg), is doing particularly well compared to his earlier releases such as *Black Disco*.

"Although there's a growing jazz audience out there, it's still very difficult for a jazz musician to make a living from this music," says Gillan.

Pops Mohamed should know - he's still working at Kohinoor Music Shop in downtown Jo'burg, even though he has a string of albums to his credit.

Two guys for whom jazz is paying off are Victor Masondo and Johnny Makao, two young graduates of Natal University's Jazz Centre. They were part of a student group, the Jazzanians, that Darius Brubeck took to the States in 1988 to attend the International Association of Jazz Educators convention.

"It's a big event on the international jazz calendar and usually very inspirational to all who attend," says Brubeck. "About 4 000 jazz teachers and students from all over the world converge for several days to play, exchange ideas and examine the state of the art."

In the three years since that convention, Masondo, a bassist from Durban, and Makao, a trumpeter originally from Daveyton, have hit the big time. Masondo became musical director for Mirriam Makeba's homecoming concert and then went on to tour with Masekela, Makeba and Dizzy Gillespie; while Makao is

teaching at the University of Indiana after a stint of playing with Ibrahim.

One of the upcoming developments that'll have an effect on jazz is next month's 1992 Jazz Educators Convention in Miami, Florida. The US Government has agreed to fund a visit to the conference by five senior students at Natal University's Jazz Centre. The five will perform as the NU (Natal University) Jazz Connection. They'll be accompanied by Brubeck and saxophonist Chris Menz who's a co-teacher at the Jazz Centre.

"In Miami we'll be putting together a musical programme of well-known South African jazz standards such as 'Ntyilo Ntyilo', 'Mannenberg' and 'Zukile' as well as some originals," says Brubeck. "We want to try and portray the music within a social context - for instance, one of the students, Sazi Dlamini is teaching us a tune that's based on a folk song sung in beerhalls warning of an attack from outside.

"Our idea isn't to imitate the people whose work we're doing, but rather to try and tap into the same roots," says Brubeck.

Brubeck is excited by the world opening its doors once again to South Africa. He says there have been no political problems in organising the forthcoming US trip.

"It's completely different to the experience of taking the Jazzanians over three years ago. Then we had to lobby through

the UN, through Congress, through political parties, to explain our case and get permission. This time around the main challenge has been in raising the funds. Musically, South Africa seems to be definitely back in the world fold."

Jazz suffered under apartheid. The cream of the talent of the early sixties left en masse and the ensuing era of political confrontation saw a society increasingly polarized. Blanket measures like the State of Emergency and the Cultural Boycott, each with a different reasoning behind them, stifled the economic growth of jazz. The isolation from world markets resulted in a shrunken local industry not large enough to keep its dependents alive.

"Hopefully that's changing now," says Brubeck, "and there's going to be much more of a musical exchange with the rest of the world. Contact with America is significant - because that's where jazz was born, where it's strongest. The big band sound of the thirties laid the foundation for a South African tradition in bands like Meekly 'Fingertips' Matshikiza and the Blue Rhythm Syncopators, the Rhythm Kings and the Jazz Maniacs.

"But what's more exciting is the opening up of Africa. Cultural exchanges with countries to the north of us will provide more healthy stimulation than will Western artists who may tour here. Either way it's only a matter of time

Darius Brubeck



MARTELL

MARTELL

MARTELL BRANDY.
IT'S A QUESTION OF STYLE.

MIMI LASCARIS/AFB TEBBOTT

before South Africa's isolation soon becomes only a matter of geography."

Brubeck says he expects that the first wave of tours by foreign artists will be dominated by the more popular mainstream musicians, à la Paul Simon. Jazz - being less of a moneyspinner for record and promotion companies - is only likely to come later.

However, Gillan says he is negotiating with three international jazz musicians to tour South Africa in the second half of next year. But it's too soon though for any further details.

"The mainstream recording industry has all but ignored jazz," says Brubeck. "Musicians have only the live circuit to make money. By international standards the level of pay for play is low. But by playing the circuit, musicians can develop a core audience.

"There's a jazz audience out there - if record companies took more trouble to promote local music in general, and jazz in particular, they would benefit from it."

Although the social dislocation of apartheid hampered jazz development, it also provided the country with a characteristic sound - that bitter-sweet sax that's become the hallmark of the country's jazz. Gillan points out, though, that it's difficult to define South African jazz.

"Much of what we call jazz is more popular music - Hugh Masekela isn't strictly jazz, neither is Sakhile, although they're both steeped in jazz roots. If I had to try and define South African jazz, I'd say it's a musical fusion of the diversity of our culture."

Part of the difficulty in defining jazz is its regional variation. "The sax usually forms the core of South African jazz," says Brubeck, "but the emphasis differs from centre to centre. For instance here in Durban the guitar is more prominent than the sax. There are also urban and rural stylistic differences, even though the roots are the same."

Durban and Jo'burg are the country's main jazz cities in terms of the number of jazz venues, but the popularity of the music form still seems inconsistent. "On some weekends in Durban there can be over a dozen jazz gigs advertised," says Brubeck, "and then on other weekends there's very little.

"Interestingly enough we are seeing a lot of good talent coming out of the eastern Cape, particularly Port Elizabeth" says Brubeck. Drummer Lulu Gontsana is an example. After studying at Durban he's gone on to join Makoa at the University of Indiana. "Even King William's Town is starting to feature on the jazz map."

Durban remains the centre for jazz education. Brubeck's hope is that with Masekela deciding to settle in the city, he'll be drawn into the activities of the jazz centre. Although it's still too early to say what role Masekela will play, he has expressed an interest in education.

"I've travelled the world," said Masekela on his homecoming to South Africa, "and there's no country that's more joyous, nor are there a people who are funnier, nor is there a place more physically beautiful than this country.

"And as far as talent in the arts goes, we still have to be reckoned with - in this respect, we are the world's biggest secret."

a-chording to you:

what is jazz ?

TWO TONE asked a few people what the word "jazz" conjured up in their minds and to tell us what their favourite album is

Mike Steinbank, TV personality:
Creative conversation - a group of people who've got something to say and can best say it by virtue of their instruments. My favourite album? That's difficult, too many stand out.

Cecil Lyons, account director for an advertising Agency:
Simmering, sensual kind of music - sophisticated. I enjoy the likes of Ella Fitzgerald and Nina Simone.

Moss Leoka, joint MD of Corporate Image:
Jazz to me implies the classical side of music - class, talent, exquisite improvisation - serious music. I love John Coltrane, Herbie Hancock, Chic Corea's modern sounds - ethnic South African Jazz and I love Kippies.

Mark Beare, financial manager:
New Orleans in the springtime - wild and hot. When they took decadence out of Europe, it's the only place it landed - the whole town alive with music - big name players jamming in bad bars at 3 am. Miles Davis' Kind Of Blue - a great, great album.

Ruth Bengu, feature writer:
The Blues, Swing, Funk - black history in an artform. I love so many musicians but Coltrane is my best. His music is both complex and simple - a child could even enjoy "My Favourite Things" - his music is intellectual.

Jon Qwelane, senior journalist:
My father who played a lot of Charlie Parker. Remember the breakable 78s? It's such a pity we couldn't keep them - my dad was almost an expert in jazz. My favourite album is by Hodges and Ellington "Back to Back". In the Seventies Khulu Sibiyi and I shared a room, both out of a job because we were considered delinquents by the newspapers then. The only album we had was "Back to Back" by Hodges and Ellington, borrowed from his brother. Those were idle rough days and we played that album to near death. It's a classic with me - it has sentimental attachments.

Estelle Kokot, singer:
Everything. Love, life, lust, rainbow colours - difficult to explain, that's why I say everything. Jazz is Charlie Parker, Billie Holliday, Clifford Brown, Sarah Vaughn, Bill Evans. Actually, Charlie Parker is my favourite because he changed the phase of jazz from down-beat to up-beat.

Thandi Klaasen, singer:
Freedom of expression, arrangements that communicate, rhythm, basics. Sarah Vaughn and Ella Fitzgerald are my best.

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answering the call to jazz

JIM HARRIS, jazz buff and African American sojourner in Southern Africa, reviews the Zim Ngqawama Quintet at Kippies

AS an ardent jazz fan, each time "Jim Comes to Jo'burg", I try to catch some music. When in doubt, I go to Kippies. On this particular night, I was not expecting to hear any great music. I was shocked and very pleasantly surprised at the quality of music played the night I happened on the Zim Ngqawama Quintet.

The group is led by Zim Ngqawama on saxophone (alto, soprano & flute). The sidemen include Xolo Nkabinde on bass, Dumisane Shange on guitar, Andile Yenana on piano and Wake Mahlobo on drums. All except Ngqawama are first-year music students at the University of Natal. It was obvious from the way they handled the tricky harmonic structures that they have had the benefit of some formal training.

I got very excited about the band. This is what I have been looking for in young South African musicians. Ngqawama will be counted among the great innovators of South African jazz. The music was fresh and challenging. The band didn't bore you with a whole lot of tired jazz standards. The compositions they performed were some of the most original I have heard from a contemporary South African group.

They were propelled by some exciting and extended solos lead by Ngqawama on alto, flute and soprano. I love to hear musicians who are not afraid to "open up" and "stretch out" on a tune. This is where the creativity in jazz emerges. Jazz improvisation is about the spontaneity of the moment. In this regard, the late Eric Dolphy once said that "after you hear music, it is gone into that air and can never be captured again". Which makes me wonder why are there no "live jazz" recording sessions ever done here.

Ngqawama's professionalism reminded me of a hard-core New York musician who

brooks no nonsense when it comes to quality. Moreover, they were playing mainly their own compositions. The only familiar jazz standard was Duke Ellington's In a Sentimental Mood. It was gratifying to see South African musicians playing jazz music without imitating Americans. My fellow African American, saxophonist Rene MacLean, will bear me out: "South Africa is the only country outside the United States where a particular jazz style, or sound, has been developed, and that sound is clearly identifiable as uniquely South African." Case closed.

The first set ended soon after my arrival. Isn't that always the case? As soon as you arrive, the band takes a break. The second set of the night began on a very serious note.

I like a musician who approaches his music from an intellectual point of view. "Trane and Monk were like that. Men of few words, but geniuses of music.

Ngqawama explained the three movements in the composition. The first movement, The Call, is a duet between the saxophone and drums, the drums being the representation of the traditional method for communicating messages. The tune opens with a softly peddled solo featuring drummer Mahlobo, who used mallets and brushes, most unusual among young drummers of today.

Ngqawama wanted the drummer to learn the different techniques that would add colour, intonation, phrasing, voicing and shades to the music. Some day he would like to add a variety of tom-toms and kettle drums used in "classical" music and large orchestras. The drum solo started out very slowly but when the horn (Ngqawama now on soprano) joined in the duet, they began to "stretch out" - rising to explosive level of energies, sounds and harmony. The communication between drummer and saxman was so intense that



Zim Ngqawama. (Pic: Rafs Mayet)

it evoked the memory of John Coltrane and the drummer Elvin Jones playing together. There were times when Coltrane would blow so hard and long that the rest of the band members would tire and just lay out. All except Elvin. He would hang right in there with "Trane.

Ngqawama's improvisation in this segment was astounding. Here is a player who is not only trained in the academic and theoretical nature of music, but who can also out-fun the best of them.

Of the second movement, The Cause, Ngqawama says he wanted to evoke the sounds of the toyi-toyi, the sounds of people dancing and singing in the streets. He wanted the second movement to "represent the struggle". His solo told of the challenge of a young jazz musician in his efforts to master the playing of his instrument. How to advance the music? What new harmonic ideas can be employed? What old and new scales can be used? How to get the most out of chord progressions when creating a solo?

The third movement, Resolution, represents peace, serenity and tranquility. It is very celestial. The musicians all agree that the last movement brings about a feeling of relief. It has an hypnotic effect on them.

The music continued to move freely through various degrees of musical expression. The range of the quintet includes American be-bop, gospel, blues and R&B

influences. On the African side, they are worthy exponents of the township traditions of marabi, mbaqanga and kwela.

Zim's solos grew with intensity as the night progressed. His renditions on flute, alto and soprano were superb. They explored techniques and approaches to making music through various scales, harmony and chord progressions.

And when it looked like the night's performance was about to end, drummer Lulu Gontsana was called to the bandstand to sit in on the last number. With Gontsana on drums, Ngqawama lead the band into a real low-down, 12 bar good-night blues pattern. The bass, guitar and piano fell in line nicely and began to walk down the line on tracks already laid down by Ngqawama. Suddenly he kicked the tune into breakneck pace. Gontsana answered "the call" and very quickly became the driving force behind the tune, speeding away to outer limits. I have never seen Gontsana playing with such speed, snaring, crashing cymbals and dropping bombs all over the place.

The pace of the tune, the solos of the individual musicians, and the 4 bar break solos provided a spectacular ending for the night. They finally slowed down and brought us back to earth with some old-fashioned blues in the form of riffs from Billy Doggett's Honky Tonk. I am glad I was there. I will be back for more the next time Jim comes to Jo'burg.

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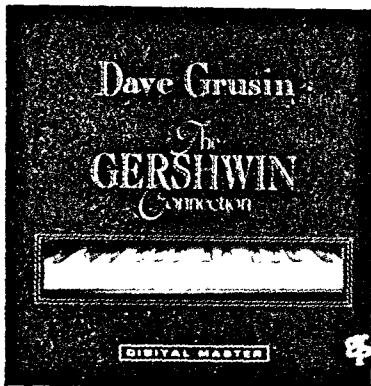
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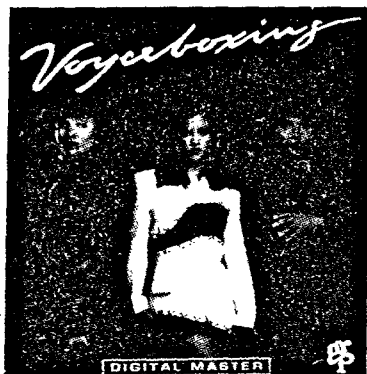
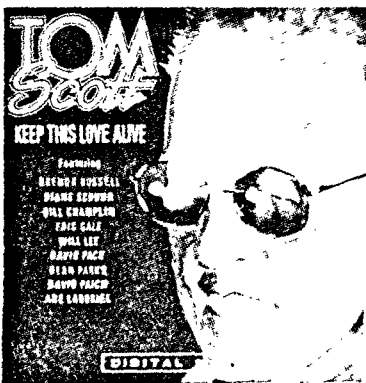
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a quiet strength



(pic: Titus Pemba)

Sathima Bea Benjamin is often asked why she does not perform with her husband, Abdullah Ibrahim. 'Was I not a singer before I met him?' she always replies. An ambience of strength surrounds this singer, who is interviewed by **TEBOGO ALEXANDER**

"JAZZ is the fire of liberation. The music of liberation. And I don't let anyone tell me different," says Sathima Bea Benjamin.

