

# W<sup>W</sup>B

## Vrye Weekblad

N° 187

14-20 AUGUSTUS 1992  
R3,00 (BTW INGESLUIT)

### HIER KOM KODESA MODEL III

**rugby is soos afrika**

- nie vir sissies nie

**robin williams**

the hairy fairy

**boipatong:**

lies, lies and empty tapes

**regering se amnestie:**

skoon lei, vuil wasgoed



# INHOUD N° 187



**5 With the Boipatong Inquiry, the blank tapes, the Waddington Report, the UN's recommendations, the South African Police are under attack like never**

before. But the government may have found a way out. Read between the lines of the amnesty announcements

## **7 & 8 Die Kodesa-wa rol voort**

Ondanks die hewige botsings wat tot 'n dooiepunt in die onderhandelingsproses gelei het, besef die ANC en die regering dat Kodesa moet voortgaan. En in die volgende ronde sal die PAC en die Nuwe Regses ook maar moet naderskuif

**12 & 13 Rugby, soos Afrika, is nie vir sissies nie. MARTIE MEIRING bring 'n ode aan die Game...**

**23 & 24 Robin Williams: the broad-chested and fearless hairy fairy...At last ANDREA VINASSA gets to beat up on someone her own size**



Voorblad Foto: Roger Bosch/Southern

## **Van die Redakteur se lessenaar**

Dit was nogal 'n vreemde week. Aan die een kant die plesier om twee van die wêreld se beste rugbyspanne gelyktydig hier te hê - lees gerus Martie Meiring se lekker essay op bladsy 12 - en aan die ander kant 'n hele rits getuienis dat daar waaragtig nou iets aan die polisie gedoen moet word. Die skerp kritiek wat regter Daniels in die Hooggeregshof teenoor die polisie se swak ondersoek en leuenagtige optrede gerig het; die vreemde geval van die Boipatong-bande wat onhoorbaar is; en nog verskeie mense wat in aanhouding sterf, maak die posisie van die polisie nou onhoudbaar. En die voortdurende politieke kommentaar wat junior polisie-woordvoerders steeds lewer, raak ook nou te erg.

Ons by die redaksie word gereeld deur lesers gekonfronteer wanneer hulle nie saamstem met ons aanslag of iets wat in VWB verskyn het nie. Vir dié mense wil ons hier weer sê: skryf vir ons briewe. Lekker kort en bondig, dan hoef ons dit nie te verkort nie. En as die briewe te veel raak vir een blad, sal ons van tyd tot tyd nog 'n blad beskikbaar stel.

Ons hou van ons lesers se menings, en ons lesers hou ook daarvan - die brieweblad is een van die gewildste in die hele tydskrif.

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Vrye Weekblad is 'n onafhanklike niuustydskrif wat uitgegee word deur Wending Publikasies Beperk (Reg. No. 88/4016806).

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# so sê hulle

"Ek het van die begin af gesê die Suid-Afrikaanse span was 'n middelmatige span. Dit was onrealisties om te verwag dat hulle goue medaljes moes terugbring."

**SAM RAMSAMY**, voorsitter van die Nasionale Olimpiese Komitee van Suid-Afrika (Noksa).

"Soon after the turn of the century there won't even be enough whites to fill the demand for wealthy mugging victims."

Sunday Times editor, **KEN OWEN** on South Africa's white birthrate.

"Bly weg. Dit is die dood in die pot. As julle een maal in onderhandelinge is, gaan julle daar uitkom met 'n smet. Dan het julle deel gehad aan die verraad van jul volk."

**JAAP MARAIS**, leier van die Herstigte Nasionale Party, se raad aan Andries Beyers en ander KP-lede wie se koppe onderhandelingsstafel toe staan.

"Tolerance is an admirable intellectual gift; but it is of little worth in politics. Politics is a war of causes; a joust of principles. Government is too serious a matter to admit of meaningless courtesies."

**WOODROW WILSON**, (1856-1924) American Democratic Politician and President of the USA between 1913 - 1921.

"We will be a more vibrant, a more gentle, a more caring church with women priests, for ordination is not for power or creating an elite caste, but is for service and sacrifices."

Archbishop **DESMOND TUTU** in Mbabane at the opening service of the triennial Synod of the Church of the Province of Southern Africa, backing the ordination of women as priests and bishops in the Anglican Church.

"Ek voer eerlikwaar 'n kloosterbestaan. Nou sal ek waarskynlik meer wulps moet word en hierdie situasie moet omkeer tot my voordeel."

**JANI ALLAN** in 'n onderhoud met die Sunday Telegraph.

# vrydagoggend

met max du preez



## Suid-Afrikanerskap is die beste hoed

**S**OO mense van die bergkwagga of die woestynleeu gepraat het, praat hulle deesdae oor die toekoms van die Afrikaner in Suid-Afrika.

Daar was dié week inbelprogramme en 'n Idasa-seminaar oor die saak waarvoor ek 'n paar nota's gemaak het.

Dit is belangrik om te bepaal wie en wat 'n Afrikaner is voor jy oor hom of haar kan praat.

En daar het ons, tipies van die Afrikaners, al klaar 'n lekker baklei. Ek het die ander dag 'n gesprek gehad met 'n paar senior regse Afrikaners wat nie te gelukkig was met hoe ons hulle en hul politieke bondgenote op die voorblad uitgebeeld het nie, toe sê die een vir my: "Man, jy is nie 'n Afrikaner se gat nie." En toe sê ek vir hom "Ja, en jy is."

Ek het nog net een definisie van 'n Afrikaner gehoor waarmee ek dink almal, selfs nie-Afrikaanssprekendes, sal saamstem. Dit het gekom van 'n ou Baster-oom van Rehoboth in Namibia wat duidelik 'n paar ervarings van ons stamgenote aldaar gehad het. "n Boer is soos 'n bok," het hy gesê, "en 'n bok is 'n bliksem."

Maar nou praat ons alweer van 'n Boer, en nou hoor ek van ons geleerde regse vriende 'n Afrikaner is nie dieselfde ding as 'n Boer nie. En dan praat Robert van Tonder nog van Kaapse wit Afrikaanssprekendes as die Cape Dutch.

Al dié definisies van 'n Afrikaner is politieke definisies eerder as etniese definisies. Miskien moet mense soos ek dan verklaar: Ek is 'n etniese Afrikaner, nie 'n politieke Afrikaner nie.

Die koppeling tussen mag en etnisiteit is een van die mees basiese probleme van ons land.

As ons wonder oor die toekoms van Afrikaners, moet ons miskien sê die etniese Afrikaners het niks meer te vrees van Afrika of 'n demokratiese Suid-Afrika as 'n Sotho-sprekende of 'n Engelssprekende of 'n Tswana of 'n Jood nie. Andersom gesê: dan is jou vrese bloot dié van 'n demokrat en 'n Suid-Afrikaner.

**MAAR DIE "POLITIEKE"** Afrikaners het dalk iets te vrees. Daar gaan nie plek wees vir Afrikanerchauvinisme en -arrogansie in 'n demokratiese Suid-Afrika nie. As hulle hul Afrikanerskap bó hul Suid-Afrikanerskap gaan plaas, gaan hulle gefrustreer word.

Maar hulle sal gewoon raak daaraan, veral omdat hulle gou sal agterkom niemand gaan hulle keer om hul kultuur uit te lewe of hul taal te praat nie. Soos Joodse of Portugese Suid-Afrikaners wat nog nooit beskerm was nie, maar rustig oorlewe het.

Ondanks al die histerie en handgebare en dreigemente en kakie-kostuums waarvan ons deesdae so baie sien, glo ek die vrees vir 'n wit terroriste-oorlog en 'n rasse-bloedbad is so klein dat ons dit eintlik kan ignoreer. Mense word net werklik terroriste of vryheidsvegters as hulle ontbeer, as hulle erg onderdruk word of intens haat. Die ver-regses voldoen net aan een kwalifikasie, en dit is haat. Maar dis nie die soort diepgesetelde haat wat 'n mens byvoorbeeld in Noord-Ierland kry nie, want daar is nie eintlik iemand om regtig te haat nie. Wie moet hulle haat? Niemand onderdruk of wil hulle onderduk nie, niemand wil hulle verbied om Afrikaans te wees of Afrikaans te praat nie, niemand wil regtig hulle grond afvat nie.

Die meeste Afrikaners kry nie swaar nie, intendeel. Daar was nie 'n groter afskrikmiddel vir terroriste-speletjies as toe 'n klomp belhamels in die tronk gestop en hulle hul werk verloor en hul blink karre moes prysgee nie.

**EK GLO DIÉ** Afrikaners is klaar stadigaan besig om gewoon te raak aan die nuwe gesig van ons gemeenskap, en teen die tyd dat Nelson Mandela of Cyril Ramaphosa staatspresident is, sal hulle niks erger tekere gaan as nou nie. En uiteindelik sal die meeste van hulle agterkom dat net 'n regverdige staatsbestel vrede en voorspoed kan bring, en dat die Nuwe Suid-Afrika nie eintlik veel aan hul lewens verander het nie behalwe dat hulle nou die All Blacks en die Wallabies sommer terselfdertyd in die land het.

