

WVWB

Vrye Weekblad

N° 175

22-28 MEI 1992

R2,20 (BTW INGESLUIT)

WATTER INVLOED HET TV OP ONS HOUDINGS?

KO-ESA: WAT HET GEWORD VAN
DIE D VIR DEMOKRASIE?

LA: THIS AIN'T IRAQ,
THIS IS VIETNAM, JACK!

MY MAN DIE VERKRAGTER

TWO ONE
jazz inside

SAP HÉT REGTER SE TELEFOON
AFGELUISTER, SÊ KOLONEL



The real reasons behind the LA riots - 14



Die private hel van verkragting binne die huwelik - 18



Is Willie Esterhuizen besig om TV-kykers subtiel te indoktrineer? - 9



Art as chronicle: Ivor Powell looks at the works of John Muafangejo - 22

inhoud N° 175

AKTUEEL

- 4 BRIEWE VAN ONS LESERS
- 5 DIE POLISIE HÉT REGTER DIDCOTT SE FOON AFGELUISTER SÊ KOLONEL
- 7 DEMOKRASIE: VETO-MAG OF DIE DIKTATORSKAP VAN DIE MINDERHEID
- 8 SNATCHING DEFEAT FROM THE JAWS OF STALEMATE

ONDERSOEK

- 9 IN DIÉ SPESIALE ONDERSOEK NA DIE INVLOED VAN TELEVISIE OP MENSE SE HOUDINGS, HET ANDREA VINASSA EN ESMA ANDERSON ONDER ANDERE MET WILLIE ESTERHUIZEN, KEVIN SMITH EN DAWID MINNAAR GAAN GESELS

INTERNATIONAL

- 14 THE LA RIOTS WERE AS MUCH ABOUT EMPTY BELLIES AND BROKEN HEARTS AS POLICE BATONS AND RODNEY KING, WRITES MIKE DAVIS OF THE NATION

RUBRIEKE

- 16 HENNIE SERFONTEIN HET SY OOR OP DIE GROND EN BROLLOKS & BITTERGAL SPEKULEER OOR DIE STANDBEELD MET DIE KORTSTE LEWE
- 17 TIM SANDHAM SE SPORTRUBRIEK EN FANIE OLIVIER GESELS OOR DIE STIGTING VIR AFRIKAANS
- 25 CHRISTI VAN DER WESTHUIZEN SPEEL POP
- 27 NETTIE PIKEUR SE FYNPROE EN RYK HATTINGH PLANT 'N DROLPEER
- 28 ELMARI RAUTENBACH SKRYF OOR DIÉ WEEK SE TV,

OMGEWING

- 24 TIENIE DU PLESSIS OOR WILDEHONDE

HOUDINGS

- 18 'N LESER SKRYF OOR HAAR EIE ERVARING VAN VERKRAGTING EN ONTMENSLIKING IN DIE HUWELIK

BOOKS

- 20 STANLEY FRIELICK REVIEWS THREE MEN'S BOOKS

ART

- 22 IVOR POWELL WRITES ON THE WORK OF JOHN MUAFANGEJO
- 27 NICOLAAS VERGUNST WRITES A LETTER ABOUT BEEZY BAILEY

TEATER

- 27 CHARL BLIGNAUT RESENSEER DIE KEISER VAN REGISSEUR DIETER REIBLE

FILMS

- 29 KATHY BERMAN AND ANDREW WORSDALE WRITE ON THE CANNES FILM FESTIVAL

ROLPRENTGIDSE

- 30 WATTER MOVIES WYS WAAR
- 32 VWB SE KEUR VAN FILMS WAT DRAAI

Vrye Weekblad is 'n onafhanklike weeklikse nuustydskrif wat uitgegee word deur Wending Publikasies Beperk (Reg. No. 88/40168/06).
Wending Publikasies Beperk en Vrye Weekblad se adres is: Breestraat 153, Newtown, Johannesburg. Die posadres is: Posbus 177, Newtown 2113.
Die telefoonnommer is (011) 836-2151 en die faksnommer 838-5901. Die Kaapstad-kantoor se telefoonnommer is (021) 47 8960 of 47 8819, en die Pretoria-kantoor (012) 83-4879.

Redakteur: Max du Preez
Assistent-redakteurs: Andrea Vinassa (Kuns), Ina van der Linde
Politieke Korrespondent: Hennie Serfontein
Spesialis-skrywer: Ivor Powell
Sub-redakteur: Ryk Hattingh
Kopleredakteur: Johannes Bruwer
Ontwerp: Anton Sassenberg
Kaapse kantoor: Christelle Terreblanche
Verslaggewers: Pearlle Joubert, Esma Anderson, Lucky Khuzwayo

Advertensies: Louwrens Potgieter
Redaksie-assistent: Christi van der Westhuizen
Ontvangs: Irene Zulu
Kantoor-assistente: Joseph Moetasi, Vernon Zulu
Bestuurskonsultant tot Wending Publikasies Beperk: Mark Beare

Vrye Weekblad word gedruk deur Caxton Beperk, Kommandoweg, Industria.
Vrye Weekblad kos R2,20 (BTW Ingesluit) Dit kos R110 (BTW en aftewering Ingesluit) om vir 'n Jaar in te teken, en R40 (BTW Ingesluit) vir ses maande. In Namibia, Swaziland, Lesotho en Botswana kos die tydskrif R2,20 plus verkoopsbelasting. Tariewe vir buitelandse Intekenare is by navraag by (011) 497 2911 beskikbaar.

so sê hulle

"Ek neem eerder glad nie aan Kodesa deel nie as om daar te sit en biltong word."

DR ANDRIES TREURNICHT dié week in die parlement.

"I mean, if black people kill black people every day, why not have a week and kill white people? You understand what I'm saying?"

Female rap singer **SOULJAH**, justifying the black "rebellion" in Los Angeles.

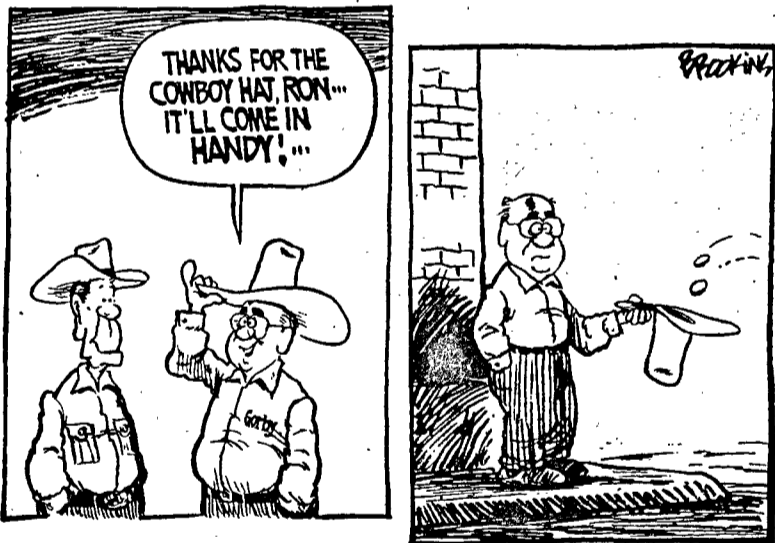
"Die toets is wat 'n mens doen om dit te voorkom en wat doen 'n mens as oneerlikheid of foute onder jou aandag kom. Die regering het nog nooit, in geval van 'n skandaal waar daar prima facie-getuigenis was, gehuiwer om dit op te volg en tot die waarheid deur te dring nie."

Staatspresident **FW DE KLERK** op 'n nuuskonferensie by Kodesa 2 in antwoord op 'n vraag oor die Goniwemoorde en die Departement van Ontwikkelingshulp.

"For the first time, I think that I would be willing to have a relationship with a man. But I have to be sure - whether my partner is male or female - that they are relating to me as an androgynous person and not as a woman. And that's quite difficult."

Briton **CHRISTIE ELAN-CAIN**, who in striving to become truly androgynous voluntarily underwent a mastectomy and hysterectomy.

"Kodesa dwaal op die oomblik in 'n digte, digte mis rond."
JOE SLOVO, voorsitter van die SAKP



BROOKINS IN DIE RICHMOND TIMES-DISPATCH

het jy geweet?

In 24 eeue se opgetekende geskiedenis het Europese state gemiddeld een keer elke vyf jaar oorlog gemaak. Sedert 1945 is meer regerings deur revolusie vervang as deur verkiesings. (Uit: Why Men Rebel deur T Gurr, soos aangehaal deur Gill Straker in haar boek Faces in the Revolution.)

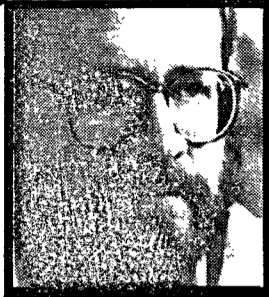
Daar is 850 aktiewe vulkane ter wêreld. Meer as 75 persent van hulle lê binne die "Kring van Vuur", wat aan die een kant strek van Chili tot Alaska al langs die weskus van die Amerikas, en aan die ander kant van Sibirië tot Nieu-Seeland langs die ooskus van Asië. Vyf en twintig persent van dié vulkane is in Indonesië. Byna al die aktiewe vulkane lê aan die grense van die groot bewegende plate wat die aardkors vorm. Die "Kring van Vuur" merk die grens tussen die aardkorsplate onder die Stille Oseaan en dié onder die omliggende vastelande.

Van die 1 029 094 buitelandse toeriste wat Suid-Afrika in 1990 besoek het, het 52 persent uit Afrika gekom, 34,1 persent uit Europa, 6,5 persent uit Noord- en Suid-Amerika, 5,1 persent uit Asië en 2,2 persent uit Australasië.

vrydagoggend

met

max
du preez



DIE KONFLIK IN KODESA IS GESOND

EK is blykbaar een van min mense wat nie neerslagtig gestem is deur die konfrontasie tussen die ANC en die NP-regering by Kodesa 2 of deur Werkgroep 2 se onvermoë om konsensus te bereik nie.

Dis nie dat ek met Inkatha en die regering saamstem dat Kodesa of die oordrag van mag nie so snel moet vorder nie. Inteendeel, hoe gouer hoe beter.

Dit is net dat die "liefdesverhouding" tussen die twee ou vyande onnatuurlik en teen-produktief begin word het en dat dit die ondersteuningsgroepe van albei partye begin pla het.

'n Mens het begin ongemaklik voel dat die NP en die ANC agter geslote deure allerhande ooreenkomste sluit en agterna maak of hulle van mekaar verskil, maar uiteindelik word die ooreenkomste uitgevoer. Dit het begin lyk na 'n gekonkel deurtwee groepe politici.

Veral in die ANC se constituency het dit tot groot ongelukkigheid gelei - 'n situasie wat die ANC nie nou kan bekostig nie. Dit is ook nie in die res van die land se belang dat die ANC nou opbreek of verdeel nie, want dit sál onderhandelinge beduiwel en tot onstabiliteit lei.

Ons as die gewone landsburgers wil die onderhandelinge siën gebeur. Ons weet mos die ANC en NP verteenwoordig heel uiteenlopende belange en groepe. Dit kan mos nie waar wees dat hulle oor alles saamstem nie.

ONS WIL EERLIKHEID en openlikheid hê in die onderhandelinge oor ons toekoms.

Selfs die ongesofistikeerdes onder ons weet die De Klerk-regering onderhandel namens die bevoorregte wit heersersklas, die sakewêreld en miskien in 'n mindere mate sekere groepe mense daarbuite soos elemente van die bruin- en Indiërgemeenskappe en tradisionele etniese swartmense.

Ons weet ook die ANC se primêre constituency is die swart elite, die miljoene township-inwoners, die werkers, die werkloos en sekere ander etniese elemente soos in Transkei.

Selfs vir ons dommes buite die politiek was dit duidelik dat die geveg oor die persentasie meerderheid wat daar vir 'n verandering van die grondwet moet wees, daarvoor gaan dat die NP/regering nie seker is dat hy minstens 'n derde van die stemme in 'n verkiesing gaan kry nie en dan nie wil hê die ANC-blok moet sonder 'n soort veto sy sin kry nie.

Dit is eintlik maar steeds die ou vrees vir 'n swart regering en 'n ander vorm van minderheidsbeskerming (lees: wit minderheidsbeskerming).

Dit is gesond dat dié konflik in die openbaar uitgebars het.

NATUURLIK SALDIT ongesond wees as dié konflik té intens word en dit gemoedere onder die twee kampe se ondersteuners gaande maak, of dat dit daartoe lei dat die onderhandelars van die twee kante goed sê wat latere versoening kan beduiwel.

Dit is dan ook ewe goed dat Mandela en De Klerk nie soos met Kodesa 1 mekaar die hare ingevlieg het nie, maar 'n effe meer versoenend was as die sprekers uit hul onderskeie kampe voor hulle. Kodesa self is dus nie ernstig verwond nie.

Die ANC se harde houding dié keer verbaas my natuurlik glad nie. Hulle kan bekostig om hardekwass te wees, want die regering is aansienlik verswak deur al die korrupsie en skandale wat die laaste tyd uitgekome het.

Dit skep 'n soort Catch 22. Daar kan geen twyfel wees nie dat die sondes en skandes van korrupsie en vergrype deur die veiligheidsmagte behoorlik op die lappe moet kom. Ons moet eers huis skoonmaak voor ons 'n nuwe regering kry, anders gaan ons een korrupte bewind met 'n minagting vir die reg verruil vir 'n ander.

Aan die ander kant kan Suid-Afrika dit nie bekostig dat die De Klerk-regering só verswak word dat dit nie behoorlik kan onderhandel nie. Die regering verteenwoordig 'n blok belange en mag wat gevaarlik kan word as die gevoel ontstaan dat oor hulle gehardloop is.

DIE ENIGSTE UITWEG vir De Klerk is om met meer oortuiging en verbeelding as tot nou toe vir eens en vir altyd die sweer van vergryping en politieke geweld deur die veiligheidsmagte oop te steek sodat dit kan gesond word. As hy dit self doen eerder as dat dit soos nou stuksgewys uitkom - en uitkom gaan dit uitkom, watch this space - sal hy en sy regering met groter agting bejeën word.

Maar die NP en die regering moet ook 'n ander les nou al leer: die demokrasie waarna ons almal so streef, beteken in wese dat die wil van die meerderheid nie gefrustreer mag word nie.

Ingeboude wigte en teenwigte is noodsaaklik, maar as demokrasie te veel afgewater word, is dit later nie meer demokrasie nie en dan gaan die frustrasie maar net weer opbou.

MOEISAME GEBOORTE VAN DIE WAARHEID

Ben Coetzee van Roodekrans skryf:

Die skuld vir die moorde wat deur die staatsveiligheidsmagte gepleeg en gereël is, lê vierkantig by die NP-regering wat dit vir hulle moontlik gemaak het én by die wit klesers wat só 'n regering moontlik gemaak het. Die ou leiers van die nuwe NP is hoogstens gerehabiliteerde operateurs van 'n skrikwekkende moordmasjien.

Boonop is die moeisame geboorte van die waarheid en die owerhede se hantering van die onthullings wat wel die lig sien, so tekenend van 'n piesangrepubliek as kan kom - ons genoemde leiers is ook gesoute piesangrepublikeine.

Wyl ek dus dankbaar is vir Staatspresident FW de Klerk en sy dasbrigade se gespartel in die Rubicon, asook die agternamik van sy aanhangers, hou ek na twee jaar steeds my asem op. Indien hulle die sprong na demokrasie maak en indien die ontsaglike moordmonster hokgeslaan kan word, sê ek gee hulle gerus krediet. Maar hou dit net daarby. Let op hul verlede en daarmee saam hul huidige onversetlike arrogansie, sodat wanneer ons uiteindelik by stem kom, hulle nie nog 'n kans gegun word om te regeer nie.

staak die moffiemokery

Stefan Natidé van Brooklyn, Pretoria skryf:

Gestel jy begewe jou in die 20e eeu en probeer leef volgens beginsels van verdraagsaamheid, openhartigheid, naasteliefde, ens. Beginsels waarna jy streef as ingeligde en onbekrompe persoon, wat tegelykertyd nie in stryd is met die grondliggende waardes soos vervat in die Christelike Boodskap nie.

Jy lees dan die brief van Daniël Heese (VWB 8-14 Mei) en wonder wat op aarde 'n man besiel om 15 verse uit die Bybel aan te haal net om selfvoldaan die leviëte voor te lees aan gays met Christelike aspirasies - hulle die onverbiddelike dilemma uit te wys. In wese kom Romeine 1, verse 18 tot 32, daarop neer dat ongelowiges wat nie in die heerlijkheid van die onverganklike God belangstel nie, hul vergryp aan allerlei skandellikhede, waaronder ons leer, homoseksualiteit prominent vertoon.

Diegene word in die sterkste taal breedvoerig as ongeregig, sleg, gemeen, liefdeloos, jaloers, moordsugtig, hardvogtig (die lys is lank) bestempel. Jy lees 'n paar reëls verder oor die sondes van veroordeling, hoofstuk 2, vers 1: "Daarom is daar vir jou geen verontskuldiging nie, vir jou, mens wat 'n ander veroordeel, wie jy ook al is. Deurdat jy oor 'n ander oordeel uitspreek, veroordeel jy jouself, want jy wat veroordeel, doen dieselfde dinge."

Moet ons werklik glo dat mense wat om welke rede ook al, hulself aangetrokke voel tot lede van hul eie geslag, *ipso facto* dié skaduagtige eienskappe openbaar? Sou dit nie eerder van toepassing kon wees op diegene wat hulself skuldig maak aan universele seksuele wanpraktyke soos verkragting, seksueel-verwante geweld (vroueslanery), of pedofilie nie? In mindere mate dan ook op dié wat ander se seksualiteit voortdurend objektiveer en as platvloerse grapmateriaal gebruik.

Ons gemeenskap is deurtrek met mense wat ander se intieme regte op verskeie vlakke skend, onder wie juis die "moffiemokers" uitstaan. (Moffie is 'n

aanmatigende term wat tuis behoort in standerd 4.)

Ek probeer hiermee twee kwessies aanspreek. Eerstens probleme wat gepaard gaan met letterlike interpretasies van uitsprake wat in die Bybel gemaak word en wat mense daartoe lei om ondeurdagtige en eiewyse aantygings te maak. Ten tweede die verstommende beheptheid met homoseksualiteit onder Afrikaners in besonder. Dit is ten einde laaste tyd om gays uit te los en op te hou om beswaarde skuldgevoelens op hul skouers te probeer laai.

(Brief effens verkort - Red)

liewer moffie as christen

Herman Lategan van Groenpunt skryf:

Daniël Heese skryf in VWB Briewe (8-14 Mei) dat Christene nie moffies kan wees nie. Christenskap beteken vir my die volgende: Hulle is die mense wat daarvoor verantwoordelik is dat ons nie movies op 'n Sondag mag sien nie. Ons mag ook nie oop drankwinkels hê of in die buitelig sonder toestemming alkohol gebruik nie.

In New York kan jy 'n Heineken op 'n Sondag by die kafee koop. In die Mediterreense lande is daar oral klein kroegies op die strande. Jy kan heerlik buite by die see sit, sonder om 'n bord kos te bestel, en Sangria of 'n biertjie drink. Lê die hele New York horries dronk elke Sondag, of die hele Spanje of Italië uitgepass op die strand?

Maar o weel! In Suid-Afrika, heilige en uitverkore land (lees: droef en depressing op 'n Sondag) mag ons nie. Dis omdat die helfte van die parlement vol dominees sit.

Christene is ook die klomp wat sorg dat as jy 'n movie op TV sien, of na 'n video kyk, jy nie vloekwoorde mag hoor nie. Iemand sê byvoorbeeld "Oh my God!" dan hoor jy skielik niks.

Dis die Christene wat verantwoordelik was vir die verbanning van *Magersfontein*, *oMagersfontein*, *A Clockwork Orange* en nog baie ander groot boeke. Vir jare mag ons ook nie 'n tiet of 'n voël of 'n kommunist op die doeke gesien het nie. Weer eens is dit daai

boring klomp Christene wat hier besluit wat gelees en gesien mag word.

Nee dankie, Daniël Heese. Ek laat staan liewers my Christenskap en geniet my moffie-wees. Amen.

(Brief verkort en enkele skerp woorde geskrap - Red)



Soos Joan Collins het Johannes Kerkerrel ook 'n binneste

koue sweet

Johannes Kerkerrel van Hillbrow skryf:

Gisteraand het ek toe hierdie verskriklike nagmerrie. Ek lê nog ewe weerloos en slaap, en uit die bloute begin daar hierdie Reusagtige Vagina op my neerdaal. Dit was so groot soos 'n tent en wou my versmoor. Instinktief het ek geweet dit was besete met die verwoestende gees van Christi van der Westhuizen. Ek het in 'n koue sweet wakker geskrik, en besef dat ek net soos Joan Collins, ook 'n binneste het. Dit was 'n gerusstellende gedagte.

annette en rau

Prof HN Pleters, Studentedekaan van die Randse Afrikaanse Universiteit, skryf:

Vir die eerste keer in my loopbaan is ek genoop om kommentaar te lewer op 'n uiters negatiewe en eensydige berig wat in 'n nuusblad gepubliseer is. ("Dis jou eie skuld dat jy verkrag is", VWB 3-9 April 1992).

Daar is in die ongeveer twee en 'n half jaar wat ek studentedekaan is slegs een geval van beweerde verkragting by my aangemeld. Ek vermoed dat die sogenaamde Annette waaroor die artikel gaan, die persoon is waarvan ek kennis dra.

In die artikel word ekself by name en die huisvader daarvan beskuldig dat ons nie oor die welstand van "Annette" bekommerd sou wees nie, maar net oor die goeie naam van die universiteit. Die stommiteit hiervan verbaas my aangesien ekself en die toenmalige huisvader heelwat afsprake vir "Annette" by die studentediensburo gereël het. "Annette" het dan ook heelwat terapie by meerdere sielkundiges van die studentediensburo ondergaan. "Annette" is versoek om in haar eie belang nie oor die aangeleentheid te praat nie, maar sy het dit goedgedink om op volle huisvergaderings van alle dameskoshuise op kampus die hele beweerde verkragting te gaan uitblaker. Dit waarteen sy gewaarsku is, maar tog

geïgnoreer het, het toe volgens die berig in u koerant slegs geboemerang - sien in dié verband berig op bl 10 derde kolom: "Annette is lastig geval... gevolg."

Die feite van die geval is dat:

- ek en die huisvader talle gesprekke in dié verband gehad het,
- die huisvader destyds heelwat navorsing oor die beweringe gedoen het waarvan die besonderhede gedokumenteer is,
- Daar gedetailleerde verslae is van die gesprekke wat sielkundiges van dié studentediensburo met "Annette" gehad het,
- "Annette" te alle tye daarop uit was om die huisvader te ontwyk,
- ek elke keer baie moes sukkel voordat "Annette" afsprake met my nagekom het,
- kaptein Van Vuuren van Brixtonpolisie my versoek het om "Annette" te vra om hom te kontak aangesien dit vir hul 'n ernstige klagte was wat hul wou ondersoek. Nadat die saak by die polisie gerapporteer is, het "Annette" blykbaar ook kontak met die polisie vermy,
- die beweerde tweede en derde verkragting nie aan my, die huisvader, polisie of studentediensburo openbaar is nie, maar dat ons meegedeel was dat sy by twee geleenthede "gedreig" is.

Indien "Annette" nie die dame is waarna ek hierbo verwys nie, is die berig eweneens onwaar want geen ander verkragting is by my aangemeld nie.

Ek wil ten sterkste beswaar maak teen die wyse van optrede van u joernalis wat die artikel geskryf het. Die feit dat die beweringe hoegenaamd nie geverifieer is by die studentedekaan, die huisvader of studenteraad nie, vind ek onverskoonbaar. Die berig word ten sterkste deur die RAU betreur en ek meen dat 'n verskoning en regstelling van u gepas sou wees.

(Esmá Anderson antwoord: "Annette", het wel nie die tweede en derde verkragtings by die universiteitsowerheid as verkragting aangemeld nie, maar as "aanranding" omdat sy gevoel het dat hulle haar nie sou help nie, maar net verder sou verneder. Sy hou vol dat sy self die afsprake wat sy met die Studentediensburo gehad het, met die hulp van 'n vriend - en nie die studentedekaan of koshuisvader nie soos in die brief beweer word - gereël het. "Annette" ontken ook dat sy probeer het om die koshuisvader en studentedekaan te vermy. VWB is oortuig van die waarheid van "Annette" se verhaal en sy het dié dié week weer eens met VWB bevestig. Ons gee egter toe dat dit beter en billiker sou gewees het as die studentedekaan geraadpleeg was.)

Briewe korter as 300 woorde

geniet voorkeur.

Rig briewe aan:

Die Brieweredakteur

VWB

Posbus 177

Newtown

2113

DIE POLISIE HÉT DIE REGTER AFGELUISTER, SÊ KOLONEL SAP se 'infame leuen'

Die polisie-offisier wat verlede week namens die Minister van Wet en Orde, Hernus Kriel, "kategorieë ontken" het dat die polisie regter John Didcott se telefoon afgeluister en 'n lêer oor hom gehou het, is 'n "infame leuenaar", sê 'n polisieman wat eerstehandse kennis het aan VWB

JOHN HORAK,

tot met sy onlangse aftrede 'n kolonel by Veiligheidshoofkwartier in Pretoria, sê hy het 'n dik lêer oor regter Didcott in sy kantoor gehad en in opdrag van sy hoofde van die inligting daarin aan 'n Rapport-verslaggewer gegee.

Kol Horak sê ook dat transkripsies van telefoongesprekke wat die regter gevoer het, deel was van die lêer.

"Hoe durf die minister se woordvoerder my tot 'n leuenaar verklaar as die polisie wêét dit is die waarheid," vra 'n ontstoke Horak. "Ek het niks gedoen wat nie in opdrag was nie."

Horak was só ontsteld dat die polisie sê hy lieg dat hy verlede week die polisie se senior regsverteenvoerder, brig Koos Joubert, daarmee gekonfronteer het.

Die brigadier het hom gelyk gegee dat die ontkenning 'n fout was en dat die feite inderdaad is soos Horak dit aan VWB gestel het. Hy het voorgestel dat hy die saak probeer regstel "sonder om in verdere besonderhede" oor die polisie se destydse optrede in te gaan.

VWB het voorverlede week berig dat 'n offisier van die veiligheidspolisie 'n paar jaar gelede 'n "stink storie" oor regter Didcott aan 'n verslaggewer van Rapport, Martin Welz, wou gee. Die berig het gelui dat die jongste aanval op die regter deur die minister van Wet en Orde, Hernus Kriel, 'n voortsetting van 'n ou vete is wat onder meer ingesluit het dat sy telefoongesprekke afgeluister is. Die Sunday Star het later dié offisier as kol John Horak geïdentifiseer.

Die berig is voorverlede week reeds aan die minister se perswoordvoerder, kapt Craig Kotze, voorgelê vir kommentaar, maar hy het om meer tyd gevra. Sewe dae later het hy die volgende verklaring uitgereik: "Ons ontken kategorieë dat die SAP in enige stadium op telefoongesprekke van regter Didcott ingeluister het. Indien daar wel op telefoongesprekke ingeluister is, het dit wederregtelik plaasgevind en word 'n beroep op VWB gedoen om die getuie wat aldus beweer, beskikbaar te stel.

"Ons ontken ook dat die SAP in enige stadium 'n lêer of dossier oor regter Didcott bygehou het. Daar moet bygevoeg word dat ons net die hoogste agting vir die onafhanklikheid van die regbank het.

"Oor die beweringe dat 'n offisier - volgens die Sunday Star, gewese luit-kol John Horak - 'n 'stink storie' oor die regter aan Martin Welz van Rapport wou lek, kan ons nie kommentaar lewer nie behalwe dat die beweerde lek beslis nie 'n amptelike opdrag van die SAP was nie.

"Kol Horak het intussen sy diens in die

SAP beëindig en indiensó 'n gesprek wel plaasgevind het, is die inhoud daarvan nie aan die SAP bekend nie."

By navraag was Horak se reaksie op die verklaring: "As die minister se woordvoerder gesê het die voorval het plaasgevind in tye wat heeltemal anders is as dié waarin ons nou leef en dat dit moontlik kon gebeur het maar nie meer polisie-beleid is nie, sou ek dit nog kon verstaan het.

"Ek kén die polisie - ek was in die mag. Dié verklaring kon nie uitgereik gewees het sonder dat die hoof van veiligheid geraadpleeg is nie. Dit is dus nie moontlik dat die kaptein die verklaring in onkunde uitgereik het nie.

"En nou, omdat dit ongemaklik is vir die polisie, word daar leuens vertel en my geloofwaardigheid word afgetakel. Ek sê weer: ek het nie gelieg nie. Gaan vra maar my bevelvoerder van daardie tyd. Daar is baie polisiemanne wat lekker lag oor die kaptein se ontkenning, want hulle wêét daar was so 'n lêer."

Horak is al sedert 1962 verbonde aan die SAP en was in der waarheid die polisieman wat die langste as geheime agent gewerk het. Hy was jare lank as polisie-agent 'n senior joernalis by koerante soos die Rand Daily Mail, Sunday Express en The Star, en nadat sy identiteit geopenbaar is, was hy 'n sleutelman in die Staatsveiligheidsraad. Hy het in 1990 as groepshoof in die veiligheidspolisie se hoofkantoor afgetree.

VWB het die berig tot so ver aan kapt Kotze gestuur vir sy kommentaar. Twee dae later - Woensdag dié week - het hy sy reaksie per faks teruggestuur. Dit lui bloot: "Ek volstaan by my vorige verklaring."

MAX DU PREEZ REAGEER:

Die gewese Rapport-joernalis en die reaksie van die SAP se senior regsverteenvoerder staaf kol Horak se weergawe heeltemal: daar is inderdaad 'n polisie-lêer oor regter Didcott gehou; daar was inderdaad transkripsies van die regter se private telefoongesprekke in die lêer; Horak het inderdaad in opdrag en met die volle medewete van sy meerderes opgetree.

Die enigste logiese gevolgtrekking nou is dat die verklarings van die kantoor van die minister 'n blatante onwaarheid en voorbedagte misleiding is - twee weke het immers verloop vandat die aanvanklike kommentaar gevra is.

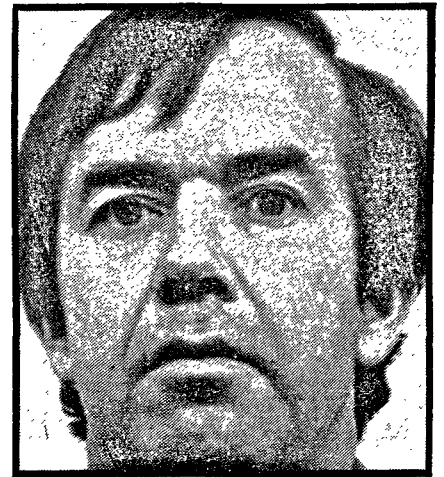
Dit is heeltemal onaanvaarbaar en hou ernstige implikasies in vir die geloofwaardigheid van die polisie en die verhouding tussen die pers en die polisie.

Ongelukkig lyk dit na 'n patroon waarmee ons al lankal te make het wanneer dit kom by beweringe oor ongerymdhede in die

polisie: ontken alles hoog en laag of dit nou waar is of nie, en hoop dan die beskerming van wette en die vrees wat polisiemanne of gewese polisiemanne vir vergelding en vervolging het, sal keer dat die waarheid ooit uitkom.

VWB is juis op die oomblik oor 'n ander ernstige bewering met die polisie in konflik. Daar het die polisie ook soos kapt Kotze gesê dit is alles onwaar.

Tensy ons lesers 'n volledige verdul-



John Horak... "Ek het niks gedoen wat nie in opdrag was nie."

deliking - en kol Horak 'n verskoning - kry, gaan dit moeilik wees om ooit weer die polisie te glo.

COURT MARTIAL 'FATALLY FLAWED'

THE court martial at which three national servicemen were convicted and sentenced for conspiring to disclose the SADF's "dirty tricks" against the End Conscription Campaign (ECC) had been "fatally flawed and constituted a nullity", the Appeal Court has ruled.

Chief Justice, Mr Justice MM Corbett, with four other judges of appeal concurring, made the finding after the SADF's Council of Review, Brigadier AK de Jager (confirming authority of the court martial) and Colonel M Dempers, appealed against a Full Bench decision of the Cape Supreme Court which set aside the proceedings of the court martial, the convening authority and the council of review.

The national servicemen, Hein Monnig, Pieter Reinhard Pluddeman and Desmond William Thompson, were doing national service at the Castle at the time. Evidence was that during tea breaks the men had met a fellow national serviceman, a Corporal Swart, for "intellectual" discussions which included politics and current affairs.

Swart, who worked in the intelligence section, concluded the three were "radically inclined to the left" and reported them to a colonel, who told him to keep his ear to the ground.

The men had already learnt that the Communication Operations Department (Komops) - acting with the sanction of higher authority - was conducting a "dirty tricks" campaign against the ECC. Its actions included pamphlets, stickers and T-shirts and the spray-painting of graffiti designed to vilify and discredit the "enemy" (the ECC).

Another dirty trick was the use of an unregistered helicopter to drop pamphlets over an ECC fête. When the matter was raised in parliament, former Minister of Defence, General Magnus Malan, denied SADF involvement.

The three decided to expose this and asked Swart to provide them with documentation to which they did not have access.

Corporal Swart informed on the men and a trap was set for Monnig, Pluddeman and Thompson. After Swart had handed them secret army documents they were arrested and charged with conspiring to disclose secret Defence Force documents to unauthorised persons.

AT THE START of the trial, counsel for Pluddeman objected to him being tried by

the court on the grounds that evidence would be presented of the SADF's "illegal and morally reprehensible conduct", that the campaign was conducted not by individual officers on a "frolic" of their own but as a matter of SADF policy.

Further grounds of objection were that Pluddeman would say he had acted in defence of the ECC and that the court martial, composed of senior officers, would be asked to pass judgements on the legality and actions of the SADF.

The court martial was asked to recuse itself, but dismissed the application.

After a court martial, held in camera, the three men were each sentenced to 18 months detention. In addition, Thompson, who held the rank of corporal, was reduced to the ranks.

They appealed but their convictions and sentences were confirmed by the convening authority, Brigadier De Jager, on March 4, 1988.

The men asked for a review by a council of review and on June 9 the council confirmed the convictions but reduced the sentences of Monnig and Pluddeman to eight months each and Thompson's to six months detention and reduction to the ranks.

They then brought review proceedings in the Cape Supreme Court.

A Full Bench - Mr Justice Johan Conradie, Mr Justice Gerald Friedman and Mr Justice Craig Howie - set aside with costs the proceedings and decisions of the court martial, the convening authority and the council of review.

Undaunted, the SADF and the officers then appealed to the Appellate Division.

The Appeal Court then ruled that the Cape Supreme Court had been correct in finding that the court martial should have recused itself when the application for recusal had been made.

"It was not an irregularity committed by an otherwise competent tribunal. It was a tribunal that lacked competence from the start.

"The irregularity committed by the proceeding with the trial was fundamental and irreparable. Accordingly there was no basis upon which the court of review (Supreme Court) could validate what had gone before.

"The only way the court of review could have 'cured' the proceedings before the court martial would have been to set them aside," Mr Justice Corbett said.



“Vandat my pa sy diensbelofte geteken het, vind ek en Albert dit moeilik om hier rond vuil te word.”

“Mooi skoon. Dis die woorde wat jy baie hoor van die dag af toe my pa daardie belofte geteken het om sy diens aan klante beter te maak.

Ek het al gedink dis selfs skoner as by ons huis. En as jy my ma ken, sal jy weet sy's gebore met 'n skropborsel in die hand. Selfs die voorplein is mooi skoon. Miskien is dit waarom my ma nie omgee dat ek en Albert daar gesien word nie.

Albert is my vriend. Hy's mnr. Mabuse se seun. Mnr. Mabuse is die Ultra Service Koördineerder in beheer van die voorplein.

Hy het my eendag al sy skoonmaakgeheimpies gewys. Hier's so 'n klompie daarvan.”



Uiteindelik kan jy iets doen om beter diens te kry.

By Shell, streef ons daarna om seker te maak alles gaan wel, waar jy ook al gaan. Een vir een ontvang ons handelaars en hul spanne op die voorplein dus 'n uitgebreide opleidingsprogram by ons Kleinhandel Diensakademie, en hulle onderneem om 'n nuwe maatstaf van puik diens aan klante te bring.

Oral waar jy hierdie nuwe Ultra Service-teken sien, kan jy seker wees dis 'n handelaar wat sy garage verbind het tot die hoë standaard wat ons stel.