On her recent visit to the country we spoke about Duke Ellington, her children, and only occasionally her husband, Abdullah Ibrahim.

Here to "finally bid farewell" to her late mother and to establish Ekapa records in Cape Town, Sathima remains unknown as a musician in South Africa. But internationally she is recognised as a leading jazz singer and composer - equal to singing greats such as Betty Carter, Abbey Lincoln and the late Sarah Vaughan.

She is a mere Cape lass at first glance, but one with an almost physical inner genius and determination - a woman who knows exactly what she wants out of life. And she has no musical training: "I'm not a prolific composer like Abdullah. I'm not an inspirational musician. I can't summon the music. I have to wait for it to come."

She is an honest musician who bloomed

under the priceless guidance of Ibrahim and mentor Ellington, the legendary American jazz pianist and composer. Ironically, it was Ellington who brought Sathima and Abdullah together in the days when she was a school teacher of 19 who sang jazz in the white nightclubs. "We were part of a variety show. He was the pianist and I was the singer," she recalls. "He asked me what I was going to sing. I told him Ellington's 'I Got It Bad'. He was pleased - as he was also doing the same song."

Sathima and Abdullah later married and soon after left for Switzerland, among the thousands who went into exile.

In their wildest dreams they never imagined they would meet Ellington years later and begin a friendship that was to last until Ellington's death.

She describes the 1964 encounter in Zurich as "one of those mysterious, wonderful things, which get woven into one's life."

"Based in Europe we'd wait for him to tour. A year later he invited us to the Newport Jazz Festival, taking us in and helping us to settle. He was a grand, wise old man from the village who used music as a medium."

"When you have people like Duke

Ellington in your aura, in your embrace, it's like ... it hits you."

Her debut recording was Sathima Sings Ellington. "When I wanted to make my musical statement in the US, I couldn't think of a better salute than to do Ellington," she says.

She launched her career and Ekapa - "a mini record company" - eleven years ago in New York City with the Ellington tribute, following it with six of her own albums and three by Ibrahim.

Running Ekapa brought her joy as a woman - the pleasure of escaping from the rigours of running a home. "You have to decide what to put first. There was a time in my life, when my kids were small, when I told myself that I'd never be a visible performer."

Her major love still lies with her children, Thabo (20) and Tsidi (14), whom she describes as "open and sensitive".

"My children have been forced to live abroad, where they grew up. So why should I uproot them again? It would be very confusing, and I might ruin their whole lives."

Sathima is the first to admit her children are survivors - "in a sense, real New Yorkers" - though this did not come about

without pain and suffering, the toll of their parents' lives as musicians. The children grew up with no immediate family, "no cousins, no aunties, uncles or grandparents."

An ambience of strength exudes from her: one instantly feels she is the driving force behind the emotional and musical quality that is Ibrahim. But more than being the woman behind the man, she is without doubt the woman behind the woman.

While an intimate relationship developed from the first time Sathima and Abdullah met, through a shared love for music, she insists that they are "still different people". They have pursued separate musical careers as musicians - though she is always asked why she never works with Abdullah.

"Was I not a singer when I met him?" she always replies.

On feminism, Sathima says she is not for women - she is actually for men. "There's an interplay between men and women that is necessary on this earth. It takes a man and a woman to make children," she points out with a shrug of her shoulders, while admitting that the world remains male-dominated.

die preutse ou markies

De SADE

Pornografie bedreig nie die patriargale seksuele moraliteit van die Weste nie - dit ondersteun dit, skryf **JOHAN BRUWER**. Selfs die



berugte markies De Sade is 'n preutse uitdrukking van 'n kultuur wat gegrond is op die opvatting dat die mens van nature "boos" is. Waarom

is die sebewakers dan so bang vir hom en sy pornografiese kollegas?

DIS eienaardig dat die sebewakers van die Westerse burgery altyd so uitvaar teen pornografie. Beskou hulle pornografie as 'n bedreiging vir die Westerse moraliteit? Dis baie kortsigtig. In die stryd om die behoud van die patriargale seksuele kultuur is pornografie in werklikheid 'n kragtige bondgenoot.

As preutseheid neerkom op 'n beheptheid met seksuele taboes, dan is niks immers so preuts soos pornografie nie. Pornografie stem ook met die patriargale moraliteit ooreen deurdat dit bepaalde voorskrifte vir seksuele omgang neerlê, en deurdat dit verskillende seksuele rolle aan verskillende mense toedig (byvoorbeeld 'n "aktiewe" rol vir mans en 'n "passiewe" rol vir vroue) en hulle in 'n bepaalde seksuele hiërargie teenoor mekaar plaas - sodat seksuele verhoudinge ook neerkom op magsverhoudinge.

Pornografie ondermyn nie die patriargale seksuele moraliteit nie - dit versterk dit juis, deur dit as enigste raamwerk te gebruik vir die uitbeelding van seksualiteit.

Maar eers moet 'n mens sê wat jy met "pornografie" bedoel, want hieroor is daar, veral by die sebewakers, eindelose

meningsverskille. Ware pornografie - wat die sensors waarskynlik "hard-core" sal noem - behels die uitbeelding van seksuele handeling wat doelbewus bepaalde seksuele taboes oortree. Die trefkrag van pornografie hang af van die krag van die taboe wat dit oortree. Dié element van bewuste seksuele oortreding onderskei pornografie van erotiek, wat nie met taboes behep is nie.

Pornografie, wat op seksuele prikkeling gemik is, gebruik die skokwaarde van morele oortreding om dié prikkeling te versterk (die beginsel van "verbode vrugte"). Erotiek benut geen morele skoktaktiek nie, omdat dit nie gemik is op seksuele prikkeling nie, maar op die waardering van seksuele plesier wat nie as 'n oortreding aangebied word nie.

Erotiek kan amoreel wees, maar pornografie is altyd immoreel - die doelbewuste teenpool van moraliteit. Pornografie is afhanklik van moraliteit, want dis 'n regstreekse produk daarvan. Sonder seksuele taboes kan pornografie nie bestaan nie. Die aard van die taboe bepaal die aard van die oortreding: moraliteit omskryf die inhoud van pornografie.

Pornografie en moraliteit is kop in een

mus in hul beskouing van menslike seksualiteit. Albei beeld seksuele begeerte as 'n dierlik selfsugtige drif uit en beskou seksuele omgang as die selfbevrediging van enkelinge, eerder as 'n kommunikasiemedium waardeur mense hulle met mekaar kan vereenselwig. Sowel die patriargale moraliteit as pornografie ontken selfs die funksie van seksuele omgang as kommunikasiemedium. Moraliteit beklemtoon die funksie van voortplanting en pornografie beklemtoon die funksie van selfbevrediging.

Hoe volslae die inhoud van pornografie deur sedelike moraliteit voorgeskryf word, word gewys deur die Moeder van alle Westerse pornograwe, die berugte markies De Sade. Terwyl tot Marx deesdae as mak en skadeloos afgemaak word, word die 18e-eeuse Franse markies nog as so 'n ernstige bedreiging vir die burgerlike sedes beskou dat sy seksuele geskrifte in Suid-Afrika, byvoorbeeld, steeds heeltemal verbode is.

Dat die ou markies se werk uit die sensors se oogpunt nog nie verouder het nie, wys dat die seksuele taboes van die Weste in die laaste twee eeue tot dusver nie veel verander het nie - ondanks die groot ideologiese omwentelings wat op ander gebiede plaasgevind het. Die burgery handhaaf merendeels nog die groot seksuele taboes - soos dié teen bloedskanie, sodomie, homoseksualiteit, pederasme en so meer.

Waarom word die taboes so streng in stand gehou? Omdat hulle nie bloot ideologiese abstraksies behels nie, maar funksioneel noodsaaklik is vir die kapitalistiese ekonomiese kultuur. Die taboes is veral gemik op die behoud van die monogame gesin, wat as ekonomiese eenheid met ander monogame gesinne meeding om materiële selfbehoud - en so die grondliggende boublok van die stelsel van vrye mededinging vorm. Die taboes beskerm ook die patriargale gesagstruktuur van die gesin, wat as model dien vir die gesagshiërargie van die Westerse staat, met die (gewoonlik manlike) staatshoof as leiersfiguur.

De Sade word deur sommige sedelike moraliste beskou as die verskriklikste skrywer wat die Weste nog opgelewer het. Sy groot tekste - soos die onvoltooide reuswerk *Die 120 Dae van Sodom* - is niks anders nie as 'n stelselmatige skriftelike oortreding van elke denkbare seksuele taboe.

Die oortreding van taboes is De Sade se enigste onderwerp. Die onvoltooide tweede en derde deel van *Die 120 Dae van Sodom* - waarin vier adellikes besieling vir nuwe seksuele ervarings put uit die vertellings van vier deureleefde hoere - illustreer dié meesterpornograaf se werkwys.

Dit bestaan, soos enige blou movie, uit die enumerasie van 'n verskeidenheid seksuele episodes wat neerkom op permutasies van elke moontlike manier waarop bepaalde seksuele taboes oortree kan word. Die episodes vermeerder kwantitatief sonder dat hulle enige verhalende verband met mekaar hou.

Soos alle hard-core pornograwe, beklemtoon De Sade die prikkelwaarde van ideologiese oortredings op seksuele gebied, eerder as die prikkelwaarde van fisieke seksuele handeling self. In sy uitbeeldings van bloedskanie, byvoorbeeld, is hy meer behep met die permutasies van familieverbande tussen die seksuele deelnemers as met die fisieke omgang self - wat hy noem, maar nie in besonderhede beskryf nie. De Sade stel nie belang in die feit dat twee mense seksuele omgang het nie. Hy stel belang in die gedagte dat hulle, byvoorbeeld, pa en dogter is.

Die moedswilligheid waarmee De Sade alle moontlike taboes oortree - onder meer ook dié teen moord (hy beweer om moord te pleeg is die prikkelendste daad denkbaar), sadistiese geweld (waarmee sy naam sinoniem geword het), godslastering (priesters, nonne en selfs 'n pous neem aan

sy uitspattige orgies deel) en so meer - laat dit oënskynlik lyk of die seksuele taboes van die Weste gereverdig is. Sy brutale hoofkarakters beweer - nes die Westerse sedelike moraliste - dat die mens "van nature" selfsugtig en gewelddadig is en dat dié "aangebore" drifte hulle tot hul libertynse wandade aanspoor. Die "natuur", sê hulle, dryf hulle daartoe om hul medemensse as slagoffers vir eie plesier en gewin uit te buit.

De Sade is 'n voorloper van die kapitalistiese ekonome wat beweer dat sosialisme 'n onrealistiese droom is omdat dit die "aangebore" selfsugtige aard van die mens ontken. Sy gewelddadige tekste bevestig oënskynlik die standpunt van sedelike moraliste - wat ook deur Freud in sy boek *Civilization and Its Discontents* gehuldig is - dat taboes nodig is om die mens se "selfsugtige" geaardheid in toom te hou.

Dié siening ontken egter die feit dat geen volwasse Westersling se seksuele geaardheid "natuurlik" is nie - elkeen gaan as kleuter deur 'n intensiewe proses van repressie waarin byvoorbeeld die taboe teen bloedskanie opgelê word. Ook De Sade het 'n dergelike proses ondergaan - en sy gewelddadige seksuele geskrifte word gebore uit 'n regstreekse reaksie op die taboes wat hy deur sy bepaalde samelewing opgelê is.

Sy immoraliteit bly die produk van moraliteit - dit wil sê, van 'n aangeleerde, veranderlike ideologie. Veranderlik, want die heersende seksuele taboes van die Weste geld nie alle tye en alle samelewings nie, en kan dus nie as 'n onveranderlike deel van die menslike natuur beskou word nie.

Sê nou daar was geen seksuele taboes nie, waaroor sou De Sade dan geskryf het? Hy kan geen ander funksie aan seksualiteit toeskryf as oortreding nie. By hom is daar geen uitdrukking van erotiek of liefde nie: bloot 'n persoonlike reaksie teen kulturele - en dus kunsmatige - seksuele voorskrifte.

Die Groot Pornograaf - hoe hy dit ook al wil ontken - bly uiteindelik 'n gevangene van sy kultuur se seksuele taboes. Vir iemand van 'n ander kultuur, wat nie dié taboes aanhang nie, sal sy geskrifte - soos alle pornografie - geensins skokkend wees nie, maar bloot absurd en belaglik melodramaties. Net deur die kulturele kondisionering van die taboe verkry sy oortredings 'n oortuigende skokwaarde.

Dié Westerse burgers wat meen dat hul seksuele reaksies nie kultureel gekondisioneer is nie, kan maar net op 'n besige straat gaan staan en hul klere probeer uitrek. Kry hulle dit reg? Waarom nie - terwyl daar nou nog op aarde samelewings is waar naaktheid alledaags is omdat daar geen kulturele taboe daarteen is nie? Skaamte word nie aangebore nie, maar aangeleer.

De Sade - en al sy "boosheid" - is die skepping van 'n kultuur wat ideologiese gegrond is op die eienaardige opvatting dat die mens van nature boos is. Selfs in sy moedswillige reaksie op die taboes onderskryf De Sade steeds die ongelyke seksuele hiërargie van die patriargale seksuele ideologie en die vervreemding wat hulle tussen mense teweegbring: die hiërargie tussen man en vrou; tussen ouer en kind; tussen maghebber en onderdaan; tussen besitter en afhanklike; tussen belangegroep en belangegroep. Die magshiërargie van "aktief" teenoor "passief" - die kernmodel van seksuele ongelykheid - waarin die patriargale moraliteit man en vrou plaas, vind byvoorbeeld uitdrukking in sy pornografiese beskrywings van sado-masochisme.