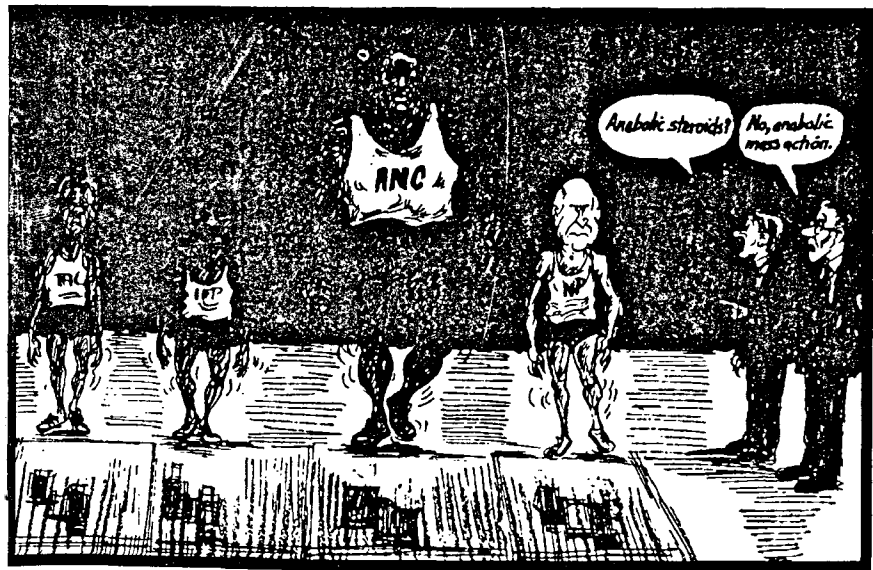
Wat het van die regse terroriste en al hul dreigemente in die voormalige Suidwes en Rhodesië geword? Hulle boer en werk voort en gaan aan met hul lewens. Vra maar vir enige Afrikaner in Namibia en hy of sy sal erken dat al waar sy of haar lewe werklik verander het, is dat daar nie meer oorlog is nie. Soos die eens gehate Dirk Mudge teen verkiesingstyd deur selfs HNP's as die groot wit hoop gesien is, so sal FW de Klerk ook geleidelik deur regse Afrikaners as hul enigste realistiese hoop beskou word, want hul eie politieke leiers neem nie deel aan die nasionale magpolitiek nie. En hulle begin besef dit help nie om winde te laat teen donderweer nie - dis boonop nie goed vir die osoonlaag nie.

**DIE AFRIKANERS VAN** die Nasionale Party het klaar heelwat van hul stambagasie afgeskud en is nou meer bekommerd oor hul lewenstandaard as oor hul Afrikanerskap. Hulle het al onder PW Botha van 'n Afrikanerparty na 'n wit party verander en deesdae werf hulle al bruin- en swartmense vir die party sodat hulle idees groter stemkrag sal hê wanneer hulle in 'n demokratiese toets teen hul ideologiese vyand te staan kom.

Dié soort Afrikaners gaan relatief min aanpassingsprobleme hê, veral omdat die verandering relatief geleidelik plaasvind. Hulle gaan waarskynlik steeds hul politieke tuiste in die Nasionale Party vind, wat met sy 20 tot 30 persent potensiële nasionale steun 'n belangrike opposisieparty in 'n demokratiese Suid-Afrika gaan wees. Maar veral sal hulle saam met die Engelssprekendes voortgaan om die ekonomie vir 'n lang tyd te domineer.

Uiteindelik gaan Afrikaans-wees tog maar 'n rustige, private ding wees wat nie aan politieke mag gekoppel is nie.

Hoe gouer ons dit aanvaar en ophou golfies maak, hoe beter vir ons almal.



Sunday Times

## het jy geweet?

Die hoogste selfondersteunende boustruktuur ter wêreld is die CN-toring (1976) in Toronto, Kanada - 555,33 m hoog. Van die draai-restaurant op 347,5 m sien mens 120 km ver. Die Warszawa-radiomas naby Gabin in Pole is hoër - 646,38 m - maar word deur 15 staalkabels geanker.

Die hoogste kantoorgebou is Sears Tower in Chicago, VSA - 110 verdiepings, 443 m hoog. Twee TV-maste bo-op verleng dit tot 475,18 m. Die gebou het 103 hysers, 18 roltrappe, 16 000 vensters en huisves 16 700 werknemers.

Die wêreld se eerste vuurtoring - 122 m hoog - is in c 270 vC voltooi deur Sostratus van Cnidus op die eiland Pharos naby die kus van Alexandria, Egipte. Die piramiedvormige, wit marmertoring, een van die Sewe Wonders van die antieke wêreld, is in 1375 deur 'n aardbewing vernietig.

# BRIEWE



## ARME BEVOORREGTE LANDSBURGER

**Robert J Pearce van Thohoyandou, Vanda skryf:**

Weereens dankie vir u puik koerant wat ons gereeld hier in die verre Vanda ontvang. Ek wil reageer op die berig "Die droom van 'n Afrikanerland" (VWB 10-16 Julie). Ek kon nie glo wat ek lees nie, naamlik dat 'n Afrikaner wat vir meer as 40 jaar deur die Groot "A" bevoorreg is, nou kla oor die nadele van hul voordelige stelsel Ironies, nè?

Amper het ek krokodilrane in my glasoë gekry want sien, 'n slie het ek nie meer vir diesulkes nadat ek gebukkend moes gaan vir 35 jaar onder hulle diskriminerende stelsel nie. Ek het self dié soort Afrikaners hulle sondes vergewe, maar dan moet hulle nie kom staan en huigel nie. Al wat ek kan sê, is: siestog arme bevoorregte landsburger, skrik jy nou eers wakker?

'n Bletjie raad: as julle nou die ewewig wil herstel, gaan na Rustenburg of die naaste kerk of plein met of sonder Frank Chikane en oom doktor Louw Alberts en sê: "Ons is jammer vir wat ons deur apartheid aan dié mooi land en sy swartes, bruines en Indiërs gedoen het; ons belowe plegtig om ons rykdomme wat ons deur bevoorregting onder apartheid opgebou het onder die nie-wit slagoffers daarvan te verdeel; ons belowe om ons kennis wat ons opgedoen het by ons Broederbond-beheerde tersiëre inrigtings te deel deur lesings te gee aan minderbevoorregtes; ons belowe om dadelik met ons NP-regering te praat sodat hulle binnekort stemreg sal gee aan oom Nelson en kle wat hulle nog steeds nie het na byna 30 jaar in die tronk en twee en 'n half buite die tronk nie; ons belowe om rasse-verhoudinge te verbeter daagliks en nie om ander mense as diere aan te sien nie; ons belowe... Ons belowe... dat dit bindend op ons wit gewete sal wees..."

Moontlik, as jy klaar jou sondes bely het en die voorafgaande eed geneem het, sal ek probeer om heeltemal te vergeet hoeveel keer ek al op die sypaadjie in die middestad van Pretoria moes sit en my broodjies eet, en in hoeveel parke kon ek as kind nie speel nie omdat dit net vir wittes was, en hoeveel nie-blanke bordjies ek daagliks moes gehoorsaam.

Ten slotte, ou wit landsburger, ek gun jou jou Tuisland en jou plekkie in ons Afrika. Ek hoop jy gun my dieselfde in alle eerlikheid sonder versteekte agendas, al is my huid sonbruingebrand.

## MOEG VIR GEMORS

**Jan Smalberger van George skryf:**

Hoe langer die dag uitgestel word vir die swartmense om die land oor te neem, hoe meer verval die land in chaos.

Daar is niks wat die parlamentsiede aanspoor om met die swartmense tot 'n vergelyk te kom nie, want dan verloor hulle

hul inkomste en mag.

Maar twee dinge kan die LP's wel aanmoedig om 'n ooreenkoms te bereik. Hulle inkomste moet tot 1994 gewaarborg word en ten tweede 'n Nuremberg-tipe verhoor waar elke LP verantwoording moet doen as daar nie 'n ooreenkoms bereik is teen 1 September 1992 nie.

As die LP's bang is vir die ekonomiese gevolge van een mens, een stem, moet die meritokratiese stelsel aan die swartmense verkoop word wat van Suid-Afrika 'n tweede Singapoer sal maak.

Almal is moeg vir die huidige gemors.

## MORELE MELAATSHEID

**PJD Lourens van Quellerina skryf:**

Woorde ontbreek om die afgryse afgrond te beskryf waarvoor die massamoord op aangehoudendes ons te staan gebring het.

Hitler leef - sy volgelinge staan in diens van die belastingbetaler. Goedgepraat deur die NP en die SAUK.

Dié ding is 'n morele melaatsheid wat feitlik elke wit persoon besmet. Ons kon geprotesteer het; dié van ons wat wel probeer praat het, kon harder gepraat het.