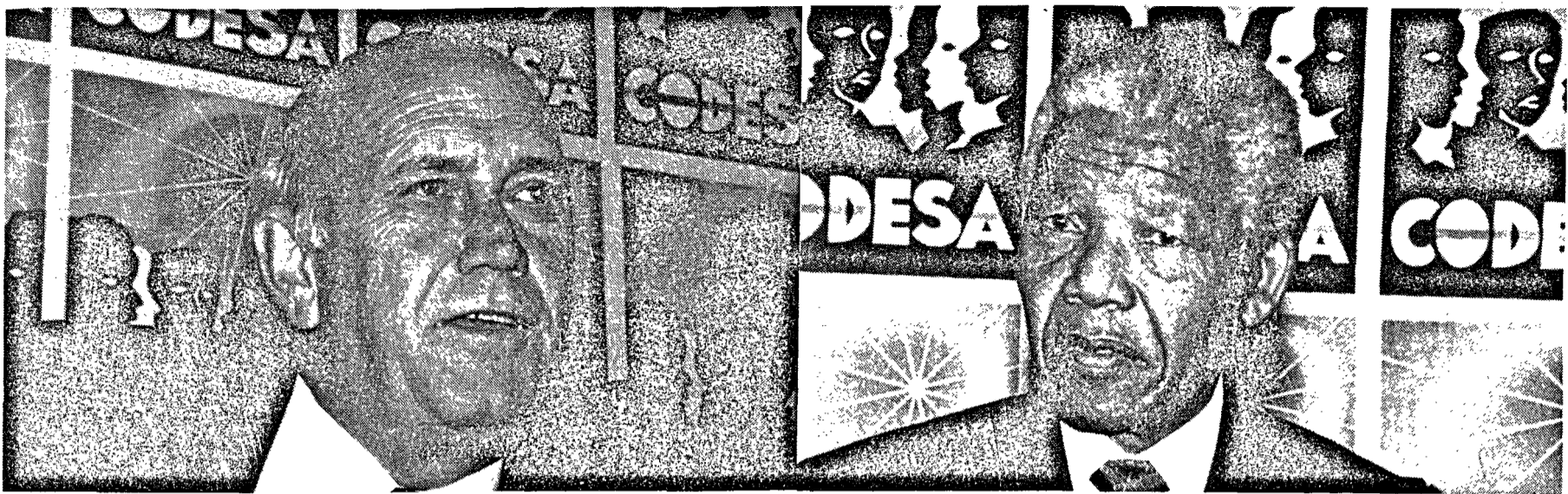
As jy om enige rede voel dat ons spesiale Ultra Service-handelaars en Shell nie hierdie belofte getrou nakom nie, kry jy by al ons Ultra Service-garages kaartjies wat jy met jou kommentaar aan Shell kan pos. En ons gee beslis aandag aan jou klagtes.

Waarom probeer jy Ultra Service nie sommer dadelik nie?



Alles wel. Op pad met Shell.





VETO-MAG - OF DIKTATORSKAP VAN DIE MINDERHEID?

Dat die ANC en die NP-regering nie by Kodesa 2 kon ooreenkom oor hoe die grondwet aangeneem moet word nie, dui op méér as net 'n meningsverskil oor die persentasie stemme wat nodig is. Wat ter sake is, is die twee partye se basiese sieninge van wát die demokrasie is. HENNIE SERFONTEIN het drie top-akademici en meningsvormers gepols oor sake soos die NP-voorstelle vir 'n senaat wat nie verkose is nie en 'n sterk veto-mag sal hê, en of 'n koalisie-regering in 'n grondwet verskans moet word

"DIS belangrik dat 'n senaat, hoe dit ook al saamgestel word, 'n verkose liggaam moet wees," sê Willem de Klerk, professor in kommunikasiekunde aan die RAU en voormalige redakteur van *Rapport*. "Dit maak nie saak of die belangegroep wat daardeur verteenwoordig word politieke partye, minderhede, die sakesektor of kerke is nie."

Hoewel hy desentralisasie en federalisme voorstaan, sê hy: "Die hoofsaak is dat die regering die beginsel van 'n meerderheidstem moet aanvaar. Dit is een van die grondbeginsels van die demokrasie dat die meerderheid moet regeer."

"Dit beteken egter nie dat die beginsel van die beskerming van minderheidsregte nie behoorlik verskans moet word nie. Slegs wanneer albei dié beginsels op 'n gebalanseerde manier in 'n nuwe grondwet opgeneem is, sal ons 'n volwaardige demokrasie hê."

De Klerk waarsku egter dat minderheidsregte nooitso verskans moet word dat dit die beginsel van meerderheidsregering sal ondermyn nie.

"Hoe gouer ons helderheid kry oor die regering se voorstelle vir 'n toekomstige senaat, hoe gouer sal ons kan wegkom van die onsekerhede en agterdog oor hul bedoelings wat op die oomblik die atmosfeer by Kodesa vertroebel."

GERHARD ERASMUS, professor in staatsreg aan die Universiteit van Stellenbosch, sê dit is uit die regering se voorstelle en strategie rondom Kodesa duidelik dat hulle huiwer om te begin om die mag te laat vaar voordat hulle oortuig is dat aan hul minimum-vereistes voldoen sal word in 'n toekomstige grondwet.

"Ek verdedig hulle nie, maar dit lyk na die rede waarom hulle sekere dinge

doen. Hulle wil 100 persent seker wees wat die grondliggende kenmerke van 'n toekomstige grondwet gaan wees - anders het hulle geen vertroue in die onderhandelingsproses en die oordrag van mag nie."

Hoewel 'n stelsel wat 'n senaat en streekregerings insluit heeltemal strook met die demokrasie, sê Erasmus, is hy oor een aspek bekommerd: "Ek is baie bang dat 'n stelsel met allerhande ingeboude waarborge aan die witmense die boodskap sal gee dat die grondwet genoeg veiligheidsmeganismes bevat om hulle in die toekoms te beskerm wanneer omstrede kwessies bespreek moet word."

"Dit sal witmense die indruk gee dat alles wel is, dat niks werklik gaan verander nie en dat elke slag wanneer 'n probleem vir witmense opduik, 'n veiligheidsmeganisme op een of ander manier uit die grondwet sal opspring en hulle sal beskerm."

"Dit beteken dat daar geen aansporing vir witmense is om persoonlik te probeer betrokke raak by die herkonstruksie en herbouing van 'n nuwe samelewing nie. Dié mense moet persoonlik aangemoedig word om die werklikheid te aanvaar dat daar veranderinge en 'n nuwe etos in die nuwe Suid-Afrika is."

"'n Mens kan die regte van groepe nie ad infinitum verskans deur tegniese waarborge nie."

"Boonop sal sodanige vetoreg vir minderheidsgroepe die nuwe stelsel beskadig as die grondwet gaan toelaat dat die wil van die meerderheid gefrustreer word."

Daar behoort 'n kompromis te wees tussen 'n grondwetlike meganisme wat minderhede beskerm en die aspirasies van die meerderheid, sê Erasmus.

Hy waarsku daarom dat die regering

hul denke moet heroorweeg en nie te ver moet gaan met die pogings om "tegniese truuks" in die grondwet in te bou nie. Dit sal nie 'n demokratiese grondslag bied nie, maar neerkom op 'n "kullery" met die grondwet.

WILLIE ESTERHUYZEN, professor in die filosofie en sake-etiek aan die Universiteit van Stellenbosch wat 'n sleutelrol gespeel het in die eerste geheime ontmoetings tussen die ANC en die regering sedert 1987, sê: "As mens praat van ewewigsmeganismes in 'n demokrasie, dan beteken dit nie die reg van die minderheid om die mag van die meerderheid te veto nie. Dan kom dit daarop neer dat jy die demokrasie saboteer."

As te veel klem op die beskerming van minderhede geplaas word, sê hy, kan dit ontwikkel in 'n veto en uiteindelik in die diktatorskap van die minderheid.

Hy sê daar is blykbaar aansienlike verarring binne sowel as buite die Nasionale Party oor die magte en samestelling van sy voorgestelde senaat en die rol wat dit moet speel in besluitneming en wysiging van die grondwet.

"As 'n senaat sy regmatige rol in 'n demokratiese stelsel moet vertolk, dan moet dit minderhede nie toelaat om die besluite van meerderhede te veto nie. Want selfs 'n stelsel van ewewigsmeganismes maak nie voorsiening vir 'n veto nie, maar bloot vir prosedures om besluite te vertraag en uit te stel."

Hoewel die gevaar wel bestaan dat 'n demokrasie in 'n diktatorskap van of 'n meerderheid of 'n minderheid kan ontwikkel, moet onthou word dat "doeltreffende regering op die meerderheidsbeginsel gegrond is".

Wat die idee betref dat 'n koalisie van

'n regering van nasionale eenheid verskans en afgedwing word deur die grondwet, waarsku Esterhuyzen: "Enige koalisie-regering moet die resultaat wees van onderhandelinge en van gemeenskaplike doelstellings tussen die partye."

"'n Koalisie wat voortvloei uit 'n grondwet kan nie lei tot 'n doeltreffende regering nie, want dit is nie die resultaat van onderhandelinge nie."

DIS EEN KWESSIE om voorsiening te maak vir 'n verpligte koalisie in die interimtydperk, sê Esterhuyzen. "Maar wanneer 'n grondwet finaal opgestel is, dan moet daardie grondwet beslis nie 'n koalisie voorskryf nie. As ons ooit deur staatsamptenare geregeer wil word, dan moet ons daardie roete volg."

Hoewel daar onsekerheid is oor die senaat, sê Esterhuyzen, en hoewel dit voorsiening behoort te maak vir die beskerming van groepe en belange, behoort daar geen veto te wees nie, "want dit sal lei tot slegte regering."

Wat 'n interim-grondwet en 'n interim-regering betref, sê Esterhuyzen: "Ek persoonlik glo nie 'n interim-grondwet moet as die model en grondslag vir die finale grondwet gebruik word nie." (Volgens regeringsdenke moet Kodesa 'n volwaardige interim-grondwet opstel wat in sommige opsigte verskans sal wees, wat beteken dat 'n gekose grondwetgewende vergadering later bloot geringe besonderhede daarvan sou wysig.)

Esterhuyzen is ook daarteen gekant dat die interim-regering vir 'n onbepaalde tydperk of vir 10 tot 15 jaar aan bewind moet bly. Hy sou wou sien dat die interim-regering vir een termyn van vyf jaar aan bewind bly, maar beslis nie langer as 7 jaar nie.

SNATCHING DEFEAT FROM THE JAWS OF STALEMATE

CODESA 2 may have ended in apparent irresolution and little more. But, argues IVOR POWELL, the vaunted stalemate could have turned a win-win situation into one of losers all round

THEY are probably drinking toasts to their own cleverness, but the truth of the matter is the government negotiators at Codesa may well have blown it. Not only for themselves but for South Africa as well.

They will be congratulating themselves because they have extracted significant concessions from the ANC over the negotiating tables. They have structured a situation in which - if all things continue to go according to devious plan - they could end up with the white veto they so desperately want. They could also achieve a long range, non-elected government of national unity in which they will exercise influence disproportionate to their real levels of support.

Add to this the fact that they have achieved significant concessions on the question of regional government, which could, they believe, lead to the strongly federal system in which they believe lies their best hope for hanging onto power, and you can understand easily enough why - behind the masks of outrage at recent ANC hardline postures - they are feeling so chuffed.

Still, they shouldn't be. Leaving aside for the moment the question of just how much the ANC really has given away, there are strong indications that government negotiators have thrown away the

GRADUALLY HOWEVER resistance has been building up and, although it was never spelt out in so many words, the recent phases of Codesa bulked very largely as a kind of make or break point in the mind of the ANC's support base.

But instead of promised rapid developments, few concrete decisions were effected. And those that were seemed to add up to a bizarre sell-out of stated ANC alliance objectives.

For instance, the ANC was seen to concede on the issue of federalism and an interim constitution, on both of which they had taken strong rhetorical positions in the past.

Moreover, while the talks in Codesa have been going round in circles there have been some linear developments. For example the government, with little more than token participation by representatives of the democratic movement, has continued to push through effective and far reaching changes in fields like education - imposing its differential education models (which, whatever the justifications presented for them, still add up to enshrined inequality and white privilege) - changes which will be extremely difficult for any future government to reverse.

Most importantly there was the question of the 70 percent consensus requirement which ANC negotiators offered in relation to the drafting of a constitution. While in fact not significantly more than the 66 and two thirds percent offered initially by the ANC, the 70 percent offer crosses not only a psychological barrier but a practical one as well.

IN THE FIRST PLACE it exceeds any internationally precedented consensus frames - where the two thirds formula remains the norm. In the second it plays into a recent HSRC study which pins the government's support base at the same figure of 30 percent. In the popular perception, at least, what the ANC's offer amounted to, was one of white minority veto, nothing less.

Actually the ANC's strategy has been somewhat more subtle than it may at first appear. As negotiators explain it their goal has throughout been simple: to keep the negotiations process moving.

The argument is that the government's basic intention has been to delay the process, to manufacture stalemates by introducing essentially absurd demands like that of the rotating presidency and the 75 percent consensus figure, in the cynical hope that such spanners will foul up the works or at least confuse the

issues, leaving concessions up for grabs.

The government's bogey, according to dominant ANC thinking, is the institution of an interim government in the first instance and the creation of a constituent assembly in the last.

Thus the ANC's best efforts have been directed towards the interim government pot of gold at the end of the slippery Codesa rainbow. Concessions made now, they have argued, so long as they do not too radically encroach on principle, are of relatively little importance compared with the actual assumption of power - where the ANC would certainly enjoy a clear and significant majority.

BUT THE FACT REMAINS that the grassroots perception of it is of a sell-out. And patience appears finally to be running out.

In probably the most significant, if underreported, political development of the week, the PWV regional structures of the ANC, the SACP and Cosatu as well as the Civic Association of the Transvaal announced at a Wednesday press conference their joint intention to reconsider participation in National Peace Accord structures. Pegging their threatened withdrawal on the latest round of allegations of security forces complicity in the violence, they went on to accuse those security forces of having signed the accord in bad faith, of being rotten to the core, and of continuing "to talk peace with us while they wage a low-intensity warfare against us".

What makes the gesture especially remarkable is the fact that the decision was taken unilaterally by the regional structures. It has no official endorsement at ANC national level (although privately top leaders have expressed the view that it was long overdue) and most of the ANC's senior national leadership was not even aware that such a move was being planned.

It reflects a regional and local leadership response to an immediate and relatively spontaneous crisis among the rank and file. VWB has learned that the youth of Soweto had decided in any case to dispense with the constraints of the peace accord. Days earlier, their representatives delivered an ultimatum to the regional structures to either formalise the break or risk mutiny in their own ranks.

WHAT IMMEDIATELY SPARKED the rebellion among the youth was the recent announcement by the Goldstone Commission which after considering thousands

of pages alleging police atrocities and double-dealings, of claims of war being waged from the hostels, came to the unbelievable conclusion that the hostel violence was a private ANC/IFP war and that there was no evidence that the police had behaved in any untoward way. As a result the Commission decided against further investigation, except in respect of returning refugees to the homes they had been forced out of.

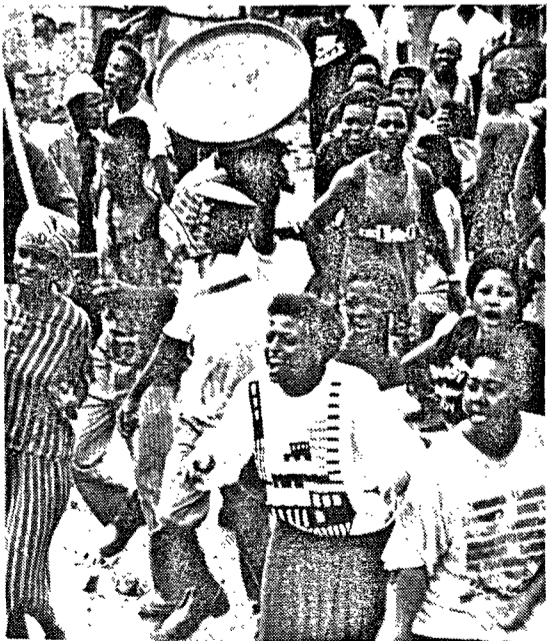
Meanwhile the police continue to wage a war of attrition against the residents' self-defence units, while failing to disarm the hostels. And despite promises made to ANC delegates at Codesa by Law and Order Minister Hennis Kriel that a total ban would be introduced last week on the carrying of traditional weapons by IFP members, no moves in this regard have yet been made.

WHAT ALL THIS ADDS up to is a dangerous rise in the political temperature of the townships. On one hand the residents' organisations and self-defence units are rapidly becoming more hawkish than the IFP in the township violence, and we are only one step away from open war being declared. On the other the increasingly angry mood is starting to spill over into relatively unfocused acts of aggression like the burning of a petrol tanker in Diepkloof this week.

But even if the looming prospect of township unrest can be averted, the writing is on the wall for the softer operators in Codesa. Last week a meeting of the Tripartite ANC/SACP/Cosatu alliance developed basic mass action strategies for the coming period. The intention of the alliance to pursue these in tandem with negotiations strategies - and in accordance with stated ANC policy, despite the fact that Mbeki and company have in the past been able to steer off threats of its being implemented - was made public this week.

VWB understands that one of the possibilities currently being debated is that of a week long general strike to take place probably in July.

Meanwhile the ANC has called an emergency congress to debate the coming rounds of negotiation and to attempt to reconcile internal differences. It is too soon to say what will happen there, but it is almost certain that a less conciliatory line will be the upshot, one in which negotiators are allowed less freedom and in which the energies of the masses are integrated into a broader strategy in the coming period.



best chance they had: that represented by an essentially conciliatory team of ANC negotiators, led in effect if not name by Foreign Affairs chief Thabo Mbeki, and thus far allowed a surprising amount of leeway by the grassroots structures of the ANC's alliance.

en wat maak dié bruin knapie daar?

HENDRIK, MAGGIE, OUBOET, JOLIE EN WIMPIE is Suid-Afrika se gewildste Afrikaanssprekende familie. Tienduisende mense deel weekliks hul lewens en vereenselwig hulle heeltemal met dié mynergesin van Orkney - hulle doen die dinge wat gewone mense doen, hulle praat soos gewone mense, hulle het dieselfde probleme en vreugdes as gewone mense. Geloofwaardige stereotipes, dus.

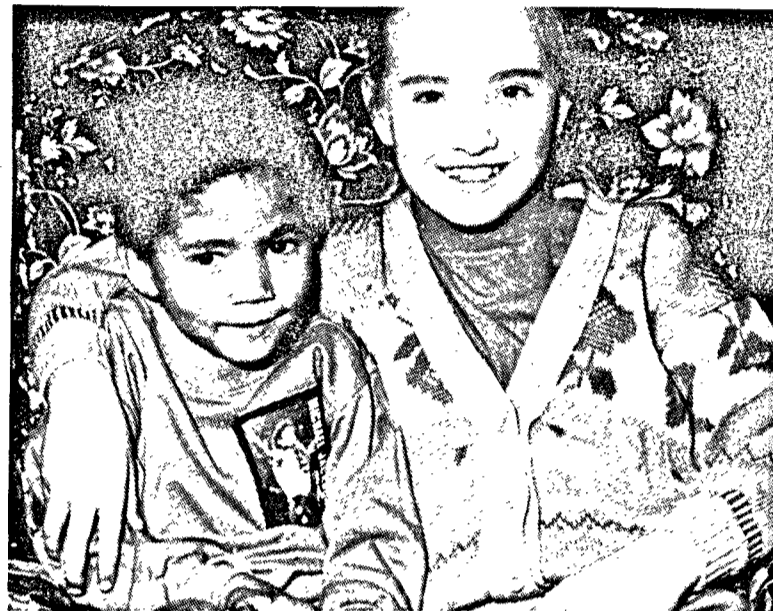
"Gewone" Afrikaanse mense neem egter nie sommer 'n bruin kind in hul huis in asof dit hul eie is nie. Maar daar doen Hendrik en Maggie dit toe asof dit alledaags is. En hulle en hul gesin se lewens gaan voort nes tevore - niemand en niks het verander nie. En as die bure die kind 'n "bossiekop" noem, dan gaan neuk Hendrik hulle op 'n goeie Boeremaniër.

Dit laat 'n mens wonder: watter invloed het die verskyning van die nuweling in Orkney Snork Nie op hoe mense dink oor ras en kleur?

Die mannetjie is besig om 'n hegte deel van die gesin te word en voor kykers hulle kom kry, gaan hulle net so gewoon en geheg aan hom wees as aan die ander gesinslede. (En boonop is hy nie die huishulp se kind nie!) Dit kan mos nie anders as om 'n invloed te hê op kykers se denke oor rasseverhoudinge nie, of hoe? (Bruinspoeling?)

Suid-Afrika is 'n land wat behep is met ras en etnisiteit. Dié onderwerpe was lank taboe as die tema van films, komedies en TV-sitkoms.

Toe kom *Going Up*, 'n sitkom op CCV. Die hoofkarakter is Jabu (Joe Mafela), 'n soort "teaboy" by 'n Engelssprekende prokureursfirma. Hy is 'n lewendige karakter vol sports en lewenslus. Dan is daar die korrekte bruin ontvangsdame, Mrs Jacobs, wat die telefoon met 'n "Goeiemôre/Good Morning/Sawubona" antwoord en kort-kort 'n paar Kaapse woorde ingooi; die stuffy Engelse prokureur wat nooit sy swart kliënte kan verstaan nie; die Afrikaner-omie wat die hyser bestuur en geld aan sy swart vriende leen; en die sjebien-queen en die teaboy se vriende.



Eugene Martin as Neelsie en Bernice du Plessis in Orkney Snork Nie.

Going Up is 'n oorwegend swart sitkom - maar in Engels, sodat dit toeganklik is vir witmense, wat sommer ook 'n blik kry op die binnewerkinge van 'n swart gesin in 'n township.

Die omgang tussen die mense van verskillende kultuur-agtergronde is hartlik, maklik en meestal snaaks. Maar die boodskap is dat mense maar eintlik dieselfde is en dat verskeidenheid juis die lewe meer interessant maak.

Kykers wat elke week na *Going Up* kyk, kan mos nie anders nie as om gewoon te raak daaraan dat die wisselwerking tussen verskillende kleure, kulture en hiërgarieë aangenaam kan wees. En baie van dié mense gaan voortaan na 'n swart kollega of werknemer kyk en vir die eerste keer 'n doodgewone mens met 'n vrou en kinders en 'n huis en probleme en plesiere sien. Of hoe?

En so kan 'n mens aangaan. Bill Cosby en sy gesin wat 'n treffer onder wit kykers was. Swart TV-aanbieders soos Alyce Chavanduka, Mike Steinbank, Doreen Morris en Mohamed Shaik wat bekende gesigte in voorhuise word.

Die invloed van al dié goed het ook nie net met ras, klas en kultuur te make nie; ook met seksisme en houdings jeens kwessies soos aborsie en die omgewing.

In die DTA-dae kort voor onafhanklikheid in Namibia is daar met voorbedagte rade 'n hele klomp swart Amerikaanse soaps en sitkoms ingevoer om witmense wat deurdrenk is met apartheid daaraan gewoon te maak dat swartmense nie net op plase, in die kombuis of in die fabriek werk nie - om hulle dus voor te berei op 'n regering waarin die meeste gesigte swart sou wees. En in Namibia het die politici geglo dit het gewerk.

Dié vrae soek antwoorde: hoe sterk is die invloed wat TV-programme - buiten die nuus of aktualiteitsprogramme - op die gewone kyker se houdings en lewens- en wêreldbeskouing uitoefen? En behoort sodanige invloed deur die SAUK gebruik te word om mense vir die Nuwe Suid-Afrika gereed te maak? **ESMA ANDERSON** en **ANDREA VINASSA** het die kenners gaan uitvra.

NIE EINTLIK NIE, MAAR TOG, SÊ KENNERS

HOE sterk is die televisie se invloed op gewone mense se houdinge oor die politiek en menseverhoudinge? Kan die kassie gebruik word om hulle van mening te verander sonder dat hulle daarvan bewus is? Kan die Nuwe Suid-Afrika byvoorbeeld op sepies gebou word?

Nie eintlik nie, sê dr Pieter Conradie, hoof van Samelewingskommunikasie, Media en Monitering by die Raad vir Geesteswetenskaplike Navorsing (RGN).

"Mense neig om die invloed van die televisie te oorskat. Dit is nie so sterk soos wat mense dink nie - veral nie die invloed op mense se politieke en ander houdings nie."

Op die lang termyn kan die televisie wel mense se houdings beïnvloed, sê hy,

maar dan gebeur dit onregstreeks. Die televisie maak mense egter wel regstreeks bewus van die onmiddellike werklikhede en brandpunte van hul samelewing - veral wanneer dit herhaaldelik beklemtoon word.

Waar televisie 'n groter rol speel in houdingsverandering, is dit gewoonlik houdings wat vir mense minder belangrik is ofte wel "perifirale" houdings, sê Conradie. Kom dit egter by sentrale houdings of houdings wat emotief swaarder weeg, is die televisie se rol en invloed baie klein en eintlik amper onbenullig - veral op kort termyn.

"Mens sou dink dat TV 'n sterk invloed het op kinders, maar dis eintlik verbasend klein," sê Conradie. "Wat byvoorbeeld aggressie betref, wys navorsing dat kinders tussen standerd 6 en 10 maar

slegs 'n 4 persent beïnvloeding toon.

"Maar gaan mens dit na, vind jy dat dié kinders gewoonlik in elk geval wanaangepas is. TV is dus nie 'n goeie agent om houdings te verander nie. As mens egter in 'n sekere rigting neig, sal dit dalk slegs dié rigtingsverandering versterk," sê Conradie.

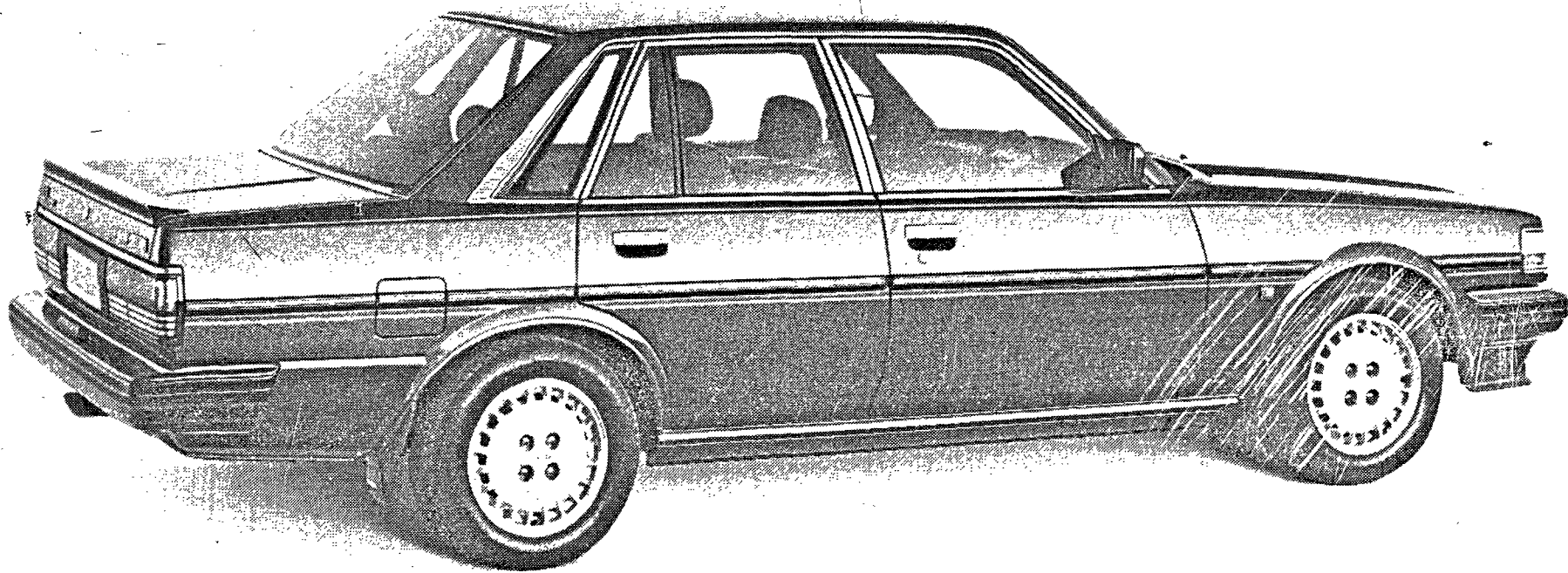
VOLGENS STEPHAN BOUWER, TV-regisseur en RAU-kommunikasiekundige, kan een van drie dinge gebeur wanneer 'n mens gereeld TV kyk: houdings kan bevestig, verander of versterk word afhangende van die kyker se ontvanklikheid.

Die kyker skept sy of haar eie betekenis, meen Bouwer - dus is die boodskap wat die skrywer of regisseur uitstuur, nie noodwendig die boodskap wat die kyker ontvang nie.

Wat dan van 'n program soos Orkney Snork Nie? Bouwer haal die kommunikasiekundige Douglas Kellner aan, wat beweer: "Individual television viewers are not passive receivers of encoded television, but rather tend to process television images according to their life situations and cultural experiences (of which social class is a determinant factor.)"

"Die teks-as-boodskap," sê Bouwer, "kan nie los van Esterhuizen (skrywer van Orkney Snork Nie) se ander tekste en die konteks gelees word nie... Die kyker wat daarby vertrou is met die voorgestelde (blanke) Wes-Transvaalse konteks, die wêreld van die tipiese myngesin van Orkney, sal bes moontlik ook 'n andersoortige boodskap dekodeer as,

Toyota Cressida het een kenmerk wat die nuwe Suid-Afrika begeer.



Ekonomiese klimaatbeheer.

In hierdie ekonomiese klimaat bly mens bo wanneer jy beheer het oor hoeveel motor jy vir jou geld kry.

Voorloper topverkoper vir 9 jaar.*

Tussen 1982 en 1991 is meer Cressidas as alle ander mediumgrootte passasiersmotors in Suid-Afrika verkoop.

Die Cressida reeks.

Kies jy die kragtige 3.0i en sy beproefde 3 liter multiklepenjin met brandstofinspuiting, kry jy op die koop toe: luukse leerafwerking, lugversorging, elektriese vensters, sentrale sluitstelsel, kragstuur en 'n stereostelsel. Of dalk het jy die ekstra ruimte van die

Cressida stasiewa nodig. Wat ook al jou keuse, dis in die kol. Gesels sommer gou met jou handelaar.

Prysenswaardige beste Naverkoopdiens.

Jy kry Toyota betroubaarheid en die opsie van 'n verlengde een-, twee- of driejaarwaarborg. Dan het onafhank-

like navorsing bewys dat Toyota die beste naverkoopdiens bied. Werklik gerusstend om te weet.

Alles loop reg, altyd reg

 **TOYOTA**

C R E S S I D A

Die Cressida reeks: 2,0 liter GS en GSE; 2,4 liter GL en GLE, sedan en stasiewa; 2,0 liter 24-klep dubbelbonokas GLi-6 en GLi-6 Executive; 3,0 liter 24-klep dubbelbonokas GLS en 3.0i.

Frans Marx het reeds in **Agter Elke Man** begin om 'n meer geïntegreerde beeld van die samelewing te skep. Hier vertel hy hoe hy dié integrasie volledig deurvoer in **Egoli**

- **Place of Gold/Plek van Goud**

'EK PROBEER MAAR NET ONS SAMELEWING WEERSPIEËL'



Frans Marx.

"stories" gebeur onbewus in my kop. Ek het nie beplan om noodwendig mense se politieke houdings te verander nie, maar dit lyk of dít besig is om te gebeur.

"Ek het lank met die idee rondgeloopt van 'n bruin meisie wat 'n wit man se kind verwag. Dié sosiale probleem het interesseer my lankal. Dis juis waar die storie van *Egoli* inderdaad ook begin.

"Politiek het nie vir my 'n rol gespeel nie, ek is nie goed daarmee nie, maar terselfdertyd kan ek nie probeer voorgee dat ek so naïef was om nie bewus te wees van dié situasie in die storielyn nie.

"So van episode 100 af sal julle sien dat daar 'n swart storielyn gaan ontwikkel waarin politiek 'n meer pertinente rol speel. Die politieke lyn wat in die verhaal gaan ontwikkel, is egter nie protes nie, maar bloot goeie intrige.

"Publieke terugvoering - ons doen voortdurend marknavorsing - toon dat mense nie die bruin gesin in die reeks as bruin of Kleurling sien nie, maar as 'n doodgewone gesin. Hulle identifiseer geheel en al met die gesin en hul karakters.

"Ek hoop wel dat die reeks kan bydra tot verandering in die land. Ek probeer maar net ons samelewing weerspieël soos wat dit vandag is. Eintlik het ek net 'n storie om te vertel en my tydsgesels om te weerspieël.

"'n Mens probeer nie voorgee dat dinge anders is as wat dit is nie. Die reeks word gemaak vir gewone mense en daar is geen pretensie betrokke nie.

"Die terugvoering wat ons kry, wys dat die gemeenskap ver gevorder het op die pad van integrasie. Die meeste kykers is skynbaar Afrikaners en hulle aanvaar dit.

"Ek hoop dít beïnvloed mense se sosiale denke meer as wat ek eintlik hoop dít hul politiek beïnvloed. Mense moet leer dat mense assosieer op 'n soort-soek-soort-grondslag, waar ras eintlik bloot toevallig is.

"'n Mens meng tog maar die meeste met die mense by jou werk, of in dieselfde bedryf as jy, want julle stimuleer mekaar, deel belangstellings en praat dieselfde taal."



Dawid Minnaar.

WAARHEID IN DIE FIKSIE

Dawid Minnaar speel Dolf in die reeks *Konings*, wat belooft om vir die eerste keer werklik die mites oor Afrikaners te bestry en 'n meer "realistiese" blik op die samelewing gee. Hy gesels oor die redes vir sy deelname aan die reeks

REEKSE soos Paul C Venter se *Arende* en *Konings* werk op 'n meer serebrale vlak as die gewone strooi-saga deur regstreekse inligting te verskaf waarop houdings en selfs denkrigtings gegrond kan word. *Arende* was immers verantwoordelik vir die grootskaalse en suksesvolle mitologisering van die onderdrukte Boer.

Dawid Minnaar sê een rede waarom hy aan dié reeks wou deelneem, is dat dit die politiek meer regstreeks betrek en dalk kan help om die mite van die onderdrukte Afrikaner af te breek: "Televisie kan ongetwyfeld 'n groot rol speel om mense se persepsies te slyp of te verander - of dan, ten minste daaraan te skaaf. Die stelselmatige weeklikse of daaglikse aanslag van 'n soap of 'n reeks op die psige moet vanselfsprekend 'n invloed hê - ten goede of ten kwade. My vermoede is dat as gevolg van die aard van die meeste soaps of reekse wat ons te sien kry, dié invloed 'n negatiewe een is.

"Ek dink nie *Konings* kan mense se politieke denkrigtings sommer so verander nie. Ek dink hulle word slegs onherroepelik verander deur kontak met die werklikheid, deur ondervinding gegrond op mens-tot-mens kontak - en die klein wonderwerke wat op straat met jou gebeur. Deur te lewe.

"Maar waar iets soos *Konings*'n invloed kán hê, is in die wêreld van wat ek sou noem sosiale bewussyn. Daar is al reekse en enkeldramas gemaak wat myns insiens taamlik subversief was in aanslag, soos *Verspeelde Lente*, *Meester*, *Uitdraai*. O, en *Adam* ook. Maar dit was alles periodegoed, met ander woorde daar is 'n historiese afstand, 'n verwydering in tyd. As die kyker wil ontsnap, kán hy.

"Miskien is die subversiewe element in sulke gevalle te gesofistikeerd. Ek dink

mense is dan geneig om die situasie en gegewe te sentimentaliseer en te romantiseer.

"*Konings* is nie revolutionêr nie - maar dit begin wel in 1945, wat al lank terug is, en loop deur tot 1990. So, dit is nie net herkenbare karakters nie, maar ook herkenbare tye. Smuts, Verwoerd, Sharpeville, FW de Klerk. Ek is seker die reeks gaan gesprekke laat plaasvind tussen mense, families, dat dit mense gaan laat wonder, wens, verwyt, laat skel, herinner. Miskien kan dít bydra tot perspektief, herevaluering, herkenning en besinning."

Dolf is nie wat 'n mens 'n "tipiese Afrikanerman" kan noem nie, sê Minnaar. "Hy is 'n geslote mens, nogal 'n man met 'n visie en 'n verhouding met sy God, 'n totale enkeling. Hy is ook een van die eerste Afrikaner-karakters wat nie so in die ellende klaarkom nie, maar vorentoe beweeg. Hy is eietyd omdat hy suksesvol is. Hy is nie 'n rassis nie, maar 'n 'suiwer kapitalis'."

Maar dit is hier waar 'n indoktrinering van 'n ander aard plaasvind, sê Minnaar. 'n Wit Afrikaner wat in die glorie-tydperk van Afrikaner Nasionalisme ryk geword het, is nie 'n "suiwer kapitalis" nie. Die probleem is dat die reeks geen inligting verskaf oor die ekonomiese stelsel en uitbuiting wat dit moontlik gemaak het vir Dolf om vooruit te gaan nie.

Dolf raak as kind bevriend met 'n swartman, maar dit is betekenisvol dat die magsverhouding die wit man bo plaas - selfs as kind is Dolf neerbuigend teenoor die swartman. Minnaar meen dít is 'n realistiese uitbeelding van die situasie. In een aflewering kom die swartman by Dolf aan nadat hy betrokke was by Sharpeville. Wanneer hy vir Dolf daarvoor konfronteer, verdedig dié homself deur te sê dat hy die swartman in diens neem en dus onderhou.

27 byvoorbeeld, 'n ongeletterde plaas-arbeider of 'n oningeligte buitelandse besoeker."

Die oorspronklike ideologiese posisie van die kyker, veral in Suid-Afrika waar die kloof tussen mense so groot is, bepaal dus die uiteindelijke uitwerking van die boodskap, sê hy.

RICHARD BEYNON, die skrywer van die TV2/3-reeks *Sgudi 'Snaysi* (hy het dit in Engels geskryf, en dis toe in Zoeloe vertaal) en die CCV-reeks *Going Up*, twyfel self of televisie enige invloed op die kyker uitoefen.