Waarom sensuur toepas op 'n skrywer wat homself reeds so nougeset sensureer en al sy seksuele uitbeeldings inperk binne die raamwerk van die patriargale moraliteit? Waarom is die bewakers van 'n kultuur wat juis op die beginsels van selfsug en uitbuiting berus, so bang vir 'n skrywer en 'n genre - pornografie - wat dié beginsels heelhartig ondersteun?

JA-NEE. Dit was 1991

Net een ding kan werklik met geloof en oortuiging oor 1991 gesê word: ja-nee... Suid-Afrikaners is ongetwyfeld *wild at heart and weird on top*, sê **ESMA ANDERSON** en **PEARLIE JOUBERT**

MAN VAN DIE JAAR



IN EN UIT IN 1991

SWART denims en ontwerpers-T-hemde is steeds in. Sixties-klere, psigedelliese oorbelle, beehives en kort naels is steeds in; leeties wat gym; vroue met spiere en Reebok-tekkies is in.

Madonna, nagklubs en karaoke-kroë is ook in - dit is egter veral in om minstens een of twee van Madonna se over-the-top uitlatings te ken, soos om jou maagdelikheid te verloor as 'n "career move".

Twin Peaks is beslis in, sowel as om David Lynch se aanslae gelate te aanvaar - mens noem dit surrealisme en kuns en 'n getroue uitbeelding van die manlike psige.

Dit is ook in om vriende te hê wat in exil was. Dan nooi jy hulle vir supper-parties en praat oor aanpassing en vervreemding en almal is sinies - gelukkig is goedkoop wyn weer in en dit is in om Black Labels by dié geleentheid te drink! Gefiltreerde water, in plaas van filterkoffie, is beslis in - koop dus die filter vooraf en skroef dit prominent aan die kraan vas.

Sterre-voorspel, waarsêers, meditasie en Call-Net oproepe is ook in - what more can we say?

Radio 702 is nie meer so in soos vroeër jare nie - management moet tog daaraan dink om van John Berks ontslae te raak.

Op 'n politieke vlak is dit deesdae onder die wit en die swart left hoogmode om ongelooflik sinies te wees; om 'n "onaktiewe kaartdraer" te wees, van watter organisasie ook al. Ons hoor selfs dat mense deesdae 'n onaktiewe underground-lid kan wees. Rassistiese grappies is ook in, maar dan moet dit of deur die wit left of deur swartmense vertel word.

Die Arbeidersparty en die hele parlement behalwe FW de Klerk is natuurlik steeds uit, maar vir die kort tydjie ná die bohaal oor die Springbok-embleem was selfs FW uit soos vrede in die townships.



...die kappele, die vrou en die video-kamera... (Foto: Paul Weinberg/Southlight)

DIT was 'n jaar waarin byna die hele wêreld in een of ander oorlog gewikkel was; waar die Tjeggjo-Slowaakse president dreig dat betrekkinge met Rusland skade kan ly omdat 'n Tweede Wêreldoorlog-tenk in Praag pienk geveer word; waar dosyne dooies in die townships nie meer die voorblaaie haal nie; waarin die verskil tussen treinry en Russiese roulette vervaag het; waarin 'n staatsgreep in die Sowjet-Unie dié land se verbroekeling tienvoudig versnel eerder as om dit te vertraag, soos die plan eers was.

Koeweit is met groot bloedvergieting en 'n omgewingsramp van een despoot "bevry" en weer aan die ou despote oorhandig, en dit lei tot 'n opswelling van "patriotisme" in Amerika en Brittanje.

Die eis vir demokratisering het soos 'n veldbrand deur die wêreld versprei en oral word veelparty-verkiesings belowe. Oumanne soos Kenneth Kaunda word die slagoffer.

Suid-Afrika se misdadaadsvyfer styg vanjaar vinniger as die inflasiekoers en wit paranoia daarmee saam; een uit elke twee vroue sal moontlik in haar leeftyd verkrag word; banke word beroof met AK47-aanvalsgewere en veiligheidsfirmas lag al die pad bank toe.

Ongekende wit rassisme jeens Indiërs is plaaslik ontketen toe Sam Ramsamy 'n neutrale vlag pleks van die Oranje, Blanje Blou voorstel, Jay Naidoo 'n hoogs suksesvolle nasionale wegbly-aksie reël en die krieketspan van Indië vir Clive Rice en sy manne verneder - alles binne die bestek van enkele weke. (En toe is arme Abdul Bhamjee nog in die hof op aanklagte van bedrog - al gehoor van Bhamjee-jumping?)

FW en Marike se seun, Willem, en sy "bruin" vriendin domineer die voorblaaie weke lank; dosyne dominees en ouderlinge is met hul orreliste/sekretaresse/buurman se vrou en/of seun betrap; genl Lothar Neethling het sy lastersaak teen *Vrye Weekblad* oor moordbende-stories verloor, maar g'n haan het weer daarna gekraai nie: dis nog steeds die amptelike waarheid dat daar geen moordbendes in Suid-Afrika is of was nie, en Lothar sit steeds in sy stoel in Pretoria. (Die geplas op die agtergrond is FW de Klerk wat sy hande in onskuld was.)

Gatsha Buthelezi se Inkatha begin uiteindelik sy ware klere wys deur byna-byna die vredesberaad te sink en deur onthullings dat minstens hul vergaderings deur die veiligheidspolisie gefinansier word.

In Suid-Afrika werk 'n man met net 'n matriek-sertifikaat ook jare lank as 'n mediese dokter; verskyn ons toekomstige president se vrou in die hof op aanklagte van mensroof en vervaag die grense tussen wie reg en wie verkeerd is in die politiek.

Die onderwyskrisis was vanjaar ook steeds op almal se lippe - swart skoliere beset leë wit skole; wit onderwyskolleges word gesluit terwyl daar steeds te min opgeleide swart onderwysers is; die Departement van Onderwys en Opleiding word beskuldig van korrupsie en daar is steeds nie een onderwys-stelsel vir almal nie.

In die res van die wêreld het dit nie veel beter gegaan nie: In Tokio slaan 'n vrou haar pa met 'n bierbottel dood omdat hy een van haar sewe katte laat uitsit; Michail Gorbatsjof fluister in Barbara Bush se oor dat hy haar na die nagklubs van Moskou wil neem; 'n baie swanger Bruce Willis verskyn op die voorblad van 'n Amerikaanse tydskrif en in 'n oomblik van opgewonde verwarring vergeet George Bush sy aktetas met die skakelaar vir die aktivering van Amerikaanse kernbomme op 'n tennisbaan - o ja, en Liz Taylor het ook weer getrou.

Nou ja.

Maar vir Suid-Afrika, al die bloedvergieting ten spyt, was dit veral 'n jaar van hoop met die onderhandelinge wat uiteindelik behoorlik op dreef kom.

'n Beter Kersgeskenk as die Konvensie vir 'n Demokratiese Suid-Afrika kon ons gewone burgers seker nie gekry het nie.

HÛLLE HET DIE NUUS GEMAAK

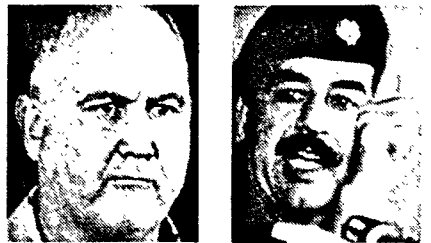
Suid-Afrika se nuusmakers van die jaar:



- Cyril Ramaphosa
- Steve Tshwete
- Sam Ramsamy
- Gatsha Buthelezi
- Winnie Mandela
- FW de Klerk (sug)
- Mark Basterfield - die man wat die dokter geskiet het wat in sy brandende motor vasgekeer was.
- Nelson Mandela (sug)
- Lidia van Heerden, wat glo volk en vaderland op haar rug gedien het.
- Jay Naidoo
- Troosprys:

Karen Kruger-Botha se trourok

Internasionale nuusmakers:



- Boris Yeltsin
- Stormin' Norman Schwartzkopf
- Saddam Hoessein
- Michail Gorbatsjof
- Frederick Chiluba - die man wat KK uit die kussings gelig het
- Imelda Marcos
- John Major (John wie?)
- Die Celebrity Aids-pasiënte
- William Kennedy Smith
- Die rebelle van Kroasië



(Foto: TJ Lemon)



DIE ROLPRENTE VAN DIE JAAR

ANDREA VINASSA vryf haar oë uit

DIE BESTE:

- * **Avalon** - Barry Levinson se sage oor die verbodskelting van die familie en veral die patriargie in die 20e eeu was tegelyk universeel en uiters persoonlik.
- * **Goodfellas** - Die Ultimate Mafioso-prent waarin Robert de Niro 'n leraar speel. Martin Scorsese is, wat die oorspronklike same-smelting van musiek, redigering en pikante dialoog betref, die meester.
- * **Korzcak** - Andrej Wajda se swart-en-wit biografie van 'n Poolse-Joodse onderwyser - is een van die beste Holocaust-prente wat nog gemaak is.
- * **The Grifters** - Skynbaar is Freud en Oedipus deesdae uit die mode, maar hulle maak nog dèrn goeie movies oor hartstog en verraad.
- * **Law of Desire** - Die Spaanse regisseur Pedro Almodovar weet 'n ding of twee van die lewde af...

LEKKERSTE:

- * **Les Valseuses** - Ballas op Afrikaans. Bertrand Blier se prent oor die seksuele revolusie op die Franse platteland het van Gerard Depardieu in die ouderdom van 25 'n ster gemaak.
- * **In Bed with Madonna** - As kuis Katolieke meisie het ek my met Madonna geïdentifiseer. Sy het my begeester om gym toe te gaan. Ek wil ook eendag daal toertjie met die bottle probeer.
- * **Cyrano de Bergerac** - Dié prent het weer gehandel oor hoe party slim, oulike mans sukkel met vrou-kry.
- * **Matador** - Weer Pedro Almodovar. Hy waarsku mans dat hulle dalk nie hul wense vervul wil hê nie... kry jy die vrou in die kool, vermoor sy jou.
- * **Wild at Heart** - David Lynch het ons gerus gestel: Wanneer gevare van buite - ma's en hul minnaars - 'n verhouding bedreig, word die oorlog tussen mans en vroue opsy geskuif.

EN SWAKSTE MOVIES:

- * **Julia Has Two Lovers** - 'n Porno-prent sonder seks oor twee mense wat ure lank met mekaar oor die telefoon praat.
- * **Fruits of Passion** - Die porno-prent met baie seks is toe net so vervelig soos 'n porno-prent sonder seks.
- * **Triumph of the Spirit** - As Korzcak die beste Holocaust-prent is, is dié een sekerlik die swakste een.
- * **China O'Brien** - Wat my aangegyp het, is dat jy altyd kon sien dit was 'n man wat die stunts gedoen het!
- * **Outlaw of Gor** - Dié is ook 'n Suid-Afrikaanse prent wat onder meer op die myn-hope van Boksburg geskiet is - ongelukkig het dit so gelyk.

Books and authors



BRYAN GABRIEL'S short book *The First Collection of South Africa's Shortest Books* entertained a lot of people in 1991. Here are some of his bests: *Effective Speech-making* by Mangosutho Buthelezi; *The Post Office Clerk's Good Humour Guide*; *Advanced Football - a club manager's guide* by Winnie Mandela; *The Hunger Strikers' Cookbook*; *What I Know about*

Forestry by Magnus Malan;

For the Love of the Game by Abdul Bhamjee;

Safe Investing by Albert Vermaas;



Why We Should Rejoin the Commonwealth by Robert van Tonder;

So You Want To Be An Operasinger by Bles Bridges;

Good Parenting by Gert van Rooyen;

Objective Reporting by Cliff Saunders;

The Kugel's Guide To Beauty Without Make-up.

Here are some more suggestions for titles and authors:

My Cocktail Favourites by Lothar Neethling;

There Is Life After Death by PW Botha;

Black Breeding Patterns by Diana Tilden-Davis;

A Guide to Successful Orgasm-faking while

Masturbating by Doctor Paul;

Last Wanker in Paris by Breyten Breytenbach;

A Gentleman and a Scholar - autobiography of Eugene TerreBlanche;

Interesting Ceilings around the World by Lidia van Heerden;

The Nine Commandments by Allan Boesak;

What Is in a Name? by Klaus Peter Constantin Otto von Lieres und Wilkau; and

The Unbearable Whiteness of Being by Andries Treurnicht.



DIE KRAGTIGSTE GODSDIENSTIGE INVLOED VAN DIE EEU?

Die sogenaamde onafhanklike charismatiese kerke waarvan die eerste spore sowat 15 jaar gelede in Suid-Afrika opgemerk is, het met hul onkonvensionele styl dramaties gegroei. Ook dié kerke - wat begin het met 'n rykmansteologie - het nie stilgestaan nie, maar belangrike veranderinge ondergaan, skryf **INA VAN DER LINDE**



'n Groep lidmate van die Rhema-kerk in vervoering.

SOWAT 15 jaar gelede het die charismatiese beweging Suid-Afrika met 'n donderslag getref. Onafhanklike charismatiese kerke het van Amerika af oorgewaai en byna oornag opgeskiet en terwyl sommige weer net so vinnig verdwyn het, het ander van krag tot krag gegaan.

Duisende lidmate uit die historiese hoofstroom-kerke en die Pentekostalistiese kerke soos die Apostoliese Geloofsending (AGS) en die Volle Evangeliekerk het na die nuwe beweging gestroom.

Waar die Pentekostaliste vroeër die hoofstroom-kerke van "doodsheid" beskuldig het, het hulle nou onder dieselfde beskuldiging deurgeloopt.

"Die lewe" was nou in die onafhanklike charismatiese kerke.

Hoewel die onafhanklike charismatiese kerke oorwegend wit is, het hulle gemiddeld sowat 20 persent swart steun. Die woord "charism(a)" is Grieks vir 'n besondere gawe of krag soos om in tale te praat (tongespraak, soos sommige verkies), te profeteer, of te genees.