Nou kan net die aaklige waarheid ons nog genees. Ons moet erken. Ons moet NEE sê vir die lamsak De Klerk en sy ampelike moordenaars en daarop aandring dat die skuldiges vasgetrap word; dat dié lafhartige doodslag ophou, nou, vandag. Dat dit nooit, nooit weer gebeur nie.

Ons sal ons koppe moet laat sak. En dit nie op lig voordat elke aangehoudene in dié verskriklike land veilig is nie.

Mr De Klerk, dit is 'n skande om 'n Afrikaner te wees. Daarvoormoet u regering die volle krediet aanvaar.

## HALWE WAARHEDE

**D van As van Brooklyn skryf:**

Ek verwys na die berig "Plutonium om die Kaap: hier is die feite" (VWB 17-23 Julie).

As die "feite" van Pearlle Joubert waar sou wees, het ons geen kans op oorfewing nie en moes ons reeds almal duisende dode gesterf het. Haar "feite" bevat halwe waarhede wat sonder enige kennis of begrip geïnterpreteer is.

In die wêreld waarin ons leef, is daar veel groter bedreigings as dié van 'n plutonium-ongeluk in die Kaapse seewaters. As ons die analogie in dié artikel moet volg, dan is daar genoeg radium in die mynhope rondom Johannesburg om die hele wêreldbevolking uit te wis. Radium is 'n stof wat baie soortgelyke eienskappe as plutonium het. Beide is radioaktief, straal alfa-deeltjies uit en het leeftye van duisende jare. Die verskil is dat plutonium mensgemaak is, nie natuurlik voorkom nie en dat die voorrade daarvan streng beheer word. Radium daarenteen, is 'n natuurlike element wat oral voorkom, in die aardkors, in elke been in ons liggaam, elke baksteen in ons huis, elke graaf grond in ons tuine...

Beide plutonium en radium se nadele vir die mens is die gevolg van hul radioaktiwiteit wat, indien die stowwe inwendig opgeneem word, daartoe lei dat selle, in besonder chromosome, deur die alfabeestraling beskadig word. Radium en plutonium is omtrent ewe nadelig vir die mens. In die geval van inaseming is plutonium ongeveer

drie keer gevaarliker, terwyl in die geval van inname deur die mond is radium 500 keer gevaarliker as plutonium. Die verskil is die gevolg van die metaboliese gedrag van radium en plutonium in die liggaam.

As vyf kilogram plutonium dan kwansuis genoeg is om die hele wêreldbevolking dood te maak of een ton plutonium die wêreldbevolking eenduisend maal kanker kan gee (sic), dan moet dieselfde waar wees van radium, want beide het dieselfde effek op die mens. Feit is dat daar duisende tonne radium vryelik in die natuur aanwesig is - in grond, plante, riviere, die see - en geen enkele ongeval op aarde kan regstreeks hiertoe in verband gebring word nie. In die mynhope aan die Witwatersrand alleen is daar ongeveer 50 kilogram radium wat onder weinig beheer staan. In elke kubieke meter grond in u tuin is daar 'n hoeveelheid radium wat volgens bostaande syfers 'n persoon se dood sal veroorsaak.

Dis nie waar dat almal wat aan plutonium blootgestel word, kanker kry of sterf nie. Wetenskaplikes het bepaal dat indien 'n persoon 0,2 mikrogram plutonium of 0,5 mikrogram radium in sy longe sou opneem, daar 'n risiko van 1 in 10 000 bestaan dat die persoon kanker mag kry en sterf. (Padgebruikers loop 'n veel groter risiko - vir elke 3 000 sterf daar een per jaar.)

Wat Joubert blykbaar doen, is om die getalle met die wêreldbevolking (5 000 miljoen) te vermengvuldigen dan 'n syfer te kry, naamlik 5 kilogram wat genoeg is om die wêreldbevolking uit te wis. Dit is doodgewoon snert, daar is geen manier, behalwe as dit doelbewus in elke persoon se longe ingespuut word, dat dit moontlik is nie. Die voorbeeld van natuurlike radium wat onder geen beheer staan nie en in groot hoeveelhede vrylik in die natuur teenwoordig is, bewys dat dit nie gebeur dat persone deur gewone handelinge dodelike dosisse radium inneem nie.

Om te beweer dat indien so 'n skip sou sink en die plutonium in die see gestort word, kusgebiede vir 50 000 jaar onbewoonbaar sou wees, is verdere snert. Ons see en kusgebiede bevat reeds groter hoeveelhede radium van natuurlike oorsprong en is alles behalwe onbewoonbaar.

Sogenaamde feite wat nie bevraagteken word nie en sonder gesonde verstand gebruik word, is veel gevaarliker en berokken groter skade as die vervoer van plutonium om die Kaap. Dit lei tot vreespsigose wat verkeerde besluite tot gevolg het en daardeur word ons dinge ontsê wat noodsaaklik is om 'n gesonde balans tussen lewenskwaliteit en omgewingsbeskerming te verseker.

(Brief ingrypend verkort - Red)

**Briewe korter as  
300 woorde geniet  
voorkeur.**

Rig briewe aan:  
Die Brieweredakteur  
WVB Posbus 177  
Newtown 2113

## FALLOFBIESE POËSIE

**Chris Claassen van Brooklyn skryf:**

Mad Magazine sê oor Paul Simon se gedurige gepeutery met ander musiekstyle: "Don't encourage the guy. Next time he's going to give us Eskimo romantic music." 'n Mens voel so oor Antjie Krog se jongste gler (VWB 31 Jul - 6 Aug): Fallofobiese poësie. (Uit respek vir die lesers sit ek die twee kolletjies op die "e".)

Nee, kyk, wat te pretensieus is, is darem te erg. Voorbeelde: "Alles, hoor jy my, alles fokken draal om die maintéfinance van die piel"; "nou wil daai voël nie... die ballas se strepspap gesak", ensovoorts, ad nauseam ad fallum. Oor dié Boere-Jane Fonda se poësie kan tereg gesê word: "Have cause, will write poem." Die sake tot dusver is jongmeisieliefde, huisvrounukke, apartheidwoede, feministiese fallofobie. Wed julle die volgende saak is die ekologie. Ons sien uit na "Woedende Groen Verse" deur A Krog.

## KUUR VIR PMT

**Diep Dankbaar van Sandton skryf:**

Ek skryf onder aansporing van ons ontvangsdame wat gevra het ek moet julle laat weet dat VWB help vir PMT. Sy het hoogs bebliskend van haar lunch in Sandton City af teruggekome (en dis nie net die PMT se skuld nie, believe me). Anyway, dis toe net daar dat ek op haar afstom met dié week se VWB (7-13 Augustus) en 'n paar Bittergal-stukkies uit "Die Republiek van Parra-Boeregovina", "Aanstootlik" en "Kapokhaantjie" met gepaste gevoel vir haar voorlees.

Ek het natuurlik self soos 'n mal mens in Café Renoir in bogenoemde Sandton City daarvoor gesit en lag, tot die well-meaning waitress by my wou weet wat verkeerd is. Toe val ek maar met my gesig in my baked potato en lag verder.

So op hierdie hoë noot wil ek net vir Bittergal sê, ek en Debbie dink jy is bedonnerd snaaks. En baie dankie.

NS: Dis nou 'n uur later en Debbie lag nog steeds vir "die arm man se Hemus Kriel".



With the security forces under fire, the government is suddenly prepared to forgive and forget - and to release all the political prisoners it said until yesterday were not political prisoners at all. **IVOR POWELL** tries to keep his balance while the government does somersaults

# Wiping the slate clean

## *when the writing is on the wall for the SAP*

Genl Johan van der Merwe...  
Shouldn't this head be rolling?

**YOU** could almost catch yourself feeling sorry for the SAP.

Over the past week alone:

- They were shown to be either unable to use their own equipment (the gross incompetence theory of South African policing) or liars and worse (the complicity in the violence theory of South African policing) at the ongoing Goldstone commission inquiry into the June 17 massacre at Boipatong.
- They were alleged by numerous witnesses at the same inquiry to have been actively involved in the Boipatong killings, most recently and most damagingly by one of their own special constables, who said he saw a police armoured vehicle loaded with impis and murderous intent proceeding down one of the Boipatong streets while the massacre was still going on.
- They were given a hard rap over the knuckles by Mr Justice Daniels in the Rand Supreme Court in connection with their investigations of last year's Alexandra funeral massacre. With magnificent understatement, Judge Daniels accused members of the force of "overzealousness", pointing to incidences of police leaking information to witnesses in advance of an identity parade, of holding an identity parade after the accused had already been identified in the media, and of outright lying in bail application statements.
- Eight more people died in police custody this week, renewing focus on the devastating allegations of senior pathologist Dr Jonathan Gluckman to the effect that the SAP were more or less in the habit of killing people held in custody, and that coverups of such murders were no more than routine.