Going Up is een van die min TV-reekse wat nie bloot 'n swart gesig in 'n wit omgewing probeer integreer nie. Volgens Beynon is die swartmense met wie hy gepraat het gaande oor al die wit karakters - selfs die konserwatiewe ou hysbakdrywer. Maar baie witmense meen die reeks is nie "gesofistikeerd" genoeg nie. Hy sien by baie witmense 'n ongemaklikheid oor die uitbeelding van gewone swartmense in normale situasies.

"Ek wonder of televisie enigins 'n impak het," sê hy. "Opvoeding slaag byvoorbeeld nie op TV nie. Die meeste wat 'n mens kan verwag, is om reklame te maak vir opvoeding. Jy kan mense net bewus maak van die 'meubels' op die agtergrond van hul lewens waarvan hulle nie bewus was nie - maar jy kan nie politieke houdinge uitdaag sonder om te verloor nie.

"Miskien is daar 'n moontlikheid dat as ons die 'rekwisiete' in ons lewens verander, ander dinge ook sigbaar sal word. Komedie moet in die eerste plek die regte wêreld weerspieël - anders is dit nie snaaks nie.

"Die spelers van *Sgudi 'Snaysi* het my gevra om 'n episode teen die geweld te skryf. Ek is geen moralis nie en verkies om nie sulke onderwerpe aan te pak nie - maar ek was huilerig terwyl ek gesit en skryf het. Dit het my diep geroer en ek sou graag wou glo dat dit ander mense óók so geraak het. Maar miskien is dit net mense wat geweld in ieder geval verafsku wie se afsku bevestig word."

CONRADIE SÊ SEPIES en vermaaklikheidsprogramme verander die manier waarop mense na die wêreld kyk, eerder as hul houdings self. "As TV 'n onbekende situasie uitbeeld, het dit 'n leersame effek, want ons leer daaruit hoe dié onbekende situasie daar uitsien.

"Dié verandering geskied op 'n kognitiewe vlak,



Die mense van *Going Up*: links is Rosy (Nomsa Xaba, bo is Oupatjie (Peter Se Puma), regs is Gogo (Faustina Shangase) en Joe Mafela.

eerder as op 'n houdingsvlak - maar op lang termyn kan dit 'n verandering in houdings meebring. Ons sal moontlike houdingsveranderinge dus eers later opmerk."

Prof Pieter Fourie, hoof van die departement Kommunikasiekunde aan Unisa, sê hoewel baie mense aanvanklik in opstand kan kom teen dié onbekende situasies, sal hulle uiteindelik besef dat dit nie 'n verdraaiing van die werklikheid is nie, en aanvaar dat almal in die land moet leer saamleef.

"Beeldmedia is 'n model vir en van die samelewing waaruit dit kom. Dié sepies weerspieël wat nou in Suid-Afrika gebeur," sê Fourie. "Die mense wat nou beswaar maak daarteen, is in elk geval mense wat gekant is teen verandering en sukkel om hulle aan te pas."

Bouwer sê egter baie TV-reekse maak juis gebruik van 'n skok-element om kykers se emosies oor 'n omstrede saak aan te wakker en nuwe belangstelling te wek. Daar word gepraat van 'n "sleeper"-effek - wat verwys na die feit dat die skok-element, byvoorbeeld die verbreking van 'n maatskaplike taboe, eers mettertyd in die kyker se gemoed verwerk word.

"Mense sál waarskynlik deur situasies soos wat hulle nou in ons sepies afspeel, 'n meer ras-geïntegreerde persepsie van die wêreld om hulle ontwikkel," sê Conradie.

"Uiteindelik sal dié persepsie op 'n onregstreekse manier hul houdings verander en behoort hulle die gedagte van integrasie van die Suid-Afrikaanse samelewing as aanvaarbaar en selfs gewens te begin sien."

Die Suid Afrikaanse sepies, sê Fourie, is 'n klassieke voorbeeld van die rol wat televisie in 'n veranderende gemeenskap kan speel. Hy meen die grootste rol daarvan is om negatiewe stereotipes af te breek wat dekades lank uitgedra is, soos dat swartmense houthakkers, waterdraers, skollies, misdadigers en opstokers is.

"Dié stereotipes is draers van mites in die samelewing wat as sosiaal gekonstrueerde waarhede voorgelê word. 'n Paar jaar gelede het die apartheidsmite gegeld - daarvolgens kon wit- en swartmense nie oor die weg kom nie en sou interaksie tussen hulle altyd probleme en konflik oplewer. Só help stereotipes om die samelewing se ideologie in stand te hou deur die voortdra van dié mites.

"Nou is die geldende mite dié van die Nuwe Suid-Afrika - en in 'n poging om die ou apartheidsmite nek om te draai, word nuwe mites geskep deur nuwe stereotipes te skep in die plek van die oorkoepelende apartheidsmite."

Fourie sê: "TV weerspieël eintlik net die werklikheid van ons veranderende samelewing. Mense kry nou die kans om in normale omstandighede oor 'n lang tydperk 'n nuwe beeld te skep en te aanvaar van swartmense as doodgewone mense.

"Vermaaklikheidsprogramme is vanweë hul aard veral bruikbaar as middel om negatiewe stereotipes af te takel. Dié genre leen hom by uitstek daartoe. In die VSA is 'n doelbewuste poging aangewend om negatiewe stereotipes van swartmense en vroue af te breek en dit te vervang deur 'n meer positiewe beeld: as professionele, verantwoordelike gewone lede van die samelewing," sê Fourie.

THE URBANE FACE OF DARKIE-DOM

Actor **KEVIN SMITH** is the angry young journo in *Egoli - Place of Gold*, the doomed son of a French-Huguenot wine farmer in *Reap the Whirlwind* and the angry man of *The Mantis Project*. Here he talks about life as a token darkie

"I ALWAYS play characters with chips on their shoulders," says Kevin Smith, the actor burdened with the job of playing the token darkie in countless made-for-white TV programmes. He represents "the acceptable face of the Other".

Cloaked in middle-class acceptability Smith has been cast to carry the can for a disenfranchised community. Because he is a darkie but does not really look like one, he has managed to infiltrate "white" television as the doomed lover in the vroeg-Kaapse historical romance, *Reap the Whirlwind*, as the angry young man in *The Mantis Project* and the crusading journo in *Egoli - Place of Gold*. Smith's urbane presence means that audiences never really have to confront their prejudices.

Smith is not too sure that the theoreticians who have proved so empirically that TV changes attitudes, are right. He takes "a more realistic view" of things. "South Africa has a long way to go before they really change - at least two generations. The indoctrination has been here for a long time.

"TV is about people sitting in rooms, isolated, not going out. We must create a situation where people can physically come into contact with each other. It's about creating a desire for people to know about each other's lives - about touching and communicating. And it must not be defined in terms of skin colour and race, but a desire to know.

"There will always be tokenism. These programmes are trying to normalise it - to pretend that it is all nice and that we ought to be buddies. I am completely colour blind - I don't think in those terms," says Smith,



Kevin Smith

who hopes have some influence in the issues his character deals with in the future of *Egoli*, the series he is currently shooting. "I would still like to deal with things that are precious to me." Is he implying that unless darkies have an influence in the writing (read: ideological direction of these characters), not much will change.

Smith has come to represent "the acceptable face" of darkie-dom, the unthreatening side of the Other which is assimilated because he fits so snugly into our world.

"People just get used to it - it's a process of anaesthesia. It is always the integration of a black person into a white culture..." And not vice versa.

"Introducing a black person into a white television series does not really enlighten you in any way about what's happening in that person's background. Television does not require an effort. In order to understand, you must make an effort, you must go in there.

"Unfortunately, television series create stereotypes and that can be damaging." OK, so he doesn't get to play Gatiepie-met-die-uit-tande, but he does not exactly go home to Athlone to tell us what it's really like.

"These programmes try to normalise the situation, try to create something that looks good. I don't know who they are trying to fool."

"HOT LINE"

for journalists and other media workers who are threatened, harassed or subjected to action designed to silence or impede them in carrying out their duties.

The Media Defence Trust which is dedicated to fighting censorship or other restrictive acts on the media or its members has set up a special communications service to facilitate providing aid for those under threat.

A "Hot-Line" call will connect the victim with experienced professionals in the media field who will provide appropriate aid.

Call The Media Defence Trust "Hot-Line" 011 29-6017 or 011 29-6287 Fax: 011 29-4354

This service is supported by:
Anti-Censorship Action Group (ACAG)
Association of Democratic Journalists (ADJ)
Campaign for Open Media (COM)
Film and Allied Workers Organisation (FAWO)
Media Workers Association of South Africa (MWASA)
South African Union of Journalists (SAUJ)
and several editors of leading newspapers

Not quite David Lynch - Willie Esterhuizen, die skepper van die allergewilde TV1-sitkom *Orkney Snork Nie*, is nie so kinky soos die Amerikaanse regisseur van *Twin Peaks* nie. Hy gee vir ons die sonkant van die suburbs, maar dit is nie te sê sy kennis van en insig in die kleindorpse gemoed is oppervlakkig nie. **ANDREA VINASSA** het onlangs besoek afgelê het by Esterhuizen (en sy broer die vervaardiger) se ateljee in Melville

boeddha van suburbia

Pic: Andrea Vinassa

GESLEPE KÊREL,

dié Willie Esterhuizen. (Sy beste staaltjies is off-the-record en kan nie eens in VWB herhaal word nie! Dis die soort mens wat jy sommer dadelik by jou dinner party-lys voeg.)

Sy argelose verklarings oor hoe hy almal wil gelukkig maak en hoe hy wil wegbly van godsdienste en politiek en hoe hy almal net wil vermaak, raai 'n mens is 'n verdedigingsmeganisme wat goed te pas kom in die koue en onherbergsame gange van die SAUK. Hier het hy so 'n dekade moes wag voordat die SAUK sy Orkney-tekste aanvaar het. Voor die digter Rosa Keet, tóe die SAUK se hoofkeurder, sy talent raakgesien het, is daar besluit *Orkney* haal nie die paal nie.

Vandag haal *Orkney* beslis die paal - volgens die jongste Amps-syfers het *Orkney* 45 punte by kinders en 30 punte by volwassenes behaal, en vir die eerste keer in 'n baie lang tyd die nommer eenposisie by kinders sowel as volwassenes op die toptien-lys behaal.

En dit nadat Esterhuizen met sy nuwe reeks die kat waaragtig onder die hoenders ingegooi het met die insluiting van 'n bruin weeskind in die Van Tonder gesin!

Esterhuizen sê dis nie uit moedswilligheid of die behoefte om politieke statements te maak dat hy die bruin kind in die draaiboek ingeskryf het nie. Soveel bruinmense het kom sê hoe hulle die reeks geniet. Hy dink toe, haai, maar daar's nie een van julle mense in die storie nie. Hy wou die moontlikhede verbreed vir 'n meer verteenwoordigende uitbeelding van die gemeenskap.

Hy het nogal geworstel met hoe hy 'n bruinmens natuurlik in die verhaal kon invoeg. 'n Bediende was buite die kwessie want hy wou nie die meester-slaaf magsverhouding weergee nie. Hy kon ook nie 'n volwasseevreemdeling van buite af bring nie. Klein Neelsie (gespeel

deur Eugene Martin) kom toe by as die vriend van 'n weeskind wat in Maggie se hart ingekruip het.

Die Sondag-koerante maak toe 'n lelike ou ophef daarvan. Kwaai tannies en ooms het hom gebel en gesê hy het die reeks bederf. Maar, sê hy, vir elke tien lesers wat hy (dalk) verloor het, het hy 500 bygekry. Volgens die Amps-syfers, bly *Orkney* so gewild soos ooit.

DIE GRAPMAKER IS alomteenwoordig in die Van Tonders se sitkamer omdat dit vir hom so bekend is. Dis sy wêreld dié. Hy het op myndorpe grootgeword en het as tiener in Orkney in die Wes-Transvaal gewoon. Toe dit tyd was om te gaan werk wou Willie graag perform. Hy hoor toe dat hulle salarisse betaal in die Kruik-balletgeselskap. Ná 'n (uiters genotvolle) uitstappie by die Universiteit van Kaapstad se Balletskool, is hy Londen toe om 'n pukka English kursus in drama te loop. ("Dis nou dertig kilogram gelede," sê hy.)

Sy eerste televisie-rol was in die sitkom *Drama Drama* waarin hy 'n jong agtienjarige akteur gespeel het. Daarna het hy sy mimiek- en danstalent gebruik om 'n doofstomme in Stephan Bouver se operaproduksie, *The Medium*, te speel. Bouver het ook die regie van Karel Schoeman se *Die Jare* behartig waarin Esterhuizen 'n harde koejawel-regisseur gespeel het. As akteur is sy bekendste rol seker die sagmoedige plaasseun in *Story of an African Farm*.

Esterhuizen gee hom voor as 'n Jan Alleman, maar agter daardie joviale hanswors-glimlag lê 'n sluwe en veelsydige kunstenaar wie se hande vir niks verkeerd staan nie. Hy is die alomteenwoordige, alwetende skepper van die wêreld van die gesin Van Tonder. Hy is nie net die draaiboekskrywer van *Orkney* nie, ook die regisseur, hy kies die akteurs, is betrokke by die redigering en al die produksie- en kreatiewe aspekte - trouens, hy is 'n soort Boeddha van die



voorstede.

Hoewel kommunikasiekundiges met hom sou stry, onderskat Esterhuizen nie sy gehoor nie. Ons kan kla dat al die karakters stereotipes is, maar dit is juis hul alledaagsheid wat Esterhuizen toelaat om met hulle te spot en gewigtige sake soos vasektomie, alkoholisme en huweliksprobleme aan te pak. Maar 'n mens moenie 'n grap te veel analiseer nie, dan is hy nie meer snaaks nie, sê Esterhuizen.

Veral sy hantering van die seksuele ontwaking van die tienerjarige Wimpie is interessant - tipiese, paranoïese Calviniste wat hul kinders wantrou, word lekker opgestuur.

Hy haat pretensie en vaar uit teen rassisme. En hoogheilig en moralisties is hy ook nie. Akademici het Esterhuizen daarvan beskuldig dat hy negatiewe stereotipes geskep het, veral wat die myngemeenskap en vroue betref. Esterhuizen sien dit anders - dis hoe hy

die lewe om hom sien, dis die mense wat hy ken. (Ek dink die myngemeenskap kom nogal goed daarvan af.)

Oor die stereotipering van vroue wat nie werk nie sê hy net: "My vrou is die hele tyd in die kombuis want sy wil daar wees." Is dit dan nie ewe seksisties om aan te neem alle vroue will werk nie?

Uptight witmense wat kla oor die Orkney-verwikkelinge traak Esterhuizen nie eintlik nie. Hy skyn baie meer belang te stel in how die bruin gemeenskap sy goedgeunstige gebaar aanvaar.

Luister 'n mens vir so 'n paar uur na sy staaltjies wonder jy wat 'n onbeteuelde Esterhuizen met 'n rekenaar en 'n moviekamera sou kon aanvang, maar miskien is dit juis die uitdaging van die SAUK se (belaglike) beperkinge wat sy klein subversiewe daede in oorwinnings omsit.

Ek dink nie ons moet die simboliese betekenis van die nuwe Orkney onderskat nie.

THE LA RIOTS: AS MUCH ABOUT EMPTY BELLIES AND BROKEN HEARTS AS POLICE BATONS AND RODNEY KING.

Reprinted with permission of "The Nation" magazine/The Nation Co., Inc., © 1992.

Despite saturation media coverage, or perhaps because of it, there is still more confusion and misrepresentation of last month's LA riots than there is real understanding. LA native and author of the celebrated *City of Quartz: Excavating the Future of Los Angeles*, MIKE DAVIS tries here to set the record straight

THE armoured personnel carrier squats on the corner like *un gran sapo feo* - "a big ugly toad" - according to 9-year-old Emerio. His parents talk anxiously, almost in a whisper, about the *desperacidos*: Raul from Tepic, big Mario, the younger Flores girl and the cousin from Ahuachapan. Like all Salvadorans, they know about those who "disappear"; they remember the headless corpses and the man whose tongue had been pulled through a hole in his throat like a necktie. That is why they came here - to ZIP code 90057, Los Angeles, California.

Now they are counting their friends and neighbours, Salvadoran and Mexican, who are suddenly gone. Some are still in the Central Jail on Bauchet Street, little more than brown grains of sand lost among the 17 000 other alleged looters and arsonists detained after the most violent American civil disturbance since the Irish poor burned Manhattan in 1863. Those without papers are probably already back in Tijuana, broke and disconsolate, cut off from their families and new lives. Violating city policy, the police have fed hundreds of hapless undocumented looters to the Immigration and Naturalisation Service for deportation before immigrants rights groups even realised they had been arrested.

For many days the television talked only of the "South Central riot", "black rage" and the "Crips and Bloods". But Emerio's parents know that thousands of their neighbours from the MacArthur Park district - home to nearly one tenth

of all the Salvadorans in the world - also looted, burned, stayed out past curfew and went to jail. (An analysis of the first 5 000 arrests from all over the city revealed that 52 percent were poor Latinos, 10 percent whites and only 38 percent blacks.) They also know that the city's first multiracial riot was as much about empty bellies and broken hearts as it was about police batons and Rodney King.

Too many people have been losing their jobs: their \$5.85-an-hour jobs as seamstresses, labourers, busboys (menial restaurant labour) and factory workers. In two years of recession, unemployment has tripled in LA's immigrant neighbourhoods. At Christmas more than 20 000 predominantly Latina women and children from throughout the central city waited all night in the cold to collect a free turkey and a blanket from charities. Other visible barometers of distress are the rapidly growing colonies of homeless companeros on the desolate flanks of Crown Hill and in the concrete bed of the LA River where people are forced to use sewage water for bathing and cooking.

As mothers and fathers lose their jobs, or as unemployed relatives move under the shelter of the extended family, there is increasing pressure on teenagers to supplement the family income. Fully 7 000 school-age teenagers in the Belmont area have dropped out of school. Some have entered the *vida loca* of gang culture (there are 100 different gangs in



the school district that includes Belmont High) but most are struggling to find minimum-wage footholds in a declining economy.

The neighbours in MacArthur Park whom I interviewed, such as Emerio's parents, all speak of this gathering sense of unease, a perception of a future already looted. The riot arrived like a magic dispensation. People were initially shocked by the violence, then mesmerised by the televised images of biracial crowds in South Central LA helping themselves to mountains of desirable goods without interference from the police. The next day, April 30, the au-

thorities blundered twice: first by suspending school and releasing the kids into the streets; second by announcing that the National Guard was on the way to help enforce a dusk-to-dawn curfew.

Thousands immediately interpreted this as a last call to participate in the general redistribution of wealth in progress. Looting spread with explosive force throughout Hollywood and MacArthur Park, as well as parts of Echo Park, Van Nuys and Huntington Park. Although arsonists spread terrifying destruction, the looting crowds were governed by a visible moral economy. As one middle aged lady explained to me, "Stealing is a sin, but

"Stealing is a sin, but this is like a television game show where everyone in the audience gets to win."

this is like a television game show where everyone in the audience gets to win." Unlike the looters in Hollywood (some on skateboards) who stole Madonna's bustier and all the crotchless panties from Frederick's, the masses of MacArthur Park concentrated on the prosaic necessities of life like cockroach spray and Pampers.

NOW ONE WEEK later MacArthur Park is in a state of siege. A special "We Tip" hotline invites people to inform on neighbours or acquaintances suspected of looting. Elite LAPD Metro Squad units, supported by the National Guard, sweep through the tenements in search of stolen goods, while Border Patrolmen from as far away as Texas prowl the streets.

Meanwhile thousands of looters, many of them pathetic scavengers captured in the charred ruins the day after the looting, languish in Central Jail, unable to meet absurdly high bails. One man, caught with a packet of sunflower seeds and two cartons of milk, is being held on \$15 000; hundreds of others face felony indictments and possible two-year prison terms. Prosecutors demand thirty day sentences for curfew violators, despite the fact that many of these are either homeless street people or Spanish-speakers who are unaware of the curfew. These are the weeds that George Bush says we must pull out from the soil of our cities before it can be sown with the regenerating "seeds" of enterprise zones and tax breaks for private capital.

There is a rising apprehension that the entire community will become a scapegoat. An ugly seal-the-border nativism has been growing like crabgrass in Southern California since the start of the recession. A lynch-mob of Orange County Republicans, led by representative Dana Rohrabacher of Huntington Beach, demands the immediate deportation of all the undocumented immigrants arrested in the disturbance, while liberal Democrat Anthony Beilenson, sounding like the San Fernando Valley's Son-of-Le-Pen, proposes to strip citizenship from the US-born children of illegals.

"LITTLE GANGSTER" TAK can't get over his amazement that he is standing in the same room of Brother Aziz's mosque with a bunch of Inglewood Crips. The handsome 22-year-old Tak, a "straight up" Inglewood Blood who looks more like a black angel by Michaelangelo than one of the Boys 'n the Hood, still has two Crips bullets in his body, and "they still carry a few of mine". Some of the Crips and Bloods, whose blue or red gang colours have become virtual tribal flags, remember one another from school playground days, but mainly they have met over the barrels of automatics in a war that has divided Inglewood - the pleasant black-majority city southwest of LA where the Lakers play - by a river of teenage blood. Now, as Tak explains, "Everybody knows what time it is. If we don't end the killing now and unite as black men, we never will."

Unlike the 1965 rebellion which broke out south of Watts and remained primarily focused on the poorer east side of the ghetto, the 1992 riot reached its maximum temperature along Crenshaw Boulevard - the very heart of black Los

Angeles' more affluent West side. Despite the illusion of full immersion "actuality" provided by the minicam and the helicopter, television's coverage of the riot's angry edge was even more twisted than the melted steel of Crenshaw's devastated shopping centres. Most reporters - "image looters" as they are now being called in South Central - merely lip-synched suburban clichés as they tramped through the ruins of lives they had no desire to understand. A violent kaleidoscope of bewildering complexity was flattened into a single categorical scenario: legitimate black anger over the King decision hijacked by hard-core street criminals and transformed into a mad-dened assault on their own community.

Local television thus unwittingly mimed the McCone Commission's summary judgement that the August 1965 Watts riot was primarily the act of a hoodlum fringe. In that case, a subsequent UCLA study revealed, the "riot of the riffraff" was in fact a popular uprising involving at least 50 000 working class adults and their teenage children. When the arrest records of this latest uprising are finally analysed, they will probably also vindicate the judgement of many residents that all segments of black youth, gang and non-gang, "buppie" as well as underclass, took part in the disorder.

YET IF THE RIOT had a broad social base, it was the participation of the gangs - or rather their co-operation - that gave it constant momentum and direction. If the 1965 rebellion was a hurricane - levelling one hundred blocks of Central Avenue from Vernon to Imperial Highway, the 1992 riot was a tornado, no less destructive but snaking a zigzagging course through the commercial areas of the ghetto and beyond. Most of the media saw no pattern in its path, just blind nihilistic destruction.

In fact the arson was ruthlessly systematic. By Friday morning 90 percent of the myriad Korean-owned liquor stores, markets and swapmeets in South Central LA had been wiped out. Deserted by the LAPD, which made no attempt to defend small businesses, the Koreans suffered damage or destruction to almost 2 000 stores from Compton to the heart of Koreatown itself. One of the first to be attacked (although ironically it survived) was the grocery store where 15-year-old Latasha Harlins was shot in the back of the head last year by Korean grocer Soon Ja Du in a dispute over a \$1.79 bottle of orange juice. The girl died with the money for her purchase in her hand.

Latasha Harlins. A name that was scarcely mentioned on television was the key to the catastrophic collapse of relations between LA's black and Korean communities. Ever since white judge Joyce Karlin let Du off with a \$500 fine and some community service - a sentence which declared that the taking of a black child's life was scarcely more serious than drunk driving - some inter-

ethnic explosion has been virtually inevitable. The several near-riots at the Compton Court House this winter were early warning signals of the black community's unassuaged grief over Harlin's murder. On the streets of South Central Wednesday and Thursday, I was repeatedly told, "This is for our baby sister. This is for Latasha."

The balance of grievances in the community is complex. Rodney King is the symbol that links unleashed police racism in Los Angeles to the crisis of black life everywhere, from Las Vegas to Toronto. Indeed it is becoming clear that the King case may be almost as much of a watershed in American history as Dredd Scott, a test of the very meaning of citizenship for which African-Americans have struggled for 400 years.

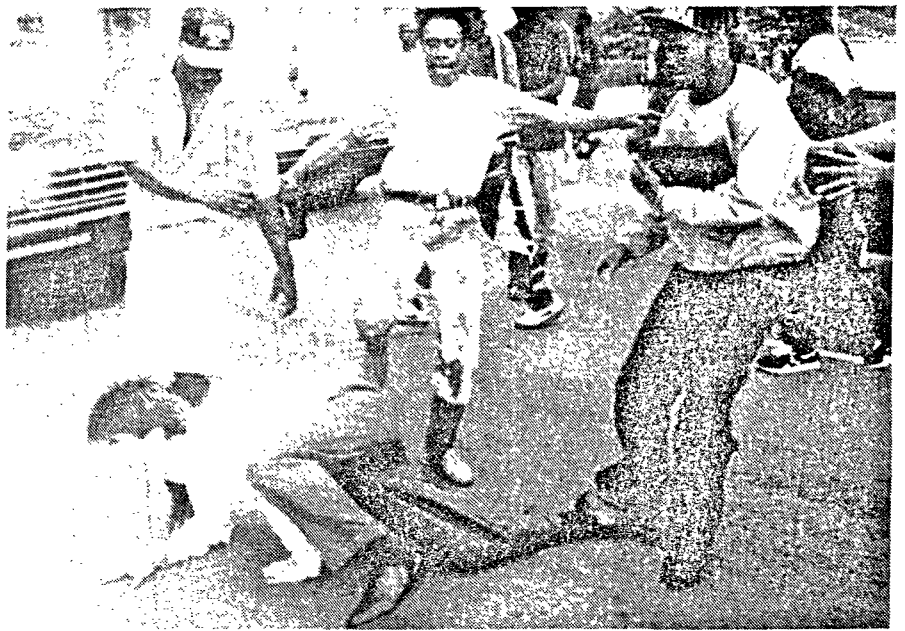
But on the grassroots level, especially among gang youth, Rodney King may not have quite the same profound resonance. As one of the Inglewood Bloods told me: "Rodney King? Shit my homies be beat like dogs by the police every day. This riot is about all the homeboys murdered by the police, about the little sister killed by the Koreans, about twenty seven years of oppression. Rodney King just the trigger."

AT THE SAME TIME those who predicted that the next LA riot would be a literal

we rebuild." The only national leader whom most Crips and Bloods seem to take seriously is Louis Farrakhan, and his goal of black economic self-determination is broadly embraced. (Farrakhan, it should be noted, has never advocated violence as a means to this end.) At the Inglewood gang summit, which took place on May 5, there were repeated references to a renaissance of black capitalism out of the ashes of Korean businesses.

In the meantime the police and military occupiers of Los Angeles give no credence to any peaceful, let alone entrepreneurial, transformation of LA's black gang cultures. The ecumenical movement of the Crips and the Bloods is their worst imagining: gang violence no longer at random but politicised into a black *intifada*. The LAPD remembers only too well that a generation ago the Watts rebellion produced a gang peace out of which grew the Los Angeles branch of the Black Panther Party. As if to prove their suspicions, the police have circulated a copy of an anonymous and possibly spurious leaflet calling for gang unity and "an eye for an eye... If LAPD hurt a black we'll kill two."

FOR ITS PART the Bush administration has federalised the repression in LA with an eye to the spectacle of the President marching in triumph, like a Roman em-



Armageddon have been proved wrong. Despite a thousand day-glo exhortations on the walls of South Central to "Kill the Police," the gangs have refrained from the deadly guerilla warfare they are so formidably equipped to conduct. As in 1965 there has not been a single LAPD fatality, and indeed few serious police injuries of any kind.

In this round, at least, the brunt of gang power was directed toward the looting and destruction of the Korean stores. If Latasha Harlins is the impassioned pretext, there may be other agendas as well. I saw graffiti in South Central that advocated "Day one: burn them out. Day two:

peror, with captured Crips and Bloods in chains. Thus the Justice Department has dispatched to LA the same elite task force of federal marshalls who captured Manuel Noriega in Panama as reinforcements for LAPD and FBI efforts to track down the supposed gang instigators of the riot. But as a veteran of the 1965 riot said while watching the SWAT teams arrest some of the hundreds of rival gang members trying to meet peacefully together at Watts' Jordan Downs Housing Project: "That ole fool Bush think we as dumb as Saddam. Land Marines in Compton and get himself re-elected. But this ain't Iraq. This is Vietnam, Jack."

brolloks & bittergal

DIE STANDBEELD MET DIE KORTSTE LEWE

IS dit enigsins denkbaar dat die Duitsers nou 'n standbeeld van Hitler in Berlyn wil oprig? Of die Russe 'n standbeeld van Stalin in Yeltsin se Moskou? Of die Roemeniërs een van Ceaucescu in Boekarest?

Tog sekerlik nie.

Maar wit Pretorianers wil in 1992 'n standbeeld van Hendrik Verwoerd in die middel van Kerkstraat oprig.

Dit sal beslis die standbeeld met die kortste lewe wees. Want as daar een standbeeld is wat Brolloks sal help om om te stoot, is dit oubaas Hendrik s'n. (Dis nie heeltemal waar nie: hy sal ook help om die fascistiese Strijdom-kop op Barend Strydom-plein om te stoot, en Cecil John Rhodes s'n is dalk ook op die lys.)

Dit is mos waansin om in die werklikheid van die nuwe Suid-Afrika - teen die tyd dat die standbeeld staan, sal ons al 'n gedeeltelike swart regering hê - so iets te beplan.

Amper soos om 'n standbeeld van Winnie Mandela in Parys se township, Stompie se tuisdorp, te gaan oprig.

Maar miskien gaan al die regse leiers al in die tronk wees vir bomplantery teen die tyd dat die standbeeld gebou moet word...

waar's jy, generaal?

HOEKOM steek die staat die generaal Van Rensburg - wie se naam gekoppel word aan die Staatsveiligheidsraad se opdrag om Mathew Goniwe en Fort Calata te vermoor - weg?

Niemand weet waar hy is nie. Die amptelike storie is net dat hy afgetree het.

Die waarheid is, verneem Brolloks, dat hy uit die weermag afgetree het, maar dat die polisie hom dadelik daarna in diens geneem het - en dat hy vandag nog die polisie se man by die Staatsveiligheidsraad is.

vriendelike taal?

BITTERGAL is Afrikaanssprekend en baie lief vir sy moedertaal. En hy sal graag wil hê die hele land moet glo Afrikaans is die "vriendelike taal" wat die nuwe Stigting vir Afrikaans sê dit is.

Helaas, die werklikheid is nog anders, ten minste vir swart en bruin Suid-Afrikaners.

Hiernaas is hoe die Kaapse koerant *South* die voorval in Villiersdorp uitgebeeld het waar Waldo Visser, bestuurder van die Trio Supermark, twee seuns wat uit hongerte 'n stuk polonie gesteel het, in die straat teen 'n lampitaal vasgebind het met die plakkaat op hul bors.

Die ander Afrikaans wat swart Suid-Afrikaners laasweek gelees het, was die dokument in *New Nation* van die generaals wat opdrag gee dat UDF-aktiviste vermoor moet word.

Bittergal wil amper vir die Stigting sê wat die ou Joodse handelaar op 'n klein dorpie vir die mense gesê het wat by hom verbygestap het op pad na 'n biduur vir reën: "Julle kan maar bid, maar die wind waai wes."

dit gaan sukkel

DIE gebeure in die ANC se aanhoudingskampe in Angola en elders gooi steeds 'n lang skaduwee oor die geloofwaardigheid van die beweging as 'n kampvegter vir vryheid, menseregte en demokrasie.

Soos wat nou van FW de Klerk geëis word dat hy daadwerklik optree en die politieke moorde van die kant van die staat oopvlek, so behoort van Mandela geëis te word dat die waarheid oor die kampe nou moet uitkom en dat daar dan opgetree word.

Maar dit gaan waarskynlik nogal moeilik wees om van die mense wat in Angola weggeraak het, op te spoor.

In die lys name wat Brolloks dié week van die Returned Exiles Committee gekry het van mense wat óf nog aangehou word, óf vermoor is, is mense wat bloot aangegee word as Packet, Blessing, Brush, Fats, Two, Hooker en Blanket.

HENNIE SERFONTEIN



het sy oor op die grond

GELUKKIGE LAND MET TWEE VADERS

"ONS is darem gelukkig dat ons land twee sulke uitstaande vaders het wat ons uit die verknorsing kan help as ons nie meer vorentoe kan beweeg nie."

Dié treffende opmerking is verlede Saterdagoggend in die kafeteria van die World Trade Centre voor die tweede dag van die besprekinge by Kodesa 2 deur Murphy Morobe, hoof van administrasie by Kodesa, gemaak.

'n Paar van die afgevaardigdes was besig om 'n koppie koffie te drink na 'n lang nag se gesprekke tussen ANC- en regeringsleiers oor hoe om die impasse uit die weg te ruim. Die hoofopskrifte van die oggendkoerant het met groot geskal aangekondig: "FW, Mandela gryp in oor rusie".

Dié stelling van Morobe en die daaropvolgende gebeure die oggend toe pres FW de Klerk en Nelson Mandela daarin geslaag het om die gemoedere grootliks tot bedaring te bring, het weer eens bewys hoeveel die onderhandelingsproses van dié twee leiers afhang.

RUBICON-SAT

FW DE KLERK raak klaarblyklik nou moeg vir die gedurige verwysings na die "Rubicon" en die bevraagtekening deur sy politieke opponente en die media of die regering werklik die verlede afgeskud het.

Mandela het aan die einde van sy toespraak by Kodesa 2 pertinent aan die regering gestel: "The time has come that you truly cross the Rubicon."

Kort daarna reageer De Klerk op 'n perskonferensie: "Ek is al so ver oor die Rubicon dat ek dit nie eens meer kan sien nie."

EGLIN WAS KOPPE

DIE veteran-parlementariër Colin Eglin het by Kodesa 2 met slegs een kort toespraak verlede Vrydag sy rol as senior staatsman skitterend gespeel.

Hy het die koppe van beide die ANC en die NP behoorlik gewas en hulle uitgetrap dat hul pogings om politieke punte aan te teken as deel van 'n magspel, 'n belangrike rol in die dooiepunt rondom Werkgroep 2 gespeel het.

Eglin het hulle kortgevat en 'n beroep gedoen dat hulle introspeksie gaan doen en hul posisies heroorweeg.

Een van die ANC se sleutelonderhandelars sê aan my: "Eglin se woorde het my en my kollegas diep laat dink. Afgesien van watter dubbele agenda die regering ook al mag hê, het ons ook 'n plig om ons eie benadering weer eens te ontleed, al mag ons dink ons is reg."

MOENIE WORRY NIE

ONDER die buitelandse waarnemers wat Kodesa 2 verlede naweek bygewoon het, was daar 'n paar heel interessante persone, waarvan sommige al twee, drie dekades met die Suid-Afrikaanse situasie bemoeid is.

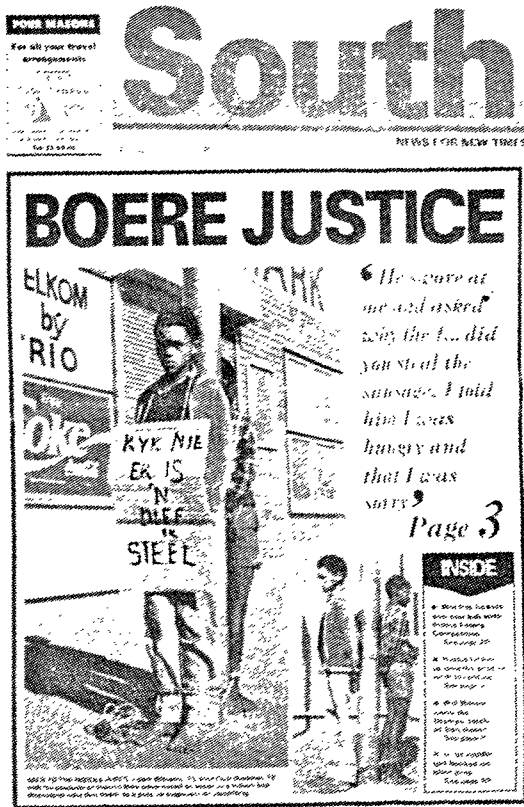
Een was Hashim Mbita, 'n brigadier van die Tanzaniese weermag, en reeds 24 jaar die uitvoerende sekretaris van die bevrydingskomitee van die Organisasie vir Eenheid in Afrika (OEA).