Die "charismatiese herlewing" het begin as 'n leke-beweging in die jare sestig en sewentig. Dit het vinnig oor die aardbol versprei en is in feitlik elke kerk, van die Protestante (sedert 1958) tot die Katolieke (sedert 1967) en die Ortodokse Kerke (1971) gevoel.

Terwyl die grootste groep charismate in hul onderskeie kerke gebly het - wat 'n ommekeer binne die tradisionele kerke veroorsaak het - het ander die hoofstroom-kerke en die Pentekostalistiese kerke verlaat en verkies om heeltemal onafhanklike kerke te begin.

Na beraming was daar teen 1980 reeds

60 miljoen mense wêreldwyd in onafhanklike charismatiese bewegings. Hierteenoor is daar sowat 750 miljoen Katolieke, 620 miljoen Protestante, en tussen 150 en 180 miljoen Pentekostaliste.

In Suid-Afrika het mettertyd twee hoofstrome in die onafhanklike charismatiese beweging ontstaan.

Bushy Venter, 'n pastoor in die Vineyard Christian Fellowship, sien dit as die begin van twee verskillende denominasies binne die onafhanklike kerke.

Die oudste van die twee strominge is losweg saamgesnoer in die International Fellowship of Christian Churches (IFCC), wat uit sowat 600 kerke bestaan, met Ray McCauley van Rhema as president. Dis die groot kerke met 'n hoë profiel, geskoei op die Amerikaanse elektroniese kerke en die geloof- en rykdomsteologie. Dis "hoogspanning"-kerke, glansryk, gesentreer rondom een mens met 'n sterk magsbasis.

Onder die stigterslede van die IFCC is die "big six", naamlik McCauley, Nicky van der Westhuizen (intussen "uitgetree"), Ed Roebert (Hatfield Christian Church, Pretoria), Fred Roberts (Christian Centre, Durban), Tim Salmon (Christian Centre, Pietermaritzburg), en Reinhard Bonnke (reisende evangelis van Christ for All Nations).

Die tweede stroming staan bekend as die Christian Ministries Network (CMN) en bestaan uit ses kerkgroepe wat dikwels saam vergader, met klein gemeentes landwyd wat wissel tussen 50 en 300 lidmate. Die kerke is klein, konsentreer sterk op onderlinge verhoudinge, is gebou op 'n vertrouensgrondslag tussen lede en die erkenning dat gelowiges elkeen 'n bydrae kan lewer tot die opbou van 'n

gemeente. Die kerke het almal 'n lae profiel en is sterker ingestel op sosiale kwessies.

Die leiers in die CMN is Derrek Morphey (Associated Christian Ministries), Derrek Crumpton (Foundation Ministries, Oos-Londen), Dudley Daniels (New Covenant Ministries), Joseph Khobo (Life for Africa, Transkei), Fred Roberts (die enigste kerkgroep wat ook tot die IFCC behoort), en Johan Filmalter (Agapé Ministries, Bloemfontein).

Die CMN is minder fundamentalisties, en verwerp die rykdomsteologie en ander buitensporighede van die IFCC-kerke. In sekere sin kan dié groep beskou word as die voltooiing van die kringloop tussen die Pentekostaliste, die IFCC en die Protestante. Vir dié artikel se doeleindes word hulle nie verder bespreek nie.

Die geweldige groei wat die charismatiese beweging hier en in ander lande beleef het, maak dat sommige dit bestempel as die kragtige godsdienstige invloed van die eeu - 'n aanspraak wat bevrydingsteoloë sekerlik sal betwis.

Daar word ook verwys na die charismatiese beweging as die "vierde hervorming", waar die Pentekostalistiese herlewing die begin van die eeu die "derde hervorming" was.

Dit is veral die kerke in die IFCC wat die meeste aandag - en kritiek - uitlok. Met slagspreuke soos "terug na die Bybel" en "geloof alleen" sou dit wel kon herinner aan Martin Luther.

Hervorming beteken vir dié kerke 'n sterk fundamentalisme, 'n streng letterlike interpretasie van elke woord in die Bybel. Soort van: "Do you believe what I say. If you do not, pull it out of your Bible."

Met die slagspreuk "terug na die Bybel" is die Christendom se teologie, praktyk en liturgie (die voorgeskrewe orde en vorm van die erediens) bevraagteken.

En dis net hier waar "die lewe" nuwe betekenis begin kry het. Saam met die verwerping van bestaande kerklike praktyke het ander dinge gekom: In die plek van die priesterboordjie en simple living, was dit aandpakke en deftige motors, die kerkkoor is vervang deur 'n pop-orke, die gebrandskilderde glas deur perspex en staal.

Die God van die armes is verruil vir die God van voorspoed, 'n waarborg vir kitsrykdom en kitsgesondheid. Dis net 'n kwessie van "name it, claim it, and frame it". As jy sê jy het dit, dan het jy dit. En as jy dit nie het nie, is dit omdat jy nie glo nie.

Dr Matthew Clark van die AGS-Seminarium in Johannesburg, het sy doktorsale tesis oor Rhema geskryf... "Die mense van Christian City, Rhema en die ander, het nou oor hulself begin dink. Die huidige Rhema is nie dieselfde as die van 11 jaar gelede nie."

Vroeër was hy veral krities oor die rykdomsteologie, waarvolgens mens God alles kan vra, en jy sal dit kry. Waarom dus vir 'n Volksie vra as jy 'n Cadillac kan kry? Hieroor het Rhema - met sy 15 000 lidmate die vlagskip van die beweging - 'n verskuiwing ondergaan, wat nie beteken dat dit met al die kerke in die IFCC gebeur het nie.

Ron Steele, skakelman van Rhema, erken byvoorbeeld dat die rykdomsteologie te ver gegaan het. "In die begin het ons gesê jy moet net jou sondes bely, en dan sal jy ryk word. Dit het daarop neergekom dat armoede deur sonde meegebring word..."

"Soos wat ons gegroei het, het ons besef voorspoed is vir die hele mens. Jy moet jou prioriteite reg hê. Soek eers die Koninkryk van God en dan sal al die ander dinge bygevoeg word, ook materiële dinge. Maar dit beteken nie noodwendig dat jy ryk sal word nie, maar dat aan jou behoeftes voorsien sal word."

Clark het nog 'n hele reeks teologiese probleme met Rhema. Soos met die siening dat Christus ná die kruisdood "drie dae lank in die hel gemartel is en daar die straf van die mensdom op Hom geneem het"; dat almal wat net sterk genoeg glo

genees sal word; en dat geen kritiek teen uitsprake van kerkleiers verduur word nie.

Nogtans sê Clark dat hulle 'n eie teologie begin ontwikkel, wat losstaan van dié van Amerikaners soos Kenneth Hagan, wat die Rhema-kerk in Amerika begin het, en Kenneth Copeland, wat die Christian Cities begin het, en nader begin beweeg aan die Pentekostalistiese kerke.

Bushy Venter meen daar is twee dinge aan die gebeur in die IFCC. Die beweging is besig om gevestig te raak, die godsdienstige gedagtes het meer gematig en gebalanseerd geraak, en dit het groter aanvaarbaarheid by die Pentekostaliste en die ander kerke gebring.

Boonop is die beweging meer ekumenies betrokke. Venter, wat erg krities was oor die IFCC se gebrek aan sosiale betrokkenheid, skryf die groter ekumeniese belangstelling toe aan die politieke blootstelling wat charismatiese kerkleiers veral met die Rustenburg-kerkeberaad geniet het. McCauley veral het hier tot "bekering" gekom. Hy het 'n baie sterk invloed in die IFCC en ondanks teenstand is hy besig om na die ander groepe deur te breek.

Die dae van die heksejag teen bevrydingsteoloë en politieke betrokkenes in die SA Raad van Kerke, is verby.

Soos met alle nuwe bewegings, het ook die charismate se steun die afgelope jaar begin afplat. Steele glo dit het te make met die politieke spanninge in die land en die nuwe klem op maatskaplike geregtigheid. Die ander kerke in die IFCC groei ook stadiger as 'n paar jaar gelede, hoewel 'n konstante stroom nuwe lidmate hul maandeliks by die kerke voeg.

Intussen het nog 'n belangrike ding plaasgevind. Die Pentekostaliste en die IFCC het hul kragte saamgegooi in die Pentecostal-Charismatic Fellowship (PCF). Beteken dit groter politieke spierkrag? Kan verwag word dat ons hier - soos in Amerika - 'n soort Jerry Falwell-"Moral Majority" met 'n openlike politieke profiel gaan sien?

Sê Steele, sekretaris van die PCF: "Ons het die mag van getalle ontdek, iets waarvoor ons eers baie naïef was. Politieke betrokkenheid is ongemaklik, maar ons weet daar is miljoene gematigde Christenmense wat heeltemal impotent is omdat hulle nie sterk leiding op politieke gebied het nie."

"Ons het nou 'n groter 'kiesafdeling' van sowat 3 miljoen. Ons deel 'n Pentekostalistiese erfenis. As ons 'n drukgroep kan word, nie teen die SA Raad van Kerke nie, vir die behoud van morele waardes, kan ons dié stem laat hoor."

"Ons gaan kwessies soos aborsie en pornografie nie sagkens behandel nie. Hoewel ons ten gunste is van 'n handves van menseregte, ken ons ook die gevare daaraan verbonde. Die regte van die individu word so belangrik dat alles aanvaarbaar word."

"Ons voel dat ons gereedmaak om die wagter op die mure van basiese morele waardes te word. Die media is altyd liberaal, maar het nie die steun van die massas nie."

"Kyk nou maar die geval van Freddie Mercury, 'n wonderlike musikus en ons is almal jammer dat hy dood is aan Aids. Maar hy is dood omdat hy God se wet oortree het en niemand kritiseer dit nie."

Polities bevind die PCF hom in die middel, sê Steele. "Hoewel ons nie vir mense sal sê waar om te stem nie, is ons ten gunste van 'n federale stelsel, kapitalisme en 'n vrye markstelsel. Terselfdertyd sal ons ekstreme kapitalistiese selfsug kritiseer."

Die Pentekostaliste en die charismate het uiteindelik mondig geword: en mondigheid beteken dat die kerke nuwe alliansies kan aanknoop. Dat vroeëre teenstanders onder die kerke wat die status quo steun die gemaklikste bedmaats gaan uitmaak, is byna vanselfsprekend.

Minder DUIWELS, minder SIEKTE...

Pastoor Nicky van der Westhuizen, een van die eerste leiers van die sogenaamde onafhanklike charismatiese beweging wat Suid-Afrika in die jare sewentig getref het, is vandag een van die bedryfslagoffers van die beweging ná 'n buite-egtelijke verhouding met 'n personeellid. Sy evangelisasie-veldtogte het al die elemente van die klassieke charismatiese prediker bevat - van die skouspelagtige genesingsdienste tot die verkondiging van die rykdomsteologie. **INA VAN DER LINDE** het verskeie van sy tentdienste bygewoon.



"Kom ons bid vir 'n finansiële wonderwerk. God gaan vanaand my geldprobleme oplos. Sê Halleluja!" Pastoor Nicky van der Westhuizen lei 'n tentdiens.



"In the name of Jesus, you deaf demon, come out!" Pastoor Nicky van der Westhuizen laat 'n dowe hoor.

PASTOOR Nicky van der Westhuizen, eertydse geloofsgeneser van Roodepoort het 'n nóg groter tent loop aanskaf. Hy's terug ná 'n afwesigheid van agt maande met 'n ou resep wat duisende hoopvolles na sy dienste lok. Die energieke prediker wat met lyftaal en stem sy gehoor tot rasemy opsweep.

Dié keer is die show net beter, en die potensiaal groter.

Want sy gehoor is nie meer die blanke voorstedelikes nie. Dit is die swart massas van Mabopane, van Atteridgeville, van Mamelodi. Van die hele Suid-Afrika.

Sedert Saterdag staan die Gospel Super Dome (nie te verwar met die Super Bowl nie) in Mabopane. Dit staan vyftien verdiepings hoog, het R1,6 miljoen gekos, en het sitplek op langwerpige blou metaalbankies vir 25 000 mense. Alles geskenk deur die Kenneth Copeland Ministeries in die VSA.

Dis Woensdagaand. Rye en rye leë busse (ek hou op tel by 90) staan spookagtig buite die ligkring van die blou-en-wit tent van die Nicky van der Westhuizen Ministeries.

Die Super Dome is tot barstens toe vol. Daar is opgewondenheid in die lug. 'n Stofwolk hang oor die skare wat als maardeur vorentoe beur. Die klanktoerusting is vol oopgedraai. 'n Orkes sit op die verhoog. Die voorsanger spoor die mense aan: "Give Jesus a big hand". Hulle sing meestal eenstrofe-liedjies in Tswana. "We do not need the devil here tonight. Kick him out of the country," skree die voorsanger, pastoor Sam Tshabalala. Hy het 'n spierwit baadjie aan by sy swart broek. Die orkes speel 'n bietjie harder. Die atmosfeer is gelaai.

En aldeur maar kom die mense aan. Hulle kom per voet. Hulle kom in busse en motors. Hulle kom met kreupeles en verlamdes in rolstoel, met blindes aan die

hand, met baba's op die rug en kinders aan die rokspante. Ons wil kom sien van die miracles, sê 'n skaam skoolmeisie.

Pastoor Nicky sit op die verhoog. Hy het 'n donkerblou-snyerspak aan, wit hemp en sydas, 'n karbonkel van 'n ring aan sy linkerhand.

Half-nege word stapels bruin potplant-houers langs die rye bankies neergesit. Voordat hy die mikrofoon vir pastoor Nicky gee, moet die offergawes eers opgeneem word. Hulle begroting vir die gratis busse waarmee die mense gekom het, is R134 000. Hiervan het hulle nog nie eens 'n tiende nie.

Hy lees voor uit Maleagi 3:8 tot 12. "Sal 'n mens werklik vir God beroof? Tog beroof julle My. Julle vra: 'Waarvan beroof ons U?' Van tiendes en offergawes." Daar staan: "Bring die volle tiende na die voorraadmekaar toe sodat daar iets te ete in my huis sal wees en toets My hierin, sê die Here, die Almagtige. Toets My of Ek nie die vensters van die hemel vir julle sal oopmaak en vir julle reën sal uitgiet, meer as wat julle kan gebruik nie."