**YOU COULD ALMOST** feel sorry for them. But not quite. The security forces in general and the SAP in particular have had plenty of time to clean up their act since the writing first appeared on the wall with the disclosures of Dirk Coetzee, Almond Nofomela and others. With the implicit ratification of these disclosures by Judge Krieger in finding against General Lothar Neethling, accused by Coetzee of poisoning opponents of the government from his Pretoria forensic laboratories. With the exposure of the

SADF's dirty tricks department, the CCB. With the judgement given by Justice Andrew Wilson in the Trust Feed case, finding as he did that police were complicit in massacres and attempted a coverup to prevent the truth from getting out.

The security forces have abundantly been warned, and if they and the government have chosen to exercise damage control or denial or obfuscation techniques rather than doing something concrete and meaningful to stop the rot, well, that is nobody's fault but their own.

The point is this week's batch of allegations bulks hardly more significantly at this point in time than the regular weekly delivery of a weekly order of allegations of police brutality, incompetence and complicity in the township violence.

There is nothing in it that is essentially new. But for all that the whole ball game has suddenly changed.

**CRUCIALLY IT** changed with the UN recommendations made in the wake of special envoy Cyrus Vance's visit over the mass action period. The central issue here was a recommendation - and make no mistake, the UN in the present situation recommends in more or less the same way that Rambo says please - that the Goldstone Commission undertake an investigation into the conduct of the South African security forces.

But can the government afford the scrutiny? The answer is no and yes at the same time.

No - and I don't believe that any court would find it libellous to say this in the present situation - because there is some seriously filthy linen jammed in among all the skeletons in the security forces closet.

Of course we should not be forgetting at this point that the proposed Goldstone inquiry would also be into ANC and PAC conduct as well as that of other organisations.

But mainly the threat is directed at the government. And for Goldstone, assisted as he is by international dignitaries, to embark on a real and thorough investigation of security forces conduct would be more than whatever vestiges remain of government credibility could stand.

Yes, because there is a way of avert-

ing the threatened crisis. And at the government's press conference in Pretoria yesterday morning Justice Minister Kobie Coetzee was quick to seize upon it: the 1990 Indemnity Act promulgated after the first rounds of talks with the ANC in 1990.

Hinting that agreement had already been reached with the ANC on this issue - and backed up by Foreign Minister Pik Botha in the same press conference saying he was sure the ANC would "welcome the announcement", Coetzee insisted on linking the amnesty announcement to the release of political prisoners. He said there were two ways of granting indemnity, firstly by means of a listing of specific crimes covered by indemnity (this having already been done in earlier versions of the Indemnity Act) and secondly by extending relevant definitions to include what the government calls "common law crimes" (those where deaths, etc resulted) under the "political" rubric.

As a package then, the deal cuts essentially two ways, to the ANC political prisoners like Robert McBride who remain in prison as "common law criminals" and to the security forces as a whole, who will in the same stroke be granted indemnity.

(So, unless some clever clause is introduced, will mass-murderer Barend Strydom - in the face of his wife Karin's protestation last week that he still felt no remorse over killing nearly 20 innocent people.)

Coetzee intimated that in the new deal - as opposed to that under which the ANC indemnities were considered, the amnesty would be truly general: applicants would not have to disclose the crimes for which they were seeking indemnity.

It is a staggering piece of bad faith, however cunningly the government has finally played the bargaining chip of political prisoners. The rules have suddenly changed, what was sauce for the ANC goose is not any longer sauce for the security forces gander, and the intelligence gained from the ANC's indemnity applications will no longer be available in the case of the security forces.

**MORE IMMEDIATELY** to the point, as both Coetzee and Botha stressed, the



government's version of the amnesty announcement will create an instant clean slate of all security forces irregularities. Bygones will in a moment become bygones. Judge Goldstone's investigations will be limited to activities on the ground in the current climate; there will be no retrospective investigation of longer range culpability.

Nor will any action have to be taken. The government will not have to do what it should have done years ago: get rid of security forces personnel - from the commissioner of police down - who have been linked to malpractice of one sort or another.

If the ANC agrees, that is. The government's press conference is clearly an opening bid. The terms of the UN recommendations are such that the inner workings are subject to final negotiations between the political players. And, while individual ANC members may well have agreed (and there is evidence that certain individuals have, in recent closed doors bilaterals) to the linking of general amnesty to the release of political prisoners, and therefore to the extension of the Indemnity Act as a way out of the crisis, this is certainly not the position of the ANC alliance as a whole. A recent alliance summit was insistent for instance on the question of keeping the two issues separate, and it will be fighting potential ANC conciliators - all the way to Nuremberg if necessary.



# die kommissie, die sersant en die leë bande

Die getuienis voor die Goldstone-kommissie se ondersoek na die massaslagting by Boipatong op 17 Junie vanjaar, is van so 'n aard en omvang dat enige aanbevelings en gevolgtrekkings wat uit die ondersoek sou spruit, kwalik geïgnoreer sal kan word soos dié van vorige verslae.

**CHRISTELLE TERREBLANCHE** som die beskikbare getuienis op

NA 'n week van opspraakwekkende getuienis voor die Goldstone-kommissie in Vereeniging hang 'n donker wolk van twyfel steeds oor die polisie se beweerde betrokkenheid en/of onbevoegdheid en/of onwilligheid om tussenbeide te tree soos bewerings en vroeëre ondersoeke na die slagting uitgelig het.

Daar is ook min twyfel dat die kommissie minstens nog een sitting soos dié van die laaste agt dae oor die voorval sal moet hou om die waarheid agter die gebeure te ontbloot.

Waarnemers na aan die kommissie beskou juis dié ondersoek as 'n sleutel in regter Goldstone se opdrag om die huidige politieke geweldpleging in die land te deurgrond. Wat die waarheid ookal is, dit sal dien as 'n grondslag vir toekomstige optrede en herstrukturering en ontleding van die toestand. Die hoofdoel bly steeds om alle voorvalle van geweld en mense-slagting in die kiem te smoor.

Die huidige sitting, wat vandag eindig, was toegespits op getuienis van veiligheidsmag-betrokkenheid, terwyl 'n volgende sitting - na verwagting in November - die

soeklig op vermeende SAP- en SAW-onbevoegdheid sal laat val.

'n Onverwagte onthulling dié week deur maj Christo Davidson van die polisie se Geweldsmisdad Ondersekeenheid wat die interne ondersoek na aantygings van veiligheidsmag-betrokkenheid in die slagting gelei het, het internasionaal opspraak gewek.

Onder kruisverhoor deur adv Arthur Chaskalson, vir die ANC en die Vaal Raad van Kerke, noem Davidson bandopnames waarin die operasionele kamer van die Afdeling Binnelandse Stabiteit (ABS) se radio- en telefoon-gesprekke in die nag van die slagting opgeneem is. "Die opname is egter per abuis uitgegee," getuig Davidson en ander betrokkenes, soos die operateur van die bandmasjien, sersant Ilse O'Reilly, dié week.

Dit blyk dat tien ABS-eenhede sedert begin vanjaar "as gevolg van dringende behoefte" die "gesofistikeerde" bandopnemers "à-la-911" geïnstalleer het. Die eenheid by Vereeniging, met die kodenaam Victor Zero, het volgens getuienis egter nie geweet die kassette kan net op een kant opneem nie.

Ná verskeie tegniese voorleggings is dit duidelik dat regsverteenvoerders en ander waarnemers nie behoortlik oortuig is deur die polisie se oënskynlik waterdigte verskoning nie. Daar word verneem dat die tye waarop die bande omgeruil sou gewees het, nie noodwendig ooreenstem met die tydperk van 13 uur rondom die slagting wat uitgewis is nie.

**INTUSSEN GETUIG** 'n spesiale konstabel van die SAP en inwoner van Boipatong, Ntsetsa Xaba, dat 'n polisie-casspir mans met rooi kopdoeke en masjiengewere vergesel het op die aand van die slagting, tussen 10- en 11-uur. Die mans het volgens hom geskree: "Dit is ons dag", terwyl die casspir niks gedoen het om tussenbeide te tree nie. Nog casspirs is glo later gesien terwyl 'n groot groep mans naby sy huis gestaan het.

Xaba, wat op Evaton gestasioneer is, getuig onder kruisverhoor dit is moeilik om as polisieman in Boipatong te oorleef, weens die persepsie dat "die polisie ons mense doodmaak".