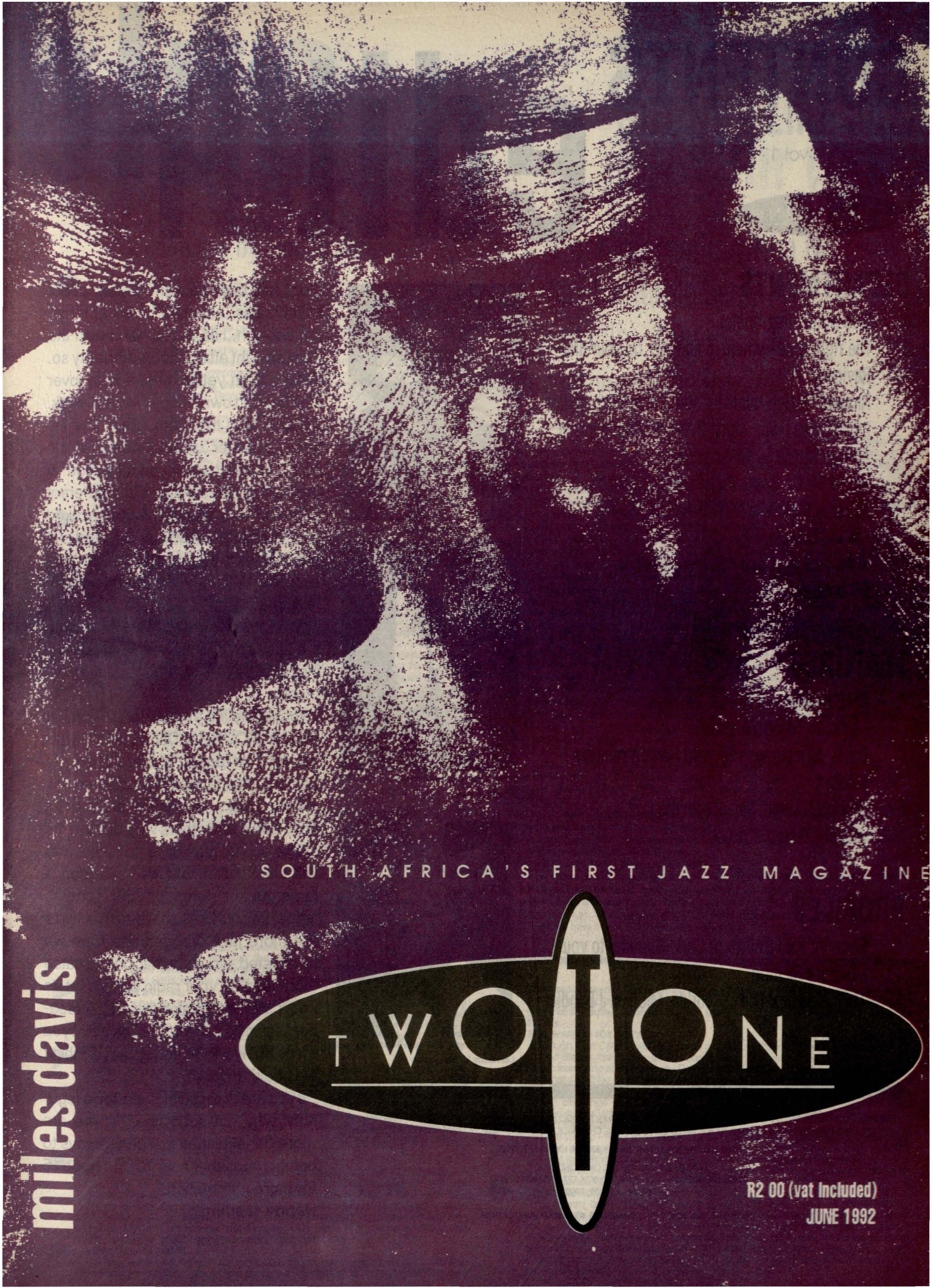
Dié komitee was gemeed met die koördinering van militêre hulp in al die bevrydingsoorloë teen die koloniale lande, ook die Suid-Afrikaanse regering.

Hy vertel dat hy vanaf die bevryding en onafhanklikheid van Guinea-Bissau, al die oorloë meegemaak het tot en met die onafhanklikheid van Namibia en die huidige omstandighede in Suid-Afrika.

Volgende jaar tree die 64-jarige Mbita af en gaan hy op sy plaas in Tanzanië boer. Die militaris is 'n gesoute waarnemer van internasionale konflik en onderhandelinge. Soos al die ander waarnemers van die VVO, Afrika en elders is hy hoegenaamd nie ontsteld oor die woelinge rondom Kodesa, die dooiepunt, die spanninge en die konfrontasies nie.

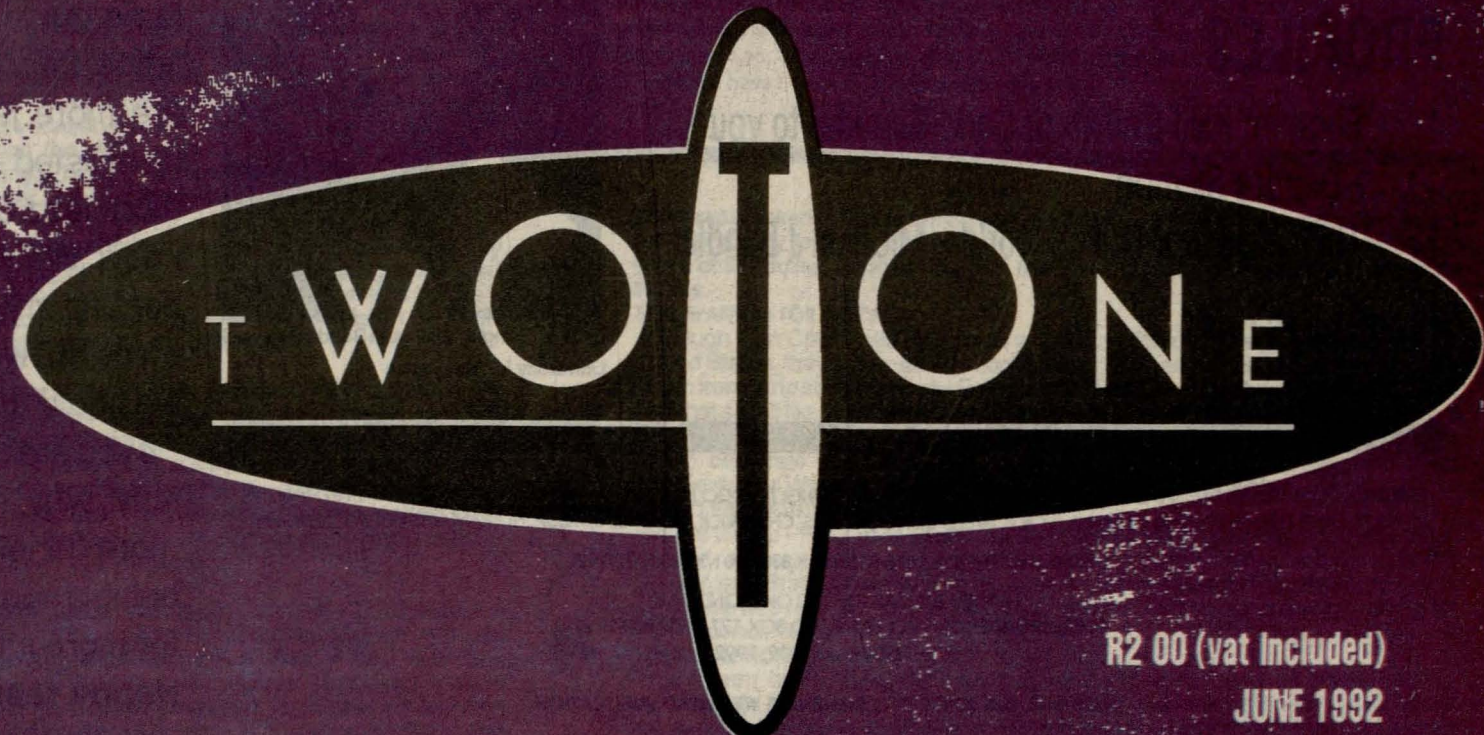
Half verbaas sê hy aan my: "Hoekom is julle bekommerd? Die gebeure is normaal en eie aan moeilike onderhandelinge. Waarom kla julle? Sedert Kodesa 1 het julle in minder as vyf maande ontsettend baie vordering gemaak. Die onderhandelinge oor Namibia het 23 jaar geduur, met die Israel-Palestynse konflik is die einde nie in sig nie, en in verskeie ander Afrika-lande duur die konflik reeds dekades lank."





miles davis

SOUTH AFRICA'S FIRST JAZZ MAGAZINE



R2 00 (vat Included)
JUNE 1992

CONTENTS

vol 1 N° 6

editor FROM THE TOR



DEPARTMENTS

- 3 Blue notes (jazz briefs)
- 3 The right tune - where to find jazz on your dial
- 14 Reviews:
 - Richard Haslop hunts for some musical bargains
 - Ivor Powell reads Africa O-Ye! A Celebration of African Music by Graeme Ewens
 - World Music Beat - Pieter Uys
- 13 Themba Mokoena and Friends at Kippies - Musa Ndwandwe
- 15 Subscribe now and add more to your CD collection

FEATURES

- 6 Basil Breakey - The Jazz Witness - talks to Tebogo Alexander
- 8 Davis' Milestones - Richard Haslop remembers Miles
- 5 Tebogo "Bongi" Naledi sets the jazz - history record straight

PROFILES

- 4 Ebrahim Kalil Shihab or Chris Schilder to you - Deirdre Slemmon
- 11 The colours of Duke's world - Michael J Bandler

COVER: MILES DAVIS



Miles doing what he did best



Aster Aweke: Ethiopian tradition and American soul



Dr Jazz: Ellington and Julian Bond at Howard University in Washington

Much has been said and written about Miles Davis, although if you ask me, not enough. His music has been the most sought after, understandably so. In fact, I am yet to meet a jazz lover who doesn't own a copy of Miles' work. Every one of them brought to the listener, a better understanding of the man - and just when you think you've heard it all Miles brings out a different angle to jazz. Musicians that worked with him either loved him or hated him but one thing they all had for him was respect. He was really the Picasso of invisible art.

Two Tone celebrates Miles this month the only way we know how - by devoting two pages to the man and his music.

You will notice that we don't have our regular 'ROUND MIDNITE' column this month. The reason is, there seems to be very little happening jazz-wise this month. Many musicians have been out of town and others very busy in the studio so live gigs have suffered. You will also notice that we've added a radio-guide column for your convenience. I would like to believe that there are more jazz programmes than we have listed - so, if you happen to catch more jazz on your radio please let us know. We would also like more feedback from you, the reader, on what you enjoy in Two Tone and what you think we could improve.

If you aren't receiving Two Tone regularly, why not subscribe? There are more benefits than just give-aways to being a subscriber now. Turn to page 15 for more information.

Happy reading.

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTION: SHADO TWALA, TEBOGO ALEXANDER, BONGI TEBOGO NALEDI, JIM HARRIS, RAFA MAVET, RICHARD HASLOP, PHUTHUMA F. NHLEKO, SAZI DLAMINI, IVOR POWELL, SIPHO JACOBS, CHRIS VICK, PIETER UYS, MUSA NDWANDWE, DEIDRE SLEMON

ADVERTISING: (011) 836 2151 FAX 838 5901 SHADO TWALA

PRINTED BY: CAXTON LTD ON MONDI TEXT
CORRESPONDENCE: TWO TONE, P O BOX 177, NEWTOWN 2113
NEXT ISSUE: JUNE 19, 1992

TWO TONE IS A JOINT TWO TONE/RYE WEEKBLAD PUBLICATION

blue NOTES

compiled by tebogo alexander

JAZZ VAUDEVILLE: Musicologist Chris Ballantine of the University of Natal will be publishing a short book and tape package on jazz vaudeville, which he compares to that of America's Smithsonian Museum, on the history of classical jazz. Ballantine's package is to be released before the end of the year by Ravan Press. The music professor said the project is to cover the period between 1915 and the early 1940s. The cassette will comprise selected recordings of this period from the university's library, said to have the largest collection on urban black popular music in the world. Meanwhile Ballantine, together with composer/ pianist Abdullah Ibrahim, will contribute introductions to another soon-to-be-released jazz literary project from the amazing collection of photographs by Basil Breakey with Cape Town publishing house, David Phillip. (see full details inside).

BLUES THEATRE:

Pulitzer winning playwright August Wilson's *Ma Rainey's Black Bottom* will be staged in South Africa for the first time at this year's Grahamstown Arts Festival. To direct and cast the production Professor Schechner of New York University's performing arts faculty will be flying into the country later this month. The fact that the cast will totally South African isn't going to be made easier by the difficulty of this play: actors have to know how to play not one, but a number of instruments, or inversely musicians have to know how to act. The final product should make interesting theatre. And one name that comes to mind is the multi-talented Sibongile Khumalo, who performed at Kippie's last month.

LITTLE JAZZ AT GRAHAMSTOWN:

Outside the recitals of French classical/jazz musician Claude Bolling's Suite for Cello and Jazz Piano Trio, this year's Grahamstown Arts Festival affair offers little by way of jazz. The Bolling works will be performed at Canterbury Hall, by couple Barbara van Wyck (piano) and Jeffrey Vick (percussionist) and their children, cellist Ilse-Mari van Wyck-Vick and Waldemar van Wyck-Vick.

NU JAZZ RECORDS:

By the time *Two Tone* hits the streets NU (Natal University) Jazz Connection will have returned from a Nuremberg recording session. This was part of cultural exchange at a Music Education Festival in Baden-Wurtembergische Hochschultage, Germany. The German recording will comprise of South African standards like *Meadowlands*, with a line up Darius Brubeck, Chris Merz, Mark Kilian, Sazi Diamini, S'Thembiso Ntuli, Lex Futshana and Fezile Faku. It was also learnt that Brubeck, director of NU's Centre for Jazz & Popular Music, will be remaining abroad as part of his leave, where he'll be doing workshops.

JAZZ COUNTERCULTURE:

Another Durban-based jazz outfit, Counterculture, led by Centre for Jazz & Popular Music sax instructor Chris Merz, has recently independantly released their first recording, *Art Deco*. The album was recorded directly onto a two-track digital audio tape at Durban-Westville University's studios. This makes *Art Deco* in a sense a live recording. Locally, the recording will be released as a five-track cassette. At the time of going to press, the band was negotiating an international deal with London's B&W Records. If the deal goes through, Counterculture will release a six-track CD. The *Art Deco* line up is pianist Melvyn Peters, bassist Lex Futshane, trumpeter Fezile Faku, drummer Vincent Pravitt, and Merz.

MERZ AWARD:

Still on Merz, did you know the phenominal young American-born saxophonist was a recipient of the 1991 Best Student Recording from American jazz magazine *Down Beat*? Yes. While a student at the Massachusettses University, Merz entered a chart of an arrangement of Joe Henderson's *Isotope*. At Merz's first performance outside Durban, the *One Night Jazz Journey*, he blew audiences with refreshing alto sound. Since then his name has been on the lips of many a jazzophile.

SATHIMA'S TOUCH:

Sathima Bea Benjamin's long-awaited *Southern Touch* album was recently released abroad. Promising Sathima's music will be pressed locally, her Cape Town-based sister Edith Green said Johannesburg's Select Labels will distribute *Southern Touch*. But there's still some time before the enthralling recordings - most unheard here - of the jazz vocalist wife of Abdullah Ibrahim make their way to South Africa. Not to mention the delayed launching of the Cape wing of husband/wife recording company, Ekapa. The sooner a South African agent can be found for Sathima, the sooner local performances can be held, said Green.

NEW CAPE MUSICAL:

Already a preview has been held for upcoming new musical from the Mother City. The man behind the musical, going by the unusual name of Klong, is Abdullah Ibrahim. Sources say the play is loosely about a young Namibian who comes to this country, and his ventures into the former Cape township of District Six. Word is that Klong should definitely be staged by end of the year.

THE BASE QUESTION:

Its rare to see the closing of a venue create such confusion as The Base has in Cape Town. Not so long ago the venue had a closing fund-raising gig, featuring eight of the city's top bands. In less than a month it was back in operation! Some Capetonians smell a rat, one commenting: "This is the con of the century!" Up to three years ago Sunday nights were transformed into the memorable Jazz Den. Confusion notwithstanding, the closure of The Base would seriously affect Cape Town's (jazz) venue problem, as there are only two venues operating presently: Rosie's and Green Dolphin, both on the Waterfront.

RENE OFF AGAIN:

Rene McLean will be leaving for America soon to join producer KD Kagel for the mixing of the hornman's upcoming South African recording. McLean will also prepare the album for release in August. Among the dozens of local musicians on the album are; Hugh Masekela, Rashid Lanie, Moses Molelekwa, Bakithi Khumalo, Lulu Gontsana, Bheki Khoza and Lawrence Matshiza. While in the States, McLean will tour that country, Japan, Europe in "personal projects" and with his father, great bebop hornman, Jackie McLean.

KIPPIE'S LEADS AGAIN:

Not long after reviving Sunday night jazz, by popular demand, Kippie's has also launched a music programme to provide a showcase for young talent. The idea

SOUNDS LIKE JAZZ

...on your radio

For those moments when the walk to your turntable becomes unbearable - there is an alternative - tune in!

JAZZ AT... RADIO SOUTH AFRICA (FM 104-107)

This is a two-month old series which began with recordings of the European-based Contemporary Bebop Quintet. This exciting programme takes listeners to some of the hottest jazz gigs around the country without leaving the comfort of their homes. Tune in on Saturday (8:45pm) and Tuesday (11:15am)

JVC JAZZ DATERADIO SOUTH AFRICA (FM 104-107)

A touch of mainstream, a dash of fusion and also forays into progressive jazz from international and local artists presented by local jazz critic Don Albert every Saturday (9:45pm).

SWING, SING AND ALL THAT JAZZRADIO SOUTH AFRICA (FM 104-107)

The Henry Holloway-presented programme "fills a gap in the music roster that is important to many listeners: the Swing era" reads the press release. Big band aficionados like Don Mattera can tune in to *Swing Sing* and *All That Jazz* every Wednesday at midnight.

MILLS AFTER MIDNIGHT RADIO SOUTH AFRICA (FM 104-107)

Here, former drummer, David Mills pulls his personal collection of "jazz and other good stuff" for an hour's listening every Thursday at midnight.

SORRY I'M LATE

Accept Nigel Vermaas' apology and tune into his series for "a fair dollop of jazz" every Saturday evening at 11:15.

IN THE BEAT OF THE NIGHT RADIO SOUTH AFRICA (FM 104-107)

All you night owls and those suffering from insomnia can listen out for Stella Heyer's programme to round off your Saturday evening of jazz on Radio South Africa.

JAZZ CORNER RADIO BOP (MW 504KHZ/FM 1098KHZ)

Bophutatswana's queen of the airwaves Nothemba Madumo presents her mixture of swing, blues, bebop and contemporary styles every Sunday between 7pm and 9pm. What makes Nothemba's show unique from other jazz programmes on the South African airwaves is she takes requests from listeners and enthusiasts may also call-in and chat about jazz.

JAZZ WITH MESH MAPETLA RADIO METRO 576 KHZ MW

This two-hour programme features an hour of contemporary and another of mainstream, not necessarily in that order. The mainstream segment is the recommended listening because of Mesh's knowledge and tastes. Tune in every Sunday (10am to noon).

COASTAL JAZZ

Radio Xhosa provides a Jazz-fusion programme every Thursday night between 21:30 and 24:00 presented by Lifa Msimanga. On Sunday morning Fezile Wotshela plays straight jazz for one hour starting at 10:00. From what I gather, not having listened yet, both programmes are presented in Xhosa and are not to be missed.

SUNDAY NIGHT JAZZ RADIO 702 (MW 702 KHZ)

If you are into some exotic types of jazz then tune in to Sunday Night Jazz on 702 from 22:00-24:00. Shado Twala interviews musicians while playing a combination of music from her personal collection. Hugh Masekela, Abdullah Ibrahim, Zim Nqawana, Klaus Krezeuder, Letta Mbulu, George Lee, Carlo Mombelli and, more recently, the Safari Sounds Band are some of the voices that have been heard on this programme.

is to keep weekends for top billing acts, and weekday gigs to give upcoming musos an opportunity to show their wares. This format should also provide variety in some of the duller, unpalatable acts that have graced the Johannesburg venue stages.

STILL WAITING FOR DIZZY:

Although Sun City is still in contact with Dizzy Gillespie's representative in the United States, they are unable to confirm any dates as yet, still pending his health. Fresh from a trip abroad, Hazel Feldman told *Two Tone* that "we're in their hands", and that she'd like to believe that Gillespie's South African performances are not cancelled as much as postponed. Meanwhile news from New York is that a major gig to celebrate the icon's birthday this year is being planned, with great trumpeters as Wynton Marsalis and John Faddis on the billing.

GALLO PROMOTION:

Gallo's Group PRO Antos Stella has been promoted to Gallo Music Productions' general manager as part of the restructuring of the record company's PR department. Stella's hard work was recently recognised at the Gallo Gold Awards when she was recipient of the award for her work in last year's Reggae Song for Peace concerts.

WELCOME HOME:

This album by Sakhile, dedicated to returning exiles and all freed political prisoners, is bound to be a success both locally and internationally. Most tracks are a mixture of heavy East African rhythm, marabi, jazz, choral fare and a dash of mbaqanga. *Welcome Home* features Siphon Gumede, Khaya Mahlangu, Baba Mokoena, Barney Bophela and on three tracks, Hugh Masekela. This long-awaited recording is being released by Roots Records and should be in your record shop soon.

history REWRITING

Bongi Tebogo Naledi
responds to Rob Allingham's
The Jazz Years (tt vol.1 No.4)



AT THE YARD OF ALE

Market Theatre Precinct, Newtown, Johannesburg

In collaboration with the German Embassy

Sunday May 10

THE KHAYA MAHLANGU BAND

This superb sax player and co-founder of Sakhile will lead his own band which includes former Bayete stalwarts Themba Mkhize and Fana Zulu.

Sunday, May 31

THE BRUCE CASSIDY BAND

The former Blood, Sweat and Tears trumpeter with a fresh line-up and a bold new sound.

Sunday, June 14

THE JONAS GWANGWA COMBO

A world-class evening with this world-acclaimed, Grammy Award-winning composer, musician and arranger.

Sunday, June 28

UMBONGO

Featuring outstanding young talent, Umbongo won the jazz category in the 1991 Gilbeys Music of Africa competition.

Sunday, July 12

SOWETO BIG SOUND

Jonas Gwangwa is back, this time directing a 10-piece big band ensemble which includes some of the original Jazz Pioneers.

From 6.30pm. Entrance: R6 per head.

*The Yard of Ale is licenced. Full restaurant menu available.
Reserve your table in advance. Tel: 826-6611*

SOUND SYSTEM PROVIDED BY MEGA MUSIC

Maybe it's part of the legacy of apartheid, but musos in this country seem to spend an awful lot of time picking the definitional fluff out of their own navels on the subject of what is and isn't jazz.

Okay, that's a universal pastime, which you'll also find cluttering up the pages of *Downbeat* and *The Wire*. But, this being South Africa, and apartheid being what it was (and still is), the primary concern here seems to be to draw a line between "jazz" (people playing recognised Western improvisational sequences over US-composed "standard" themes) and what white critics in particular tend to call "township" music. So that each can be kept back in its own neat backyard.

Jazz apartheid reared its ugly little head in Rob Allingham's history of Gallo in *Two-Tone* last month - and since the intro made very clear that this was an edited piece, maybe I'm attributing to Allingham things that weren't part of his unedited original intention. If so, I'm sorry.

But what did the printed page say? That really only Sis'Dolly and Bra'Ben were "straightforward" jazz singers. "The others included certain jazz elements but these were combined with indigenous influences as well as Afro-American rhythms and blues to produce an original mixture which would come to be called mbaqanga... Many instrumental combinations played what was referred to as jazz, but their style owed as much to South African sources as American swing... jazz of the indigenous variety - good-time music with a heavy mbaqanga component.."

Jazz has always been a broad church. It started life as a New Orleans gumbo of Irish jigs, Episcopalian hymns and the brass sounds of Civil War cornets. But what put the spice into the stew and stirred it all together were the polyrhythms, call-and-response patterns, "bent", "blue" and "dirty" notes of traditional African music. (Some of which came from around these parts)

And, since then, all sorts of other ingredients have gone into the pot. Did Bix play any less jazz because clearly audible in his sound are all those oompah German band influences? Did anyone tell Rollins that what he was playing couldn't be defined as jazz because there was a "heavy component of indigenous West Indian sounds"? Of course they didn't. (Although Diz and Bird did get their knuckles rapped for playing that well-known "Chinese music", be-bop.) And did anyone have the cheek to dismiss American jazz as purely "good-time-music" because of its kaleidoscopic admixture of elements?

Well, yes, of course they did. The same racist crackers who dismissed all black people as simple, perpetually grinning folk with a great natural sense of rhythm. Archie Shepp had a nice answer for them: "Soul is our pop. Jazz is our classical music."

So let's make some points about South African jazz. This country is one of the few in the world outside the USA where jazz has been a people's music. South Africa has its own jazz tradition, complete with its own styles, improvisational patterns and standards (*Yakhal'Nkomo*, *Ntyilo Ntyilo*, *Lakutshon'Ilanga*... need I go on? Oh yes, Davashe's *Mabomvana*, which Mehegan shows such patronising ignorance of on the sleeve-notes of *Jazz in Africa*.) It is no less jazz because it is South African rather than American. In fact, if you take Wynton Marsalis' measure of what jazz is - the ferocity of its swing - then our stuff swings like fury, and rather more than some of the flaccid sub-Steve Reich and Michael Franks material currently masquerading under the jazz label in the US of A.

And "good-time music"? That's a persistent label stuck on township sounds. Sometimes, the music, or its admirers, are even slammed for getting "too serious" - as the *Seven Ages of Music* were on these very pages last month. But joy can sometimes be a very serious thing, and just like be-bop in the US, South African jazz has always been an intensely political music. Political, at its most basic, in the defiance of its spirited joy against hideous oppression. Political in its assertion of the cultural identity of an urban black working class whose very existence apartheid denied. Political in the way it challenged ethnic barriers in the musical fusion it created. Political in its subject matter - what more elegant snook has been cocked at the pass laws than by Zakes Nkosi's *10:10 Special*?

And let's not forget, political in the labour struggles its practitioners waged to stay in towns, to work, to stay alive.

That's the other area Allingham skates over. Musicians found moonlighting "irresistible", did they? Something of an understatement for a situation in which they sold their compositions and album rights for starvation flat fees (Eleven pounds, Bra'Hugh says they got for *Jazz Epistle*). When record companies employed them as storemen, who could be hauled into the studio to knock off a quick hit between shifts, but "Make this a short tune; the engineer wants to go home." And how many died penniless still, or reduced to hopeless alcoholism by a music industry which too often paid its artists with "a crate of the product"?

It is, of course laudable that Gallo is resurrecting much of this history and the music that goes with it. And in the current jazz revival, one hopes the re-issues are selling well. Would it be too much to dream of, if labels like Gallo, despite their legal ownership of most of these cultural treasures, chose to put some of the proceeds back into this country's jazz development? A jazz bursary fund, perhaps?

After all, when they were part of the vicious exploitation of musicians back in the good old bad old days, they were only conforming to the same imperatives as the rest of capitalist-apartheid industry. If we are moral humanitarians, we have to forgive them. But apartheid hasn't quite gone yet, while as for capitalism... And in those circumstances, we'd have to be crazy to forget.

to you Mr Shihab

Ebrahim (Chris) Schilder on holiday in Cape Town, chats about jazz, the good old days, the Schilder family and Islam.

By Deirdre Slemon

Vou would be forgiven for thinking that Ebrahim (better known to you as Chris) Schilder is a returning exile. Although he IS an exile of sorts; a son of the jazz world who has been exiled to the cocktail lounges of the Mmabatho Sun in Mafeking for the past six years. On a two-week break in Cape Town, he mixed business with pleasure at Rosie's, teaming up with his erstwhile jazz companion Winston Mankunku Ngozi, to share their musical reunion in rousing 1992 style.

Schilder's air of reserve and the dark glasses all point towards a difficult interview. But this first impression is deceptive: he's warm and open, soft-spoken with a sense of humour.

Is it Chris or Ebrahim? "Ebrahim. Ebrahim Khalil Shihab. I don't want to be known as Chris Schilder." But we have to start with Chris anyway — a man whose hero was Elvis Presley. "I started playing piano when I was fourteen. A friend of mine could only play the boogie, and I looked at his fingers and stole with my eyes. Next day I went back to his house and played it better than he could. Johnny Gertse, Tony (Schilder) and Hotep Galeta would play around us - I was exposed to all those beautiful sounds." Schilder cites Oscar Petersen and Amad Jamal as his main influences, and Tony of course.

He recalls his first public performance at the age of fourteen, in a restaurant in Rondebosch, 'The Normandy'. "There was this old English gentleman who was a family friend. One day he said, 'My boy, come play for me at my restaurant.' I still had on my short school pants. I was forced to leave school in Standard 6 as my mother was ill. And my father was 'late' by that stage. He paid me R1.10 a night. It was wonderful, it saved the family."

Chris practiced 'like a lunatic', and his first band was a family trio with brother

Jackie on drums and Philly on bass. The Schilder family now boasts four keyboard-players: brothers Tony, Richard and Chris, together with Tony's son Hilton. Is there competition between them? "No, no. We learn from each other."

Ebrahim's connection with Winston Mankunku goes back to... "I think it was the late sixties, maybe early seventies." He's very vague on dates, and I keep having to remind him that it was before my time.

They formed a band in Johannesburg, together with Gilbert Matthews on drums and Philly Schilder on bass. "Then I could play what I wanted to. I only played jazz." Ebrahim becomes more animated as he reminisces about the hard times. "We were really struggling musicians then, 'cos first there was the racial thing, and then the fact that we played jazz." Playing again with Winston has clearly been a moving experience. "It brings back the past. We played some of my compositions from the album Spring, but playing it the way we feel now. I'm matured now; I can do what I want to do at the piano. It's more of a spiritual thing, but I don't want to talk about it."

Over the years Ebrahim has played with bands such as Pacific Express, Love Supremes and Workforce. The hit song *Give a Little Love* was one of his compositions for Pacific Express. He also composed the music for their two albums.

"In 1985 I had to leave Workforce. Things weren't going too well financially. then I took my family to Mmabatho, and I've been there ever since. For six years now I've kept myself busy, and have some demo tapes of my own compositions. But you're very isolated there and it's difficult for me to record. I have to play every night and it's a four hour drive to Johannesburg..."

"It's not on to play jazz where I work. I've tried it and they turn around and give you a strange look. I play cover versions, Richard Clayderman, light classics. But



Ebrahim (Chris) Schilder Pic: Rashid Lombard

it's because of them that I've got the job, and I love to make people happy." Ebrahim admits that it does get very frustrating at times and he was clearly delighted to have the opportunity to let rip in Cape Town. But being a jazz musician at heart, how has he managed to stick out a six-year stint of cover versions? "My children. No-one stands over me and tells me what to do. It's a happy, pleasant atmosphere."

Chris became Ebrahim Khalil Shihab 16 years ago when he embraced Islam. Way back then he was a wild young man looking for direction, for answers. He relates the story of how, lying awake one night he heard the words 'Allah-Hu-Akbar', which means 'God is greatest'. "I'm a bit psychic. I heard it very quickly and it was a loud voice. I recognised the words, but I didn't know what it meant." Ebrahim asked God to show him the way, and to give him a woman. "And he answered my prayers. A week later I met Raqiba and then I knew."

How has Islam affected Ebrahim's music? Has it restricted him in any way? "Abdullah Ibrahim and I have the same problem. The Islamic community doesn't really recognise us. According to tradition, when the prophet heard music, he put his hands over his ears. But he didn't say anything. So for orthodox Muslims, music is 'gharaam' (forbidden). But Abdullah and

I were musicians before we embraced Islam. When we play, we practice 'thikr' (praising Allah) through our piano. It brings out the truth in the music. In order to do this, you have to be honest with yourself. The ego must go."

And does Islam dictate who you play with? "Well...I avoid people like...I prefer to play with professionals. Like I wouldn't play with alcoholics or..." Ebrahim has undoubtedly had to do some soul-searching and make difficult choices along the way.

Although he knows that jazz will never die here, Ebrahim says he's worried about the commercial situation. "Jazz is divorced from all that. People like Charlie Parker and John Coltrane sacrificed their lives to perfect their styles and their music. Now everything is commercial. I hate it."

"I'm clever. I'm doing this job to survive. I can pretend, but it's not me. I'm two different people, that's what keeps me going."

**Goodbye
Chris.
Salaam Ebrahim.**

basil breakey



Basil Breakey spent his early years capturing on film what now turns out to be a priceless jazz archive.

Jazz Witness

by Tebogo Alexander

THERE'S my favourite, a full frame shot of a red-eyed, rebellious and angry looking Nick Moyake, with arms majestically folded over his tenor. There's one with an empty, pre-competition Cold Castle Jazz stadium in Jabavu. And another of the event itself, Chris MacGregor in full flight conducting the horn section of a big band - the concept he later carried with him to Europe for the Brotherhood of Breath.

Just a few of the photographs of freelance photographer Basil Breakey to be published soon in book form by David Phillip.

"Jazz music has always been a great love of mine, and being a photographer attending jazz gigs, nature took its course," explained Breakey.

But what an eye for telling human detail the man has.

Born in Hillbrow, Breakey began taking pictures as a hobby while working as a bank clerk in the Eastern Cape, where his parents had moved. He would take his camera to the closest township during lunch breaks, clicking away at the life he found.

One of these pictures won him second prize in a competition, permanently launching him into a profession in which he captured some of the most striking images ever taken of the jazz scene in the early 1960s. Now, Breakey reflects, "It would be interesting to bring it up to date."

Breakey came to Johannesburg to work in the Tropix photographic agency, run by Jurgen Schadeberg, the German photographer of *Drum* magazine fame. He began hanging out at Dorkay House down Eloff Street Extension in Jo'burg.

IT WAS AT DORKAY that Breakey met many of the musicians he was to photograph. He also haunted jazz venues in and around the city, especially in the Hillbrow area. The first musician he remembers befriending is recently returned trumpeter, Dennis Mpale. "We had a sort of close relationship, Dennis and the guys were all like brothers to me."

Sometime around 1962 Mpale introduced him to the new kid on the Dorkay block, Transkei-born pianist Chris MacGregor. "Chris had just arrived from Cape Town. And he was in the process of getting a group together, which eventually became the Blue Notes."

"He was completely unknown, penniless and roughing it," comments the photographer pointing to a photograph showing a homeless MacGregor sleeping on the floor of a Hillbrow flat.

"We got on wonderfully. Chris was a very warm, wonderful and jovial human being, like the big person he was."

Many of Breakey's pictures show members of the Blue Notes. "For me at the time they were possibly the best group that was left in South Africa," he says, with what I've come to recognise as the typical diffident Breakey response.

The Blue Notes - comprising MacGregor, Moyake, trumpeter Mongezi Feza, bassist Johnny Dyani and drummer Louis Moholo - were soon to leave for a European jazz festival. Most of the group never returned home and died in exile. The only surviving member is now Moholo who was recently in the country, preparing to bring his European outfit, Viva la Black, to South Africa towards the end of the year.

The pictures would have remained mere negatives in a suitcase had it not been for the encouragement of his friend, confidante and fellow photographer Rashid Lombard.

...A young Barney Rachabane, listening and learning from elders while Dennis Mpale blows up a storm. Picture by Basil Breakey.



IT WAS LOMBARD who pushed Breakey to put together an exhibition - billed as Jazz Witness: A Retrospective of the Age of Township Music in the 1960s - which eventually materialised at the nearby Cape Town jazz venue, The Base. The Jazz Witness exhibition, some four years ago, featured around 30 pictures.

So successful was it that it was taken to Johannesburg's Market Theatre Gallery a year later, and was met with rave reviews.

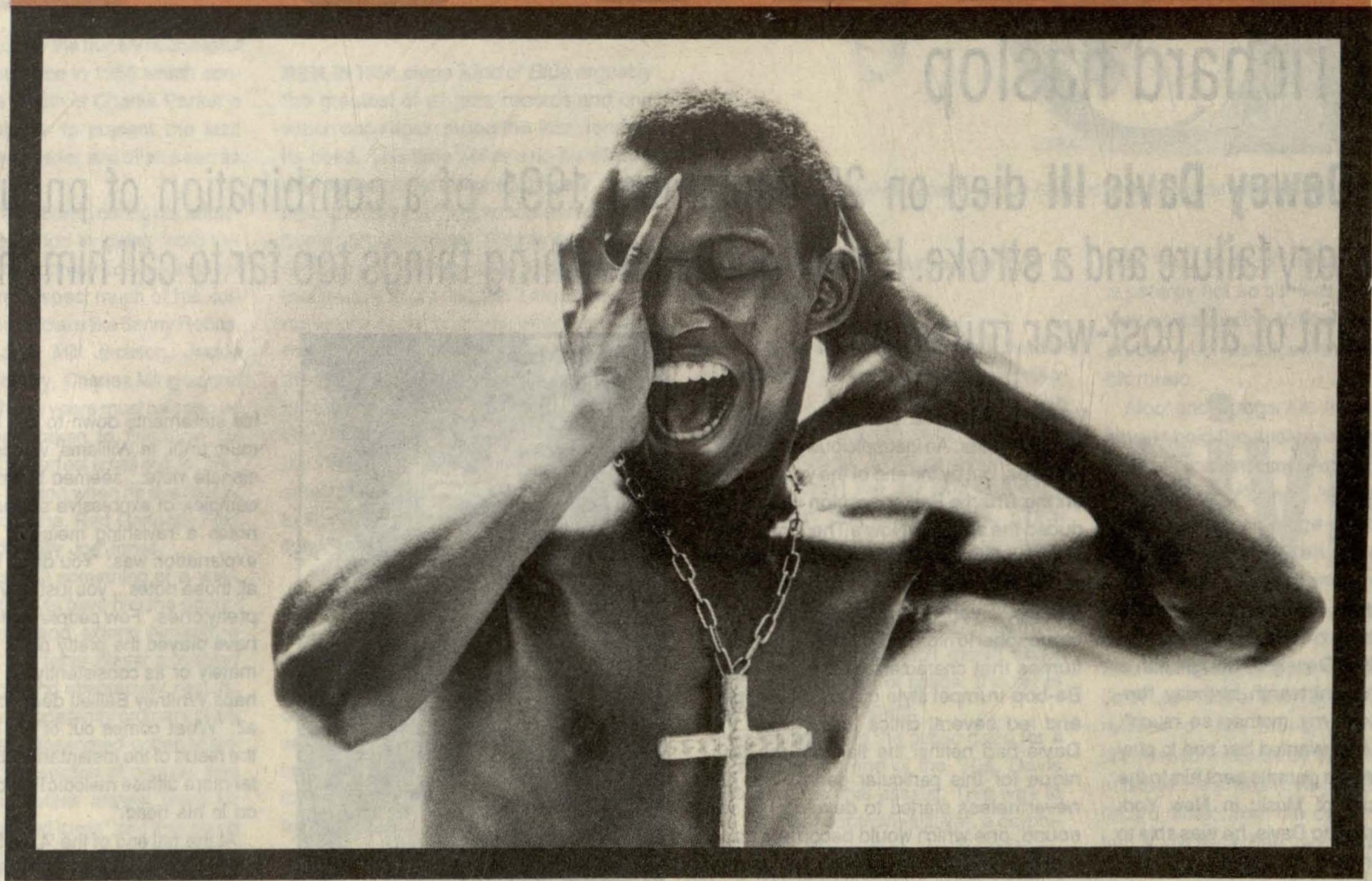
Then the photographer got a telephone call from his ex-wife, asking him to come and collect a suitcase of his negatives she had discovered in the garage. Looking through a collection that Breakey had long forgotten by then, he and Lombard discovered 600 further pictures.