Nou speel die orkes weer. Pastoor Thabalala en nog 'n man sing voor op die verhoog. Die mense sing saam. Hulle dans in die paadjies en hou hulle hande in die lug. 'n Verdwaalde rysmier skarrel weg onder die bankies in.

"This is revival, man!" roep pastoor Tshabalala. Hy dans heen-en-weer oor die verhoog.

Ná 'n uur word die potplant-houers rondgestuur. 'n Vrou voor my vroetel in haar buustelyfie, haal 'n toegeknoopte sakdoek uit. Twintig sent kom te voorskyn. Die skoolkinders kyk nuuskierig rond. Hier en daar word kleingeld uitgehaal en ingegooi. Die bakke bly maar leeg.

Die kinders word moeg. Party raak aan die slaap, koppe op hul hande. 'n Ma haal haar baba van die rug af en lê haar op die

grond neer.

Half-tien kom pastoor Nicky aan die woord. Hy preek uit Ps 89, Dawid wat met heilige olie tot koning gesalf is. God se salwing gee mens buitengewone magte oor Satan, sê hy. Binnekort sal julle sien hoe mense geheel word, hoe dowes kan hoor.

God wil nie hê ons moet swak en verslaan rondloop nie. God het vir ons die Heilige Gees gegee om kragtig te wees, om oor 'n muur te spring, oor skerpioene en slange... Sy stem bereik 'n crescendo. "As ek gesalf is, sal ek nie meer siek wees nie. Ek het gesag oor siekte. Sê amen."

"Amen," dreun die gehoor. "Die salwing van God gee jou heilige beskerming. Elke keer as julle hier kom, sal julle minder probleme hê as julle vertrek. Minder duiwels, minder siekte, minder vrese, minder finansiële probleme. Sê Halleluja!"

Nou vra hy almal om op te staan. Hulle sê agter hom aan: "As julle op God vertrou vir 'n finansiële wonderwerk, moet julle nie met lang gesigte rondloop nie. Sê vanaand gaan my God begin om my geldlike probleme op te los. Ek is 'n wenners. Kom ons bid nou vir 'n finansiële wonderwerk."

Nou is dit tyd vir wonderwerke.

"Kry julleself gereed. Ek wil hê julle moet al daardie sondes van die verlede wegwaai. Waai met die hande in die lug. Prys JESUS," bulder hy. En die mense bulder saam, hulle dans, hulle skreeu, hulle juig.

Op die verhoog druk 'n swart hulp-prediker die luidspreker voor die mond van die wonderwerker. Hy staan met albei sy hande in die ore van 'n vrou - doof in die regteroor sedert geboorte. "In the name of JESUS, you deaf demon, come out!" bulder pastoor Nicky. Met een beweging trek hy sy vingers uit die vrou se ore. Soos 'n kurkprop uit 'n bottel wyn.

Druk jou gesonde oor toe, beveel hy. "Can you hear me?" fluister hy. 'n Hulp-pastoor hou 'n mikrofoon voor die vrou se mond. Dit vang ook die pastoor se fluistering op. "Ja, ek hoor jou," sê die vrou. "My oor is oop!" Die mense juig. Hulle klap hande en stamp voete.

"Praise the Lord," sê pastoor Nicky.

Voor my probeer 'n kort vroultjie met oë swart en desperaat op die verhoog gefikseer, vorentoe beur. Oor haar skouer het sy die arm beet van haar opgeskote seun. Met blinde oë en kop effens skeef probeer hy regop bly tussen die malende skare. Sy helpers keer haar by die trap na die verhoog. Daar is reeds te veel mense daar. 'n Hele ry dowes, twee verlamdes wat op die verhoog opgedra is deur familieleden.

Nou word daar gebid vir nog 'n dowe. Dié keer is dit 'n dogtertjie van so agt in 'n pienk rokkie en uitgetrapte swart skoene. Sy is doof in albei ore.

Stokdoof. Dieselfde prosedure word herhaal. "Kan jy my hoor?" skreeu hy oor die mikrofoon. Sy staar onbegrypend na hom. Hy probeer weer.

Dit word laat. Buite het die swart dorp gaan slaap. Vir wie moet nog gebid word vir genesing? Duisende hande skiet in die lug op. Nou gaan hy vir almal bid, sê hy. Sit julle linkerhand op die plek waar genesing nodig is. 'n Jong meisie voor my hou haar regtersy vas. Die klanktoerusting word vol oopgedraai. Stemme prewel hoopvol op, dit bereik 'n crescendo, mense val op die grond neer en ruk. Trane stroom uit die oë van die vrou met die blinde seun.

Dan skielik is die show verby. Dis tyd om huis toe te gaan. En vir dié wat nie vanaand genes is nie, word dit weer môre-aand herhaal.

SEASON'S GREETINGS

- om te sien is om te glo

deur RACHELLE GREEFF

HAAR ooglede is gegom aan haar oogballe, maar die vullislorrie maak 'n abrupte end ook hieraan. Presies watter stuk masjien dit is wat daai falsetto gebrul genereer wat voëls verjaag en mense uit middagslape ruk, moet sy diehereweet uitvind. Dit stop natuurlik sodra die sakke opgesmyt is en die lorrie - die apokaliptiese blomkewer - aankruie. Sy gaan hulle waaragtig nog vra eendag, hulle agterop met die keppe en die overalls en die grappies in die mobiele gestink.

Sy gooi die deken, gekoop as sogenaamde comforter, af, staan op en stap uit.

Die posbus, deesdae groen, Amiston-groen Tuin Huis, lewer sy daaglikse dosis rekeninge en die eerste Kerskaart van 1991.

Ten bate van Lifeline Sunsets *The Magnificent Seven*. Dié een getitel *Twilight Silhouettes*. Vier langbeenbokke met knopknieë loop hangkop verby 'n tamatiepruim, seker die vroegandmaan. *Best Wishes throughout the Season and the Coming Year*. Van die mense met die mongoolkind.

Tog nie, die eerste kaart het mos al laasmaand gekom. *Where will you be this Xmas hols? Thousands of South Africans experience the sheer pleasure, pride and convenience of their own Pelican Pool EVERY holiday.*

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Die swart leiklip van die tuinpaadjie brand haar voetsole. 'n Bevestiging dat sy tóg kontak het met vaste aarde. Sy wat voel sy's in 'n bed op golwe, in 'n kamer wat draai en kantel. Heeltyd probeer om 'n voet op die vaste vloer te kry dat die getol kan stop.

Dis weer tyd vir Ipradol. Adrenalien elke vier uur dat haar hande kan bewe soos een wat op dieetpille is en haar asemhaling donder binne-in haar borskas en die fetus dus kan voortdommel in die medies gekalmeerde watersak wat nou te lam is om sy inhoud buitentoe te stoot.

Sy gaan sit op die bank in die sitkamer. In die kombuis kreun die stryplank. Sit haar voete op die koffietafel, sien kort, vet tone. Haal haar voete af en steek dit onder die tafel. Sien selde 'n spieël, maar wel die vroue wat voor haar tou met hulle trollies: harde, gebarste hakke, mosbruin gevlek, onder sandaalstraps. Die sandaalkhak afgetrap, die voet afgeskuif binnetoe. Die onderrok 'n halfsentimeter onder die roksoom. 'n Stukkies vergeelde bra-strap.

Sy vat die oggendkoerant. *Kinders vloek Kersvader toe sy geskenke opraak.*

Blaai om. *Gisteroggend se drie uur lange samesprekings tussen die Minister van Nasionale Gesondheid en 'n afvaardiging van die Mediese Vereniging van Suid-Afrika (MVSA), het alles daarop gedui dat oplossings vir probleme rakende gesondheidsdienste wel gevind kan word, ondanks die MVSA se eis dat sy bedank. Sy sit die koerant neer.*

Hierdie land, dink haar breinselle wat reeds inzoom op 'n kindervêreld, werk soos 'n kaleidoskoop. Mens weet nooit wat die oorspronklike, ware beeld is nie. Met net 'n tiekie se draai van die buis tuimel die stukkie in 'n gans ander prentjie: mense gaan onbewaak dood in hospitaalgange, vroue kraam op die vloer onder hospitaalbeddens, gestremdes word "behandel" met brandende sigarette, leë borde, toue en loodvol penisse. Almal in dié prentjie is donkervellig. Maar toemaar, just a flick of the wrist en dis weg en jy kan jou oë nie glo nie oor die bonte vrolikheid lekkerder as 'n krismisboom.

Sy staan op en gaan sluk een-en-'n-half-Ipradol in die kombuis. Oor twintig minute kom die hartkloppings.

Sheila, die huishulp, gaan aan met haar relaas waar sy vroeër vanoggend opgehou het. Dit sal goed wees vir die mevrou, reken sy, as haar aandag 'n bietjie afkom.

Vandag het sy dit oor Pietie Boy, dis nou die broer van Ritchie Boy en Kaffer, wat laasjaar doodgesteek is. Hoe Smoky en Sleeps en Cola, hulle is mos van die Jesters, gisteraand vir Pietie Boy, wat 'n Naughty Boy is, met die mes binne-in die been in

gesteek het daar voor haar huis in die gangetjie. Maar dis ook understandable, want Smoky-hulle is mos besigheidsmense (hulle verkoop buttons) en Pietie Boy het hulle goed probeer steel. En toe begin die Hard Livings inmeng en almal hardloop rond met guns en die boere ry maar net so op en af want as die HL's skiet doen hulle mos niks nie.

Die vrou se voet soek vloer om die bed te bestendig. Sy sien Sheila se Manenberg soos die eerste keer. Haar sintuie herleef die pong van 'n kloak wat jou tref net verby Hanoverpark se gespuiterfde *Welcome to lag-lag valley*.

"Asseblief nie nou nie, Sheila."

"Ag, shame ja, ek sien mevrou is weer nie lekker nie. Dis ook oor mevrou so heeldag kaalvoet loop."

Sheila se middeltje is dun onder die breë seintuur, haar kuite goed gevorm. Haar hare blink uit 'n buisie. Maar as sy inkom soggens het sy altyd hakskoene aan, 'n borsspeld en bypassende armband. In dié huis lyk die huishulp altyd beter as die huishvrou.

Sheila, wat al oor die veertig is, woon met man en vier kinders, uit een huwelik en een verhouding, in 'n council-flat met een slaapkamer. Dis die eerste keer dat Sheila een het wat nie haar neus breek as sy saam met die buurman oor die rates kla of haar oë opmors as sy kos pleks van wyn koop of haar voor die kleintjies rape as hy dronk is nie.

Sheila se oupa was 'n Duitse sendeling van die Wuppertal-distrik.

Die vrou gaan sit die TV in die slaapkamer aan. CCN: "Life is so tough, so fragile, so mean." Donald Trump, glad en glimlaggend. Sy sit die TV af.

Sy bring haarself tot by die bed, gaan en wag vir die hartkloppings. Dis nie verniet die waatlemoenseisoen nie: ook sy is ferm en uitgeswel, swaar, en heelwat meer sop as pienk vesel. En agter haar borsbeen is 'n binnelyfse meer, wat sy die oorloop van swaar keer. Soggens, baie maal word sy wakker, met klam oë.

Soos die droom waarin sy en haar man soek na sy grootouma se graf. So vêr hulle stap, sak die grond, wat spierwit is soos oumenslakens, onder hul voete in. In een van die grafte, dit lyk soos 'n bed, 'n man. Die grond tot onder sy ken opgetrek asof 'n kombers. Hy praat met hulle toe hulle verbykom en rys dreigend op as hulle nie reageer nie. Hierop kry haar man enorme vlerke en sjwies sjwies oor die grafte, maak 'n groot wind, maak haar bang. Hy stop net af en toe om agter 'n grafsteen te poseer, sy kop 'n beeld van marmer totdat hy honend lag en weer ruisend opstyg. Hy verdwyn deur 'n ronde venster en sy bly staan tussen stukkende grys spinnerakke.

Die ander nag weer sukkel sy deur die water met 'n enorme vibrator in haar mond. Haar hande moet sy gebruik om haar kat te red.

As die ongeborene ophou asemhaal, sal dit ook in water wees. Die eerste keer was dit in die nag om 2:35. Sô ook die tweede, derde en vierde keer. Net die tyd verskillend.

Jy word wakker en dink instinkief dis jou menstruasie want hoog op teen jou bene, waar jou dye raak, is dit taai. A, die verligting van dis OK, jy's gesond en nie swanger nie. Jy is altyd tevrede-bly om jou maandbloed te sien.

Maar dan.

In the black of the night, three o'clock in the morning, the night from Saturday to Sunday (why does it always happen on Saturday night?) the cervix opens up, the cunt flushes out blood clots.

Jy gaan badkamer toe sonder om die bedlamp aan te skakel, want die man moet nie gepla word nie. Hy lê op sy rug, snork rukkerig. Op die toilet kyk jy deur jou vet, wit dye af in die bak terwyl jy urineer. Jy sien net swart. Jy hou die toiletpapier waarmoe jy jou afgee het teen die lig, helder en naak teen die plafon met die watermerke. Teen die muur, toe jy opkyk, sit 'n nagakkedis. Sy twee swart speldekoppies blink kinderlik, laat jou jouself bedwing in die ysige afwesigheid van enige geluid. Jy moet raai hoeveel bloed, want jy weet môre gaan die ginekoloog daama vra, dit en die kleur en of daar klonte was. En of dit voor of ná die kontraksies

was.

Niemand sal jou glo nie as jy sê jy het dit gisteraand gelees en dit verwag:

Panic Blood. Daarom sal jy dit vir niemand sê nie, want eers om te sien is om te glo.

Jy gaan maak vir jou 'n warmsak en lou melk met heuning in die kombuis, wat ruik na hond. Die bulteriër maak nie haar oë oop nie, maar klop haar stert teen die binnekant van die blindes se hondemandjie. Jy vat aan haar klam, swart neus. Dis koel. Haar stert piets vinniger en sy steun orent, rek haar nek lank en ligbruin uit. Haar donker varkogies vrolik; jy foei haar dus terug bed toe. Jy stap sitkamer toe. Jy kan nie slaap nie en brei kon jy nog nooit. Lees is al wat oorbly:

'n Man het gisteraand al skreeuend na sy dood gehardloop in die Tafelbaaise hawe.