Sy getuienis stem in breë trekke ooreen met dié van vroeëre ooggetuies. Die vernaamste getuienis voor die kommissie sedert die sitting op 4 Augustus begin het, sluit in :

- Hippo's en Casspirs van die veiligheidsmag is die aand van die slagting by en in die township gesien.
- "Wit mans" met "lang gewere" was "betrokke" by die aanvalle op mense en eiendom.
- Swart mans met kopbande en masjiengewere en/of kamoefleerdrag is deur casspirs vergesel/afgelaai.
- Die ABS van die SAP het inligting oor die nag "per abuis" uitgewis.
- Die drie polisievoertuie wat die aand na Boipatong is, "het niemand gesien wat die aanvallers kon wees nie".
- Die SAW het eers baie later die aand inbeweeg om te help.
- Sestien uur het verloop van die eerste verslae van die

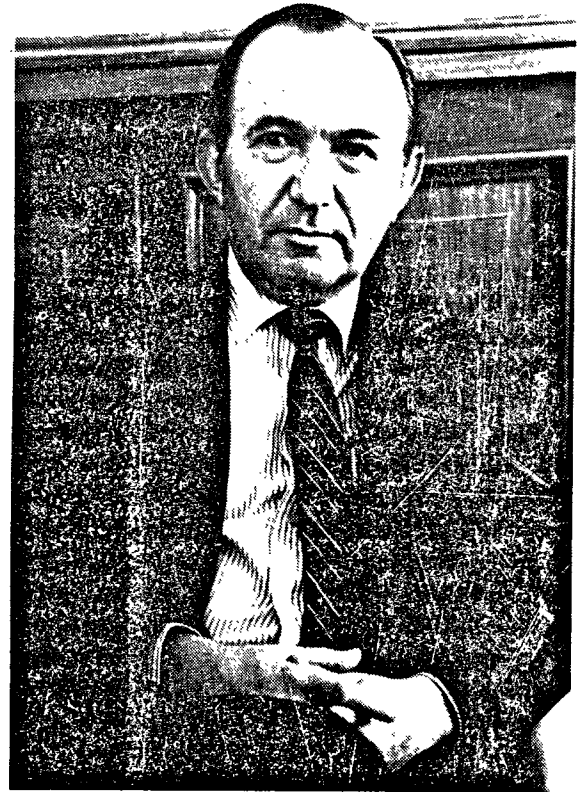


Foto: Sally Shorkend

aanval totdat die polisie ondersoek by die KwaMadala hostel ingestel het.

- Geen waarskuwing van spanning in Boipatong is voor die slagting deur die veiligheidsmagte ontvang nie.
- Veiligheidsmagte het na bewering vroeër die dag padversperrings rondom die township "opgeruim".

**BY DIE EERSTE**, voorlopige sitting van die kommissie op 6 Julie is getuienis voorgelê wat daarop dui dat die aanval gedoen is deur inwoners van die KwaMadala hostel.

Sedertdien is sowat 90 van die inwoners aangekla, hoewel hulle nie almal in aanhouding is nie. Ondanks die persepsie dat die hostel 'n Inkath

a-vesting is, het die IVP hom in die ondersoek van die hostel-bewoners gedistansieer en Regslui vir Menseregte moes verlede week inderhaas 'n regsverteenvoerder vir die inwoners beskikbaar stel. Vic Botha woon die verrigtinge egter in dié stadium slegs as waarnemer by.

'n Verslag oor 'n ondersoek na die polisie se ondersoek en reaksie op die Boipatong-slagting, deur dr PAJ Waddington van Engeland, is op 20 Julie aan die kommissie voorgelê en voer aan dat die bevel en beheer van die SAP nie genoegsaam was nie, dat ondoeltreffende intelligensie en gebeurlikheidsbeplanning voorkom, dat die ondersoek ongestruktureerd was en dat daar 'n ontoereikende bewussyn van gemeenskap-verhoudings by die polisie bestaan.

Regter Goldstone word in die ondersoek bygestaan deur 'n internasionale assessor, PN Bhagwati, 'n voormalige hoofregter van Indië. Bhagwati beoog om vir die volgende sitting na Suid-Afrika terug te keer.

## ATTORNEY - LEGAL RESOURCES CENTRE, GRAHAMSTOWN

The Legal Resources Centre is a public interest institution with offices in Johannesburg, Cape Town, Durban, Port Elizabeth and Grahamstown. The Grahamstown office will have a vacancy for an attorney from January 1993. Applicants for this post should be committed to the practice of human rights law and have the ability to work closely with civic and community organisations.

Experience in one or more of the following fields would be of assistance:

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Ondanks die hewige botsings wat tot 'n dooiepoint in die onderhandelingsproses gelei het, besef die ANC en die regering dat Kodesa moet voortgaan. En in die volgende rondte gaan die PAC en die Nuwe Regses waarskynlik ook deelneem, skryf **HENNIE SERFONTEIN**

# die kodesa-wa rol voort

**O** **MVATTENDE** bilaterale gesprekke tussen die ANC en regering in die nabye toekoms - onder meer 'n Bosberaad vroeg in September - kan die weg baan tot die spoedige hervatting van die onderhandelingsproses en die voortsetting van Kodesa.

Daar sal wel uiteindelik 'n Kodesa 3 gehou word - hoewel beslis in 'n gewysigde en meer vaartbelynde vorm.

Die punt is dié week in gesprekke met VWB baie duidelik gestel deur Roelf Meyer, die minister van Staatkundige Ontwikkeling, en senior ANC-lede wat regstreeks by die onderhandelingsproses betrokke is.

Gerrit Viljoen, die minister van Staatsake in die kantoor van die Staatspresident, het ook in 'n media-onderhoud dié week bevestig daar kom beslis 'n Kodesa 3.

Al is daar oor 'n breë politieke spektrum skerp kritiek op die lompe samestelling en werkwyse van Kodesa, word besef dat vertroue in die onderhandelingsproses 'n ernstige knou sal kry as Kodesa summier afgeskaf word om opnuut met iets anders te begin.

Die regering sal dié keer baie versigtiger wees om nie weer sy hand te oorspeel nie, want 'n tweede breekspul gaan rampspoedig wees.

Daar word aanvaar dat veel wel bereik is met die ingewikkelde proses die laaste ses maande. Ondanks die hewige botsings en gevolglike dooiepoint is 'n verstandhouding opgebou en die grondslag al gelê vir toekomstige konsensus oor belangrike aspekte van die oorgangsfase.

Die gesprekke tussen die regering en die PAC dié week asook die planne van die Nuwe Regses om ook regstreeks by onderhandelinge betrokke te raak, het nog 'n hupstoot aan die hele proses gegee.



Amptelik sê die PAC steeds hulle sal nie aan Kodesa deelneem nie. Hulle dring aan op 'n totaal nuwe onderhandelingsforum om 'n "oorgangsgesag" te beding wat toesig moet hou oor verkiesings vir 'n grondwetskrywende liggaam.

Maar regeringsbronne betrokke by die eerste gesprek met die PAC onlangs in New York, sê aan VWB hulle glo die PAC is só gretig om hulle by die onderhandelingsproses aan te sluit, dat hulle waarskynlik op die ou end tog aan Kodesa sal deelneem. Dié vermoede is met Dinsdagaand se ontmoeting tussen die PAC en kabinetsministers bevestig.

Veranderings in die werking van Kodesa kan dit vir die PAC makliker maak om sonder te veel verlies van aansien by so 'n "nuwe Kodesa" betrek te word.

**DIE DRUK UIT** breë diplomatieke kringe laat die PAC met geen ander

keuse meer nie - druk vanuit die VVO, met die onlangse besoek van Cyrus Vance, die persoonlike verteenwoordiger van Sekerretaris-Generaal Boutros Boutros-Ghali, die OEA asook Zimbabwe - een van die min Afrika-lande wat die PAC ondersteun.

Blykbaar besef die PAC nou, net soos die Nuwe Regses, dat hul afwesigheid by die onderhandelingsstafel hulle politiek op die kantlyn geplaas het, verwyder uit die openbare kollig. Net so kan die KP-establishment, en wat oorbly van die party ná 'n skeuring, ook uiteindelik gedwing word om die werklikhede van Kodesa, in water vorm ook al, te aanvaar.

Die aanvaarding van die Vance-voorstelle by Woensdag se kabinetsvergadering wat gister op 'n perskonferensie aangekondig is, was die eerste amptelike stap om die weg na 'n tweedaagse Bosberaad tussen die ANC en regering voor te berei. Dit word vir die eerste week in September beplan.

Vance se onlangse besoek het duidelik 'n sleutelrol gespeel in die ontknoping van die dooiepoint in die onderhandelinge ná Kodesa 2 en die Boipatong-slagting. Sy besoek het dit vir die opponerende partye makliker gemaak, hoewel dit hoofsaaklik oor die bekamping van geweld gegaan het.

**DEUR DIE AANBEVELINGS** van Vance en die Sekretaris-Generaal in wese te aanvaar, kan die regering aanvoer dat daar in die eerste plek nie aan die 14 eise van die ANC "toegegee" is nie, en dat hulle bereid is om te voldoen aan die eise van die hoogste internasionale liggaam - wat tydens die onlangse ewewigtige Veiligheidsraadsbesluit alle partye in Suid-Afrika gelykwaardig behandel het, sonder om die regering alleen vir kritiek uit te sonder soos in die verlede.

Een van Vance se belangrikste aanbevelings was die onmiddellike vrylating van alle politieke gevangenes om die politieke klimaat te verbeter. Druk deur hom op die ANC het daartoe gelei dat die Nasionale Werkskomitee (NWC), die ANC se skadu-kabinet, eenparig besluit het dat 'n onderhandelingspan onmiddellik met die regering daarvoor in gesprek moes tree, al was dit op die vooraand van die massa optrede-veldtog.