"But for the book, many were not used as a lot of tight editing had to be done." The book will be large format, in paperback and hardcover, with some 60 pictures of what publisher Phillip describes as a "quite an interesting period of our jazz".

It was the fact that the photographs were so little-known that interested Phillip, who refers to himself as "a jazz fan of the old-fashioned sort."

Introductions and captions by Natal University musicologist, Chris Ballantine, and Abdullah Ibrahim will make up the text of the book.

JAZZ makes
you realise there are
always two reasons
to cry.



STUDIO THREE AZ000095



THE STATION WITH A MIND OF ITS OWN

Medium Wave 540 kHz and on FM Stereo

miles

davis

- by richard haslop

Miles Dewey Davis III died on 28 September 1991 of a combination of pneumonia, respiratory failure and a stroke. It may not be stretching things too far to call him the most important of all post-war musicians.

davis

was born in Alton, Illinois on 25 May 1926 into a comfortably off middle-class family. His father, Miles Dewey II, bought him a trumpet for his thirteenth birthday "because he loved my mother so much". Cleota Davis had wanted her son to play the violin. Later his parents sent him to the Juilliard School of Music in New York where, according to Davis, he was able to put his background into some sort of perspective for the benefit of a (white) music history teacher hide-bound by myth. She had suggested that black people played the blues because they were poor and sad and had to pick cotton, to which Miles replied, "I'm from East St. Louis and my father is rich, he's a dentist, and I play the blues."

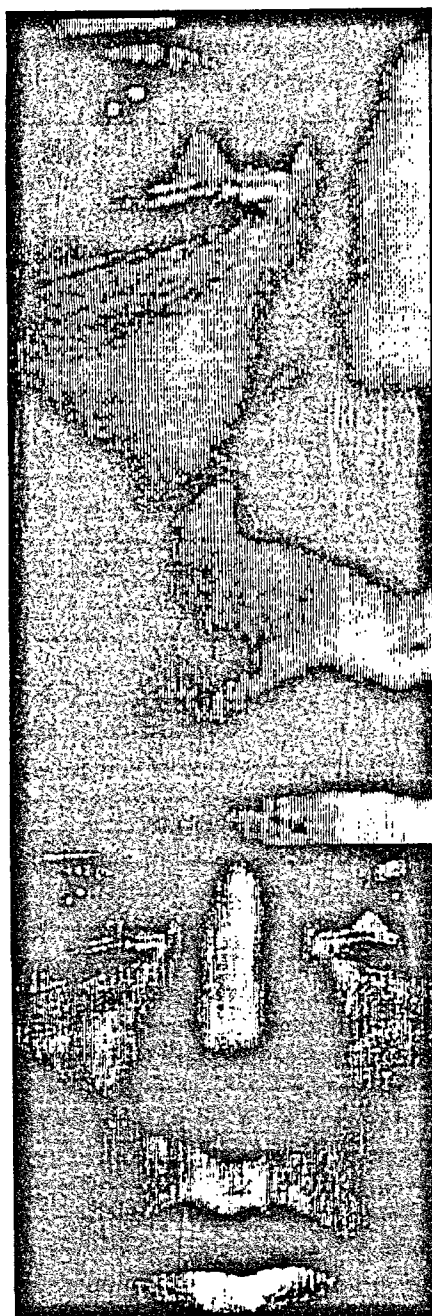
Davis has said that he spent his first week in New York and his first month's allowance looking for Charlie Parker. Having met him, Miles didn't do much more formal studying, but embarked on a career which would produce several dozen classic albums, arguably the two finest small groups in jazz history and, on three or four occasions, would change the shape of jazz itself. And that's the part that's not even open to debate.

The young trumpeter's first recordings were made in April 1945 for Rubberlegs

Williams And His Orchestra, featuring Herbie Fields. An inauspicious beginning, perhaps, but by the end of the year he was on the Charlie Parker session which produced the splendid *Now's The Time*. Over the next few years he featured on several of the Bird dates which helped to define Be-bop. Even if he played none of the stratospheric high notes or mind-numbing flurries that characterized the archetypal Be-bop trumpet style of Dizzy Gillespie - and led several critics to conclude that Davis had neither the flair nor the technique for this particular genre - he had nevertheless started to develop his own sound, one which would become a trademark of musical excellence for another four decades.

Miles himself credited one of his early teachers, Elwood Buchanan, with influencing his approach, which he described in an early *Down Beat* interview as "fast and light and no vibrato". Buchanan's view was that the player would get old and start shaking anyway. Of course, one thing the lack of vibrato did, especially on ballads, was to desensitize the sound, so that the playing would appear cool and dispassionate as often as it was ardent or emotional. One writer likened it to walking on eggshells, but that doyen of critics, Martin Williams, correctly pointed out that, if Davis was ever to encounter eggshells, the intensity of his playing would grind them to powder.

AS FAR AS the actual content of his soloing was concerned, Miles continually pared



his statements down to the barest minimum until, in Williams' words, "one passionate note... seemed to imply a whole complex of expressive sound, and three notes a ravishing melody." Davis' own explanation was: "You don't have to play all those notes... you just have to play the pretty ones." Few people, before or since, have played the pretty ones as consummately or as consistently as he did. Perhaps Whitney Balliett described it best of all: "What comes out of his horn seems the result of the instantaneous editing of a far more diffuse melodic line being carried on in his head."

At the tail end of the '40s, Davis recognized a kindred spirit in Gil Evans, a Canadian-born arranger of Australian parentage who, according to the trumpeter, "could use four instruments where others need eight". Their first recordings together, with a nine piece band with shifting personnel, eventually led, once twelve-inch long playing records had established themselves, to the album known as *Birth of The Cool*. That title described exactly what the original eight tracks released on 78 had achieved. They spawned the cool "West Coast Jazz" school of the '50s, which stood in strong contrast to the fiery (but often clichéd in the wrong hands) Be-bop movement.

Unfortunately the cost of booking such a large band for live appearances and the continuing effects of a recent Musicians' Union recording ban stifled progression in the big band direction and Miles was forced to strike out on a different route, a course

J J Johnson - trombonist who played with Miles on his early '50s albums and teacher said:

"What I do is this; I say, 'Listen class, I have brought with me a Miles Davis album, a very famous album called *Kind of Blue*. One of the cuts is *So What*. I'm going to play for you a portion that will include Miles Davis' solo. I'll play it two or three times. Listen as if you were a surgeon about to perform a delicate operation. Listen clinically to every note Miles plays. He's never in the stratosphere, he never plays fastfastfastfast. It is sheer lyric beauty. Listen, listen, listen to this solo. Because I say to the world, not just to the class, it is the quintessential example of the language and the syntax of jazz."

of action which was not assisted by a growing addiction to heroin.

THE EARLY '50s, up to the hugely successful Newport appearance in 1955 which conspired with the death of Charlie Parker a few months earlier to present the jazz world with a new leader, are often seen as Miles' lost years.

However, in addition to curing his addiction during this period by going "cold turkey", Davis also recorded some outstanding music. In retrospect much of his collaborating with musicians like Sonny Rollins, Thelonious Monk, Milt Jackson, Jackie McLean, Art Blakey, Charles Mingus and others during these years must be seen as conscious steps taken to fine-tune his perception of the perfect small group. This vision came to fruition when he eventually chose John Coltrane, Red Garland, Paul Chambers and Philly Joe Jones.

Coltrane was still something of a wayward talent but Davis gave him the opportunity to expand and extend himself, a chance which the tenor player accepted with both hands and spectacular results. Garland, too, an apparently ordinary pianist at the outset, blossomed under Miles' care. The rhythm section of course, was plain wonderful. Miles always went for musicians who "had ideas" and this group had them to spare. In an astonishing twelve month period, between the Octobers of 1955 and '56, the Quintet recorded the material for six classic albums, *The New Miles Davis Quintet*, *'Round Midnight*, *Workin'*, *Steamin'*, *Cookin'* (recently released in South Africa by Roots Record Company as most of *The Best of Miles Davis*) and *Relaxin'*. The last four were mainly recorded in an incredible two sessions as part of a deal in terms of which Davis was released by Prestige to join Columbia.

In 1957 *Miles Ahead*, arranged by Gil Evans, set new standards in orchestral jazz and a terrific soundtrack for the Louis Malle film *Lift to the Scaffold* added immeasurably to the thriller's pace and feel. Then Miles added Cannonball Adderley to the Quintet for the marvellous *Milestones*. *Miles And Monk At Newport* featured the recently expanded Sextet while *Porgy And*

Bess was a beautiful setting of Gershwin's famous music to more arrangements by Gil Evans.

THEN, IN 1959, came *Kind of Blue*, arguably the greatest of all jazz records and one which once again stood the jazz world on its head. This time Miles and his slightly altered sextet were playing modally, rather than chordally, an approach already suggested on *Milestones*. Simply put, instead of using a chord sequence as the basis for the group's improvisation it would use the notes of a scale, or mode, which provided more freedom and changed the sound of the music forever. Perhaps most remarkable of all was the fact that, despite the flood of recordings being released under his name - the ones mentioned are just some of the most crucial - Davis was able to sustain a quite staggering level of creativity.

THE NEXT SIGNIFICANT step in his career was the formation of his second great quintet. The early '60s had seen the release of the exquisite *Sketches of Spain* - once again with Gil Evans arranging - and several fine recordings, often live, featuring the likes of Hank Mobley, Steve Coleman and a combination of musicians from the '50s and '60s "Great Quintets."

Finally he settled on Wayne Shorter, Herbie Hancock, Ron Carter and Tony Williams, each a good deal younger than himself (Williams was still a teenager) but each a brilliant musician who would prove a major influence on his chosen instrument. Once again, in the space of a few albums - *E.S.P.*, *Miles Smiles*, *Sorcerer*, *Nefertiti* and most of *Filles De Kilimanjaro* - a Miles Davis Quintet defined the sound of small group jazz. Ian Carr, a British trumpeter whose biography, *Miles Davis*, is absolutely essential reading, summed it up: "a melodic fragment sets up the theme... a pulse, a tempo, and a series of phrases played against that pulse. The improvisations are explorations of these factors positioned by the theme, and so the soloist tends to refer back to thematic fragments."

This "exploration of abstraction" carried Davis through *Miles In The Sky*, where he used electric instruments, and so to *In A*



This artwork was done by Miles Davis and Jo Gelbard for the *Amandla* album dedicated to Gil Evans.

Silent Way, *Blitches Brew* and the birth of jazz-rock.

MILES DAVIS' version of jazz-rock, which was both jazz (abstraction and improvisation) and rock (strong rhythmic pulse and simple angular energy) must not be confused with fusion, which is neither. His musicians during the late '60s and early '70s included Shorter, Hancock, Chick Corea, Joe Zawinul, Jack De Johnette, John McLaughlin, Keith Jarrett and several others who have had a material effect on the sound of modern jazz. If nothing else (and there was much more) Miles taught them the use of space, the art of "playing what's not there."

After retiring from the public gaze for a few years at the end of the '70s, Davis returned for his final assault. This was to prove his most controversial yet, a combination of the increasingly minimalist playing the '70s had displayed and the rhythms of funk. Now you could dance to Miles, an idea the jazz fraternity found more than challenging; it was unthinkable. It may still be too soon to evaluate the effect of '80s Miles on the direction of the music, but *Tutu*, at least, is an obviously outstanding record, and a few more are not far behind.

Sidemen of the quality of Branford Marsalis, Rick Margitza, John Scofield (admittedly more obviously Ornette Coleman influenced), Darryl Jones, Marcus Miller, Omar Hakim etc. are making important contributions and all went through Davis' funk period. For a considerable number of years the leader refused to classify what he was playing as

jazz. "Jazz is dead", he used to say. This is patently not so but was probably Miles' way of distancing himself from the jazz prudes who distanced themselves from his music.

Alloof and arrogant to the end - "I don't have to hold the audience's hand," he told his one-time drummer Art Taylor in interviews for Taylor's book, *Notes And Tones*, "I figure they can judge for themselves, and those who don't like it don't have to like it" - he made a triumphant appearance at the Montreaux Jazz Festival last year, contributed music for Dennis Hopper's film, *The Hot Spot* (he played with bluesmen John Lee Hooker and Taj Mahal), saw the release of *No Blues*, a selection of unreleased material by the '60s Quintet, and died. He and Gil Evans had planned to record music from the opera *Tosca* and that would have been something. Neither lived to see it happen.

Miles Davis would have been sixty-six years old this month. Happy Birthday, Miles, wherever you are.



When in the mother city visit the home of jazz:

ROSIE'S.

Great music, fine food and happy company.

Book: (021) 419-0207

for Brunch, Lunch or Dinner

“don't believe in categories of any kind,” the late American musician once said. He proved the point by spending his career exploring nearly every conceivable variety of musical form, motif, and setting that existed - from the slithering, sensual riffs that were his trademark to the religious choral

suites that were his joy later in life.

His view of his craft was precise and succinct: “Music itself is a category of sound, but everything that goes into the ear is not music. Music is music, and that's it. If it sounds good, it's good music, and it depends on who's listening *how* good it sounds.”

Popular and classical music in the United States have changed dramatically since 1945 - a year that many critics would cite as the heyday of Duke Ellington's big band. But Ellington still continues to be hailed, saluted, and, above all, played today - more than 15 years after his death. It's not a case of his having been resurrected; he is not part of a tumultuous flood tide of nostalgia. It's simply that he never went away.

Why? “Because it's good music,” explains Frank Rutter, who is an Ellington expert of long standing. “And it's music very much of the people...music with which people identify quite easily,” says Rutter. “The fact that he's enduring, and even being played more, suggests that he epitomizes 20th-century American music. He is, I would say, *the original* American composer of this century.”

“He continues to be taken more seriously even after his death, and more recordings of his work are coming out now than ever came out in his entire lifetime,



from the early years

because jazz is being accorded a more serious status in music today that it was ever before,” says jazz critic Leonard Feather.

Ellington epitomized eclecticism. One level, the orchestra he founded in 1922 and directed until his death in 1974 remains one of his fundamental achievements. That orchestra, which he played like an instrument, continues to thrive under the baton of his son, Mercer. On another level, as composer, the Duke covered the waterfront, from pop to jazz to film and ballet scores and opera, from piano solos to inventive orchestral harmonies and lush, sweeping imagery. His work could be playful, it could be evocative, and it could be majestic.

“Jazz has overlapped everything I ever did,” he said late in his career, as he was dealing with more contemporary sounds. “I can't exactly define it,” he noted of the new directions he was pursuing. “It is just Ellington, I guess. The sounds come out of whatever perspective I write from at the moment.”

For example, “Black and Tan Fantasy” (1927), one of his earliest works, has been hailed for its compositional imagination and technique. “Mood Indigo” (1930) exemplifies the musician's harmonic imagination; it represented a musical breakthrough at the time of its emergence. What Ellington did, according to Gunther Schuller, a leading contemporary U.S. composer-conductor and jazz scholar, was to put “soft, velvety sounding mutes on the two brass instruments, bringing them in sonority and dynamics much closer to the pastel colors of the clarinet and drastically away from the forceful, virile, outgoing, traditional” brass sounds. This, Schuller notes, “had never been heard before in music. Not just in jazz, but in music altogether.”

the duke

the colours of his world were black, brown and beige - or black and tan, or indigo, or azure, or sepia, or blue. The language he spoke was music. The sentiments he expressed were universal, human. **Think jazz. Think pop. Think dance and movement.** Think velvety smoothness. Think Edward Kennedy Ellington. Duke Ellington. The Duke. By Michael J Bandler

At the core of Ellington's music was his belief in "the great value of our African heritage. All my compositions reflected it as far back as 1928 with 'Black Beauty'. I was always saying that black is beautiful," Ellington once noted.

His success, his professionalism, and the role he carved for himself as an artist and as a public figure had a profound influence on black America.

Leon Collins, the general manager of a radio station in Washington, recalls the time he spent as the custodian of the building in which Ellington's office was located. In the office were Ellington's numerous awards, trophies, and keys to cities garnered during his world travels.

"When I was alone, I'd sit and play his piano and fantasize about his life," says Collins. "It had a major impact on me to know that black people could travel the world, demand respect, rise above the limitations set by others. It let me know I could achieve."

Gail Dixon, a staff member at the Duke Ellington School of the Arts in Washington, points out that many students know little about Ellington when they arrive, having been "bombarded" with pop culture and the music they hear on radio, on records, and in the movies. "We owe it to them to say, 'Here's a whole other world that existed long before all of this.' And when they listen, really listen to the music of a man like Ellington, the response can be pretty amazing. The kids get a whole new sense of history with it. It's their heritage."

Ellington had an astounding gift for incorporating emotion and experience into his music. He once defined jazz as "having fun through freedom of expression." The truth was that that definition could fit the full body of his creativity.

As casual, free, and improvisational as jazz is, there was nothing offhand or accidental about Ellington's music. In his own words: "The writing and playing of music is a matter of intent. You can't just throw a paint brush against the wall and call whatever happens art. My music fits the tonal personality of the player. I think too strongly in terms of altering my music to fit the performer to be impressed by accidental music."

"Daybreak Express", a 1933 piece, re-created the sounds of a train (complete with a train whistle simulated by clarinets and muted trumpets)-pulling out of a railway station, barreling forward through the night, and then screeching to a halt at dawn. More than three decades later Ellington was including Latin and African rhythms and Japanese motifs in such works as "Afro Bossa" and "Ad Lib on Nippon," drawing these and other elements from his extensive world tours. And in the last years of his life, seeking to emphasize the linkage between religion and music, he immersed himself in composing serious liturgical pieces that were performed at concerts across the United States and abroad.

"I guess you could call what I write a continuing autobiography," he once suggested. "My music talks about the new people I keep meeting, the places I've seen, and the places I've seen change."

Despite his status in the world of jazz and popular music, certain music circles never gave Ellington his due. In his lifetime, as a serious composer. It was difficult for aficionados of classical music to see him in that light, in the same company

as such American contemporaries as Charles Ives and Aaron Copland.

It could not be comprehended, says Martin Williams, a jazz historian at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, that a man "who spent his whole career leading a dance band, or what passed for a dance band, and who in the minds of most people was a bandleader who wrote a lot of songs they know and that every cocktail pianist is required to have in his repertoire," could somehow be a major composer.

But he was. Ellington was born in Washington in 1899. His father, a worker in a naval yard and a butler in the evenings, had great expectations for his son to be an artist. At seven, Edward, a public elementary school student, began to study piano. The youth blossomed, ignoring sheet music and improvising his own melodies and accompaniment.

In his teens he took a job in an ice cream parlor. There was a piano in the place, and before long the young man was entertaining customers. When he was 17, the leader of a band offered him a spot in the ensemble. By the time Ellington was 23, he was leading his own band. And the course of his life - conducting and composing - was set.

The first of his creative periods - roughly from the mid-1920s through the 1930s - defined unmistakably Ellington's indefatigability, if not his musical range, which expanded as the decades went by. His world was jazz and swing: He and his orchestra played in theaters, on college campuses, at the legendary Cotton Club in New York City's Harlem section, and on the radio, and they made the first in what was to be a vast array of recordings. "It Don't Mean a Thing If It Ain't Got That Swing" was the name of one of the Duke's most popular compositions, but in time it became the catch-phrase with which Ellington was enduringly identified.

Most significantly, Ellington established himself as one of the first musicians seriously concerned about composition and musical form in jazz - rather than mere improvisation, arranging, and dabbling with tunes.

In 1943, at New York City's Carnegie Hall, Ellington conducted the premiere of his *Black, Brown and Beige Suite*, a tonal history of blacks in America. Other major pieces followed, as well as music for such theater pieces as *Jump for Joy* and *Beggar's Holiday*. He composed *Liberian Suite* in 1947 to mark the 100th anniversary of the African country's founding.

Ellington launched his 1950s creativity with *Harlem*, a towering symphonic jazz work that was commissioned by conductor Arturo Toscanini for the National Broadcasting Company's symphony orchestra; he continued creating multitemovement pieces, some of them based on his travels abroad, which increased as 1950s ensued. To an extent, the longer pieces were a response to a technological advance of the time - the development of the long-playing record. He also added film scoring to his repertoire (*The Asphalt Jungle* in 1950, and *Anatomy of a Murder* in 1959).

His continued involvement with extended suites in the 1960's (*Suite Thursday*, *Perfume Suite*, *Far East Suite*), blended with his immersion in the creation of sacred music, starting with *In the Beginning God*, a work for orchestra, chorus, soloist, and

dancer that premiered in 1965 in a San Francisco, California, cathedral. To mark the opening of the John F. Kennedy Centre for the Performing Arts in Washington in 1971, Ellington wrote an original composition, "The River," that was set to dance by choreographer Alvin Alley. In the years that followed, before and after Duke's death, Alley continued to use the composer's music in such seminal dance pieces as "Reflections in D" and "The Mooche."

Awards began to come his way in the last years of his life. Foremost among them was the Presidential Medal of Honor, which President Richard Nixon presented to Ellington on April 29, 1969, at a White House dinner, with musicians Benny Goodman and Dizzy Gillespie, composer Richard Rodgers, and singer Mahalia Jackson looking on. The occasion was the Duke's 70th birthday, and the first such presentation of the Nixon administration. A 90-minute concert followed that featured jazz greats Clark Terry, Louis Bellson, Urbie Green, and Gerry Mulligan.

"Duke Ellington is one who has carried the message of freedom to all the nations of the world through music, through understanding," proclaimed the president, "understanding that reaches over all national boundaries and over all boundaries of prejudice and over all boundaries of language."

The official citation read that the honor was due the musician for having "long enhanced American music with his unique style, his intelligence, his impeccable taste," and because, in four decades, "he has helped to span the frontiers of jazz, while...retaining in his music the individuality and freedom of expression that are the soul of jazz."

Honors flowed. The United States and the Republic of Togo placed his portrait on postage stamps. The Swedish Academy of Music and the U.S. National Institute of Arts and Letters elected him to membership. France gave him its Legion of Honor, and Spain its President's Gold Medal. New York City gave him its bronze medal and named a boulevard in his honor. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People gave him its Spingarn Medal, and 24 U.S. colleges and universities gave him honorary doctoral degrees. And then there was the steady stream of music industry awards.

His creative drive never waned. Even at the time of his death, he was struggling to invent, imagine, design, working enthusi-

astically on a theater piece he termed a "street opera." It was called *Queenie Pie*, and it related the fable of a beautiful Harlem hairdresser, the toast of her community, who discovers that love is more gratifying than power and wealth. It blended clever patter (lyrics) with Ellington's unique gift for jazz improvisation and blues. He left it unfinished when he died in 1974. Twelve years later, thanks to his son, Mercer Ellington, as well as to the Duke's associate Betty McGettigan, the work was performed to a warm critical reception.

Looking back on Duke Ellington's career, critics and commentators have pointed to his earlier works - the music that flowed out of his fertile imagination during the 1930s and 1940s - as the Duke's most brilliantly satisfying. But some revisionist thinking has set in, suggesting that the compositions of the mid-1950s through the early 1970s - the score of years before Ellington's death - are well worth a second look.

"It's an old line, to attack Ellington's extended later work," jazz critic Gary Giddens says scornfully. "Whenever he brought out a new work, it was always judged to be a decline from an extended work of five years earlier," Giddens observes, arguing that from 1956 on, Ellington's music "is endless and very, very rich."

Stanley Crouch, also a critic, agrees with Giddens' assessment. "Ellington's evolution is paralleled by few artists in the entire history of jazz or of any other art... This man continued to develop from his middle twenties until his death 50 years later."

The 90th anniversary of the Duke's birth, in 1989, brought a flood of symposiums, commemorative concerts, new issues of recordings, lectures, film showings, and theatrical productions. The Smithsonian Institution's Museum of American History in Washington plans to use its new acquired Ellington documents - 200,000 papers, photos, tapes, and other archival material - as the core of an expanding commitment to American music that will make the museum the national center for the study of jazz.

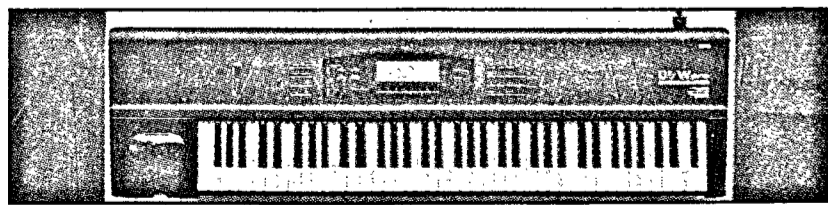
Again and again, the themes echo. "Satin Doll." "It Don't Mean a Thing." "Solitude." "Sophisticated Lady." "I'm Beginning to See the Light."

The light - the silken Ellington glow - still burns as brightly as ever

Courtesy of U.S. Information Service.

C H E C K T H I S O U T

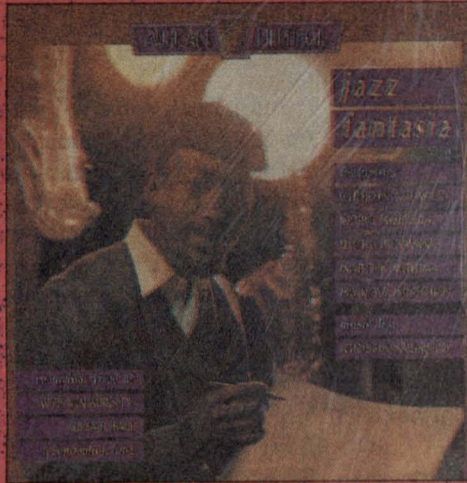
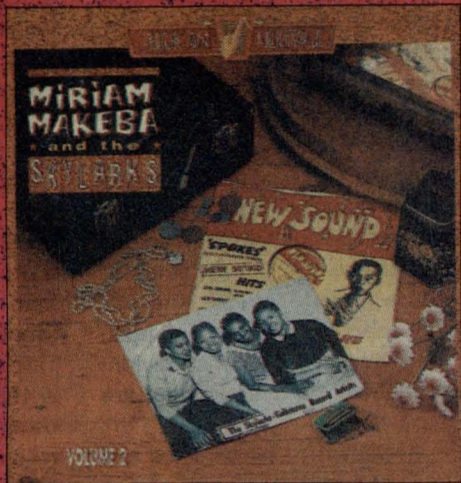
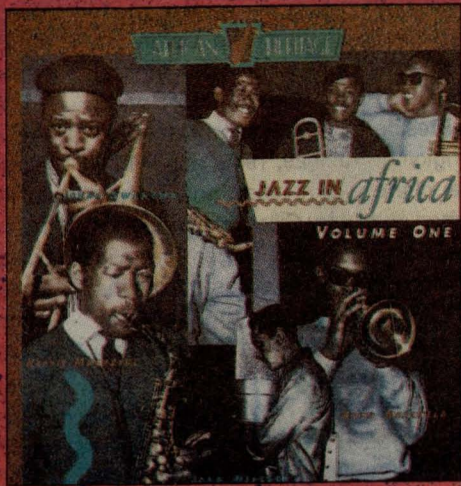
Phil Collins and Tony Banks from Genesis on the Korg 01/W Workstation. "Korg has come up with a synth that has some of the hottest sounds we've ever heard. Sound is what we are all about, so we choose the Korg 01/W Workstation."



Check the latest Korg gear out at one of the following authorized Korg dealers:
(011) 886 8572/3 Leigh/Chris
(011) 823 2811 Iggi
(012) 663 3325/6 Graehme/Kevin

KORG IT'S TIME TO PLAY FOLLOW THE LEADER
- 01/W FD & 01/W

SERIES



AVAILABLE NOW AT ALL TEAL RECORD OUTLETS





FM
104-107

Radio South Africa



The Voice Of Jazz

JAZZ AT . . . (SATURDAYS AT 9.45 PM / TUESDAYS AT 11.15 PM)
South Africa's leading jazz musicians (and visitors from abroad) are heard in sessions recorded at venues around the country

MAINLY TRADITIONAL (SATURDAY LUNCHTIME AT 12.30 PM)
Gems from the rare collection of the late Malcolm Hunter, introduced by John Simpson. A feast for the "trad" fans!

SING, SWING AND ALL THAT JAZZ (WEDNESDAY AT MIDNIGHT)
Music from the Swing era and the Big Bands, compiled and presented by Henry Holloway

MILLS AFTER MIDNIGHT (THURSDAYS AT 12.15 AM)
Dave Mills, former drummer with the Temperance Seven, provides some tracks, titles and artists never before heard on the South African airwaves

SOMETHING new

Something older

MUSA NDWANDE was at Kippies to hear some new stars born and a veteran prove his worth

What could have been an unwelcome disappointment turned out to be a piece of serendipity for fans at Kippie's jaz den this month.

While Bayete tops the May bill at weekends, it had been arranged that Umbongo's intepid bassist, Glenn Mafoko, would occupy the weekday slots. But an eleventh-hour apology from Mafoko made this, sadly, impossible. Guitarist Themba Mokoena and saxman Scorpion Madondo offered themselves as substitutes, but this, too, fell through when Madondo failed to show amid unconfirmed rumours of illness. It definitely wasn't Kippie's manager Arthur Habeli's day. Nor was it a positive response from jazz musicians whose complaints about lack of gigs are heard almost as frequently as their solos.

However, a last-minute dash by Habeli and the willingness of two young musicians saved the show, and the stage was set for yet another memorable evening at the club.

The visibly let-down Mokoena was transformed into an assuaged guitar maestro, as Mochoko Mapefawe (guitar) and Lipalesa Lebabo (bass) joined him on stage. What followed was a joyous chorus of strings, evoking a range of memories from Stanley Jordan to Pat Metheny and more as the impromptu trio got down to business.

It was inspiring to see budding bassist Lebabo — the only member of the outfit lacking professional experience and exposure — going through her paces without hiccups. Her flawless performance and confident approach with even the most complicated jazz arrangements makes her a candidate for South Africa's new roll of stars. Lebabo is still a student and rightly concedes "In music, I don't think one ever stops being a student." She credits boyfriend and tutor Mapefwe with much of what she knows today.

Mapefwe wrote most of the material the trio performed. His career began at the Mmabana cultural centre in Bophuthatswana, but he's also no stranger to the local scene, having played with Sankomota and the African Jazz Pioneers, among other bands.

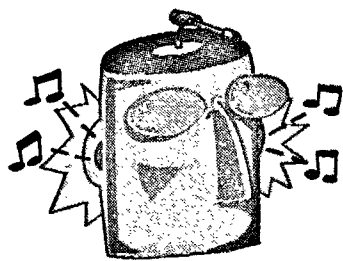
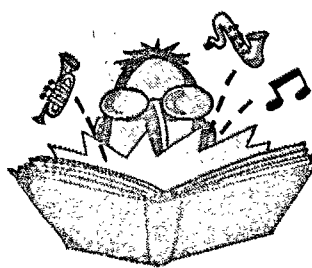
Mokoena's deft and experienced hand pulled the group together, to produce a sound which was tight, excitingly fresh and yet authentic. It's a feat that becomes all the more remarkable when one considers that the show was literally put together on the stage. The three had never even rehearsed together before.

Undoubtedly the highlight of the performance, Mokoena's extraordinary solos coaxed spontaneous applause from an otherwise retiring audience. As the show progressed, artists and audience came together on a common musical wavelength. His lyrical guitar filled obvious gaps in the younger Mapefwe's renditions. Mokoena emerged like a raging bull when it was his turn to improvise, sometimes adding a percussive touch, sometimes a tantalising melodic fragment, always a challenging ingenuity.

"I was in a very awkward position, as I had never rehearsed with these musicians and most of the material we played was theirs," he later told *Two Tone*.

The 42-year-old Pietermaritzburg-born guitarist was drawing on the wealth of experience he has gained playing with what is virtually a Who's Who of South African jazz history over the past two decades. His presence alongside Mapefwe and Lebabo made the show a tribute to the stars of yesteryear, today, and tomorrow.

reviews



THE CD revolution has had a number of interesting spin-offs and I was the recipient of one of the less expected of these the other week. My house was burgled and, while the CD player and cassette deck were removed, the turntable wasn't even touched. It seems that even housebreakers are convinced of the impending death of vinyl. So, too, are record retailers; if one is to draw any conclusions from the rash of record sales that appears to have broken out around the country.

For late, and so far not entirely convinced, comes to the compact disc regime like me this has been kid-in-a-candy-store stuff. So, in a month where I've been unable to listen to new material on CD - in truth, I've only been offered Grusin's Gershwin thing in the jazz field - I've been scouring the record shops seeking to plug some gaps in my collection. Let me tell you about a few things I've seen, at half-price or less, in the hope that those of you who haven't thrown out your record collections - stand up, real music fans - might be persuaded to perform the same exercise.

Who knows, you may do even better than I have, Durban not being exactly the centre of the jazz universe.

Some local record shops have been buying up CBS vinyl deletions from an overseas source. This has resulted in more Bob Dylan albums than you've ever seen in your life suddenly becoming available at very reasonable prices. But not much jazz, it would seem, except for Charles Mingus' *Shoes of The Fisherman's Wife* and three Miles Davis albums which are absolutely worth getting if you don't already have them.

Sketches of Spain, perhaps Miles' most perfect collaboration with arranger Gil Evans, is available in a sleeve I've not seen before and is worth twice the asking price of R19.99 - avoid shops that want more - for the spare, spacious reworking of Rodrigo's *Concierto De Aranjuez* alone. Written for the guitar, it's transformed by Davis into one of the most evocatively moving trumpet performances in jazz. An earlier Davis/Evans project, the music from Gershwin's *Porgy And Bess*, which seems to have been tailor-made for the trumpeter, is also available as part of these deletions, as is *Miles & Monk At Newport*, featuring the 1958 Miles Davis Sextet and the Thelonious Monk Quartet on a side

each. Miles starts with a frantic *Ah-Leu-Cha* with Coltrane and Adderley vying for space before relaxing into *Straight No Chaser*, strutting through *Fran-Dance* and closing with a stunning *Two Bass Hit*.

Monk's side is from 1963 and features Pee Wee Russell on extended versions of two of the pianist's best loved tunes, *Nutty* and *Blue Monk*.

Other Davis albums available recently in Durban at least, at bargain prices, are *Birth of The Cool*, his first association with Gil Evans, *ESP* and *Nefertiti* with the brilliant '60s Quintet, and two later recordings which I had not considered worth buying before. *The Man With The Horn* and *You're Under Arrest*. I was wrong. Just about all Miles Davis is worth buying. *The Man With The Horn* was his return to recording after taking a break of several years at the the of the '70s and, with the possible exception of the title track, sung by Randy Hall, it's a pretty impressive return. *You're Under Arrest* is mid-'80s jazz-funk played better than almost anyone else was capable of, and it includes Davis' beautiful rendition of the Cyndi Lauper ballad, *Time After Time*.

When the Roots Record Company launched its Fantasy jazz reissue series a couple of years ago it made available several classic recordings, not all of which have sold as well as they deserved. A result of this has been that at least three utterly essential albums are now regularly available at ridiculously low prices - often less than R10.00 - at even the newsagent and department store record sales. *The Best of Miles Davis* features the great '50s Quintet and includes the whole of *Cooking'* which has been difficult to obtain for some time.

The other two are among the finest tenor sax records ever made - Sonny Rollins' *Saxophone Colossus* and *Way Out West*. Rollins was arguably an even better player than Coltrane when these albums were made and *Saxophone Colossus* has rightly been called "a masterpiece of spontaneous composition". This distinctive feature of Rollins' playing is particularly evident on the brooding *Blue Seven*. On *Way Out West* Rollins drops the piano and replaces his favourite drummer Max Roach with the more relaxed Shelly Manne, which gives him even more improvisational space. The results are no less than remarkable.