"Ek wil doodgaan," het die man oor en oor uitgeroep.

Hy is daarvan beskuldig, nee, dis 'n ander man in die volgende kolom:

Hy word daarvan beskuldig dat hy een nag sy vrou vermoor en in stukke gekap het. Hy het dele van haar oorskot gekook en vir hul kat gevoer.

Watter dele? En sal haar twaalf jaar oue kat haar watsse dele ook al eet? Die vrou se naam was Arminda. Arme Arminda, gewurg, gekook en geëet.

Neem, eet; dit is my liggaam wat vir julle gebreek word. Doen dit tot my gedagtenis.

Sy sit regop, stoot haar leesbril op. Sy moenie slaap nie want as jy slaap, word jy oorval. 'n Vriendin wat in 'n township skoolhou, het van haar "beste" kinders se einde-van-die-jaar opstelle aangedra. Dié is in dagboek-vorm. Sy tel een of wat op:

Going to school - on my way I saw a cat in the road - it was dead - all the fur was taken off.

Sy smyt dit op die vloer. Volgende: *When I arrived home from school my mothersaid we must go to the rubbish dump and dump rubbish - we saw a plastic bag - took it - inside it there was a baby - don't know if boy or girl - took it - before arrived home - my sister said - must throw it away - threw it.*

Volgende: *On my way home saw two taxi-drivers fighting with knives. The other was bleeding hard. He got a bad wound on his chest. The other was bleeding on the head. There was some white thing as if he was chopped with an axe, I don't think he will live, an ambulance came after a long time.*

Die afwesigheid van spelfoute ontgaan haar.

Juffrou Van der Spuy is vet met sproete, rooi hare en bril wat opkrul in die buinste hoeke. Sy skryf die opstelonderwerpe op die bord in ronde ewe groot letters. Ek kies die een aan die penmaat in Holland. Dit is juffrou Van der Spuy se geliefkoosde onderwerp en ek wil hê juffrou Van der Spuy moet van my hou. In die middel, skuins regs af, ons adres en die datum.

Liewe maat, ek wil haar nooi om die Kersvakansie by ons in Suid-Afrika deur te bring. Ek wil skryf van die sonnige weer en die strand waarheen ons amper elke dag gaan met ons lilo's en waatlemoenskywe en Ski 'n Sea en handdoeke omdat dit so

naby is. Die strand se naam is Sunrise Beach. Maar my vulpen maak sy eie letters teen my sin en ek raak paniekerig want juffrou Van der Spuy stap op en af tussen die banke en gaan nou hier wees en sien op my klaswerkboek staan van 'n man wat in 'n gat met slange gegooi is deur polisiemanne en ons nanny wat met geweer in haar maag geslaan is 'n week voor haar kind gebore is en hoe sy en Lucky wat sewe is die nag nadat haar huis afgebrand is onder 'n bos weggekruip het en al drie taxi's van haar man uitgebrand is en sy bel my ma, maar juffrou Van der Spuy gryp die telefoon en nadat sy gepraat het, kom slaan sy my oor my kneukels met 'n ligblou plastiekliniaal en op my handpalms totdat hulle bloei en 'n dame, sê sy, en haar gesig is bloedrooi, jok nooit nooit nooit. Hoe harder ek huil, hoe harder slaan sy. Ook moet ek Die Stem van Suid-Afrika 'n honderd maal uitskryf na skool. Ek maak my broek nat en die kol op die houtvloer maak 'n gelerige straaltjie met vooraan 'n bietjie skuim onder die kind langsaan se bank in.

Sy skrik wakker toe die posbus klap. Dis die oggendkoerant. Die kransdruiver roer bo in die skoorsteen. Lig filter sag deur die gordyne. Die bank onder haar is nat.

Nou moet sy pal lê. Net opstaan vir die toilet en badkamer en voete beweeg vir sirkulasie. Sy slaap baie, maar meer dikwels is dit net sluimer. Met in een wêreld geluide van die wasmasjien, die stofsuier, die bure se hond, die TV, die vullislorrie. Maar iewers anders - op 'n ander aarde - stap sy deur fynbos, droom sy oor een met hande waarin dun beentjies en senings klank vorm, worstel sy met mense wat sy tot in die grein ken, hulle elke vesel met haar vingerpunte voel, hulle asemes of oksels ruik.

Dis Oukersaand. Sy lê bo-op die comforter en die donsduvet; dis benoud warm al is die son al onder. Die mikrogolf se deur klap, iemand maak die yskas oop. Haar oë gaan toe, onbewus, en vir 'n oomblik flikker die TV-nabeeld silwer en swart agter haar ooglede.

Eenkeer, jare gelede in Seepunt in 'n woonstel, lê sy op haar rug op 'n waterbed. Om te voel hoe dit is. Is dit só op 'n doodgaanbed: jou hele self onseker in 'n roering verby borrels wat oopbars onder jou, maar voor ronde golwe. Aan die beweeg bo-op, pleks van binne-in 'n element wat net hierdie een keer in 'n leeftyd vreemd geword het. Totdat jy die hier laat los.

Die bulteriër blaf skielik hard in die gang. Sy spring woedend, knorrend, op teen die glasruitjies van die voordeur. Haar naels krap teen die glas en die raam ruk in die kosyn. Sy grom diep uit haar keel.

Opeens is die vrou by, maar toe-oë en wag op die skel van die klokkie. 'n Klop. Iets.

Die setsoen van geweld, hoor sy die stem van die president in sy Kersboodskap vanaf die voetenent, *ek herhaal: die setsoen van geweld, is verby.*

Desember 1991.

1992 GAAN 'N GROOT JAAR WEES VIR **VryeWeekblad**

Die uitgawe wat jy nou in jou hande hou, is net 'n voorsmakie van die opwindende dinge wat **VryeWeekblad** in 1992 gaan doen.

Maar daar lê ongelukkig ook 'n prysverhoging op die horison.

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Ons tyd het gekom

I FEEL BETTER THAN *Santa Claus*

So its time for Christmas and for giving; Here is **FL VERWOERD JNR'S** list of CDs to make you happy. Make it a Christmas with a difference and blow your whole bonus on yourself in the CD Warehouse. Stuff your ouma, she doesn't deserve a present and in the process you can save a turkey.

Sex Machine: The Very Best of James Brown - James Brown (10)
20 Greatest Hits - Aretha Franklin (10)
and **Otis Blue** - Otis Redding (9)

SO you are so gatvol and earful of *The Commitments* you just wanna fook someone up? Understandably you thought it was a real kief movie and you bought the soundtrack because you thought that fat 16-year-old upstart had quite a VOICE.

But enough is enough, as sleazebag editors would say. Needless to say, you are not complaining about poor Sam Ramsamy like those increasingly deprived fascists. You are only fearing for your own life, because if you hear *The Commitments* in another restaurant you'll choke on your feta cheese.

Well, I understand. And Ol' FL is here to save (pun intended) your life.

To get back to the movie one more time and with a reason of course: Do you remember that wonderful scene where the tupperware pale Irishmen are assembled in front of the telly in awe of James Brown doin' his famous rendition of "Please, please, please"? Where manager Jimmy gets those palefaces to say it out loud: I'm black and I'm proud!

Didn't Mr Brown dropping to the floor as if that soul music was gonna incinerate his very soul, make you feel - despite the feelgood feel about the movie - that his was the reeeeeeeeeeeal thing, mama?

So the long intro was merely to get to the World's Greatest Entertainer, the Haaaaarddest-Working Man in Show Business, the Soul Brother Number One, Mr Dynamite, Funketeer Overall, the man with the Most Nicknames in Soul, the badass star of the show, JAAAAAMESBROWNNNNNN!

This is how respected writer Dave Marsh described "Papa's Got a Brand New Bag" in his book "The Heart of Rock & Soul": "The only way this song could be more bone-rattling would be if James Brown himself leaped from your

speakers, grabbed you tight by the shoulders and danced you around the room, all the while screaming straight into your face. This record doesn't have an introduction; it's just suddenly, immediately there in a burst of brass and Brown's shriek.

"Skirting the edges of intelligibility, his voice quavering and shaking like a man with cosmic palsy, Brown declared a new order of rhythm and himself its avatar."

This song is there and most of the other hits too. *Sex Machine*: only if Dire Straits would name their next disc "We're here to bore you to instant death" would a disc have a more applicable title.

Was (not Was) had quite a hit last year with a song called "I feel better than James Brown". After listening to this disc all I can say is: se moer!

If you have loadsa money, R299 to be precise, you should buy Brother James's *Star Time*, a four-CD box set with a 64-page booklet.

In the meantime, *Sex Machine* will also make you FEEEEEEEEEEEEEEELLLL

DJs tend to make clichés out of very applicable nicknames and it loses its meaning in the process. Still, she did deserve the title Lady Soul and listening to this collection gives it genuine meaning again.

Ms Franklin's voice first made an impression in her father's church where she sang in the gospel choir. Her meeting with pop never killed her gospel roots and another collection proving this point more directly is the double CD of gospel songs entitled *Amazing Grace*.

Otis Blue was recorded in 1965, a mere two years before his untimely death and is today still a reminder of what a helluva loss it was. His voice still haunts and soothes simultaneously.

This is the real soul, brother and sister, and Soul Bra FL can recommend it without hesitation.

Furthermore, a flick-a-disc sound check of festive season sizzlers:

Achtung Baby - U2

The title was enough to bowl me over, and that was after I thought that it was it for the four Dubliners: that they have become the latest sad victims of corporate rock after their last two albums.

And then I listened to *Achtung Baby!*

This kind of excitement I last heard on Roxy Music's first two albums. I kid you not.

Just go and listen to the raw feedback intro to the Daniel Lanois/Brian Eno-produced *Zoo Station* and you will most certainly agree that it is U2 in the *Boy and the War* class again.

Achtung Baby was recorded in Berlin and Dublin and you can also hear that.

A warning baby, REM, The Pixies, PM Dawn: This is one of the CDs of 1991, beware!

Apocalypse 91 ...The Enemy Strikes Black - Public Enemy

The crime rap-porters, the harbingers from the inner city hell, THE original muthafuckers, the stormtroopers of the ghetto, present something much scarier than *Terminator 2*, *Apocalypse 91*: this simply because it is true, it is the real thing from the streets of black America.

This CD is, I am convinced, the best thus far from the world's greatest in the radical rap genre. So by the way, they are visiting SA next year round March. Don't miss them, I saw them in London last year and they are a mindfuck and a sonic onslaught in one. Until then, buy this to help you make it through those violent nights.

Metallica - Metallica

Inkatha peaceloving? Marietta Kruger sexy? *Vrye Weekblad* bland? Hanepoot doesn't give you a babelaaas? Bles Bridges stylish? Alex Jay dull?

You might swallow a "yes" from me on the aforementioned questions before you would believe me when I tell you that there

is something like intelligent, non-sexist, non-racist heavy metal.

All you closet metal-lovers can go and buy this stunning CD without looking like a CCB operative at the Hams Commission for fear of recognition.

The rest of you dear readers, can also investigate this most compulsive rock CD of the year.

Dangerous - Michael Jackson

One of the most controversial, enigmatic, downright weirdest in the rock galaxy, Mr Jackson still managed to make one of the slickest, funkiest gorillas of a dance record. Go, buy and dance your b-b-b-buttocks off.

Mr Lucky - John Lee Hooker

Yes, fun begins when you are seventysomething. To be specific, 74 in John Lee Hooker's case. And it really sounds as if he is having heaps of fun - as much fun as a blues man is allowed to have - with mates like Robert Cray, Ry Cooder, Van Morrison, Carlos Santana, Albert Collins and Johnny Winter.

Woke up this morning and made another fine record ...number 40-plus I think manfa.

Trompe Le Monde - The Pixies

I missed them by a week in Utrecht, Holland last year. Yes, as a Pixies fanatic I still often wake up in a cold sweat in the middle of the night, with the less than assuring thought that my nightmare was true.

To make it worse, the last four tracks on my disc are from that very concert.

Anyway, The Pixies are again wild at heart and noisy on top. *Trompe Le Monde* might be slightly less produced and more rockist than *Bossanova*, but I think that is a recommendation, rather than a disqualification.

Cum on feel the noise!

Don't Try This at Home - Billy Bragg

I was much luckier with dear Bill. I saw him in London and managed to go backstage to give him a Freedom Charter T-shirt. So, if you ever see a picture of Mr Bragg with such a T-shirt know it is FL's.

Talking about FL's, the track "Sexuality" must be the funnest ode to safe sex I've heard. Overall one of the most listenable CDs of the year, with a lot of wit, still enough politics and damn fine music. I can't wait to see Billy here. He promised me that he would come as soon as it was OK for a good ol' leftie like himself to visit.

Diamonds and Pearls - Prince

I have had the very disputable honour to have had to deal with estate agents some time ago and before that, having to cut through the bullshit in the *Saturday Star*'s property supplements.

Listening to the purple of everyone's eye, His Royal Sleazeness's latest rammed one of those descriptions back into my mind: "oozing with character", except here it is "oozing with SEX".

Prince still has his obsessions with God and sex, and my fuck, does he make it attractive!

I'm your fan: The Songs of Leonard Cohen by - Various Artists

So who said Leonard Cohen had no sense of humour? A person who does not find "Don't go home with your hard-on" funny should make sure those blades for the wrist-slashing are sharp enough.

This ultimate deadpan song is included on this collection of tributes to the old joker by people like REM, The Pixies, House of Love, Lloyd Cole, Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds. And all the old favourites are included, in case you worried.

Don't go home without this disc.

Two Sides - The Mock Turtles

The last truly classic pop CD of the same subtle nesting in your brain quality I heard was *The Chills's Submarine Bells*. The Mock Turtles are The Byrds for the 90s. Be patient and you will be duly rewarded with *Two Sides*. Remember who won that famous race and this band, I can assure you, are real.

King of Bongo - Mano Negra

Do you remember Les Negres Vertes? Those hyperactive loony French-gobbling gypsies? Well, this is something similar, perhaps a bit more rockist, but also as frenetic. There must be something in all that French wine they consume on such an extravagant scale.