Dit was blykbaar ook 'n baie reguit gesprek van Vance met Nelson Mandela, waarin Mandela ernstig gewaarsku is oor die internasionale skade vir die ANC weens sy voortgesette skerp persoonlike aanvalle op FW de Klerk. Dit, volgens waarnemers, het gelei tot Mandela se pragmatiese en gematigde toespraak voor die Uniegebou verlede week, wat die onderhandelingsdeur weer oopgemaak het.

In die gesprekke daarna met Kobie Coetsee, die minister van Justisie, oor die kwessie van politieke gevangenes, was die ANC se standpunt onbuigsaam: ▶



laat al 450 onmiddellik vry, want dit moes in elk geval lankal volgens die Grootte Schuur-ooreenkoms gedoen gewees het.

Coetsee het blykbaar eers vasgeskop, maar toe die hele kwessie van 'n algemene amnestie en vrywaring aan alle lede van die Veiligheidsmagte asook staatsampnare met die vrylating van politieke gevangenes in verband gebring.

Tot en met Donderdag was daar nog geen eenstemmigheid oor dié saak tussen die ANC en die regering nie. Die ANC aanvaar die kwessie van amnestie, maar verwerp die koppeling daarvan met die vrylating van gevangenes. Dit is die eerste stap wat deur die tussentydse regering en sy TEC (Transitional Executive Committee) gedoen moet word, sê hulle.

**'N BLANKO AMNESTIE** is vir die ANC ook nie aanvaarbaar nie. Die ANC dring daarop aan dat - soos in die geval van amnestie-aansoeke deur hul eie lede - regeringsampnare ook individueel aansoek moet doen en uitspel vir watter dade hulle vrywaring vra.

Daar is blykbaar ook 'n meningsverskil tussen Coetsee en sekere van sy kabinetskollegas. Sommige was ten gunste van die onmiddellike en dramatiese vrylating van al die gevangenes, sonder voorbehoude en nog vóór Vance se vertrek, as 'n poging om weer die inisiatief te neem.

Weens buitelandse druk en die besef by sowel die ANC as die regering dat 'n spoedige hervatting van die onderhandelinge noodsaaklik is om ekonomiese vertroue te herstel en die geweldsklimaat te besweer, is 'n kompromis hieroor egter onafwendbaar.

Die kabinetsaankondiging oor stappe om geweld te bekamp, veral wat hostelle en die dra van gevaarlike wapens betref, is 'n belangrike stap om te voldoen aan van die belangrikste ANC-eise oor die geweldsituasie.

Hoewel die regering nie aan al 14 eise van die ANC sal of kan voldoen nie, het Mandela en ander ANC-leiers dit al duidelik gemaak dat dit nie 'n voorvereiste vir die hervatting van bilaterale onderhandelinge tussen die ANC en die regering is nie.

**ANC-BRONNE Sê** almal die kwessie van vrylating van politieke gevangenes, met of sonder 'n algemene amnestie, sal 'n "deurslaggewende faktor" wees om die regte klimaat te skep en die vertroue te herstel wat tot die spoedige hervatting van bilaterale gesprekke sal lei.

Meyer het vooraf aan VWB gesê Donderdag se kabinetsaankondiginge sal slegs betrekking op die VVO-versoek hê. Wat die ANC se spesifieke "eise" betref, sal die regering die ANC in 'n private memorandum inlig, "nie deur die media nie".

Meyer sê sommige sake, soos die besonderhede van 'n tussentydse regering en 'n grondwetskrywende liggaam, kan eers in regstreekse gesprekke tussen die twee partye uitgedra word.

Hy beklemtoon egter dat Staatspresident FW de Klerk in sy uitlatings aan die pers ná Mandela se toespraak by die Uniegebou verlede week, betekenisvolle uitsprake oor die tussentydse regering en die grondwetskrywende liggaam gemaak het waarvoor nie in die pers berig is nie. De Klerk het in beginsel, en in 'n taal wat wesenlik met dié van die ANC ooreenstem, die twee konsepte aanvaar.

**IN GESPREKKE MET** sowel ANC- as regerings-onderhandelaars dié week blyk een ding duidelik. Daar word besef dat onderhandelinge by die nuwe Kodesa nêrens gaan kom nie indien die twee hoofpartye nie eers vooraf tot 'n vergelyk oor 'n aantal belangrike sake kom nie. Gebeur dit nie, sal Kodesa slegs in 'n politieke konfrontasie tussen die twee alliansies verval. Hoewel die meeste partye min of geen steun op grondvlak het nie, kompliseer hul teenwoordigheid net die hele proses.

Van die ANC-onderhandelaars sê pront-uit die twee hoofpartye moet openlik sê dat hulle die hoofbesluite neem, waarna dit na die Kodesa-tafel gebring sal word sodat almal die besonderhede kan bespreek. Daar word gesê die regering en die ANC moet ophou om 'n "disguised duet" te dans, terwyl almal tog weet konsensus tussen hulle is deurslaggewend vir die hele onderhandelingsproses.

Regeringslede huiwer egter om dit so kaalkop te stel. Hulle sit met die probleem van Inkatha, wat teen alle werklikhede in steeds deel van die driemanskap wil wees, al is hul steun slegs streeksgebonde.



Kobie Coetsee, Pik Botha en Roelf Meyer by dié week se perskonferensie (Foto: SARAH PRALL)

# regering aanvaar vance-voorstelle

**PIK BOTHA**, die minister van Buitelandse Sake, het gister op 'n perskonferensie in Pretoria aangekondig dat die regering in wese al die aanbevelings aanvaar van Cyrus Vance, die persoonlike verteenwoordiger van die Sekretaris-Generaal van die VVO, Boutros Boutros-Ghali. Die Sekretaris-Generaal het dit self reeds aanvaar en dié aanbevelings dien nou voor die Veiligheidsraad van die VVO.

Botha het 'n perskonferensie saam met Kobie Coetsee, minister van Justisie, en Roelf Meyer, minister van Staatkundige Ontwikkeling, toegespeek.

Dit volg op die kabinetsvergadering Woensdag waarop Vance se verslag en die hervatting van onderhandelinge onder die loep geneem is.

Botha sê die regering aanvaar die breë beginsels van die aanbevelings, maar die besonderhede en toepassing daarvan moet eers met die ander politieke partye en, waar ter sake, met die Goldstone-kommissie bespreek word.

Vance se aanbevelings handel in besonder oor Goldstone, die Nasionale Vredesverdrag, buitelandse waarnemers en die hervatting van onderhandelinge rondom Kodesa.

Botha beklemtoon dat verskeie van die aanbevelings reeds deur die regering geïmplementeer is, terwyl aan ander aandag gegee word. Sommige van die aanbevelings verwoord ook oproepe wat deur Staatspresident FW de Klerk gemaak is.

Aanbevelings rondom Goldstone behels 'n openbare verbod op die dra van gevaarlike wapens, en onmiddellike aandag aan die veiligheidssituasie betreffende hostelle. Botha sê die regering verwelkom dit en gee aandag aan die saak binne die raamwerk van die Vredesverdrag.

Die aanbevelings oor 'n ondersoek na die SAP, die weermag, MK en ander dergelike organisasies deur die Goldstone-kommissie is eweneens aanvaar, maar Botha beklemtoon dat dit slegs oor geweld-verwante gevalle handel.

Ander voorstelle behels die versterking van die strukture van die Nasionale Vredesekretariaat en die Nasionale Vredesverdrag en die toelating van 'n dertigtal VVO-waarnemers om ten nouste met dié organisasies saam te werk.

'n Beroep is ook gedoen om so gou moontlik terug te keer na die onderhandelingsstafel.

**KOBIE COETSEE** het aangekondig die kabinet het Woensdag, ná gesprekke met die ANC, 'n plan oor 'n "omvattende amnestie-pakket" aanvaar. Dit sal nou in onderhandelinge met die ANC en ander partye bespreek word. Dit behels 'n blanko amnestie en vrywaring aan alle huidige politieke gevangenes, onrus-verwante gevangenes, sowel binne- as buitelandse MK-lede, regse gevangenes asook lede en ampnare van die veiligheidsmagte en die staat.

Coetsee beklemtoon dat amnestie, soos in April verlede jaar, verleen sal word aan mense wat misdade soos dood en ernstige aanrandings met 'n politieke oorweging gepleeg het. "Dit is 'n alles-omvattende definisie en mense sal nie individueel aansoek doen nie."

Botha sê die lei van die verlede word met só 'n vrywaringspakket skoongevee. Daarom is hy daarvan oortuig dat die ANC dit sal verwelkom.

Op die vraag of hy en Coetsee en die vorige hoof van Nasionale Intelligensie om vrywaring gaan aansoek doen, antwoord hy woedend: "Ek het niks in my politieke en openbare verlede om weg te steek nie. Ek was nog altyd 'n vegter teen apartheid en vir onderhandelinge." -

HENNIE SERFONTEIN



# The Inkatha additive

## Sasol's high octane secret

This third part of a series on violence in Natal looks at events which took place over the space of nearly a decade in the OFS. It may not look at first glance like a story about Natal, but get under the geographical skin and it is, writes **IVOR POWELL**



**T**HIS week the management of energy giant Sasol agreed to allow an independent commission of inquiry to investigate long-simmering claims that certain of its operations in the OFS town of Secunda were used as hit squad bases for anti-ANC alliance elements.