One of my happiest recent bargains was *Goin' Home*, an inspirational set of spirituals performed on tenor and soprano by the controversial Archie Shepp, with only Horace Parlan's piano for company. Given Shepp's reputation for unusual intonation and off-the-wall flights of passion there's a good deal of tension around as he tackles the likes of *Amazing Grace*, *Motherless Child*, *Swing Low Sweet Chariot*, *Goin' Home* (less sentimentally than Dvorak) and others. However, he keeps his idiosyncracies to the bare minimum and the occasional left-field improvisatory

flashes actually enhance the stately reverence of the tunes.

ECM releases were once the flavour of the month (or several months) and record retailers tended to overstock on Northern European releases featuring widescreen sax, singing bass, synthesized guitar washes and random exotic sounds from an array of unusual instruments. When this worked - the best of Jan Garbarek, Bill Frisell and a few others - the results were spectacularly beautiful. When it didn't, they were particularly dull.

A result of the overstocking has been a disproportionately large number of ECM recordings available at low prices. Check out the *Works* series of compilations by artists like Frisell (especially strong), Garbarek (wintry and sometimes apparently passionless, but it grows), the brilliant but often maddeningly bland guitarist Pat Metheny and iconoclastic Chicago trumpeter Lester Bowie. I got Bowie's double *All The Magic!* for a pittance. From the opening *For Louie* with its strong gospel flavour and powerful singing by Bowie's wife Fontella Bass, through a lurching, brassy *Let The Good Times Roll* and the very odd *Miles Davis Meets Donald Duck* (which actually contrives to sound like both) to the closing *Organic Echo* where the solo Bowie trumpet creates eerie overtones by being played *into* a piano, the album is a gem, if a sometimes challenging one.

Paul Motian has been called the most musical of drummers. Judging by the half a dozen or so of his titles in the sale bins, his recordings haven't sold locally. Let me recommend three to you: the appropriately named *Psalm* and *It Should've Happened A Long Time Ago*, both of which feature modern favourites Bill Frisell and Joe Lovano in performances that rely as much on texture and overall sound as they do on structure or improvisation, and the earlier *Tribute*, whose star is the marvellous bassist/composer Charlie Haden and which includes Haden's intensely emotive *Song For Che*.

Recordings by Motian's most famous employer, pianist Bill Evans, are freely available around these parts at very good prices, too, but newcomers should try to get the Village Vanguard live recordings.

Finally (because I'm running out of space and not because I've done any more than scratch the surface of what's available) I've noticed plenty of bargain priced albums by two of the greatest post-bop alto players, Ornette Coleman and Eric Dolphy. I was especially glad to pick up two of the three *Eric Dolphy At The Five Spot* volumes. By the way, the low priced *Giants of Jazz Immortal Concerts* CD series - pretty widely available, even at newsagents - includes a Dolphy disc gleaned from this great concert.

But the *Giants of Jazz* CDs are a recommendation for another day.

RICHARD HASLOP

STATUESQUE Ethiopian singer Aster Aweke lives in Washington D.C. where she supports herself by waitressing. She first went to the States two years ago at the invitation of expatriate Ethiopians to sing at an annual soccer tournament in Texas. Aster stayed and became a US asset. She has just released her second album *Kabu* (Sacred Stone) on which she is backed by a fine crop of London jazz players who do full justice to her unusual voice and spectacular delivery. While the rhythms range from complex African to smooth jazz-funk, Aster's voice displays a remarkable variety of modalities, from coaxing to celebratory, yearning to rapturous. The album opens with *Yedi Gosh* (My Guy), a sensual uptempo number where Aweke's voice quivers and swoops to be interrupted at times by whistling interludes and melodic purring. The second track *Yaz-oh* (Get it on) is a steadily pounding dance ditty calling for a techno remix, while the title track is a brooding ballad on which her voice soars and plummets from mountain peak highs to below sea level - yet remains understated with a quiet intensity. Other highlights include the slow *Bati*, the most Arabic-sounding of the lot, *Tchewata* (Romance) almost reminiscent of Laurie Anderson in its devotional dirge-like power over a trance-inducing drum pattern and with a particularly impressive acoustic bass and dramatic finger clicks. The closing track *Bitchenga* (Loneliness) is a searing ballad encompassing some amazing vocal acrobatics.

The tracks, a mix of Aster's own songs and traditional Amharic tunes, are vastly different from all the other styles of African music familiar to these ears. Different and ecstatically good - and there's a lyric sheet with English translations.

Amongst Q Magazine's pick of the best world-music albums of 1991 are the latest offering from the Zairean giant Tabu Ley Rochereau and a compilation of female vocalists from Mali. Tabu Ley's *Man from Kinshasa* (Shanachie 43089) ebbs and flows on a hypnotic stream of infectious guitars, inspiring trumpets and joyful horns in traditional Soukous style with its buoyant polyrhythmic patterns. Tabu Ley's songs take in politics (*Londende* (Fog) deals with corruption) and society (*Lisolou Ya Ngungi* (Talk Like a Mosquito) celebrates the 'pavement radio,' the rumour mongers of Kinshasa.) But the album's real tour de force is the 7 minute *Maputo*, where the infectious hook is caressed by the most exquisite of female backing choruses. All through the album the golden flowing guitar lines and bubbling rhythms ensure a rapturous listening experience.

From further north, the Wassoulou region of the West African republic of Mali, comes *The Wassoulou Sound: Women of Mali* (Stern's STCD1035). Mandinka music has previously hit the world-music scene via Salif Keita, Mory Kante and Kasse Mady. The non-hereditary musicians from Wassoulou sing about everyday problems and how to deal with them. Themes include personal concerns and moral dilemmas, such as true love versus arranged marriages. Included here are established stars such as Kagbe Sidibe and Coumba Sidibe who have been famous in West Africa since the 1960s, as well as younger

singers like Sali Sidibe and Dienaba Diakite. The Arab-influenced music mixes traditional instruments such as the Kamal Ngoni (a type of 6-string guitar) and the Djembe (deerhide drum) with modern keyboards, electric guitars, flute, strings and bass, to harmonious effect. The best tracks are full of infectious riffs but the vocals are really exceptional: tough and earthy, soaring and rousing, their purity is underlined by the Arabic call and response delivery, as starkly beautiful as a cathedral of bones at midnight.

PIETER UYS

ANYONE WHO WAS AROUND Botswana in the early to mid-80s (before the SADF hammered a creative cultural scene into the ground) would have heard two of the most exciting bands then working in the region. One was Hugh Masekela's Kalahari, which made it on to vinyl. Fans should need no reminding about tunes of the calibre of *Pula Ea Na*. The other, which didn't, was Jonas Gwangwa's Shakawe. Shakawe combined South African talents like Gwangwa, Dennis Mpale and Tony Cedras, with Botswana like guitarist Bonjo Kedepile and drummer Tsholofelo Giddle to create a sound which was remarkable both for its dynamism and for the way it built bridges between the different musics of the region.

Several of the tunes penned during that period can be heard on Gwangwa's album *Flowers of the Nation*. And much of the spirit of the music — plus some new things, because original music never stands still — also lives in Steve Dyer's album *Southern Freeway*, released in this country by Soul Brothers Music.

Pietermaritzburg-born Dyer, who leads the band, is another graduate of the Shakawe academy. Dyer plays sax, flute and keyboards on the album (as well as EWI, guitar and a few other things off it.) But the album is also a showcase for his compositional skills, as most of the tunes are his. His music has moved off in a different direction from Gwangwa's, taking mbaqanga closer to the dance rhythms of central Africa, but still drawing on the rich South African jazz improvisational tradition — and still very conscious of the history the music carries.

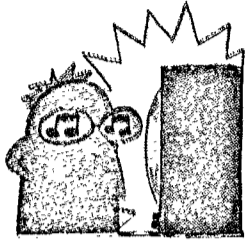
The slightly more northerly flavour is helped by a team of Zimbabwean guests and band regulars: jazz veterans like flugelhorn-player Paul Lunga and guitarist Jonah Marmahoko; drummer Jethro Shasha, guitarist Louis Mhlanga, plus South Africans like reedman Rick van Heerden and keyboardist Themba Mkhize. Vocals are by Dyer and Thandeka Ngoni, and there's a stalwart rhythmic spine throughout from guitarist Handsome Mabiza, bassist Never Mpofo and drummer Ebba Chitambo.

That the music strikes chords for South African listeners is already clear: one track, *Umkhumbane*, has topped the Radio Metro charts. But the album provides a much broader sampling, from the rumbustious Tswana pop of *Thabiso* and *Lerato La Me* (this latter co-written with Sinnah Thibedi, a songwriter who ought to be much better known) to the fusion flavour of Mhlanga's easy, lyrical guitar on *With Friends*, to the

more stretched out modern jazz solos of Dyer and Van Heerden on *A New Song*. And there's a nod to a much older jazz in *Spoke of the Wheel*, which Dyer has described as a "homage to Spokes Mashiane and all the other fathers of the music," chewed up and spat out by the industry.

It's an album that's hard to categorise, but it offers something for everyone who loves the music of the region — and who loves dancing.

BONGI NALEDI



LIKE MOST SOUTH AFRICANS I'm a relative newcomer to the field of what these days — for want of a classification that actually says something about what is contained by it — is lumped together any old how as "world" music. I should admit that at the outset, before attempting to say anything at all about Graeme Ewens' book *Africa O-Ye!*

I should also admit, more specifically, that like that of most South Africans, submerged as we have been in cultural boycotts, isolationist social engineering and almost xenophobic apathy for the last half century, my knowledge of African music and cultural values is at best skimpy.

One of the things I am trying to do here is to make a general disclaimer: this is not an informed and critical assessment of Ewens' approach to the obscurer or even the more general issues surrounding the emergence and interweaving of post-traditional African musical styles.

The other is that, for one as ignorant as I, the book provides an excellent — if perhaps overly dense — introduction to an extraordinarily vibrant network of cultural styles.

Concentrating mainly on crossover styles, the ways in which African artistes have melded western pop, jazz and blues influences on traditional forms and inheritances, the book provides in the first instance a kind of encyclopaedia of later twentieth century African popular music. Even if the piling up of detail — the thousands and thousands of obscure African artistes that are dealt in developing such arcane themes and detours as the growth of a recording industry in Senegal — may defeat your attention span at times, you will find some reference at least to just about any artiste about whom you may be interested in finding out.

But despite the frequent difficulty in sitting down and reading the book through, Ewens has made his vastly amorphous subject — relatively — accessible by approaching it by region and by sphere of influence. Thus, for instance, one of his chapters deals with influence of Islamic forms on the music of North Africa, another explores the growth of highlife in West and Central Africa, a substantial section explores the role of music in the liberation of Southern Africa, and so on.

And he does, in a superb couple of

introductory chapters provide a context for understanding the whole post-colonial African music phenomenon. Discussing issues like rhythm and melodic inflection, the centrality of dance and the roots of blues and jazz in African polyrhythm, Ewens demonstrates the ways in which African music — the seedbed for almost all contemporary popular music — has reassimilated

its own diasporal roots to produce new and often vigorous life in a popular music world much in need of regeneration.

Africa O-Ye! is perhaps too much to swallow whole — as I did in reviewing it. And even in bite sized pieces, you may get a little factual indigestion. But it's nothing a little musical Eno's won't cure.

IVOR POWELL

HAVE A DRINK. GO TO THE JAZZ.

Kippies, the best jazz club in South Africa, is just one of the many attractions at the Market Theatre. Fine restaurants, exotic wares, eye opening curtain raisers, there's something new, whenever you go to the heart of Johannesburg's pulse. The Market Theatre Complex.



SUBSCRIBE NOW!

...and get a 50% discount on entrance to Kippies — plus a chance of a free jazz album or CD.

Two Tone is offering every subscriber from this month a 50% discount on entrance to Kippies until June 1993. You'll receive a personal Two Tone/Kippies discount card which you can present when you buy tickets. (Card use subject to certain rules) And the first twenty subscribers this month will win an African Heritage album or Miles Davis CD.

Fill in the subscription form on this page NOW to qualify for these offers. Send the completed form, together with the amazingly reasonable sum of R30 for 12 issues, to:

Two Tone P O Box 177 Newtown 2113



NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
.....CODE.....
TEL.....

CERTAIN DISCOVERIES ONLY

COME WITH EXPERIENCE.

LIKE KREST GINGER ALE.

NOT TOO FIZZY, NOT TOO SWEET,

IT'S THE ADULT TASTE.



PENTA 766

kan afrikaans nie maar los loop nie?

VRA FANIE OLIVIER IN DIÉ WEEK SE GESELSRUBRIEK



NOU JA: Geliefde gemeente hier staan ek nou, om weer my Boerepreek te hou!

Of soos Adam gesê het: "Vrinne, lat ons die Bybel oepsaan en lat ons daaryt lies."

Of soos Tannie Elize met die *Agenda*-storie oor die Soveelste Afrikaanse Taalbeweging beweer het: Met Christelike verantwoordelike sal ons Afrikaans bevorder.

(Hoe die honderdduisende Moslems wat die aartsdraers van Afrikaans is, oor so 'n stelling moet voel, moet ook maar stof tot nadenke bly.)

In ieder geval, Broers en Susters, die formele Taalbewaarders is op ons, en ons sal vir onself

rekenkap moet gee saam met DF Malan: Quo Vadis, Stigting vir Afrikaans?

As teksvers gee die Stigting vir ons die volgende leuse: "Afrikaans, die Vriendelike Taal".

Meer as twintig jaar gelede, by die eerste volwaardige Kaapse aanbieding van *Kanna hykō hystoe*, was die debat oor Afrikaans se voortbestaan 'n traumatiese een. Maar nie toe vir die Afrikaner-establishment nie. Nee, vir enkele skrywers, en hier en daar 'n taalkundige met 'n gewete.

Vir die ander was dit die triomfjare van apartheid, met die omkeer van die swart stroom na die stede net vier, vyf jaar ver. Vir die burokrate in Pretoria was die Kapenaars Hotnots, en Eersterus dit wat op dooierus volg.

As die FAK in Windhoek vergader, word daar gelag oor die idee van 'n inklusiewe, groter, nie-rassige Afrikaans, en word Breyten Breytenbach weer eens voorgehou as simbool van alles wat verwerplik is en met 'n smet vir die Afrikaner/Afrikaans. En waar is Windhoek nou?

Afrikaans was wit en wonderlik: witter as sneeu, ja, witter as sneeu.

Afrikaans, die Vriendelike Taal!

TOE HET DIE akteurs in Small se stuk geweier om Afrikaans te praat met 'n whitey, en het die gety begin draai teen Afrikaans met sy Base by swart Suid-Afrika. Maar nog steeds was daar so min ore wat kon hoor en oë wat kon sien.

In 1975 sê Jan Rabie (waaragtig is hy die Onze Jan van Afrikaans): "Afrikaans word aangekla as vasgekeerde boelietaal; laat ons juis nou skryf om Afrikaans te laat uitsê, oopsing, volledig van terroris tot vryheidsvegter."

Boelietaal, apartheidstaal, bevrydingstaal, "language of the oppressor", rassistiese taal.

Taal van 90 dae, taal van 180 dae, taal van Aanhouding Sonder Verhoor. Taal van die Baas en die Miesies, waarin Kaffers en Meide en Houtkoppe en Koelies vandag nog rondloop in my dorp se strate.

Agt jaar gelede, aan die vooraand van die grootskaalse ineenstorting van die Suid-Afrikaanse gemeenskap, toe PW Botha nie eens met 'n duikboot die Rubicon wou oor nie, verklaar Leonard Koza reeds: "Ondanks wat die stelsel aan ons gemaak het, het ons steeds 'n liefde vir die taal. Deur ons aanvoeling vir die taal bewys ons dat ons die taal steeds bevorder. Die taal is 'n brug tussen mense. Wat 'n nasie doen, is nie die skuld van die taal nie."

Swaar dra, al aan die een kant, swaar dra, al aan die een kant, swaar dra, al aan die een kant: die Taal met sy hoepelbeen!

NATUURLIK IS Afrikaans nie 'n rassistiese taal nie, maar dit is 'n taal waarin rassisme gepleeg en bedrieglik bestendig is. Natuurlik is Afrikaans nie 'n vriendelike taal nie, maar dit is 'n taal waarin hande gevat en blomme gepluk kan word as daar nog 'n vlei iewers oor is.

Maar 'n taal se gesig kan niemand organiseer nie, en veral nie wanneer daar soveel seer en seer veel agterdog teenoor die manipuleerders van daardie taal gekoester word nie.

Wat anders kan mense buite die Broederkring dink, as dat dit weer pure Boereverneukery is, dié skielike oopmaak van die hand? As die Susters frons by die basaar, die biblioteek sy hart toehou vir die mense waarvan die swart gaan afkom op die papier?

By 'n ietwat mislukte onthaal van een van die persgroepe wie se baas nou in die Raad van Trustees van die Stigting vir Afrikaans sit, skitter die aand wit soos watte, wit soos wol. En orals, amper reëlmag, duik daar in die Afrikaanse gesprekke nuwe, rassistiese ondertone op. Bo blink, maar onder stink, soos dit vir jare seker ook met bourgeois Engels gegaan het.

Afrikaners is plesierig, dit kan julle glo. Hulle hou van Partytjies, en dan maak hulle so. En van Organisasies, Federasies, Verenigings en Stigtings.

Ek is dol op Afrikaans, en, soos Breyten sê, niks kan dit ontwy nie. Maar nou, in Mei 1992, is die laaste ding wat nodig was dat iemand Afrikaans opnuut inpalm en die soveelste gesig probeer oplak en verkoop: Afrikaans, die Vriendelike Taal.

Ek het so gehoop soos die mitiese Nuwe Suid-Afrika gestalte kry, sal Afrikaans vir die eerste keer toegelaat word om sommer net los te loop. Almal se darling, wat vir haar in al haar lekkerte sal wil kom vry. Of vir hom.

Kom ons los Afrikaans, lat hy sy loep kan kry. Groot asseblief!

'n eerste virsa: 'n graad in sportbestuur

TIM SANDHAM SE SPORTRUBRIEK



GISTER op die herfsplegtigheid van die Randse Afrikaanse Universiteit (RAU) is daar vir die eerste keer grade in Sportbestuur toegeken. Die 38 ontvangers van die graad B Com Sportbestuur is enig in hul soort in Suid-Afrika.

"Daar is baie min universiteite internasionaal wat die kursus aanbied soos wat ons dit doen," sê prof Johan Gouws, voorsitter van die Departement Sportbestuur, "die ander is hoofsaaklik 'n LO-graad met enkele bestuursvakke wat bygewerk word."

By die RAU daarenteen is Menslike Bewegingskunde (voorheen LO) steeds een van drie hoofvakke. Die ander twee is Bedryfseksonomie en Bedryfsielkunde. 'n Verdere dosis bestuurswetenskaplike vakke word toegedien in die vorm van Ekonomie, Rekeningkunde en Kommersiële Reg. Hoewel die kursus deels gemik is op sportlui, is dit gewis nie 'n foefie om hulle besig te hou terwyl hulle in universiteitskleure deelneem nie.

Volgens Gouws het die RAU vier jaar gelede besef dat daar 'n behoefte bestaan vir 'n kursus in sportbestuur en rekreasie. Daar is nie net verwag dat Suid-Afrika 'n hertoetredende tot internasionale sport sou maak nie, maar ook dat daar voorbereidings getref moet word vir die integrering van voorheen aparte (wit en swart) sport en ontspanningsgeriewe. Verder het die geweldige kommersialisering van sport ook 'n behoefte geskep vir vernuwendende bestuursvaardighede.

"Ons afgestudeerdes word in uiteenlopende velde aangewend," sê Gouws, "heelparty is werksaam in die parke en ontspanningsafdelings van munisipaliteite. Ander is personeelbeamptes by maatskappye en bestuurders van fiksheidsgimnasiums."

Buiten die graadkursus en sy nagraadse komponente is daar 'n ses week sertifikaat-kursus wat persone met BA-grade sonder 'n onderbou in Menslike Bewegingskunde kan volg ter voorbereiding vir die honneurskursus.

Vanjaar is daar 23 honneursstudente en 144 eerstejaars. Die kursus lok studente van oor die hele land en is verseker van sy voortbestaan. Tog gaan die inname van studente vanaf volgende jaar tot 100 beperk word. "Ons ervaar probleme met die praktiese en blootstellingskursusse as daar te veel eerstejaars is," meen Gouws.

Daar is veral twee gebiede waar ontwikkeling beoog word: sportsielkunde en sportkommunikasie - veral op honneursvlak. In moderne sport is die sielkundige voorbereiding amper net so belangrik soos die fisieke voorbereiding en toon eersgenoemde al hoe meer die verskil tussen twee top-atlete aan.

Ook die (soms ondraaglike) druk wat die media op 'n sportster kan uitoefen is onlosmaaklik deel van die multi-miljoen rand industrie wat sport deesdae is. Die kursus in Sportkommunikasie is deels bedoel om die sportbestuurder en sportmens voor te berei op die eise wat die moderne media stel. Dit is ook gemik op lede van die media wat op hulle beurt die sport vanuit die atleet se oogpunt beter wil verstaan.

Met bekwame bestuurders wat beide sport en sakevernuif het, kan Suid-Afrika se hertoetredende tot die internasionale sportarena met welslae en selfvertroue verloop.

BOP OP SY KOP

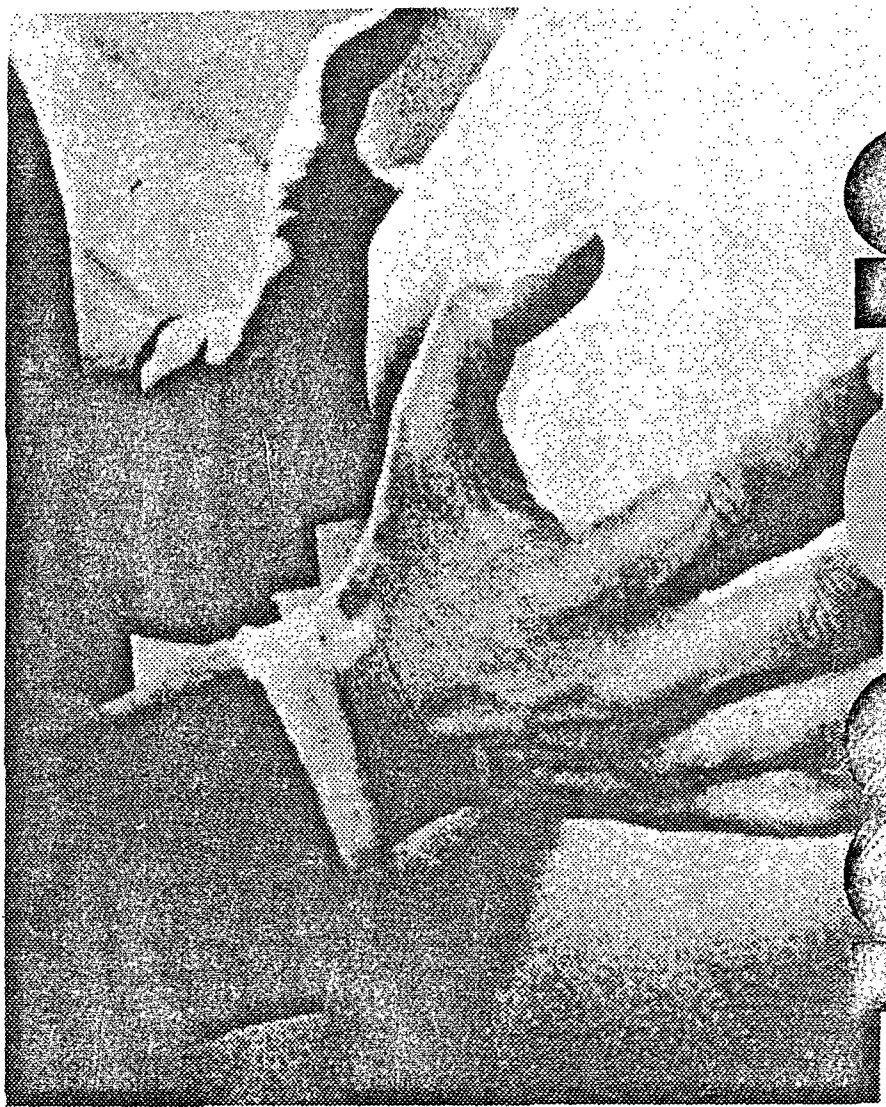
Terwyl die verbete stryd tussen SAUK se *Topsport* en M-NET se *Supersport* om die beste sportdekking aan Suid-Afrika te verskaf, voortwoed, gaan Bop-TV sy normale onvoorspelbare gang. Bop se sportdekking kan nie met die van die ander twee senders s'n vergelyk nie en dit lyk nie of hulle probeer kompeteer nie. Op Saterdagmiddae, prima sport kyktyd in enigiemand se boek, wys Bop Bugs Bunny-tekenprente. As jy nie kan meeding nie moet jy alternatiewe kykstof bied.

Die sport wat Bop wel bied, is 'n unieke mengsel van internasionale sofistikasie en plaaslike talent. Die afgelope twee weke is albei bene van die eindstryd van die Italiaanse Beker tussen Juventus en Parma regstreeks aangebied. Gedurende halftyd was daar nie ateljeegaste wat verdere (soms oorbodige) kommentaar gelewer het nie. Daar is 'n kort dokumentêre program oor die opkoms van sokker in Afrika vertoon.

Op Sondae (heel paslik, net na Jimmy Swaggart sy weergawe van die evangelie) word Amerikaanse rofstoei aangebied, elke Donderdagaand 'n opsomming van die week se Italiaanse sokker en alle internasionale boks in die Sun City Superbowl word regstreeks gebeeldsend.

Plaaslike sport word ook nie afgeskeep nie en in dié verband kan Bop nie genoeg lof toegeswaai word nie. Vlugbal, netbal, sokker en tennis word vanaf skool- tot op professionele vlak geleenthede gegun. Ondanks die feit dat die standaard soms baie laag is en die wedstryde soms onaanskoulik, word daarmee volgehou. Dit is maklik om die swakkeres en die gemiddeldes te ignoreer as die uitstekende so maklik bekombaar is, maar slegs deur die swakkeres en die gemiddeldes aan te moedig kan die hoogste vlakke van uitnemendheid bereik word.

Luis Bunuel en Salvador Dali, *Un Chien Andalou*, 1928



MAMMIE DIE MAGHEBBER

'n **Verkrachter** is dikwels bekend aan die slagoffer. Dit kan selfs haar eie man wees - en dié pyn is des te erger, veral wanneer die skyn van 'n gelukkige huwelik bewaar moet word. **SONJA GROBBELAAR** (*nie haar regte naam nie*) het jare lank geswyg, selfs met haar uiteindelijke egskeiding.

Maar toe sy 'n onlangse VWB-artikel oor die nagmerrie-ervaring van 'n RAU-student lees, het sy besef: Deur haar stilswye het sy deelgeneem aan haar verontmensliking. **Nou vertel sy haar ontstellende verhaal**



EK het toegelaat dat ek verkrag word. Nóg my opvoeding nóg die huweliksformulier het my ingelig oor parasitêre penetrasie. Ek het dus my paleisgange bewandel, die elite om my tafel gevoed en my kinders se voete in ingevoerde tekkies geskoei sonder om te besef ons leef pretensie totdat dit waarheid word.

Niemand het geweet ek lap my onderklere en word soms wakker met ontlasting aan my gesig nie. Ek het stilweg vet geword. En dom. Ek het in die agterhoek van die tuin gebid en slierte sondes deur die peperboom se takke gevleg in my soeke na samehang en sin. Dan het ek met hernude ywer die voordeur vir die mense oopgemaak en my woedende man tussen my bene ontvang.

Arrogante dogmatiek: Alles is wel, dit gaan goed met ons. Die pyn was verskuil, maar orals. Pyn sonder insig. Skuld. Dit het ek geken nog voordat ek my naam herken het.

NA GEBOORTE IS ek herskep na die maat van my ouers se hang-ups. Mishandeling het my geleer om te dien. Ek het my pynpad gekaart totdat ek iemand ontmoet het wat my kniel beloon het. Voor sy voete het ek my lyf, my lag, my lot neergelê. Ek het X gekies om onverwerkte konflik mee voort te sit: "Dit voel asof ek jou ken... ek voel so tuis..."

Ondanks die pantser wat my pa se plathand en my ma se tong opgerig het, het ek nooit die weerloosheid van my kindwees vergeet nie. Hierdie "onthou" van fisieke en geestelike kragteloosheid het my my menswees laat geringskat wanneer ek dit vergelyk het met die somtotaal van my gesagsfigure se godwees.

Ons trou toe. X was my gerespekteerde, heelwat ouer eggenoot. Sy grootoog klerke het hom beskryf as een van die eerlikste prokureurs. Sy sekretaresse het gesê hy is 'n man wat 'n mens nie moet kwaad maak nie. Ek, die verweerde bruid, was mooierig, geselserig, 'n akademiese analfabeet, maar darem nie té onnosel nie. X se eerste huwelik was kindloos. Ek had mooi tieties, 'n jeugdige uterus en 'n geoefende onderdanigheid.

Dus geen bedreiging vir sy titel, tjekboek, trusts en annerlike troefkaarte nie, maar 'n aanwinst. Ons sou whisky drink, na Beethoven luister, saam met X se vriende na X se kosbare skilderye kyk en nooit óóit 'n tamatiesousbottel op die tafel sit soos wat die fokken staatsamptenare doen nie. Ons sou nie praat oor God, seks, geld of sulke dinge soos kleintydse verlope nie. Ons sou kinders hê en eendag doodgaan. So stylvol moontlik. Ek het niks gesê van die feetjies in die periwinkle nie en X het geswyg oor Die Kantoer.

DRIE MAANDE NA ons huwelik was X dronk en kwaad en ek was kwaad en swanger. Hy het my geskop, my hand in 'n laai vasgedruk en die motordeur toegeklap terwyl ek nog besig was om in te klim. Op perfekte Engels sou hy my beveel om groot te word, om stil te bly, om my leuens te staak. So het ek stil geword en oud. En die waarheid

gevaarlik. Net soos lank, lank gelede...

Ons dogter is gebore en sestien maande later ons seun. Toe was daar drie van ons wat moes grootword en shut-up. En verkrag word.

Seisoene, gebeure, gevoelens het verstrengel geraak. My dae was vol skuld. Die kinders se oë en X se kritiek het dit aan my bevestig. Hy kon nooit onthou dat hy my geslaan het nie. Eenkeer het ek 'n foto van myself geneem. Jare later sou ek dit ook betwyfel of die kneusplekke, so duidelik sigbaar, met MY gebeur het.

Seksuele teistering het geleidelik die plek van vuisgeweld ingeneem.

Ek onthou (of verbeel ek my?) die aanvanklike ekstase, die helende vashou. Ek wou hom hê en ek het onbevange gegee. Hy wou eksperimenteer, maar ek was nie gereed daarvoor nie. Hy het hom aan my begin opdwing. Hy het my "old-fashioned" genoem, "speels" gebyt totdat ek óf gesoebat óf begin huil het. Daar was 'n dringendheid aan sy toenadering en dit het my banggemaak. Ek het vir ons boeke gekoop oor liefdespel, maar hy het dit nie gelees nie. Hy het wel 'n tydskrifartikel gelees wat ek hom aangebied het, maar toe bloot gesê: "I can see that you have a problem..."

WANNEER 'N MENS, oor 'n tydperk van jare, vertel word hoe onnosel, onbetroubaar en onbelangrik jy is, glo jy dit naderhand. Jy neem dan aktief deel aan jou eie ondergang. Jy word 'n medeverkrager. Jou man se mag groei - jy voed dit met jou liggaam en met jou siel.

Jy raak afgestomp, sien gelate hoe hy voor die TV sit en masturbeer terwyl hy na pornografie kyk. Jy speel magspeletjies met hom en verloor elke keer. Jy kom wel in opstand en probeer práát, luister, verder studeer, met vakansie gaan en selfs berading kry, maar dit word keer op keer met geweld onderdruk. Jy word "...the mistake of my life..." en foute word nie verdra nie.

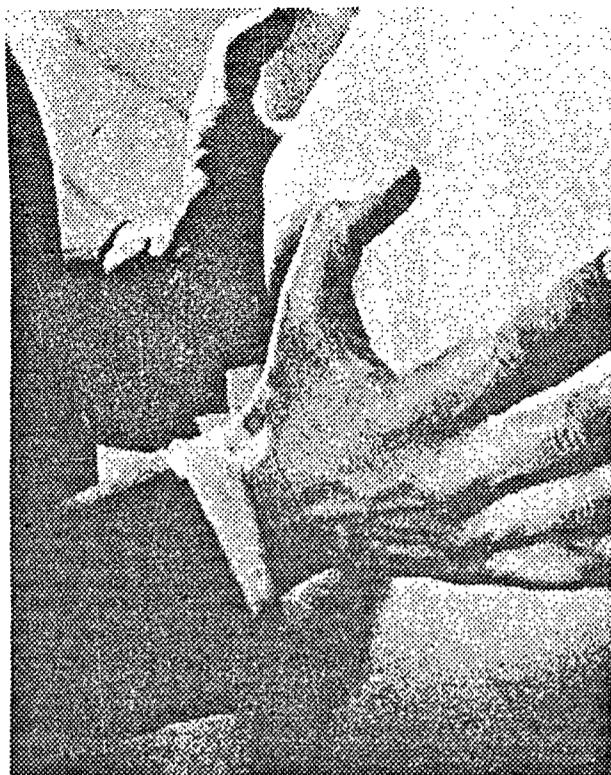
Na buite die verenigde front: Kyk net hoe ryk en skoon en gaaf is ons! In die slaapkamer: "Asseblief, daar is 'n vróú aan my vagina..." Vir dié opstandjie betaal jy met 'n tand.

VERKRAGTING IS GRUSAAM geluidloos. Wanneer die "... fuck, Maude...", die gehyg, die ritmiese probéer verby is, is daar oomblikke waarin die Skepping ademloos wag op die penetrasie van die wete: Jy het 'n keuse gehad. In daardie stilte lê die waarheid. En die hel. En die kiem van redding.

Wanneer hy sy alkoholsuflyf wegdraai en begin snork, dan lê jy fetaal en klem jou kussing vas terwyl jou gille klankloos teen die plafon vasslaan. Jy bad dalk, maar die semenslyk kry jy nie afgewas nie. Dit dryf in jou, slik jou drome. Dis seer wanneer jy probeer urineer. Jy kreun in 'n handdoek en hanteer toilet papier versigtig. Jy kyk nie na die vlekke daarop nie, want die bloed is te werklik. Woede ken geen voorspel nie. Jy vermy die spieël wat jou slape grys kloof met 'n tydbyl en jou mondhoek met 'n weerloosheid beetel.

Dan gooi jy Dimple in 'n kristalglas en drink totdat jy kan huil. Jy braille met sagte vingers die bytmerke aan jou borste en sien hoe vet jy geword het.

Dan is dit oggend. Hy gebied sy ontbyt, gee tuinbevele, tugtig die kinders en pak



'After all, as magsvertoon op kantoor slaag, waarom dan nie in 'n huwelik nie?'

mummiebruin, lewensbelangrike lêers in sy aktetas. Is dit die einde van die maand, dan ontvang tuinhulp, huishulp en jy elkeen 'n wit koevertjie met geld daarin - julle name in hoofletters voorop.

Dan vertrek hy na Die Kantoer. Jy stroop die bed, laat die matras lug in die son. Jy lees dalk uit die Bybel en rangskik geel rose.

OP 'N GOEIE dag verloor jy jou trouring. Dis lekker. Jy dans so skuins voor Kersfees met 'n man wat soos man ruik en wat jou sag in jou nek soen. Jy het nie weer kontak met hom nie, maar jy lees eensklaps weer gedigte, herken die spel van die seisoene. Jy bid en jou opkyk vang die veerblaartjies van die peperboom teen die wye blou lug vas. Van érens hoor jy jou musiek...

En in my slaap, het X my tóé vir die eerste keer anaal gepenetreer. Ek het my teëgesit en hy het sy penis in my mond gedruk. Ek het ontlasting geruik en naar geword. 'n Week later het hy my ginekoloog (wat 'n sakevennoot van hom was) vertel dat ek 'n weersin in seks het. Heelwat later sou hy dié afkeer en al my ander sondes skets aan 'n bekende psigiater (wie se huisoordrag X gereël het). Saam sou hulle tot die slotsom kom dat ek skisofreen is. So much vir 'n psigiater wat nie eens die pasiënt kan uitken nie.

Daar was tóg 'n soort verdeeldheid in my: Dit wat my mense wou hê ek moet wees en dit wat ék wou wees. X se verkragting van my was maar deel van my verkragting van myself: skuldgevoelens die voedingsbron. Maar daar is geen sonde wat 'n vrou kan pleeg wat 'n man die reg gee om haar te verkrag nie, en met 'n troupande verpand

sy ook nie haar reg op menswaardigheid nie.

Na byna vier dekades se suksesvolle rollesing (ek wéét van speel in ander mense se konserte) was ek 'n kreatuur: Manipulatiewe feeks, engel, soldaat, moeder, kind, Martha, Daisy, you name it. Maar die Here het nie van my naam vergeet nie. Ek sien Genade se fyn goue draadjie verweef in die dae wat verby is en ek staan verwonderd voor die liefde en die wysheid wat ek tog in staat is om te versamel. En so, met langtermyn psigoterapie, vergifnis, egskieding, verhuising en die dinamika wat met al dié dinge saamgaan, beland ek toe tussen drie berge. Uit eie keuse.