Of the Heart, of the Soul and of the Cross: The Utopian Experience - PM Dawn

I have often wondered how De la Soul would have sounded if they didn't decide to get all hardegat with their second CD. Here is my answer. If you can't stand rap, but are still adventurous enough to listen to something new, PM Dawn are for you. It is trippy, groovy, hippy, happy, poppy, witty, finger-snappy music. Let PM Dawn open up a whole new like, peaceful, psychedelic world for you, ek sê.

Nevermind - Nirvana

Nirvana challenges you with grunge, white noise, tempo changes, pulsating drums, groaning vocals, yes a wall of noise. Yet, at the same time, it is of the most melodic rock I have heard in long time. It has hints of late Beatles, The Police and The Kinks somewhere in the haze.

Coming from Seattle's Sub Pop stable, Nevermind has one of the nicest covers: a naked baby swimming underwater with his little shongololly like a little fin gliding through the water.

Leisure - Blur

More wall of noise, also a great cover, but from England and more accessible than Nirvana, Blur is under your skin like a new lover or a friend, and soon as reliable as an old lover or friend.

Blur is one of the hundreds of shoe-gazing, jangly guitar noise merchant bands so fashionable in England at the moment, but who will still be around when the hype has subsided (I hope).

'CREATIVITY starts with DISOBEDIENCE'

ANDREA VINASSA went to the *New Nation Writers' Conference* and survived... 'bewitched, bothered and bewildered'. The conference brought together ex-exiles, exiles, the colonised, the children of colonisers, emigrants, new immigrants... divided selves all, in an attempt to resolve differences within and without



Gayatri Spivak... New York-based Marxist deconstructionist post-colonial feminist critic
(Pic: Brett Elloff)

I have no interest in analysing such a symbolically loaded event as the *New Nation Writers' Conference* (attended by 31 writers from overseas and at least as many locals). That is for the organisers to assess.

Suffice to say that "enlightenment dawns when equal but incompatible truths collide," as theatre director Peter Brook once put it, and "Life is expressed in difference," as Caribbean writer Earl Lovelace believes.

False questions were asked, artificial divisions created, but the multiplicity of accents and opinions served to counteract the dreadful cultural monotony of the moment - and that has to be good. There is no way of knowing if the event will contribute to the cultural reconstruction of the country (I expect that "non-writers" like storyteller Gcina Mhlope and Birmingham-Jamaican rapper Benjamin Zephaniah will be most effective in this area), but I hope it becomes an annual event - with fewer writers, more time to listen to each writer, more talk about the practice of writing and less academic waffle around writing.

For those of us who managed to attend almost all the sessions, there was much that was invigorating and enriching to distill. Academic discourse was augmented by readings (and a regional workshop programme).

But there is always the tendency to emphasize the rational in the search for the definitive. And that contributes to a profound distrust of intellectual discourse: the argument which holds sway generally

comes from the arguer who is more adept at packaging and marketing than the next person. It is astounding how quickly theory and rhetoric and political dogma evaporate after such gatherings.

The highlights of the conference were the personal stories which confirm the contradictions: the writers brought common humanity and individuality. Their stories render the infernal debates around the supposed antagonism between the personal and the political obsolete.

The impulse to write was traced back to rage, loneliness, silence, despair, hunger, invisibility, imprisonment, dislocation and injustice. "Creativity starts with disobedience," insists Egyptian writer Nawal el Sa'adawi.

Writers came from far and wide to return to their origins: el Sa'adawi grew up in a small village where the patriarchy, bolstered and legitimated by religion, decreed that her place was in the kitchen; Gayatri Spivak is a foremost New York expert on feminism in decolonisation, grew up in an isolated village in Bengal, the daughter of a 14-year-old bride who went on to acquire a masters degree in literature - "I am my mother's daughter"; Jeanne Goosen found her literary origins not in her parents, but when she, as a clerk in a SADF library, read Doris Lessing's *Children of Violence*; Mhlope is continuing a tradition she inherited from her grandmother; Canadian-Caribbean poet Dionne Brand credits her mother and her grandmother as prime forces in her creative life - "don't grow up to wash any man's pants, even out of kindness".

An area of some disappointment was the

section on "Creating a Gender Sensitive Culture" which went on to show tremendous insensitivity. Brand says: "The word gender [has come] to mean women as opposed to men and women." The question of homosexuality was ignored. (Just because white male homosexuals represent a powerful force in South African culture, does not mean the issue is irrelevant.)

Only poet Willy Kgotitsile was invited to represent men in the equation. He proceeded to recount a story of his gallant child-minding exercise as illustration of his belief that women conspire in their own oppression. A whole movement is founded on this notion (feminism), but Kgotitsile's story ensured that no serious discussion on the "condition of maleness" took place. He did concede that men were reluctant to admit "that when it comes to the oppression of women, we have combined forces."

Where were the feminist men? Where were writers like Koos Prinsloo whose incisive writings on the self-destructiveness of the Afrikaner patriarchy to provide some object lessons to those so eager to restore "traditional values" and to play the part of significant Other to a "national brotherhood"?

Brand says "black power did not free me from sexual oppression". The revolutionary brotherhood, having had "prior claim to personhood", elicited from her a promise of silence in exchange for "protection from a much meaner white world". She was not the only writer to attribute "the failure of struggles" to "compulsory heterosexism" and the "restoration of the patriarchy".

Perhaps the failure of all political systems must be attributed to androcentrism and the relegation of the "forgotten majority" as the "slaves of children and husbands", asserted novelist and teacher Lauretta Ncgobo. Spivak invoked the usefulness of "cross-cultural allegiances" between women as an antidote to "the recoding of capitalism as democracy."

UWC English lecturer Zoë Wicomb's paper in the section entitled "Race and Ethnicity - Beyond the Legacy of Victims", in which she traced the history of nationalism in this country and illustrated the underlying connections between race, class, gender, ethnicity - the unseen and insidious treachery of fragmenting life and thought into these various categories and regurgitating them via language - provided much inspiration. Quoting from Bessie Head's novel, *Maru*, she described how meanings are tailored according to ideological needs and the inherent reproductive nature of race as a sign of difference, and reminding us that someone will be at the bottom of the pile...

Ultimately hope resides in those who do not abstract themselves into theories. The conference provided a site of struggle for those outside the "mainstream", for the dislocated and those living in "fragmented societies". Spivak, a "new immigrant" to America, described her condition as "The divided self". The author of *Mzala*, an anthology of short stories on life in the townships, Mbulelo Mzamane - I gather he is now based in Vermont - explains it this way: "It seemed to me then, and I know it for a fact now, that what was happening all around me every day, every hour, differed in no way whatever from what Voltaire, Charles Dickens and Emile Zola were

telling me about what happened before I was born. It did not seem to me that anything happening around me was different from what Dostoevsky and Tolstoy were talking about... That was all part of some universal wonder, some universal challenge, some universal danger. However, I also had to contend with the question of race. I woke up to the fact that it could not be true that there really was no difference between Raskolnikov and characters I had known in the townships. They were just as capable of splitting someone's head with an axe every Saturday night... Raskolnikov was white... the Lefty Mthembus, Axe Killer Msomis and King Kong Dlamini were black. But they told me too late. By the time they told me, I was already beyond hope. I did not know then what I found out later - how difficult it is to become oneself."

One of the most valuable speakers was Egyptian writer (and less illustrious husband of Nawal el Sa'adawi) Sherif Hetata, who confirmed that age does bring a measure of wisdom... despite the ageism which surfaced periodically.

As a political prisoner with 13 years of hard labour on his CV and a member of the Democratic Movement for National Liberation who was ostracised by the left when he deigned to criticise the Soviet Union, he guards against abstracting thought (the danger posed by conferences): "the power struggle, the rivalry, the abstraction and categorization of thought can kill the personal, human element or paralyze and so reduce or even annul creativity. That is why I believe that politics will only really serve human beings when it is linked to art."

"Women are concerned more than any one else with relations between human beings, and women to be liberated have to upset the whole pyramid of patriarchal class relations in economics, politics, culture, sex and religion... The most radical change of all will come when women and men deal with one another as human beings. And this cannot take place without destroying all forms of exploitation, oppression or discrimination whether racial, religious, sexual or social.

"...I had to change, and in changing overcame the tension between politics and literary creation which lived within me. Perhaps some tension remains, for political conditioning in the way I have known it is not easy to get rid of. Nor is childhood under the control of a strict English mother. But change has come. And the vehicle of change has been women and literature.

"A writer must be free, must blaze the way to change. A writer is an extremist by vocation, by thought, by flight of imagination. That is why he creates, and sees what others do not. A writer should be responsible to himself, to his thoughts, and only in this way is he really responsible to society. That is why I do not like cautious writers, mild writers, writers with no passion.

"In Egypt the state is an all pervasive institution which has a history seven thousand years old... You don't have the same kind of oppression. The state has infiltrated every corner of our life... even into our bedrooms. The television, the newspapers, the publishing houses, everything is controlled by the state... We must struggle against violence. If we are able to beat violence, there is hope for writing, hope for creativity."

POLITICS *in motion:* THE YEAR IN pictures

MIKE VAN GRAAN takes a satirical look at the New South African Movie Industry

TAXI TO SOWETO

This adventure move stars Bjorn-Again playing himself, a Swedish activist who leaves his "isolate South Africa" job when it loses its chic-ness. With some spare cash originally marked to support to now-extinct anti-apartheid groups, Bjorn-Again travels to SA to prepare an alternative tourist guide entitled *Where Mandela Sneezed... And Other Interesting Places*.

The movie follows the facial expressions (yes, despite the impression given by their tennis players, Swedes do have facial expressions) and records the screams of Bjorn-Again as he travels to Soweto in an overcrowded taxi with two people and three chickens on his lap, and as he is involved in two head-on collisions, three

Minister of Police. He pleads with God to save him from this disgrace (everyone will see that he can't swim) and God says, "Okay, find me one good cop and you can keep your balaclava."

The movie has a predictable ending (Vlok ends up in Water Affairs) but there are some nice touches like when Vlok excitedly presents a nice cop to God, but he later turns out to be Leon Schuster in disguise, rehearsing for the futuristic *Oh Shucks, here come the new SAP from Dale Carnegie*.

LAST MANGO IN PARIS

When sanctions resulted in the European community barring fruit imports from SA, French scientists funded by the Dept of

and earn some pocket money for Armscor.

When he realises that he's probably not going to make retirement after Operation Desert Storm, he decides to desert to Afghanistan but is suspected of being a Russian tank and so is chased to the Soviet Union. In Moscow, some peaceniks stuff plastic roses down his barrel as testimony to the end of the Cold War (although he can't understand why as he still experiences temperatures of minus 20 degrees), when suddenly, all hell breaks loose and there's a coup.

The movie ends with the tank in tears and a denial by Magnus, in his gardening shorts, that he had anything to do with the coup.

documentary film about Ethiopia called *Breakfast in Hell*.

The beautiful theme song "Everything I do, I VAT from you" is fitting background as Barend the Robbing Hood on his Adrian steed sends his poison arrows flying at the chief villain of the piece, Hey Jy! Naidoo, who bears a striking resemblance to Declining Profits.

The romantic interest in the movie is provided by Ma Rina Venter, who falls in love with Barend and VATs all remedies. She eventually loses her head, leaving Barend to mourn his loss and seek solace among the Moors whom he has brought in as New Nats.

CHILD AT HEART

David Lynch's new shocker shows PW throwing a tantrum when some tapes he made to help him relive his g(l)ory days, go NISSing. PW lives in a little town called Twin Molehills, and the chief mole, who also happened to be his former friend, turns out to have taken PW's tapes and recorded Michael Jackson's *Dangerous* LP over it.

The movie is laced with vivid sexual imagery like frothing mouths and phallic finger-pointing and the shocking violence of a man shooting himself repeatedly in the foot as he laughs louder while reading the *Sunday Times*, certainly warrants the no 65 to 70 age restriction.



Barend and Ma Rina... In SA's Last Chance

tyre-bursts and an attack by Inkatha impis carrying traditional AK47s.

When Bjorn-Again eventually wakes up in heaven, he is greeted by two former anti-apartheid activists, a decapitated Norwegian and a limbless Belgian, who suffered similar fates while researching their *Alternative Guide to SA: Struggle things you have to see before lying on Clifton with a clear conscience*.

None of them got to see Soweto, but they agree that it was interesting trying to get there...

ONE GOOD COP

A delightful comedy, this movie is based on the biblical story of Sodom and Gomorrah where Lot negotiates with God to not destroy these wicked cities provided Lot can find 50, then 40, then 20, good people. Finally God says, "Cool, find me just five good ouks, and I'll save my fire and brimstone for America." When Lot is unable to find five people who didn't complain about VAT, the cities get zapped and America gets to play God and rain fire and brimstone on a few other places.

In *One Good Cop*, the main character, Vlok, is about to get demoted to Water Affairs as punishment for being a naughty

Special Projects (which was itself a secret special project), tried to develop mangoes similar to the popular SA fruit by crossing French with South African mangoes. The experiment fails, leading to the emergence of the AIDS virus.

One mango manages to escape and the rest of this animated movie shows her trying to find a partner in post-modern "mangoes are doing it for themselves style". The movie was nearly banned because of the explicit mango-crossing scenes, but was passed when the distributors agreed to Afrikaans subtitles. The soundtrack is by Mango Groove.

YOUNG GUN

An R1 rifle is born at Armscor, one among a litter of thousands. He spends the first part of his life jolling in Soweto and a few other townships, and on reaching puberty, travels to more exotic places like Angola.

He's having a good time, when suddenly a New World Order forces him back to SA where he spends most of his time as a bored teenager letting off steam in trains and other people's brains. Finally, he grows up into a G5 cannon and is smuggled to Iraq aboard Helderberg II, to take part in the Uncle (Sam) of All Battles

TELL MA AND LOO EASE

A movie that explores the buddy-buddy relationship between a tattle-tale and her girlfriend with a weak bladder, this cinematic delight tells the story of how they run away from home but have to return every 15 minutes because Tell Ma has to do exactly that and Loo Ease needs to relieve herself.

Eventually they conclude that if they're really going to run away, they would have to have the right equipment. So Tell Ma takes a cordless telephone to keep in touch with home base and Loo Ease straps a portable chamber around her shoulders as they set out to find themselves beyond the parameters of tongue and kidney respectively.