The concession was made in the immediate aftermath of last week's spate of violence, allegedly directed, in the midst of a wage strike, against members of the Chemical Workers Industrial Union by Inkatha Freedom Party supporters in collusion with Sasol security guards.

According to the Union account of what transpired, four worker representatives - including a shop steward - were

sent across to a building occupied by IFP strike breakers after receiving reports that the Inkatha people were planning attacks on union membership. Instead of acceding to the request made to them to search for weapons, union sources say, the guards themselves - one of whom was a well known white Inkatha sympathiser - set upon three of the delegates as they were leaving. The fourth, who remained behind, was killed, allegedly by the strike breakers. Ironically, he died only metres from the colliery's security offices as he made his last desperate rush for life.

The next morning the corpse of another worker was found hacked to pieces along the path taken by the IFP band, and yet another was allegedly seriously wounded by the 30 to 40 marauders as

they faded - forever, so it seems - from the scene.

South African readers, inured as they are to massacres and horrors, might well respond: So what? The incident hardly possesses the shock, the scale, the gross horror of, say, the Boipatong massacre.

It reads, immediately at least, as the kind of thing that is wont to happen after scab labourers - the IFP contingent had worked during the week long strike at the Secunda colliery, which, ironically, had ended, with union gains, that very day - and/or security guards come into conflict with striking workers.

You wouldn't expect an event of this magnitude to warrant the attention of an independent commission of inquiry, certainly not the attention of the Goldstone Commission. You need, you would think, to run to a corpse count in double figures for that.

But in fact last week's violence is merely the latest moment in a long history of alleged irregularities involving Sasol's management and the IFP and aimed apparently at disrupting worker organisation on one hand and ... God knows what on the other.

**THERE IS A LETTER** in existence - and on file in the copious court records of the Goldstone Commission - which gives some sense of the nature of this relationship.

It is signed by the former personal assistant to Buthelezi, MZ Khumalo (who was later forced to resign after taking the rap for SA security forces' covert funding of the IFP). It is addressed to the Secretary of the KwaZulu government's Chief Minister's office. It has been sent out in order to put a record straight.

It might appear, the letter says, that the person on whose behalf it was written, had left the services of the KwaZulu police force and should therefore not be eligible to pick up the reins of service again. However, says Khumalo, such an impression does not reflect the reality. In fact, he says, the person in question was working on a special operation, and should therefore be slotted straight back into the machinery of the

police force. (In fact the person's next job was with Inkatha itself in Ulundi, which as Chief Minister Buthelezi frequently reminds us, is not the same thing as the KZP.)

The person referred to in the letter is a certain Bhekithemba Xesibe, who, after playing what was clearly a key role in the force, had apparently and inexplicably resigned from the KZP in January 1990.

The resignation was particularly hard to understand in view of the fact that Xesibe clearly played a key and highly responsible role within the structures of the KZP. He had been sent on various training courses run by the South African authorities and was in fact one of the most qualified operatives in the entire KZP.

It was he for example who had been chosen to lead a group of some 200 "loyal Zulus" to a special camp in the Caprivi in 1986, where they received training in such arcane arts as torture and abduction. The reason for the Caprivi trip was so they could act, so the official KZP explanation went, as bodyguards to KwaZulu dignitaries. Their own turned or lapsed associates however insisted before Goldstone they were trained basically as a hit squad.

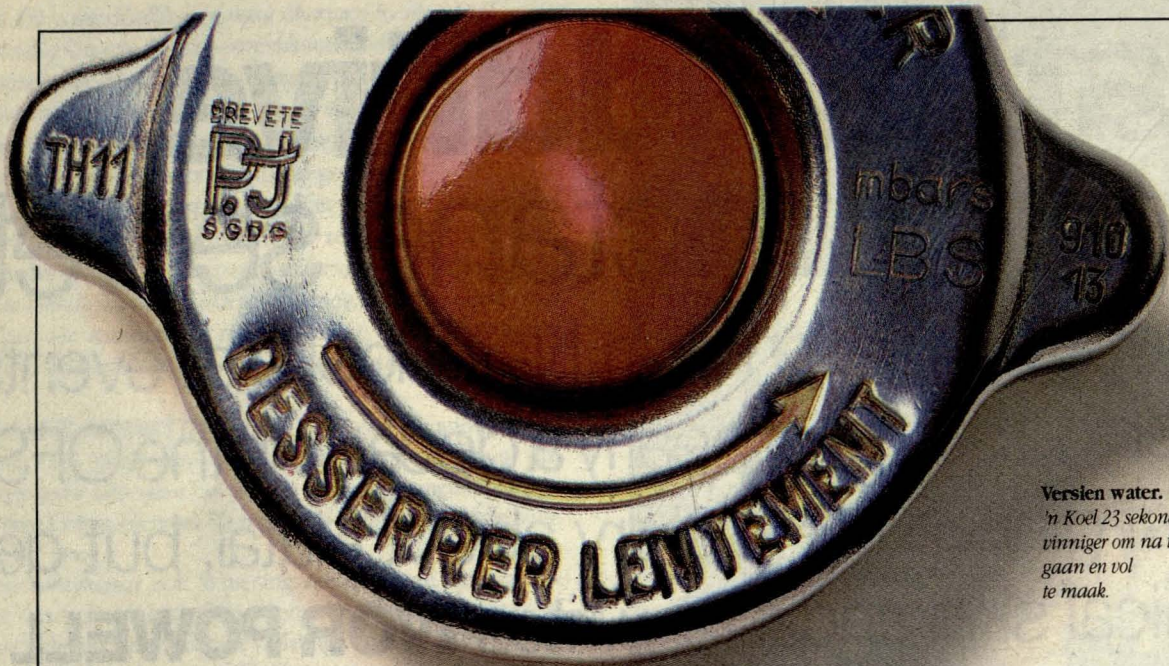
Whatever, Xesibe, having left the KZP almost immediately, took up new employment, so he told Goldstone - with the former parastatal Sasol, at whose Secunda operation he was given a job in the security department.

And he took with him eight of the trainees he had earlier escorted to the Caprivi training base.

**OR DID HE?** There is some debate on the subject. Xesibe himself claims he did and was employed at Secunda until September 1990. But Sasol's management, on the other hand, denies he was ever employed by them.

However it is certain that the eight Caprivi trainees that he took up to Secunda - "to look after them and see to it that they behaved properly. I was older than them and I suppose MZ Khumalo felt they needed someone to





**Versien water.**  
*'n Koel 23 sekondes  
 vinniger om na te  
 gaan en vol  
 te maak.*

## “Snaakse dinge gebeur nou by my pa se garage. Laasweek het ek dalk 'n wêreldrekord hier gesien.”



**Flink diens.**

*Mevrou Kay se tenk was leeg. Maar met goeie bediening was al daardie dingetjies net in die helfte van die gewone tyd kant en klaar. O ja! En terwyl alles blitsig gebeur bet, bet mnr Mabuse, die Ultra Service Koördineerder, in beheer van die voorplein, ook nog oorgekom om die ruitveers skoon te maak en vir mevrou Kay 'n voorspelling van die weer te gee.*

“Soveel dinge het by my pa se garage verander. Een daarvan is hoe gou dit nou neem om petrol in te gooi, jou ruite te was en na jou olie en water te laat kyk.

Alles het begin toe Pa 'n belofte geteken het om sy diens beter te maak. Die eerste stap was om die diensspan op die voorplein vir nuwe kursusse te stuur, sodat die alledaagse takies vinniger kan verloop.

Laasweek het al hierdie dinge gebeur toe mevrou Kay, die balletonderwyseres, petrol ingegooi het.”

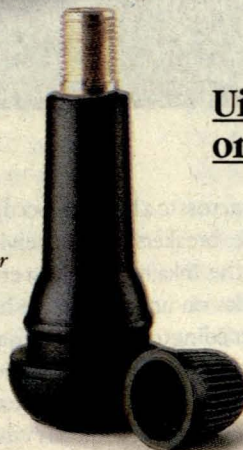


**Vensters was.**

*Sjoe, dit was 'n gemors.Stof, insekte, voelwatsenaam, mevrou Kay se ruite bet rërig aaklig gelyk. Tog was dit binne minute blinkskoon.*

**Banddruk.**

*Al vier bande tot 2 bar gepomp, 53 sekondes vinniger as eers.*



**Olie.**

*'n Bomenslike 20 sekondes vinniger, dieselfde tyd as wat dit vir Carl Lewis neem om 200 meter te nael.*



### **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.





## investigation

take care of them," he told the Goldstone Commission - were in fact given employment in Sasol's security department. Though they denied it studiously when first confronted by the media on this issue, Sasol has since admitted at least this much. More recently it was admitted in official meetings to union members that at least some of them remained in Sasol's employ.