LANGSAMERHAND ONTDEK EK en die kinders mekaar opnuut. Ons leef eenvoudiger, eerliker. Ons voer die duiwe, stap deur vreemde straatjies. Mense kom kuier vir ons. X is onlosmaaklik deel van dié nuwe orde. Soms kry ons swaar en dan sug ons, soos mense wat leef maar doen. Daar is 'n leunstoel in die petuniabedding voor ons huis. Wanneer ek daar sit, dan sien ek hoe vas die berge staan en hoe mooi my voete is.

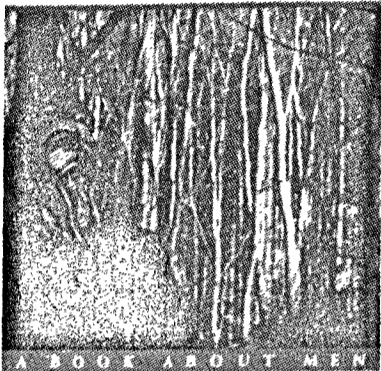
Met die egskieding wou ek verkragting aanvoer as een van die redes waarom die huwelik verbrokkel het. Vandag wonder ek of dit nie die resultaat was van 'n reeds gedoemde verbintenis nie. Miskien was die verkragting selfs 'n desperate poging om die huwelik te red. After all, as magsvertoon op kantoor slaag, waarom dan nie in 'n huwelik nie? My prokureur wou dit nie met my bespreek nie: "Moenie dáármee begin nie..."

Met hierdie artikel wil ek.

men.

MASTERS OF WAR, BUT SLAVES TO THEIR INFANTILE IMPULSES

IRON JOHN



ROBERT BLY

THE RITES OF MAN

Love, Sex and Death in the Making of the Male
by Rosalind Miles
Grafton, 1991

IRON JOHN

A Book about Men
by Robert Bly
Element, 1990

FIRE IN THE BELLY

On Being a Man
by Sam Keen
Bantam, 1991

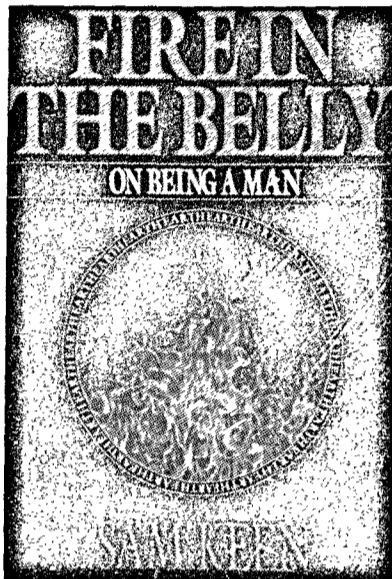
STANLEY FRIELICK

WHAT does it mean to be a man today? Why do men commit 99 percent of all violent crimes? Why are 70 percent of all murder victims and suicides male? Most soldiers, police, priests, heads of corporations, institutions, governments, and liberation organisations are men. Male hands wield the pangas and AK's, and the pens which sign deals and constitutions. Men walk in space and destroy rainforests.

Today the gender that invented God, painted the Mona Lisa, discovered calculus, split the atom, and engineered the global economic order is in crisis. For Rosalind Miles - feminist academic and pulp novelist - endemic violence can only be explained by probing the complex psychosocial and cultural patterns that shape men's ideas of their masculinity. *The Rites of Man* tells the untold stories of how sweet little boys become rapists and murderers, and why men are masters of war, but slaves to their infantile impulses.

Miles locates the sources of male aggression (and despair) in early infancy.

ROSALIND MILES



A man is just a life-support system for his penis.

- JOE ORTON

Some fifty million have died at the hands of psychiatrically normal males since 1900.

We are the death sex.

- PHILIP HODSON

In every man there lurks an indestructible kernel of darkness from the moment of his birth.

- SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR

The boychild is continually torn between his impulse to break away from the mother in search of the (increasingly) remote father, while desperately clinging to her warmth and favours. But the infant rage that fuels the break with the mother becomes the uncontrollable rage of adult male violence. It is far better to rage than to appear helpless before

omnipotent Mother/Nature/Other - who must at all costs be controlled. And rage is the primary weapon to prevent the female from bringing out the soft naked baby, ever present in the male psyche. Thus strong elements of terror and anger, fantasies of revenge, and a blanket urge to punish anyone for what mother has done are always present in male

heterosexuality. The book explores the structures and processes which inform and distort male identity. Ranging widely across cultures and diving deep into autobiographies, Miles draws out the elements which make men dysfunctional in later life - the ritual infliction of emotional and physical violence, the denial of weakness and the search for transcendence, the unshakeable faith in penis-power as the answer to everything. And as the male monolith wilts under the assaults of feminism, so the violence and rage increases.

Miles is biting clear in her diagnosis, but she is less detailed about the treatment. Although full of fascinating facts, *The Rites of Man* merely repeats the feminist polemic against the evils of patriarchy. Yes, fathers do need to become more nurturing, violence and bullying should be eradicated, and fighting and winning must cease to dominate men's agendas. There is little discussion though of how to go about this, and no advice for the questing man in search of a more authentic model of masculinity.

BUT A GROWING BAND OF MEN are exploring alternative paths to a more meaningful sense of maleness. For poet Robert Bly, the roots of male crisis are in defective mythologies that ignore masculine depth of feeling, teach obedience to the wrong powers, and entangle men and women in systems of industrial domination. The way out is through inward exploration of the deep psychospiritual patterns which inform constructs of masculinity. The "cultural DNA" of myths, legends, and fairy stories contains much valuable information for a new view of manhood.

Bly's book *Iron John* retells an old fairytale, which itself contains traces of far older tales. The narrative embodies an initiatory path in eight stages - a young boy's passage through loss of innocence, fragmentation, and into wholeness. The key figure on the journey is the Wild Man, a deep masculine archetype.

The modern male is separated from the nourishing and healing energies of the Wild Man through three interlinking processes - the Industrial forced-removal of the father into the corporation/market place, the complex Oedipal relationship between mothers and sons, and the failure of men to provide positive male initiations into manhood. As a result (and also because gender-sensitive males have capitulated to the feminists), many younger men today are full of feminine values.

The problem is that these are

not balanced by healthy male values. For the "soft male" - out of touch with his instincts and lacking direction - *Iron John* shows that to leave the realm of the mother involves a wounding. Every man is wounded at some stage on his journey, but the more the wound stays unexamined, the more it oozes away, giving rise to morbid symptoms. The initiatory journey offers a way of healing that wound and restoring oneself to a state of wholeness.

Bly has a limited view of the way in which social processes relate to masculine archetypes, and many men will be uncomfortable with the spiritual agenda of the mythopoetic approach. But *Iron John* points out the kind of journey that men in search of new ways of being male must undertake.

SAM KEEN - DRAWING DEEPLY on his participation in a group of men who have met every Wednesday since 1978 - sets out his experience of a similar journey in *Fire in the Belly*. For Keen, the tectonic plates of culture that have supported the modern world are shifting. Revolutions are daily occurrences; the centres of power are moving. The changes in our gender roles are only one aspect of the upheaval that accompanies the death of one epoch and the birth of another. The traditional notions of manhood are under attack and men are being called upon to defend themselves, to change, to become something other than what they have been. But exactly what is not clear.

Fire in the Belly goes beyond the psychological wounds created by the loving mother and the missing father, and concentrates on the political, economic, and mythic sources of men's disease. The quest for authentic manhood begins with the realisation that men cannot find themselves without separation from the world of WOMAN - not a particular woman, but the primal erotic and mothering power that women wield over men. Existing rites of passage in war, work, and sex are impoverishing and alienating - we need new ones. Authentic manhood requires a vision of how we fit into the universe, and a willingness to make it concrete. Men must embark on a spiritual journey into the self and formulate new heroic virtues. Finally, men and women must end the gender war and achieve reconciliation within a common vocation.

Fire in the Belly is one of the more significant books to have come out of the growing men's movement - largely because of the immense challenge it poses to both men and women: "As contentious genders engaged in sexual combat, men and women have not been kindly to one another. But far beyond the violence we have done to each other is the violence we are together doing to the earth. Our common vocation now is to nurture an ecological conscience that is sensitive and powerful enough to administer justice, and protect the creatures we are rapidly rendering homeless by our march towards affluence. We must take on the century-long project of changing the political and general relationships that keep the warfare system alive and deadly."

(Stanley Frielick is a lecturer at Wits)

All women become like their mothers. That is their tragedy. No man does. That is his.

- OSCAR WILDE

Every man carries his ego at the tip of his penis.

- JANE DEKNATEL NEWMARK

I had often looked at my penis and thought, 'You moron'.

- PAUL THEROUX

Marriage is the only war where one sleeps with the enemy.

- MEXICAN PROVERB

What has the Man not been able to talk about?
What is the Man hiding?

- NIETZSCHE

The seeds of every crime are in every man.

- TOLSTOY

SLEEP VIR JOU 'N OU STOEL NADER, EN RESTOUREER DIT

HUISGENOOT DOEN-DIT-SELF

Deur André le Roux

Human & Rousseau, 1992

ANDRÉ LE ROUX, skrywer van *Struisbaai-blues*, *Te hel met Ouma* en *Sleep vir jou 'n stoel nader*, het nog 'n boek geskryf, 'n selfdoenboek.

In dié tyd waarin loodgieters, skryfwerkers, restoureerders en ander ambagsmense baie meer vir hul dienste vra as hooggeleerde dokters en ander professioneles, het die gewone sterfling met 'n gewone inkomste en 'n ou vloer wat afgeskuur moet word, of 'n druppende kraan of 'n onooglike badkamer, een van twee keuses: óf jy betreur jou armoede terwyl jy heen en weer oor jou ou vloer loop en luister na jou kraan óf jy gaan tot aksie oor en maak die stukkende goed self reg. As jy laasgenoemde roete uit jou verknorsing oorweeg, is Le Roux

se boek 'n moet, want as jy nie weet hóé om 'n ding te doen nie, is die kans goed dat jy later jou onhandigheid saam met jou armoede gaan betreur.

As jy nie weet hoe om 'n ding self te doen nie - en dit sluit so te sê alles in en om die huis in - sal *Huisgenoot Doen-dit-self* jou 'n klomp moeite en tranes spaar.

Hier is maar net 'n paar van die dinge wat dié boek jou gaan leer:

Hoe om jou vloere af te skuur, teëls te lê, mure te verf, 'n nuwe plafon in te sit, ou deure af te skuur en te restoureer, houtvensterrame nuut te maak, 'n lekkende dak te fix, jou geiser/yskas/wasmasjien/skottelgoedwasser reg te maak, diefwering aan te sit, alarmstelsels te installeer, plaveisel te lê, mure te pleister, 'n vleisbraaiplek te bou...

Ryklik geïllustreer met kleurfoto's en -sketse om jou stapsgewys deur die selfdoenhandeling te lei, is dié boek deur 'n gesoute joernalis en skrywer 'n aanwinst op enige boekrak (of jy dit nou gekoop of self aanmekaar getimmer het). - RYK HATTINGH

SHELDONS

DIE B^oEKWINKEL MET DIE K^oFFIEWINKEL Eastgate, Ingang 5



I once read about Bertolt Brecht that he wrote poems nearly every day of his life. Many were not destined for publication. Writing poems was simply a part of life - a thing as natural as eating or shitting or dreaming - that sorted through, made sense of, and sought to redeem the jumbles of lived experience from the chaos of the ever-encroaching past.

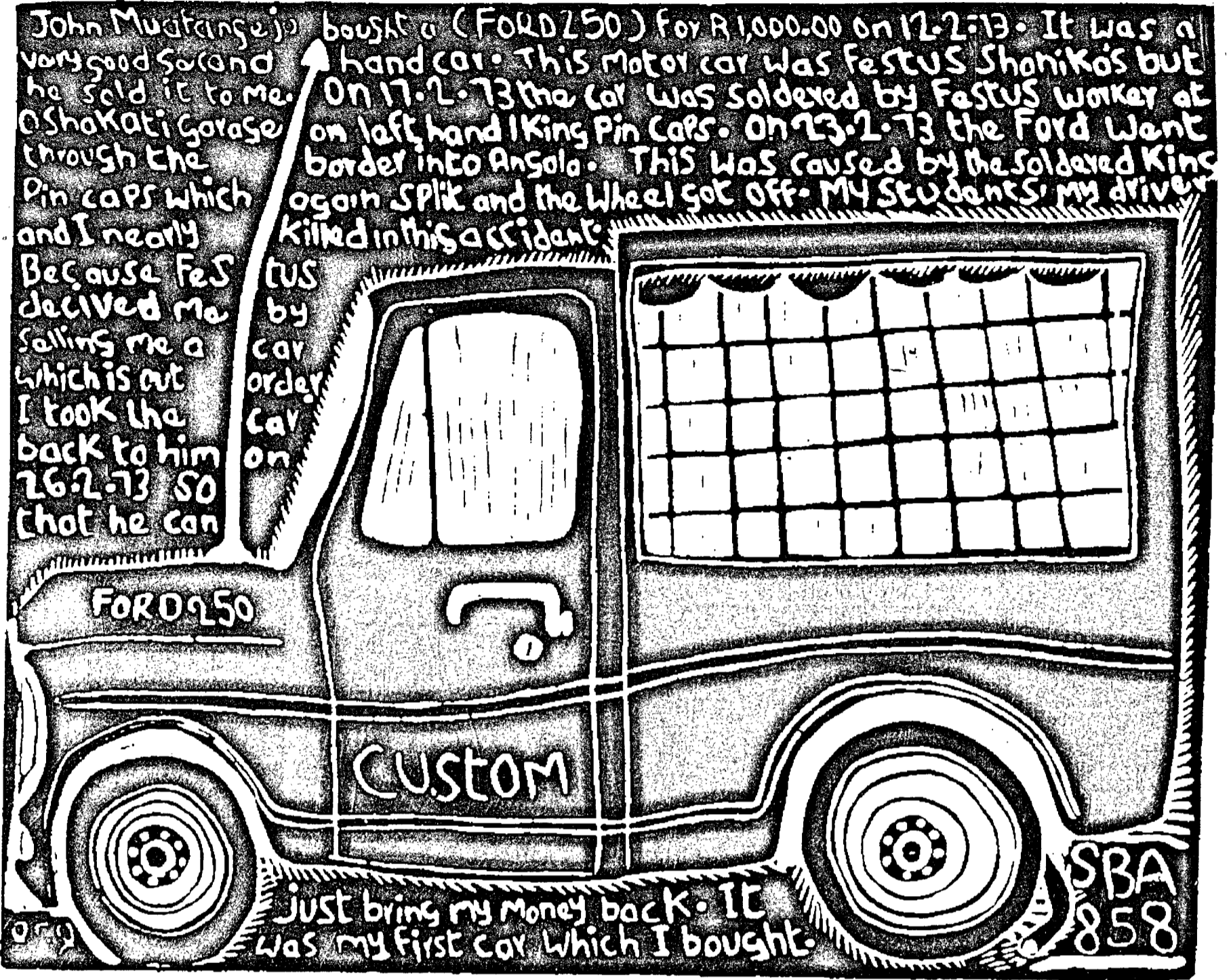
The late **NAMIBIAN ARTIST JOHN MUAFANGEJO** may have been - and I suspect was - more cunning, more calculated and more manipulative in the way he used his linocuts. He may well have had a powerful understanding of the market he was working for, and the kind of naive vision of what a black artist was meant to be working within, and he may well have consciously played into this in a gesture, not of bad faith, but of simple and laudable realism.

But for all that, looking at the body of work which survived after Muafangejo's early death in 1987, you cannot but be struck by the wholeness of the consciousness which is there to be excavated. This is art as chronicle, this is the whole of a life, with all its complexities, mysteries, ambiguities and evasions, and the achievement is made only more remarkable by the fact that it has been rendered in a style more notable for its expressionist crudities and generalisations of sense than it is for individualisations.

Sure, on a literal level it is art as narrative, art which uses words to explain itself, and tell you what it is about. But it is also more. It is art which can move with equal conviction and wit from accounts of the artist's sexual adventures to empty moralising, to impassioned moralising, to recording the human effects of political events, to insisting on the dignities of the past in the present - to complaining about a bum deal in a second hand car purchase.

It might have been going as Anglican didacticism. Its childlike style might have been borrowed from a mission school training. Christian ethics and a kind of socialist Christian exegesis may have been among its layers. But Muafangejo's is not an art in the missionary position.

IVOR POWELL



2.



I WAS LONELINESS

The Complete Graphic Works of John Muafangejo
A Catalogue Raisonné
1968 - 1987
Compiled and edited by Orde Levinson

Struik Winchester, 1992 (R295)

1. The Lucky Artist, 1974
2. The Ford 250, 1973
3. Muafangejo's Kraal, 1970
4. The Death of a Chief, 1971



OOR WILDEHONDE EN SPRINGBOKKE

IN DIÉ WEEK SE GROENPRAATJES VERTEL TIENIE DU PLESSIS
VAN 'N AFSPRAAK WAT 'N TROP WILDEHONDE MOES NAKOM

OP die oop vlakke van Kudiakampan (sentraal-Botswana) het ons een oggend baie vroeg wakker geword. Die son was nog net 'n blou streep in die ooste.

Edzard het uitgestap van onder die kremetarte waar ons in die sand gelê en slaap het. Hy het opgewonde geroep: "Daar hardloop iets oor die pan hier agter ons."

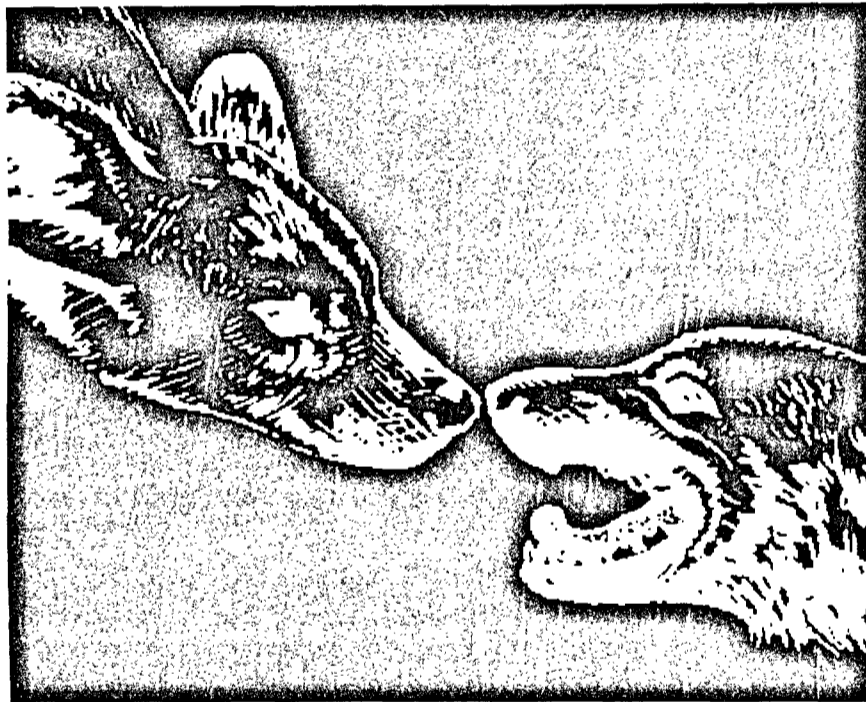
Ek en Paul is haastig in die bakkie en Edzard spring agter op. Dit was 'n groep van 18 wildehonde. Uitgereik in kronkelende ryte het hulle met mening in 'n westelike rigting gedraf; doelbewus, asof die hele groep 'n afspraak moes nakom.

Ons het naderhand langs die voortsnellende trop honde ingeval, teen dieselfde spoed. Toe swenk die een hond skielik uit sy pad en draf nader na die bakkie. Die ander honde het een-een gevolg. En daar gaan staan die hele trop (met ons in die bakkie) en snuif die lug. Party honde het dadelik gaan lê, die jonger honde het in die gras langs die pan gaan snuffel-speel en 'n paar het baie nuuskierig om die bakkie geloop en veral belang gestel in Edzard wat agterop gestaan het.

Net so skielik soos hulle gaan staan het, het hulle almal weer koers gekry in 'n westelike rigting. Ons is terug kamp toe; daar is baie springbokke in dié vlaktes en ek vermoed die afspraak wat nagekom moes word, was met een van dié bokkies. 'n Springbok het slegs tussen een tot drie kanse uit tien om die wildehonde af te skud wanneer die jag begin. Indien die jagtog deur leeus of hiënas van stapel gestuur word, verbeter die springbok se kanse na ses tot agt uit tien.

Het die wildehonde daardie oggend springbok-ontbyt genuttig? Ek sou nie kon sê nie, maar ek sou graag die oggend-jagtog wou aanskou.

WILDEHONDE JAG GEWOONLIK in die koel oggendure. In oop gebiede (soos die panne van Botswana) maak wildehonde geen geheim van hul teenwoordigheid



nie. 'n Trop honde sal die springbokke openlik nader, miskien skrik maak om te sien of een bok stadiger as die ander is. Dan sal die leier (die dominante mannetjie of wyfie) die prooi kies en die ander honde sal, met net één doel voor oë, met die jag voortgaan.

Wildehonde kan 'n snelheid van tot 70 kilometer per uur bereik - nie vinnig genoeg vir die nagenoeg 90 kilometer per uur van die springbok nie. Maar die springbok kan nie saam met die asem van die wildehond draf nie. Indien dit móét, kan wildehonde vir vier tot vyf kilometer aanhou teen 'n snelheid van 60 kilometer per uur! Dié meedoënlose agtervolging verseker dat hulle selde honger gaan slaap.

HOE REAGEER DIE springbokke? In die Kalahari beweeg die springbokke in die aande na die panne, waar die harder oppervlaktes van die pan beter kans bied om 'n roofdier te ontvlug. Die bokke is aangewese op hul snelheid om te oorleef. Sodra die trop skrikgemaak

word, spat hulle in aller yl en in alle rigtings uitmekaar.

Dis dán wanneer 'n mens daardie verstommende spronge sien - tot twee meter hoog en ses meter ver. As daar 'n groot aantal springbokke teenwoordig is, lyk dit of die veld skielik gevul is met gimnaste! Dié skielike warboel van beweging maak dit vir die roofdier moeilik om op een bok te konsentreer.

Die bekende "sprong-pronk" van die springbok - 'n stywe been-sprong die lug in, met kop na onder en gekromde rug en die wit hare van die boude waaiertert na bo - word ook beskou as 'n teken aan die roofdier dat die kanse vir 'n verrassingsaanval iets van die verlede is. Dié pronk-sprong vertel aan die wildehond dat dat die bok gesond en op sy hoede is.

In Oos-Afrika is bevind dat Thompson-gaselle wat pronk nie so gereedlik deur wildehonde as teiken uitgekies word nie. Springbokke sal ook soms wanneer hulle verby 'n digte bos beweeg waarin gevaar kan skuil, "pronk" - net in geval.

Elke bok wat daarna volg, sal op dieselfde plek "pronk".

Wanneer die honde die springbok platgetrek het, word die jonger honde eerste kans gegun om te eet. Die bok word vinnig en in stilte verorber, sodoende word verhoed dat groter roofdiere na die maaltyd gelok word. Al die honde kry kos, selfs dié wat die spoor byster geraak het en laat by die maal opdaag. Ook siek en beseerde honde word deur die ander gevoed.

Klein hondjies en hulle oppasser se vleis word tuis afgelewer (gewoonlik 'n ou erdvarkgat) - honde wat geëet het bring stukke vleis op vir hersirkulasie. Die drang om kos te deel is só sterk dat 'n stuk vleis op dié manier deur soveel as vyf honde se mae kan gaan!

DIE INLIGTING HET ek gevind in *Wild Ways* deur dr Peter Apps. Dit is 'n uitstekende gids vir diegene wat belangstel in die gedrag van diere. Geen graad in dierkunde of die natuurwetenskappe is nodig om dié boek te geniet én te gebruik nie - jargon is tot 'n minimum beperk.

Gedragstudie van diere is natuurlik so oud soos die oudste voorouers van die mens. Om te eet en om te voorkom dat jy geëet word, het ons voorsate uit die aard van die saak sekerlik kenners van dieregedrag gemaak. Dié studie is sedert die werk van Konrad Lorenz, Karl von Frisch en Niko Tinbergen op 'n stewige wetenskaplike grondslag.

Dr Apps noem in sy inleiding twee beginsels waarvolgens hysy waarnemings toets: "Ocam's razor: do not use a complicated explanation if a simple one suffices," en "Lloyd-Morgan's canon: never explain an animal's behaviour as the outcome of a higher capacity or power of mind if it can be satisfactorily explained by a lower one." Goeie advies; ook vir die studie van ons eie gedrag.

(Apps, P. *WILD WAYS: a Field Guide to the Behaviour of Southern African Mammals*. Southern, 1991 - R49,99)



TORI HET

genoeg

skuld om haar eie godsdiens te begin

van erotiek en komiese morbiditeit met vreemde lirieke soos "I almost ran over an angel/ he had a nice big fat cigar".

Amos spekulêr tong in die kles in "Happy Phantom" oor hoe aangenaam dit sou wees om 'n spook te wees wat nonne die skrik op die lyf jaag. Dis nou in teenstelling met die vooruitsig om vir ewig te braai oor alles wat jy verkeerd gedoen het toe jy 'n mere mortal was.

Amos sê self sy het die plaat gemaak om 'n deel van haarself te herwin. En dit is duidelik die deurlopende tema vanaf "Girl" ("she's been everybody else's girl/ maybe one day she'll be her own") tot "Little

Earthquakes" ("give me myself again").

Dit is moeilik om nie verskriklik opgewonde te raak oor Tori Amos nie. Dié is nie Bono met sy black goggles en vogue poses nie. Ook nie die diepdenkende, stil-peinsende Sting met sy formidabele boeke-kennis (wat tog só gereeld uitkom in sy lirieke) nie.

Die musikale verwerkings, Amos se klavierspel en stem, die liriekinhoud, die insluiting van ander instrumente (viole en tjello's word gereeld gebruik), die opbou van die liedjies - die vrou is briljant, haar musiek skitterend en gestroop van alle pretensie.

TORI AMOS

- LITTLE EARTHQUAKES (TUSK)

VAN haar rocker af, is hoe onderhoudvoerders Tori Amos beskryf. "A 24-carat fruitloop for whom palm-shaving is a daily chore." Een gaan so ver om te sê sy behoort nooit alleen gelaat te word in 'n kamer sonder "nice foam-covered" mure nie.

Amos se oënskynlike dementedness vrywaar haar van onregverdige vergelykings met vroue soos Kate Bush en Sinéad O'Connor. Die sound en die fury in *Little Earthquakes* kan skaars in bedwang gehou word deur die reeds dinamiese "struktuur" van haar musiek. Amos is woedend en aggressief maar terselfdertyd weerloos en angstig. Tegelyk kinderlik en onskuldig, sensueel en gewaagd. Uitdagend en partykeer ekshibisionisties maar eg.

Little Earthquakes is met tye alles behalwe 'n aangename ondervinding: die lirieke is soms pynlik en embarrasserend eerlik. Daarom dat mens nogal soos 'n

hiernamaals.

Skuldkomplekse, en godsdiens se bydrae daartoe, word in "Crucify" aangespreek. Amos merk heel gevat op: "I've got enough guilt to start my own religion."

"Winter" en "Mother" is aan haar ouers gerig. Die ontredderde gevoel van 'n kind wat haar eensklaps buite die beskutting wat haar ouers bied, bevind, word op roerende wyse oorgedra.

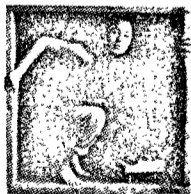
"Precious Things" is 'n angry song oor die megalomanie van mans in 'n fall-sentriese samelewing. Amos suiwer haarself van al die resentment wat sy oor jare heen opgebou het. Die chorus is amper soos 'n emosie-belaaide mantra van bevryding - saam met steurende en riskante lirieke is dit een van dié bestes op die plaat. Die musiek weerspieël volmaak die emotiewe waarde van die woorde. In Brittanje het "Me and a Gun" heelwat kontroversie veroorsaak as gevolg van die onderwerp. (Dit het Amos 'n paar onderhoude besorg wat sy nie andersins op daardie vroeë stadium sou kry nie.) Die song is 'n aangrypende



DON'T NEED A GUN

NIRVANA - NEVERMIND (RPM)

ANGST, aggressie, depressie, vrees, repressie, letargie. Kortom, as dinge so vaagweg sinloos lyk, don't shoot thy neighbour - kry die ultimate BREINBLASERS. Soos 'n Anadin kry Nirvana jou vinnig op jou voete. Jy sal nou wel nie jou nek kan beweeg vir drie dae nie, maar dis die moeite werd: teen spirit het nog nooit so goed geruk nie! En Kurt Cobain (hoofsanger) verseker ons dat hy nie 'n gun het nie. Ek glo hom.



voyeur voel wanneer jy na die plaat luister. Die musiek is persoonlik en intiem maar ook universeel: mens kan goed identifiseer met wat sy sê.

Tori Amos is wat mense 'n veritable child prodigy sou noem. Op vyf-jarige ouderdom het sy 'n beurs by die Peabody Conservatory vir Ontstellend Talentvolle Kinders in Baltimore gekry. Op elf is sy uitgeskop omdat sy durf waag het om te improviseer.

Vandag swaai Amos talle heilige koeie sonder veel ontsag aan die spene rond. Haar religieuse agtergrond (haar pa is 'n Metodiste-predikant) sorg dat haar musiek deurspek is met verwysings na Jesus, engele, kruisigings, nonne en die

aanklag in a capella-vorm teen die persepsie van verkragting in 'n manlik gedomineerde samelewing: "yes I wore a slinky red thing/ does that mean I should spread/ for you, your friends, your father". Tien uit tien vir Amos wat uiteindelik 'n saak aanspreek wat deur generasies van vroulike sangers geïgnoreer is terwyl dit 'n aaklige realiteit vir miljoene vroue wêreldwyd is.

Amos is egter nie net 'n depressiewe koekie nie. "Silent All These Years" begin met sekerlik een van dié beste openingsreëls nog: "excuse me but can I be you for a while/ my dog won't bite if you sit real still". "Leather" is 'n kombinasie



christi speel pop

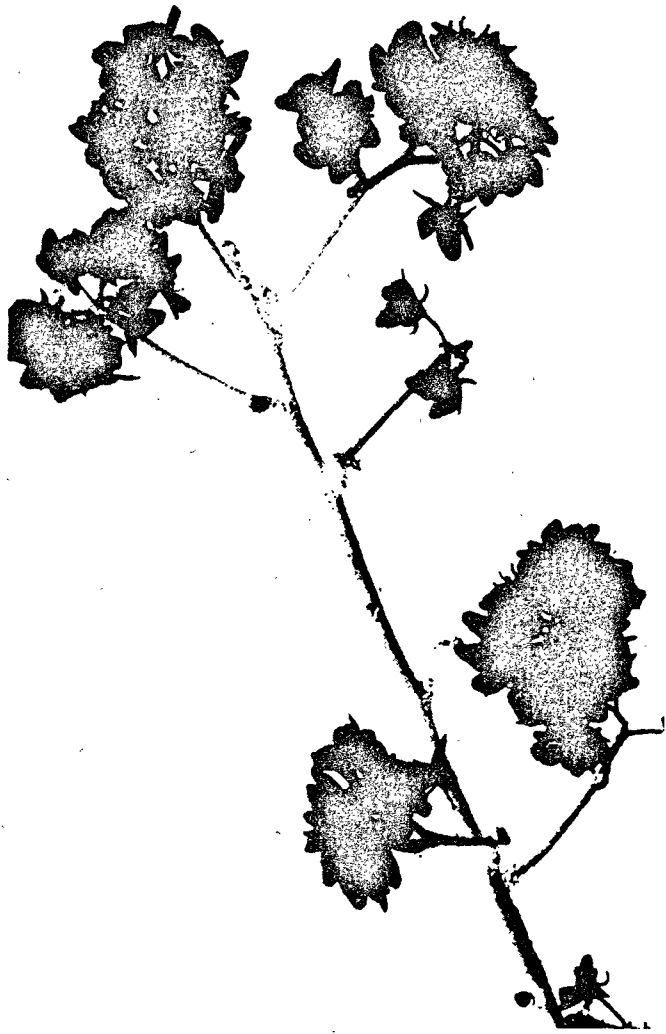
CHRISTI VAN DER WESTHUIZEN se tweeweklikse rubriek oor popmusiek

HOUTSTOK SMEUL WEER

DIE GROOTSTE KULTURELE GELEENTHEID van die Jaar gebeur weer dié jaar. Diegene wat nie genoeg gekry het van die stof, boeppens-omies en die godverlaatste venue in die land nie, Houtstok skop af op Vrydag 29 Mei en duur tot Sondag 31 Mei.

Van die kunstenaars wat daar te hoor gaan wees, is: Koos Kombuis, Anton Goosen, Blackwater Blues Band, Johannes Kerkerrel (dié keer regtig), Elzabé Zietsman, The Radio Rats, Bernoklus Niemand, Tananas, Robin Auld, Live Jimi Presley en Joos Tonteldoos & die Dwarstrekkers. Nico Carstens en die minlike paartjie Herbie & Spence gaan ook daar wees om dinge 'n bietjie op te vrolik. Kyk ook uit vir die permissiewe punk-rockers van die PU vir CHO, Die Naalmasjiene. Dié kunstenaars maak miskien die trip die moeite werd. Kaartjies is R20 by Computicket.

plant 'n boom



'N BOOM wat jy maklik met 'n wolk kan verwar, is die gewone drolpeer (*Dombeya rotundifolia*). Dié goedgevormde boom wat 'n hoogte van tussen ses en agt meter bereik, is gehard en kom natuurlik voor oor 'n wye verskeidenheid van hoogtes, en sal selfs op die Hoëveld groei as jy hom die eerste paar winters 'n bietjie toemaak.

Hulle verloor hulle blare in die winter en dan, in die vroeglente (Julie tot Oktober), breek die wit kersiebloeiëlsblomme in hulle duisende dig teen die swart hout uit, en vir 'n paar weke het jy 'n welriekende wolk in jou tuin.

Die groot sagte, amper ronde blare verskyn onmiddellik nadat die blomme hulle ding gedoen het, en jy het jou boom terug.

Die Dombeyas is 'n genus van om en by 200 spesies waarvan minstens 16 inheems aan Suid-Afrika is en wat - saam met die sterkastajings (*Sterculias*) en knuppelhoute (*Colas*) - tot die kakao-familie (*Sterculiaceae*) behoort. Hulle groei maklik van saad, en hou van baie water, kompos en ietwat sanderige grond.

Die gewone drolpeer herinner baie aan die rotsdropleer (*D. autumnalis*), maar laasgenoemde, soos die geleerde naam daarvan aandui, blom in die herfs. (Terloops, daar is 'n Dombeya-variant - *velutna* - wat net in een rivierdalle in die Naukluftberge naby Rehoboth in Namibië groei.)

DIE GEWONE drolpeer se hout is blou-grys, swaar, sterk en baie taai. Hoewel die hout potensieel vir algemene gebruik aangewend kan word, is die stukke te klein en gedraai om werklik van enige waarde te wees. As jy gelukkig is, sal jy darem 'n bogie vir jou pyle of 'n paar handvatsels vir jou gereedskap daarvan kan maak.

Die Zoeloes gebruik 'n aftreksel van die bas en hout om maag- en ingewandswere te behandel, en Sjangaan-vroue drink 'n brousel van die bas om geboorte aan te help.

Die gewone drolpeer is gehard - selfs vuurbestand, sê Palgrave - en sal matige ryp kan weerstaan. In gewone tuintoestande - genoeg water, beskutting en plain liefde - behoort hulle vinnig van 'n tengerige ou boompie tot 'n pragtige wolk te groei.

As jy nie plek vir 'n drolpeer in jou tuin het nie, laat daai grasperk waai. - RYK HATTINGH

BRON:

KEITH COATES PALGRAVE, *TREES OF SOUTHERN AFRICA* (STRIJK)

fynproe

NETTIE PIKEUR

GOU MAAK, ONS IS HONGER cook's burden is never done

WOMAN'S burden is never done, is 'n ou familie-gesegde. Dit hoor jy uit die kombuis wanneer die eerste ui geskil word en die fridge se deur oopgaan.

Moedeloos bel vriendin Abeeda my. Hulle is soos voëltjies, seg sy. Die klomp mans én die kinnars. Die monde bly pal oop en ek moet net voer. Ek kan net sowel op my elmboë by die kombuistafel staan met 'n papplepel en die een na die ander kos ingee. En dan opwas en weer begin kook...

Shame, Abeeda, en ek vertel haar van woman's burden. Maar ek hoor sy maak haar kopdoek stywer vas, en antwoord nie eintlik nie. 'n Goeie Moslem-vrou se gesin is haar eer en trots, en kla mag sy nie kla nie.

Hier is dus vandag 'n klompie resepte vir oorwerkte kokke wie se trane in die opwaswater drup van moedeloos en somer oud en der dagen sat wees.

Jy weet goed jy kan nie elke dag worsies en eiers bak vir aandete nie, die kinders sal skeurbuik en riekets kry. Ook nie aartappels en hoender nie, jou man sal jou verlaat vir 'n glamorous blonde met vere-pantoffels en 'n graad in boerekos.

Terwyl ons nou die onderwerp takel van honger monde en fiemies oor kos, onthou ek helder soos glas Martli se blou-grou oë toe 'n spul vriendinne vertel hulle mans eet nie dit nie en eet nie dat nie, soos kool of niertjies. Hy sal eet wat hy kry, het sy gesê, en as dit bacon en eiers is vir aandete, sál hy dit ook eet, en sy swaai die pikswart hare om te beklemtoon.