The movie has tragic consequences when Tell Ma discovers that the telephone's Duracell batteries do not last as long as they claim to, and Loo Ease has her plastic chamber confiscated by a band of green activists because it is non-biodegradable.

I won't give the story away as the girls fling themselves off the mountain to prevent a sequel, but after "Quite frankly my dear, I don't give a damn!", Loo Ease's line to a fellow hiker on the top of the Rockies - "Excuse me, where's the ladies?" - must surely be the most memorable closing line to a movie.

ROCKETEER

Starring Cyril the are-you-a-commie Riddle in his orgasmic rise from a humble mindworker to a secretary-general, this movie has our hero soaring to the top, stopping only to pick up a Colgate-sponsored smile, a tie, a few friends named Gerrit, Kobie and Stoffel, and some beers for their boys-only club called the Patriotic Affront

This movie deserves one star - and Cyril is it - as it rocketeers all over the place in many different directions depending on who's putting in (or letting off) the gas.

ROBBING HOOD

Barend du Plessis is the hero of this epic adventure, where he and his band of blerry men steal from the poor to give to the rich. Barend looks wonderful in tights (as in tighten your belts), although everyone else in the movie looks like refugees from a



The Minister of Clone Affairs... masterminding the New SA film industry

SOME OTHER MOVIES...

Movies which also made it to the big screen but which weren't as memorable as the above include *Nightmare on Skelm Street* starring Abdul and the Soccer Lieg, *Blackdraft* about SADF recruitment in the townships, *Jerks of the Bushveldt* in which allied forces see how long they can go without beer in the Middle-East, *Not Without My Daughter* which has incest as its main theme, *Terminator Too* starring Boeta Lezzie, and *Life Stinks*, the sad story of a cow who is reincarnated as Rajbansi.

My personal worst movie of the year was *Naked Gun 6* which was about a death squad with the slogan "one non-settler, six bullets".

vryekeusefilms



Vergeet van Kerspret vol vrolike feëttjies: Die prettigste prent van die seisoen is *The Addams Family*, 'n boosaardige komedie met Anjelica Huston, Raul Julia en Christopher Lloyd.

**** VOORTREFLIK
 **** STERK AANBEVEEL
 *** SIEN GERUS
 ** SO-SO
 * VERMY AS JY NUGTER IS
 ROLPRENTE SONDER STERRE IS NOG NIE
 BEOORDEEL NIE

URANUS

Gerard Depardieu (ook met Monsieur Hire se Michel Blanc) se jongste prent speel ná die Tweede Wêreld-oorlog in Frankryk af. Hy vertolk die rol van Leopold, 'n kafee-eienaar, wat slagoffer is van haat, ongeregtheid en onverskilligheid in sy klein gemeenskap. Die kommuniste maak die wette en die kollaborateurs vlug. Oorgeesdriftige "purgeerders" met splinternuwe Kommunisteparty-kaarte wil hul wil op almal afdwing. Leopold wil net sy weergawe van Andromaque skryf... Die regisseur is Claude Berri (wat vir ons *Jean de Florette* en *Manon des Sources* gegee het) en die prent is vol kleurryke karakters. Dit is gegrond op die roman deur Marcel Aymé, 'n hoogs omstrede skrywer tydens die Bevryding. Dit handel oor die verskil tussen "youthful errors" en "war crimes". Leftie intellektuele is deesdae gek na die "regse" Céline, sê Berri, en dit is belangrik om sulke mense as skrywers te erken. Berri is 'n Jood, maar sê hy voel ewe tuis by die gewone mense van Frankryk. Berri het Aymé se visie van die Kommunisteparty verander, want die skrywer het hom te eng met wraak bemoei. Berri meen: "Kommunisme het mense hoop gegee. Dit was 'n pragtige idee wat versip was," maar glo dat wanneer dit by afgrype kom, is alle gedagtes gelyk. Aymé was 'n pasifis, apolities, onbuigbaar en individualisties en het hewig geprotesteer teen politieke wraakneming ná die oorlog, terwyl daar geensins opgetree is teen mense wat munt geslaan het uit die oorlog nie.

PUMP UP THE VOLUME

Die onvermydelike vlag Kersfees-vermaak is op ons - maar gelukkig is daar nog 'n prent om die vrolikheid te ondermyn. Christian Slater speel 'n eensame, skaam hoërskool-leerling wie se pa sy sixties-drome uitverkoop het en deel is van die establishment. Mark gebruik sy kortgolfradio om uit te vaar teen die system en alle soorte korrupsie. Hy noem homself Hard Harry. Eietydse issues soos seksuele identiteit, dwelms, selfmoord, tiener-swangerskap en liefde

word ondersoek. Soos die graffiti-kunstenaar in *Turk 182*, word hy beskou as 'n ernstige bedreiging vir die samelewing.

GENIAL, ME PARENTS DIVORCENT

Altesame 12 kinders speel hoofrolle in dié Franse komedie oor hoe kinders hul ouers se egskedding die hoof bied.

FOR THE BOYS

Wat het Bette Midler besin om in Amerikaanse oorlog-propaganda-prent speel? Daar is hoeka in Suid-Afrika 'n boek geskryf oor vroue se aandeel in die voortsetting van militarisme. Als gegiet in musiekspel-vorm.

THE NUTCRACKER PRINCE

'n Animasie-prent met die stemme van Kiefer Sutherland en Peter O'Toole.

CINDERELLA

Ook animasie.

SWEET & SHORT

Leon Schuster se movie oor die Nuwe Suid-Afrika, met Casper de Vries en Joanna Weinberg. Julle het almal al die trailer gesien.

ALL I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS

Die enigste bekende in die prent is Lauren Bacall. Die regisseur, Robert Lieberman, het daardie allerwalglikste prent, *Table for Five* (met John Voight), gemaak.

DECEMBER

Die tyd vir Viëtnam-skuld is verby... Ná die Golf-oorlog is die Yanks vol selfvertroue. Desember 7, 1941 - die dag toe Japan Pearl Harbour aangeval het. Dit wil voorkom asof daar 'n vlag van militarisme van Hollywood aan die kom is en die prente verheerlik oorlog. "Going to war is his chance to do something important for his country," lui die persmededeling. Dis seker moeilik om 'n gawe nostalgiese prent oor die Golf-oorlog te maak. Die Tweede Wêreld-oorlog is die beste voertuig vir die nuwe Amerikaanse nasionalisme.

CHOUANS

Ek het die prent vroeg in 1987 gesien en onthou dat dit as 'n pragtige epiese prent met Lambert Wilson as 'n romantiese held tydens die Franse Revolusie.

HOT SHOTS

Nog militarisme. Met Charlie Sheen en Cary Elwes, twee vurige jong vegvlieëners wat die Amerikaanse ego in ere wil herstel.

THE FISHER KING

Ek het my humorsin beslis verloor. I hate it when rooinekke try to corner the American market. Terry Gilliam (van

Monty Python-faam), Robin Williams, Jeff Bridges en die strate van New York: dit klink soos die formule vir 'n wenner. Ongelukkig is dit 'n groot, blink, soetsappige mislukking. Mislukking is dalk nie die regte woord nie. Dalk is dit juis die volmaaktheid wat irriteer. Dis 'n moraliserende prent, vol "Christmas cheer", en vertel ons hoe wonderlik die mens eintlik is. Robin Williams speel 'n daklose psigopaat wat bevriend word met Jeff Bridges, 'n selfsugtige celebrity DJ wat ontdek hy was indirek verantwoordelik vir Williams se vrou se dood. Bridges moet werk om homself moreel te verontskuldig. Ondanks uitmuntende spel, steek die vrolike, mitiese boodskap my dwars in die krop, maar die res van Suid-Afrika hou baie daarvan. AV

THE INDECENT WOMAN

'n Baie spesiale prent wat handel oor 'n middelklas vrou wat skielik die erotiese sy van haar wese ontdek... nie saam met haar man nie. Kan sy haar wellus gemaklik in haar lewe inkorporeer, of sal dit haar lewe verwoes? Die gewilde mite is dat vroue net liefde maak met mense wat hulle liefhet... Die spel tussen illusie en werklikheid. 'n Pluspunt vir Afrikaanse kykers is dat die Nederlandse subtittels heeltemal verstaanbaar is. MAX DU PREEZ

WILD AT HEART

David Lynch se prente is soos droomfragmente. Dis 'n verbluffend eenvoudige en skynbaar oppervlakkige prent, maar handel eintlik oor die oppervlakkigheid van die Amerikaanse samelewing en die verbokkeling van die American Dream. Als is kômmen pienk, pers en rooi en karakters sê simpel goed. Die melodramatiese spel, die gebruik van musiek en die kitsch-erige fotografie dra by tot 'n treffende en verbasend ontroerende prent. AV

MORTAL THOUGHTS

Alan Rudolph pas sy buitengewone, avant-garderige oog briljant op 'n riller toe. Deesdae is prente oor vrouemishandeling en hoe hulle dit die hoof bied nogal in die mode. *Mortal Thoughts* handel ook, soos die ander, oor vroue se wantroue van die polisie wat gekoppel is aan 'n manlik gedomineerde regstelsel. Rudolph se benadering van vroue wat ondanks mishandeling deur hul mans steeds die verhouding volhou, benut kontradiksie en jukstapenering. Hy gebruik liriese film-tegnieke om die grusame verhaal te vertel. AV

THE HAIRDRESSER'S HUSBAND

Die regisseur Patrice Leconte se fantasie rondom vroulike haarkappers is die grondslag vir dié teer en besondere liefdesverhaal. Leconte is die regisseur van daardie juweel van 'n prent, *Monsieur Hire*. Manlike fantasieë en onbeantwoorde liefde is Leconte se spesialiteit. Hy het weer die musiek van Michael Nyman gebruik. M DU P

ROBIN HOOD - PRINCE OF THIEVES

Kevin Costner se *Robin Hood*-poging is 'n verleentheid vir hom. Hy kan nie eens 'n eenvoudige Engelse aksent bemeester nie. Miskien moes hy die regie behartig het en nie sy beste vriend, Kevin Reynolds, nie. AV

GUILTY BY SUSPICION

Vier dekades ná die vervolging van Hollywood-regisseurs deur The House Un-American Activities Committee, het die vervaardiger Irwin Winkler (onder meer van *Round Midnight*) 'n draaiboek geskryf en maak hy sy debuut as regisseur met dié dramatiese onderwerp. Hy kon dit maar gelos het. Dis 'n uiters vervelige prent. 'n Mors van tyd en geld en Robert de Niro. AV

THE COMMITMENTS

Nouja, bitterbek ek. Alan Parker se Fame-vir-die-90s is te gefragmenteerd en te lank en, ondanks die kleurryke karakters, te eentonig. AV

NIKITA

Een van die beste prente wat nou te sien is... 'n Franse futuristiese prent oor 'n misdadiger wat haarself red deur as "hitperson" te werk vir 'n ondergrondse speurkring. Die ontplooiing van die ver-

haal, die toneelspel en die tegniese verwerking is skitterend. AV

VOYAGER

Die Duitse New Wave-regisseur Volker Schlöndorff het ook die rolprent *The Tin Drum* gemaak. *Voyager* is gegrond op Max Frisch se boek *Homo Faber*. Faber, 'n wetenskaplike en 'n man sonder wortels, raak betrokke in 'n liefdesverhouding met 'n pragtige jong reisiger, en hy besef geleidelik sy is eintlik sy eie dogter. Hy het twintig jaar tevore haar ma verlaat. Subtiele moralisme hier: dis wat gebeur as jy weghardloop vir jou emosionele lewe, dit kom terug met 'n vengeance. Meer makaber gestel, meer Duits, ofte wel een honderd persent Afrikaans: jy sal maai wat jy saai. CHARLPIERRE NAUDÉ

THE RACHEL PAPERS

'n Teleurstellende Britse prent oor die seksuele ontwaking van 'n tiener. Eers dink mens dié is 'n eerlike ontleding van die rol van fantasie in die liefdestryd van tieners. Dit loop egter op niks uit nie. Leeg en simpel. AV

REGARDING HENRY

Een van daai oorgehype-de movies na die tradisie van *Rain Man* en *Awakenings*: vat 'n ster of 'n skitterende akteur of albei, skryf 'n storie oor 'n imbesiel of 'n gestremde en siedaar, daar's 'n Oscar in jou sak. Harrison Ford het hard probeer om Robert de Niro na te aap, maar niemand gaan vir dié middelmatige prent 'n Oscar kry nie. AV

LAST TANGO IN PARIS

Pauline Kael, oud-kritikus van die New Yorker, het in 1972 gemeen Bernardo Bertolucci het met dié prent revolusionêre veranderinge in die rolprentkuns teweeggebring. Dié sogenaamde Marxistiese filmmaker se prent oor die patologiese eensaamheid van die Westerse "bourgeois"-verhouding bied ná 20 jaar steeds 'n verstommende insig in die mens se onvermoë om werklik te kommunikeer (laat ons tog nie so naïef wees om te dink dis net die bourgeois-verhouding wat gebuk gaan daaronder nie). En die Method-spel bly iets om te aanskou. AV



Christian Slater in *Pump Up the Volume*

TAXI TO SOWETO

Dat *Taxi* 'n rolprent vir die Nuwe Suid-Afrika is, is regtig 'n cliché. Kom ons sê dit is 'n prent wat die nuwe omstandighede waarin ons gemeenskap leef, eerlik, onbevange en onpretensieus ontgin. Dis 'n heerlike, snaakse en verrissend onpretensieuse prent en is 'n juweel, ondanks sekere tekortkominge. M DU P

NOT WITHOUT MY DAUGHTER

Die verhaal van die verdrukking van vroue in Iran vanuit 'n Westerse perspektief. CPN

DYING YOUNG

Dit het geen sin om mense af te raai om dié sentimentele prent te sien nie: Julia Roberts se haarstyl is belangwekkend. Campbell Scott, die kêrel van *Longtime Companion*, se spel is egter 'n beter rede om die prent te sien. Scott speel 'n 28-jarige rykmanskind wat aan bloedkanker ly. AV

LONGTIME COMPANION

Die "Aids-prent" waarin die realiteit en die politiek van die plaag heeltemal uitgesluit word, en die verhaal in soetsappige, middelklas terme vertel word, is nou in die Tremloods in Pretoria te sien. AV

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