Nou is Martli al tien jaar saliger en sover ek weet het haar man niks oorgekom van saans bacon en eiers eet nie.

Gister kom ek 'n heerlike boek teë: *Fresh, Fine, Fast Food* van Michele Urvater. Kan 'n mens so 'n titel weerstaan? En sy is boonop Amerikaans, Belgies-gebore. Now there's a combination. Van die beste kokke wat ek ken, woon in Amerika, en België is natuurlik gourmet country, dis dié dat Etienne Bonthuys van Stellenbosch hom daar gaan vestig het, en mense van Parys afry vir sy maaltye.

Michele begin met 'n mozzarella-slaai wat tonne beter klink as dié wat ek ken.

WINTER-MOZZARELLA

Sny 250g mozzarella-kaas in 8 stukke. Meng 'n driekwart koppie vars broodkruummels met 'n kwartkoppie Parnesankaas, peper en 'n teelepel origanum. Doop stukkie kaas in 'n mengsel van 1 eier geklits met 2 eetlepels olyfolie, en laat eenkant staan.

Sny 2 mooi ryp tamaties aan dik skywe, en hou 4 borde gereed. Verhit 2 lepels olyfolie met 2 lepels botter in 'n groot pan en braai die kaas oor matige hitte, sowat anderhalf minuut elke kant. Skep die kaas op die borde, plaas die tamaties alkant en versier met gekapte pietersielie. Bedien dadelik, met nog olyfolie as julle wil, en draaie swartpeper.

Michele se hoenderresepte met appels is so vinnig dat jy amper die mans moet roep om te kom hande was voor jy begin. Sy gebruik hoenderborsies, duur, maar ek hou altyd 'n pak of twee in die vrieskas, want hiermee maak jy blitskos as dit moet. Die kinders dink hoender, appel en room is bliss. Maak mash daarby.

HOENDER VALLEE D'AUGE

Ontdooi 750g hoenderborsies, en sny in repe. Skil en rasper 2 appels. Smelt 4 eetlepels botter in 'n groot swaarboompan, en intussen doop jy die repe hoender in meel. Braai die repe vir sowat 1 minuut per kant en hou eenkant op 'n bord.

Kap 2 uie fyn en voeg by die pan, en strooi 1 teelepel gewone kerriepoeier oor. Roer, en gooi die appels in, asook 'n skeut brandewyn en die laaste kwartblik bier wat jy nie eintlik wil hê nie. Roer 'n groot bakkie room by (ek gebruik suurroom, baie lekkerder) en plaas die hoender by alles in die pot.

Prut die hele spul, proe vir sout en dalk peper, tot die gereg effens verdik. Bedien bo-op die mash, en maak erdjies daarby warm.

Harridans

RESTAURANT AT THE MARKET, BREE STREET, NEWTOWN
PHONE: 8386960

SAFE PARKING AVAILABLE



Dieter Reible Foto: Andrea Vinassa

die waarheid maak seer

DIE KEISER

Deur Bartho Smit

Met Gustav Geldenhuys, Antoinette Kellerman, Louis van Niekerk, Bill Curry, Tjaart Potgieter, André Odendaal, Hannes Muller, Wilmiën Rossouw, Dirk Stoltz en Hugo Strydom

Regie deur Dieter Reible

Adcock Ingram, Windybrow

CHARL BLIGNAUT

DIE keiser van Ekwator het kontak met sy mense verloor. Sy ministers is korrup en die geld wat die keiser vir ontwikkeling gee, word misbruik. Die arme ou donder wil hê sy mense moet aantreklik geklee word en gelukkig wees en hy wil hê die res van die wêreld moet dink Ekwator is 'n veilige, gesofistikeerde, moderne plek. En die keiserin staan by hom en glimlag, maar eintlik is sy net 'n pop in mooi rokke. En die helikopters sirkel en die mense kom en gaan en protesteer en die bomme ontplof.

Toe op 'n dag daag twee wewers daar op en bied aan om die keiser se image te verander. Nou begin die hele spel binne 'n spel en uiteindelik is dit 'n komplot en die keiser val en die leiers van die naamlose mense neem oor - maar tog blyk dit niks gaan verander nie, want die politici is magsugtig. Ek wens FW en Mandela kon Dieter Reible se uitstekende produksie van Bartho Smit se *Die Keiser* (1977) kom sien, maar hulle gaan kyk seker min teater.

Die Keiser is van Reible se beste werk tot dusver en sy variasies op Smit se variasies op Hans Christian Anderson se *Die keiser se nuwe klere* wys dat Smit se beste werk miskien sy tyd vooruit was. Reible se teater-visie, sy eksperimente met ruimte en pouserings, effekte en universele metaforiserings lewer keer op keer van die uniekste teater-ondervindings in Suid-Afrika.

DIE DRIE HOOFPELERS blink uit in die uitstekende rolverdeling. Gustav Geldenhuys doen 'n genadelose ontmaskering van die keiser. Sy onkonvensionele benadering slaag daarin om die gehoor empatie te laat voel met 'n tiran en sy stowwerige verwarring in die lang pouses is treffend. Antoinette Kellerman se energieke ondersteuning taan geen oomblik nie: haar keiserin is 'n skepping wat 'n mens moet sien om te glo. Haar hantering van Reible se besluit om uiteindelik die keiserin ook te ontklee laat jou vir die eerste keer die volle potensiaal van die stuk se boodskap besef.

Louis van Niekerk is op sy heel beste in die rol van die hofnar - seker Smit se grootste karakter. Sy teenwoordigheid word sentraal in die produksie en hy bied die gehoor 'n ironie wat hulle kan verstaan - hoe brutaal mense op eerlikheid reageer. Sy vertolking van die klapsweef folter is een van die hoogtepunte van sy werk.

Chris van den Berg se ontwerp en Jacques Mulder se beligting skep die Adcock Ingram om in 'n kamer wat op 'n wêreld uitkyk en bring al die fragmente van Reible se vertolking wonderbaarlik en ongemaklik bymekaar.

fulfilled obsession

Nicolaas Vergunst of Cape Town writes:

IT seems that Beezy Bailey has once again fulfilled his obsession: exposure through the press as much as in a gallery. This time it's around a joint exhibition at The Market Galleries with Joyce Ntobe (also Entobe, of Ntobi), a fictitious figure who's fabrication has become one of Beezy's most ambitious publicity stunts to date. He has been so preoccupied with his own media promotion that the work of his two (wo)man show seems, so I hear, somewhat rushed and hastily put together. Perhaps Beezy should slow down and spend more time making, rather than marketing, his art. If not, someone is bound to write a review entitled, "Beezy Bailey of Joyce Ntobe: too Busy to make a Choice?" If not, someone else may prefer, "Tokenism of Tokenism: artistic white male becomes black woman..." Or, as Ivor Powell succinctly claimed last week, others may merely write off this spoilt playboy as "a deluded, minimally talented, maximally pampered brat" (VWB 15 Mei 1992). For me it's a question of "To be, or Ntobe". Should Beezy's alter ego be indulged or not?

LET US NOT forget that there are still some unresolved questions about Beezy's appropriation of a somewhat hallowed alias for the 1991 RvR Triennial. It was a provocative gesture repeating the now infamous incident when Wayne Barker submitted work for the 1990 SB Biennial under the alias of Andrew Moletse (also Moletsi). Was the acceptance of Ntobe and Moletse an act of affirmative action as they appeared to be two unknown, untutored "black artists"? Or, was it an act of acclaim or recognition both artists felt was due to them, since neither were then represented in major art collections?

As a collaborative effort, supposedly to expose the experts, Bailey and Barker seemed intent on making an issue out of alleged retro-racism and ethno-centrism within the arts establishment. At least that's how the press re-presented the issue: "Inverted racism and blatant ethno-centrism is practised by the national collectors of art, says Beezy Bailey" (*The Argus*, 31 August 1991). In fact, Beezy was a lot more specific, particularly in his accusation that the SA National Gallery (SANG) was racist and biased in its purchase of three monochrome linocuts by Ntobe. Zirk van der Berg quotes Beezy: "Die SANK se besluit om die werke te koop is tekenend van paternalisme en blanke skuldgevoel oor die verlede" (*Die Burger*, 31 Augustus 1991).

At that time Andrea Vinassa observed: "The international art world is fraught with plagiarism, falsification and forgery. This skandaaltjie has the ring of poetic justice about it and is somehow quite appropriate to its time and place" (VWB

6 September 1991). Here Andrea implied that the national collectors, including SANG, have been "at best naive and negligent, at worst patronising and insulting". Ag maar, Andrea! How about the statement issued for Beezy's recent exhibition at the SA Association of Arts, which read: "Joyce is committed to giving every cent earned from selling her work to a foundation for fulfilling Beezy Bailey's dream" (press release, 9 March 1992). For me the sub-text reads: black labourer exploited by white entrepreneur. It would seem that Beezy's antics are at least patronising, at most exploitative.

NEVERTHELESS, FOR some the most disturbing aspect of the debacle is that SANG's purchase of the Ntobe prints was done anonymously and with no regard for the individual artist who made the work (VWB 6 September 1991). But Director Marilyn Martin disagreed, as curators assume that the artist will have the integrity to make his or her identity known (*The Weekly Mail*, 6 September 1991). She also adds that they do not expect invoices to give false information (*The Argus*, 31 August 1991).

Unimaginatively, Beezy responded: "I imagine being a black woman domestic worker and I produce fairly simplistic linocuts portraying this existence. This project has been controversial and I have been publicly accused of faking my own work and of being a racist" (*Cape Style*, March 1992).

In spite of this Benita Munitz writes: "The jester, the fake and the fool play very important roles in drama - as they do it in art. Playing provocative games is where Beezy is at - a fitting response to this crazy world and a way of bringing serious matters into focus" (*The Cape Times*, 26 March 1992).

It is doubtful, indeed, to claim that Beezy was all that conscious of the seriousness behind this whim. Nevertheless, his unwitting gesture turned into an unprecedented drama.

But wittingly or not, fakes frequently subvert the aesthetic and market value of art. Such fraudulent works raise awkward issues for the art dealer, collector and curator; ie what is "validity", what is "value". Yet fakes are defined in terms of something else; namely as "genuine" or "original" artefacts. However, fakes - including forgeries, counterfeits, replicas and other copies - are of value in themselves and worthy of serious attention as they expose some key issues: such as assumptions about appropriation and notions of authenticity.

Perhaps we should look beyond Beezy's antics and address some of these issues instead. That's supposing we wish to be more reflexive in our criticism of artistic practices in SA. So, give us more of the stuff Ivor Powell wrote about in the last VWB.



'N LAASTE KANS

VWB SE VERKOOPPRYS
STYG BINNEKORT
SKERP. EN NOU DAT JY
VWB IN JOU HANDE
HET, WEET JY DIT IS 'N
NUUSTYDSKRIF WAT JY
NIE DURF MISLOOP
NIE.
VIR 'N PAAR WEKE HET
JY NOG 'N KANS OM
VWB OP 'N
VRYDAGOGGEND BY
JOU HUIS AFGELEWER
TE KRY - OF DEUR DIE
POS AANGESTUUR TE
KRY AS JY BUIE DIE
PWV-GEBIED OF DIE
KAAPSE SKIEREILAND
BLY - TEEN DIE OU
PRYS VAN R110 PER
JAAR OF R60 VIR SES
MAANDE (BTW EN
AFLEWERING
INGESLUIT).
VUL DIÉ VORM
VANDAG NOG IN EN
STUUR MET 'N TJEK OF
POSWISSEL AAN:
VWB VERSPREIDING,
POSBUS 177,
NEWTOWN 2113

NAAM _____

ADRES _____

POSKODE _____

elmari rautenbach skryf oor die week se tv KNOPKIERIES, HOTDOGS... EN DIE SAUK MAAK TOE

AUCKLANDPARK was dié week 'n ongewone gesig. In besonder die stukkie grond rondom die SAUK. Orals was groepe swartmense, druk aan 't tee drink of aan die gesels in die waterige herfssonnetjie. Oor die balkonrelings het hulle gehang en kort-kort luid gegroet-roep na verbygangers in die straat. Die hotdog-waentjie op die sypaadjie is druk besoek. Die hele gedoente het amper 'n karnaval-stemming gehad.

Maar die vreemdste gesig - en waarskynlik 'n eerste vir menige SAUK-besoeker - was die mans, baie in hempies met Afrika-motiewe op, wat knopkieries dra. Nie met aggressie nie. Intendeel. Daar is allerhande grappies daarvoor gemaak. Op een straathoek is 'n girlfriend kastig gedreig; op 'n ander het twee vriende 'n kamma-oorlogdansie uitgevoer - kompleet met die kieries. Nee, hier was die kieries - soos dikwels in programme soos Agenda verduidelik is: "net 'n natuurlike deel van hulle uitrustings"...

Die "geleentheid" was die eerste wettige staking by die SAUK deur werkmense verbonde aan die vakbond die Media Workers Association of South Africa (MWASA). Die staking het Maandag begin en teen Woensdag het ses van die nege swart radiodienste glad nie meer uitgesaai nie en was CCV se Nguni en Sotho-kanale net 'n flikkerende grys skerm. Vir mense wat meer direk met die SAUK skakel, het 'n frustrerende week gevolg van belofde koeverte wat verkeerd afgelewer is "omdat die bodes staak", oproepe wat ure kos om deurgeskakel te word en toue mense wat wag om gehelp te word by die ontvangstonbank.

MWASA staak omdat die vakbond en die SAUK nie oor 'n gepaste loonverhoging ooreen kan kom nie. Die SAUK het vroeër gesê hy bied 'n 7 persent loonverhoging en 4 persent meriete-verhoging aan werknemers. Dit was vir die vakbond onaanvaarbaar. Daarop het die SAUK sy aanbod gewysig na 'n loonverhoging van 11 persent en 'n minimum-loon van R1 300 - op dié voorwaarde dat die aanbod onmiddellik aanvaar word... wat MWASA nie gedoen het nie.

TOE SIT DIE spulletjie in die unieke situasie dat MWASA te kenne

DÍ MOS NOU BEHOORLIKE TV!

TV1 se *Agenda*-span het Dinsdagaand met sy dekking van die Goniwe-moorde wat volgens alle getuienis in opdrag van weermag-generaals gepleeg is, 'n reuse-stap gegee om 'n deel van sy politieke geloofwaardigheid te herwin.

Ewe belangrik: dit was goeie TV - goed nagevors, goed geredigeer en goed aangebied.

Tog het 'n mens knaend die indruk gekry dat aanbieder George Mazarakis homself moes inhou, dat hy heelwat verder sou gegaan het as hy nie oor sy regterskouer moes loer nie.

Miskien het juis dié 'n spesiale kwaliteit aan die program gegee: 'n mens het die hele tyd gewonder in hoeveel moelikhed die *Agenda*-span agterna gaan wees. (Gerugte dat Mazarakis as gevolg van die program deur die weermag opgeroep is vir diens, was dus ook nie onverwags nie.)

En ja, 'n mens het ook die hele tyd besef dit is eintlik 'n flash in the pan is. En die nuus om agt die volgende aand - en die army special daarna op *Agenda* - het dit bevestig. (Waar kóm die SAUK aan al die snaakse mensies wat partykeer voor die kamera gaan staan?)

Ons word ook nooit eintlik toegelaat om te vergeet dat die SAUK saam met die Nuwe Suid-Afrika pynlik probeer om ook te verander nie. Soos Sondagaand se *Agenda* oor die toekoms van die uitsaaiwese met John Bishop, die DP se Peter Soal, die ANC se Pallo Jordan (die ANC se grootste TV-bate) en 'n grys gees van die Nasionale Party wie se naam ek nou vergeet het en wat die hele tyd sit en vertel het hoe apolities en onafhanklik die raad van die SAUK is. En perdedolle is vye.

Bishop se gemaak-egte versekering aan die kykers dat die SAUK aan die publiek behoort en dat daar daarom meer sulke debatte gaan wees, het vir my al te veel geklink soos Harnus Kriel wat vertel hoe wonderlik neutraal en wetsgehoorsaam die polisie is, of Gatsha Buthelezi wat tranerig vertel hoe hy geweldpleging haat.

Die grootste gerusstelling van dié program was Jordan wat gesê het die eerste reël vir 'n nuwe uitsaai-bedeling is dat die verhouding tussen die SAUK en die volgende regerende party só neergelê moet word dat die regering nie kán inmeng nie, al wil hulle.

Terug by die punt. Maandagaand se *Agenda* het pionierswerk gedoen. Doe so voort. Dalk gaan daar tog plek wees vir mense soos Freek Robinson en Barbara Fölscher (haar onlangse *Agenda*-program oorswart pensionarisse was uitstekend) en Janice Bowen in die Nuwe SAUK.

Terloops, wit kykers kan gerus bykom en CCV se weergawe van *Agenda*, *Scoop*, ontdek. Synde oorwegend swart, is daar heelwat minder ideologiese inhibisies en paranola. - MAX DU PREEZ

gee albei partye is terug by die spreekwoordelike square one: die SAUK by sy aanbod van 'n 7 persent verhoging en MWASA by sy oorspronklike eis van 'n loonverhoging van 30 persent en 'n minimum-loon van R1 500. Die SAUK sê op sy beurt, nee, hy het nooit gesê sy aanbod van 'n 11 persent verhoging is nie meer geldig nie. Dis steeds sy aanbod. Nou wat is die aanbod? Of stoei die twee oor iets heel anders? Is dit waar die knopkieries inpas? Wil MWASA dalk net sy spiere wys - veral omdat dit sy eerste wettige staking is?

'n stokou charles op die troon?

AS dit nie reën nie... Aanstaaende week is daar behoorlik 'n vloedgolf nuwe, belowende programme en reekse op veral TV1 en CCV.

Boaan die lys is Pieter Pieterse van Swerwerskos se nuwe reeks *Boude en blaaië*. Dié reeks oor die bos, boskosse en boslegendes begin eintlik eers Sondag oor 'n week, maar klink so lekker 'n mens kan gerus solank 'n knoop in jou oor maak.

Resepte waarvan Pieter die geheime met kykers gaan deel, is dié van wildvleisrolletjies, biltongrisslaai, gemsbokrugstring, roosterkoek met knoffel en kaas, en wild in rooi wyn met spaghetti.

Dit bly ook nie by resepte uitdeel nie. *Boude en blaaië* is deurspek met stories oor diere se hofmakery, boslegendes, wildvang, woestyniere, noue ontkomings, en die legendariese leeus van die Skedelkus.

Die reeks is gegrond op Pieter se boeke *Winterwerf in die Kavango*, *Boude en blaaië*, en *Boskos*. John Badenhorst (nie van M-Net nie) is die regisseur, en die uitsaaityd is 12nm.

- *The Phantom of the Opera* is CCV se jongste mini-reeks en lyk - net te oordeel na die spelers wat daarin te sien is, die agtergrond waarteen dit speel en die tema - na 'n prima-tranetrekker.

Die regisseur is die Oscar-bekroonde Britse regisseur Tony Richardson, terwyl die musiek uitgevoer word deur die Hongaarse Staatsopera onder leiding van John Addison.

- Iets ongewoons op CCV is die reeks *Law and Order*, wat met elke episode 'n speurstorie en hofdrama kombineer. Boonop is die misdadstories gegrond op ware verhalte wat onlangs nog hoofopskrifte in koerante was. Die reeks begin aanstaande Vrydagaand om 8nm.

- *Women of the World*, wat Dinsdagaand om 11:30nm op CCV begin, ondersoek die leefstyle van vroue wêreldwyd. Van die bekender name in die reeks is Coco Chanel, Yoko Ono, Chris Evert, Khadija Adams en Prinses Gloria von Thurn und Taxis.

market theatre

NEDBANK PRESENTS

SARAFINA

In association with Anant Singh and Videovision Enterprises. This final South African season is staged by Mannie Manim and Mbongeni Ngema's Committed Artists. "A fantastic explosion of theatrical energy." *Newsweek*

LAAGER THEATRE

The Market Theatre and Mouthpeace present Andrew Buckland's

Bloodstream

Directed by Janet Buckland

Starring Andrew Buckland and LI Newman

Back by public demand

Mon-Fri 8.15pm

Sat 6.15pm & 9.15pm

UPSTAIRS THEATRE

Night Sky

Starring Kate Edwards, Graham Hopkins, Russel Savadier, Charlotte

Butler, Warrick Grier, Cheryl Gow

Scripted by Susan Yankowitz

Directed by Janice Honeyman

KIPIES

SINJALO - Mo, Tu, We

BAYETE - Fr, Sa, Su

MARKET GALLERIES

Drawing by Karin Harber

Pois by Anthony Shapiro

FLEA MARKET

The original Johannesburg Flea Market! Browse and bargain hunt from 9.00am - 4.00pm, every Saturday at the Market Theatre's more than 400 stalls.

THERE'S A NICHE FOR SANITY KATHY BERMAN MOUNTS A SCOOTER IN CANNES

I've got it down to a fine art. The only way to manage that star-struck stretch of the French tarmac lining the golden coast of Cannes, the Croisette, and still make it on time from Bob (Altman) to Bobby (de Niro) is by bike - scooter to be precise.

Yeah, the most valuable lesson I have learnt since I first set swollen foot on that steamy sidewalk was that the essence of life is not the Salle Debussy movie theatre, but Location 2 Roues (scooter hire).

For the answer to life's tiny woes in that grande capital of film flickers is not the silver screen, but the golden ball. If you can make it from one party to another, then you're ON TOP and winning. And winning is what it's all about. No, not the Golden Palm, which this year went to Bille August's Swedish film from Ingmar Bergman's script *Den Golda Viljan* (Best Intentions). Nor the 45th anniversary prize, which went to James Ivory's *Howard's End*. No, winning in a Cannes Film Festival is 10 power parties in 10 action-packed days.

That is stage 1 of the winning game. Stages 2 through 100 include various transactions alluding to business and financial success - doing a deal.

Everything at Cannes is graded according to such success ratios. And it depends on your station in life. If you are simply a trader, then life at the Festival provides you with certain entrées. If you are a journalist, you have one of four colour-coded options in the form of a white, blue, red or yellow card which sanction your professional activities considerably.

Yellow cunningly affords you the opportunity to gloat in retrospect, while allowing you entrée to nothing beyond the Palais building and press bar. White is positively regal, by comparison, and even includes the super soirées.

But enough of the formal class structuring. How many parties did I manage to schmooze my way into and how many exclusive one-on-one celebrity interviews did I manage to procure? Well, my success ratio on the latter far outweighs my schmoozing sensibilities on the former. I think I was doomed from the start.

The first party I managed to schmarm my way into was with every other South African on the block. The *Sarafina* party, although it despoiled the like of Whoopi Goldberg, one of the Bobs, Spike Lee, John Turturro and more, also positively glowed with the likes of Ster-Kinekor and GMSA.

AND JUST WHEN you thought that violence was a thing of subway stations and cop-cars, you're caught unawares. Sydney Lumet subjects the most peaceful religious community - the Chassids of

Brooklyn - to an assault of the old generic thriller kind. His 38th film stars Melanie Griffith as a contemporary undercover cop infiltrating the fundamentalist covens in Brooklyn. Lumet told me in an interview afterwards that his choice of a religious Jewish community has to do with an enduring awareness on his part of ongoing anti-semitism. For Lumet a somewhat sentimental examination of an old-world fundamentalist community provided him, at least, with some methods of dealing with the world.

Dealing with the world in the true "frocked" documentary reality is Jonathan Demme's cousin, Robert Castle. An epis-

copal minister from the heart of Harlem, Cousin Bobby (of the title of the film) provides a sane and canny answer to the unbearable human degradation that surrounds him. Demme spent two and a half years on this moving doccy.

Off-setting both maverick and independent products were American epics entered into Official Competition. *Of Mice and Men* (starring John Malkovich in a riveting performance) and the highly sentimental, sure-fire box-office winner, *Far and Away*, which provided very little by way of innovative and subversive filmmaking.

If one were trying to draw conclusions

from all of this as to the state of American filmmaking and the social mores, one would have to reluctantly admit that between the brutal realism of the "subway tunnel" dramas - this is a modern revamp of the 60s "kitchen sink" dramas - and the nostalgic inanity of the epics, somewhere there lies a space for a voice of sanity - a feature film dealing with the realities of Demme's documentary Cousin Bobby. The time has come for America to draw its strengths and values towards itself and from the massive diversity and tensions that exist today, commence a project of social reconstruction and reconciliation.

ANDREW WORSDALE, MORE HUSTLER THAN FILMMAKER, CHRONICLES HIS ADVENTURES IN CANNES

SITTING IN LONDON. It's raining. Dark. Gloomy. Suits my mood. The Cannes Film Festival has just opened with *Basic Instinct*. A great friend of mine paid for me to see it in Leicester Square. It's a pile of expensive, well-made KAK, with ludicrously unbelievable non-characters discovering their fucks of the century. At any rate, I hate Michael Douglas. Anyone caught in a thriving sexy nightclub wearing a green Pringle jersey just ought to go into radio.

Anyway, sitting in London. I really want to go to Cannes. For just one meeting. About a South African script I've been wanting to make for years. But I've got no money. I live on 80 pounds every fortnight, plus a couple of extras from script reading but as the UK film industry is dead, there aren't any scripts to read.

* THIS IS WHERE WORSDALE RAMBLES ON IN A BORING FASHION ABOUT DOPE SMOKING AND BORROWING MONEY FOR A PLANE TICKET.

ARRIVE AT CANNES. Put my luggage in a locker and go off to find anyone amongst the tens of thousands who might know me. Run into an Australian producer who offers to put me up in an apartment with five other people in it. I sleep on the balcony. Rush off to find accreditation, which takes two days. Press card in hand I discover that the press system is like the caste system and I am an untouchable. Can't get into anything because I have a yellow card. Red cards are the best ones to have, then blue.

SO I GO TO the Market screenings instead. And I check Richard Stanley's *Dust Devil*, shot in Namibia at a cost of around 2,5 million pounds. It is an absolute load of unmitigated rubbish. Poor Terry Norton gets fucked, then slashed up and burnt to death in the first three minutes. Quite what an unknown American star is doing as a time-travelling serial killer in the desert wastelands of Southern Africa escapes me. Zakes Mokae gives the most embarrassing performance of his career, probably because he doesn't believe it's going anywhere.

I meet a friend who is escorting the Kashoggi's around town. Adnan's daughter is thinking of playing Joan of Arc or something and they're starting a movie company. Well, someone said all money is dirty money, so I smile and try to look charming.

Run into Darrell Roodt and Anant Singh and they organise tickets for the gala screening of *Sarafina*. Actually very exciting. Thank god I brought my black suit, tie and unironed white shirt. I like the movie. A few problems with the pace, but it's pretty seamless stuff. A real movie. The writing is good and the whole effect is finally very involving and moving. I'm getting a bit tired of the detention genre, but this is a good one.

Very well expanded from the stage. It is a lavish affair, attended by an ice-cool sexy Sharon Stone and a rather bloated John Turturro. Leleti Khumalo gets a standing ovation, and I reckon she deserves it. I kind of like the casting of Robert Whitehead as the interrogator in the dark, heavy, uncompromising last third of the picture.

I go to the party afterwards feeling very good about the state of SA movies. Congratulations all concerned and am told two days later that I disgraced myself. You can't do anything right. If I was Brigitte Nielsen and had taken all my clothes off and gyrated all over Mr Roodt, I probably would have been told I had outclassed myself. Run into SA filmmaker and china Ken Kaplan who has got himself a red card and has seen all the movies. He's a nice guy. Buys me a cheese sandwich the next day.

By the last day I have tried getting into about eight movies with no success. So I steal off to see *Sgt Kabuki* - real New Yorkese meets low-budget Japan. Great fun. I've run out of money, but I convince the Festival office that I had worked on one of the movies and they organise a car to get me to Nice.

BACK IN LONDON. And the meeting? Well, I had the meeting and it looks like maybe I'll be MAKING a movie this year. Maybe I'll afford to go see one.



CANNES AND BACK

FUTON TRADING ENTERPRISES
THE GOOD NIGHT & GOOD MORNING COMPANY
15 LOCH AVENUE
PARKTOWN
TEL: 482-2068
Open: Mon - Sun
8am - 8pm

The Jensen Japan Futon
Genuine hand-made cotton mattress
labelled with the 100% cotton logo,
awarded to us by the SA Cotton Board

nu metro - jhb

onafhanklike theaters



Jason Patric in After Dark, My Sweet by die Seven Arts in Norwood.

Johannesburg

Mini Cine - Pretoriastraat 49, Hillbrow. (011) 642-8915
Die volgende films is onder andere die week te sien: Henry and June, The Handmaid's Tale, Mr Johnson, Pink Floyd The Wall, Last Tango in Paris en die cult movie The Harder They Come.

ster - kinekor / kaapstad

nu metro / kaapstad

22-28 May BOOK AT COMPUTICKET EXCEPT ACTION CINEMA. ALL SHOWS R7.00 EXCEPT MAIN EVE PERFORMANCE BETWEEN 7.30 - 8.30. NU METRO 1-10 VILLAGE WALK 883-9558. NECESSARY ROUGHNESS Scott Bakula, Harley Jane Kozak (A) MON-SAT: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00.

SK GOLDEN ACRE 25-2720. SK BLUE ROUTE 75-3030. SK PAROW 92-5128. SK STELLENBOSCH (02231) 4454. SK SOMERSET WEST (024) 51-5551. SK WESTGATE MALL VAN GUARD EXPRESSWAY 31-3130. SK SKYVUE 606-5100.

NU METRO THEATRES. 22-28 May BOOK AT COMPUTICKET EXCEPT MITCHELL'S PLAIN. ALL SHOWS R7.00 EXCEPT MAIN EVENING PERFORMANCE. NU METRO CLAREMONT 1-6 THE ATRIUM 683-1123. NU METRO STUTTAFORDS 1-3 TOWN SQUARE 782-2404.

vryekeusefilms

*****VOORTREFLIK *****STERK AANBEVEEL *****SIEN GERUS *****SO-SO *****VERMY AS JY NUGTER IS

ROLPRENTE SONDER STERRE IS NOG NIE BEOORDEEL NIE. HIERDIE IS NIE 'N VERGELYKENDE SKAAL NIE; DIT IS ONMOONTLIK OM ROLPRENTE IN VERSKILLENDE GENRES MET MEKAAR TE VERGELYK

HOUSE PARTY

Reginald Hudlin, die arm man se John Waters, se prent oor een dag in die lewe van 'n tiener. Die agtergrond is die hip-hop-subkultuur van eietydse swart jongmense en die styl is stroklesprent.

PARADISE

A painfully shy city boy is sent off to live with a married couple who are distracted by their own domestic difficulties. Through his presence a reconciliation is brought about. With Melanie Griffith and Don Johnson.

CHICAGO JOE AND THE SHOWGIRL

London 1944. Georgina (Emily Lloyd) is an aspirant showgirl. Ricky (Kiefer Sutherland) is the American serviceman who sweeps her off her feet and takes her on an Bonnie and Clyde adventure.

** BLACK ROBE

Or, to put it more appropriately, Rambling Robe.

*** ARTICLE 99

Waging war against the bureaucratic red tape of a VA hospital, a surgical strike force of doctors and nurses has no choice but to battle with the administrators who practice the fine act of Article 99 which promises veterans "full medical benefits, however, as the diagnosed condition cannot be specifically related to military service, treatment is not available at this time." Dodgy morality aside, it's a humorous, not particularly well-directed jol. Ray Liotta makes it sort of worthwhile.

THE YEAR OF THE GUN

Rome 1978. Die jaar toe studente betoog het en die Rooi Brigade mense se knleë vergruis het... Andrew McCarthy speel 'n joernalis wat vir 'n slegte geel koerantjie werk. Eintlik is hy besig met navorsing oor 'n roman oor die Rooi Brigade. Dinge loop lelik skeef. Regle deur John Frankenheimer, wat bekend is vir sy dokumentêre uitgangspunt.

POT VOL WINTER

Lewe land, en daar voel dit toe kompleet of ek kyk na 'n nuwe weergawe van Debbie - daai Afrikaanse fliek van so twee dekades gelede met Chris du Toit as die mediese student wat die joolprinses op die paal sit. Oorbekend. Moontlik omdat dit so Afrikááns in murg en been is. 'n Pot vol oppervlakkigheid en naïwiteit. lvdL

THE FIRST POWER

Rituele moord in LA vol mumbo-jumbo oor satanisme. Eerste opwindende faktor is Lou Diamond Phillips.

JFK - THE JIM GARRISON TAPES

Jim Garrison, former district attorney of New Orleans, portrayed by Kevin Costner in JFK, has given only one detailed and in-depth interview in which he meticulously outlined his case against the CIA for "Killing our President". This is it.

**** GRAND CANYON

Full of wandering liberals in search of meaning, Lawrence Kasdan's latest film is spot on in its reflection of urban paranoia and middle-class neurosis. AV

**** STRAPLESS

This Ode to Heroic Womanhood is a perfect film, a tribute to all women who have put up with so much for so long from so many men. Undermined by the very thing that makes it so enthralling, this subtly evocative film by Britain's



Een vir die kids - House Party is 'n vertoonkas vir moderne haarstyle.

David Hare concerns the love affair between a middle-aged doctor and a fly-by-night casanova. The film inadvertently perpetuates the image of women as pursued, patient and passive. Blair Brown gives a radiant performance as the jilted woman who rises like a phoenix from the ashes of romantic love. AV

* MEDICINE MAN

Die groen saak word gestel in dié prent oor die Suid-Amerikaanse reënwoede. Dis 'n romantiese avontuurprent met John McTiernan van Predator-, Die Hard- en The Hunt for Red October-faam as regisseur. Sean Connery is 'n wetenskaplike wat 'n kankermiddel ontdek het en hou van jonger vroue... Lorraine Bracco om presies te wees.

THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE

Nog 'n anti-yuppie-prent. Ná die dood van haar man moet Rebecca de Mornay begin werk om haarself te onderhou. Sy doen haarself voor as die volmaakte huishulp, maar beplan 'n verskriklike wraak op haar aangenome gesin. Curtis Hanson (Bad Influence en The Bedroom

Window) is die regisseur.

MY MOTHER'S CASTLE

Die Marcel Pagnol worsmasjien kom nou met My Mother's Castle vorendag. Na die tradisie van My Father's Glory, Jean de Florette, Manon des Sources, ens, ens. Intense, vlietende geluk, die liefde, verhoudings met ouers en die eenvoudige lewe is die temas van dié prent wat in die Rosebank Mall draai.

**** DEAD AGAIN

A schlocky Gothic horror love story that makes your spine tingle and has you sitting on the edge of your seat. Enfant terrible-Kenneth Branagh does it again, this time re-hashing the film noir aesthetic of the forties and contrasting it with today's ultra-naturalism. Concerns a cop who goes in search of the previous life of an amnesiac. Magnificent performances from Branagh and his real life wife, Emma Thompson. AV

** LITTLE MAN TATE

Jodie Foster is die "flavour of the month", maar haar regie-debuut is

uiters teleurstellend. Die verhaal van die verknorsing van 'n begaafde kind is verward en verwarrend. Skynbaar 'n prent oor hoe begaafde mense ly as hulle dom ouers het, moes die prent eintlik gegaan het oor hoe enigiemand ly as hy/sy nie iemand het om mee pool/rugby te speel nie. Vol cliché's en stereotipes. As Foster 'n begaafde kind was, is dit nie voor die hand liggend nie.

HOOK

Stephen Spielberg's epic fairytale with the best cast ever to appear in a Little People's film: Robin Williams, Julia Roberts and Dustin Hoffman, who had some much-needed fun as a pirate.

MY FATHER'S GLORY

Marcel was born in Aubagne at the end of the 19th century. His mother Augustine is a dressmaker, his father a teacher. Very quickly Marcel learns how to read. Augustine is worried. Joseph is delighted. The family goes to the hills for the holidays, where Marcel discovers friendship with Lili and that holidays have an end. Director Marcel Pagnol's opus to childhood fulfillment in provincial France. It is on at the Rosebank Mall.

*** CAPE FEAR

Disappointing mainstream urban-paranoia-suspense-drama from one's favourite maverick. Astounding camera work, editing and directing, but the story goes down the tubes. Full of the fright gimmickry found in the Amityville Horrors, Murders on Elm Street and Psychos of the schlock horror world. Robert de Niro with a phoney Southern accent thinks he's still in Taxi Driver. Great work from Jessica Lange and sensual newcomer Juliette Lewis. AV

**** BUGSY

Barry Levinson's rather dull and earnest style of directing brings a certain "realism" to the non-prototypical gangster story. Bugsy Siegel, once known as the most dangerous man in America, is portrayed as a buffoonish casanova with a hell of a temper. Movie clichés are subverted to effect a scathing attack on Hollywood values. The congruence of violence and Idealism in Bugsy's life, and the expression of jealousy, passion and betrayal evinces a fascinating, if disturbing, comment on "romantic love". AV

*** SOAP DISH

Facile, but fun. Whoopi Goldberg plays a scriptwriter, the only real person amongst a collection of vamps, ageing soap queens and seedy actors. It's a silly sendup of what goes on behind the scenes of an American daytime soap opera. If you need something which won't tax you... Kevin Kline is mildly funny.

** QUEENS LOGIC

One of those irritating movies about The Nineties Man in which sensitive men confess their weaknesses, cry and wonder whether they should marry the tarts they are engaged to. Covers the same territory as The Fisher King, but not nearly as comprehensively. AV

*** THE DOCTOR

William Hurt gets a taste of his own medicine in this drama about a respected San Francisco surgeon who gets cancer. He once was an evil yuppie... now he's a nice guy.