What exactly they do is not known, nor has Sasol been prepared to say. However, security guards working at Secunda note that the eight were given special treatment from the moment they arrived, with most being allocated relatively senior ranks from the beginning. While they do wear uniforms they do not associate much with their colleagues and do not fulfil ordinary security duties like guarding key installations. Instead they often disappear for relatively long periods - a week or two at a time - presumably busy with whatever it is that they really do for a living.

Then again non-specific jobs are not a new phenomenon at Secunda. Take the case of a man by the name of Gwala, a close associate of IFP Youth Brigade leader Themba Khosa, a member of the Central Committee of Inkatha and an Inkatha Youth Brigade leader in his own right until his death at the hands of persons unknown during another labour dispute in late 1991. Gwala was also heavily involved in an organisation known as the Secunda Educational and Cultural Organisation (Seco), which was widely perceived as being a Sasol front organisation (though, again, Sasol denies this). Wherever the money came from, Seco certainly had plenty of it and with blandishments of trips to the game reserve and various other perks, it attempted to attract people to its educational and cultural programmes. Seco has since been replaced by an overtly Sasol-sponsored community organisation, run by IFP members and called Tekset. (It too has few members.)

Attempts to woo union membership however have met with little success. The area is overwhelmingly controlled by Cosatu and the ANC, and despite a host of other attempts as well, Inkatha has failed consistently to get any real foothold to local power.

Now Gwala was another person who did not, according to the management of Sasol, ever work for the company. Yet Gwala had access to all areas of the Secunda compounds; he merely flashed his staff card at the guards and he was let through; moreover one of his pink salary advice slips, from Sasol, has fallen into Union hands.

In yet another case a known policeman accidentally dropped his own Sasol identity card during a 1989 Cosatu organised labour action.

**ACCORDING TO UNION** sources, much of the focus of all these irregularities is on the unions themselves. Enjoying a support base of at least 90 percent of the total Secunda workforce, especially under the CWIU banner, they have grown to exercise a greater influence in the workplace than many other unions.

Moreover they have proved extraordinarily resistant to seeming attempts to drive labour wedges into the body politic.

Not that attempts have not been made. As early as 1987, in the wake of the first legal strike in Secunda, a party of management representatives, including a man by the name of Mlangeni, was sent out to Natal to recruit replacement workers, and since that time there have been regular forays of a similar kind - latterly conducted under the IFP banner. However, the pattern remains one



MZ Khumalo - explaining to friends.

where, on joining the workforce, the IFP recruits more often than not are then recruited to Cosatu, as credible shopfloor representatives.

Despite the fact that some thousands of workers have over the years been recruited in this way, the IFP still fails to maintain any real presence in the area. A recent regional IFP rally, for instance, in December of last year drew only about 30 supporters from the Secunda hostels, and hardly more from anywhere else, despite the fact that buses were laid on for transport. Other IFP events have had to be cancelled due to lack of interest.

Nor was the launch of IFP trade union federation UWUSA in Secunda much more successful, and this too has gone into abeyance since the death of Gwala, who figured as the driving force in this venture also. And despite suspicions that Sasol again saw fit to bankroll the UWUSA presence. Sasol of course denies it, but then it also denied that it ever received a request for this kind of support.

**IT DID.** Vrye Weekblad has in its possession a copy of the letter, and latterly Sasol has confirmed that it did in fact take receipt of same.

Also associated with the launch of UWUSA in Secunda was a man by the name of Majozi, who was later found in possession of automatic rifles and other serious weaponry in the UWUSA offices in Witbank.

Supporting the union-busting thesis, workers remember a meeting in 1984 during an episode of labour action when Buthelezi himself met with senior Sasol management to discuss matters of mutual concern. Management has confirmed that such a meeting did take place but refuses to disclose its agenda.

Even last week, as CWIU was waiting to meet with management to discuss the current crisis, management was busy meeting with an IFP delegation flown up specially from Natal.

Why? That, of course, is the big question.

But there is also more to Sasol's secrets than just this. In various articles published last year and this the *Weekly Mail* exposed a network of CCB operations based around the service town. It also alleged that what Sasol management calls a "shooting range" was in fact used as a training ground for hit squad operatives. This was around the same time the Caprivi trainees were based there.

# Gatsha: die professionele spoiler

**MANGOSUTHU BUTHELEZI**, hoofminister van KwaZulu en leier van Inkatha, is vinnig besig om die grootste struikelblok tot die hervatting van onderhandelinge te word - en daar is al hoe meer ongeduld met hom aan die kant van die NP-regering en die Westerse diplomatieke korps.

Selfs ou vriende in die regering noem hom stilletjies 'n "onhegeleide missiel", terwyl hy deur Westerse diplomate as 'n "gevaarlike en onvoorspelbare" man beskou word.

'n NP-bron sê aan VWB daar is wyd verwag dat Buthelezi sou "uitbars" ná die ANC se suksesvolle massa optrede-veldtog, veral verlede week se optogte.

"En toe bars die man uit teen die Staatspresident!" sê die bron. Buthelezi het FW de Klerk daarvan beskuldig dat hy die ANC toegelaat het om hul massa optrede-veldtog "los te laat" en dat hy die ANC "vrye teuels" gee.

Die regering is al so moedeloos met Buthelezi se onvoorspelbaarheid en moedswilligheid dat minister Gerrit Viljoen spesiaal aangestel is om gereeld met hom in kontak te bly en hom in te lig oor die regering se denke en stappe.

Dit was juis na 'n uitgebreide oorlegpleging tussen Buthelezi en Viljoen dat Buthelezi se uitbarsting jeens De Klerk gekom het. Hy het gesê die regering se plan om 'n "bosberaad" met die ANC te hou is 'n bedreiging vir demokrasie, want daar gaan ooreenkomste agter geslote deure gesluit word. "Ek weet nie heeltemal hoe om mnr De Klerk te lees op die oomblik nie," het hy bygevoeg.

**BUTHELEZI SE** oënskynlike poging om 'n wig tussen die NP-regering en die ANC te dryf - juis in dié sensitiewe stadium - word in sowel diplomatieke as NP-kringe beskou as soortgelyk aan sy "spoiler tactics" by Kodesa en tydens die onderhandelinge voor die vredesooreenkoms.

Sy jongste taktiek is om die idee van 'n grondwetgewende vergadering te verwerp - al het alle partye, Inkatha inkluis, dit by Kodesa aanvaar. Gaan hy daarmee voort, sal enige nuwe onderhandelinge byna van voor af moet begin - tensy die ANC, die regering en ander deelnemende partye bereid gaan wees om hom dié keer te isoleer.

"Maar doen ons dit, druk hy net weer die pistool teen die hele Suid-Afrika se kop," sê 'n ANC-leier aan VWB.

'n Leier wat 'n sleutelrol tydens die Kodesa-onderhandelinge gespeel het, sê aan VWB: "Die regering en die ANC gaan duidelik heelwat makliker oor die weg kom in die volgende rondte onderhandelinge. Buthelezi gaan die moeilikheidmaker wees."

**'N ANC-BRON SÊ** een ligpunt is dat die regering nou ten minste begin om Lawrence Schlemmer en ander instansies se meningspeilings - wat aandui dat Buthelezi en Inkatha minder as 10 persent nasionale steun het - te aanvaar.

Die voorstel dat daar in die oorgangstydperk 'n roterende president moet wees wat die ANC, Inkatha en die regering verteenwoordig, word nou allerweë weens Buthelezi se houding as doodgebore aanvaar.

Europese diplomatieke bronne sê Buthelezi is allesbehalwe die gewilde figuur in die Weste wat hy 'n paar jaar gelede was. "Daar is min Suid-Afrikaners wat so vinnig vriende verloor het soos Buthelezi," word gesê.

Maar so lank as wat Inkatha die vermoë het om die township-geweld te laat voortduur, so lank sal dié party waarskynlik 'n belangrike rol in onderhandelinge speel. En dit bly Inkatha se groot troefkaart.

- MAX DU PREEZ en HENNIE SERFONTEIN



## kan jare se isolasie in één week besweer word?

vra **TIM SANDHAM** in dié week se sportrubriek

**VANDAG** (Vrydag) is Noord-Transvaal se kans om te bewys hulle is Suid-Afrika se kampioenspan. Deur die Wallabies op Loftus te klop, sal hulle die Blou Bul-ondersteuners se aanspraak dat N-Tvl in die Curriebeker-eindstryd hoort, versterk. Die Australiërs se mag en potensiaal - hulle is mos die wêreldkampioene - sal ná vanmiddag se kragmeting behoorlik gepeil kan word.

Noord-Transvaal speel egter sonder Naas Botha en hulle het vanjaar amper elke wedstryd verloor waarin hy nie gespeel het nie.

Botha is nie beskikbaar nie omdat hy môre die nasionale trots (effe gekneus na Barcelona) in ere moet herstel deur die Springbokke na 'n oorwinning te lei. Hy is egter so 'n uitsonderlike speler dat hy net sowel vandag ook kon speel, vanaand aan 'n sewes-toemooi in die Boland deelneem, en nog steeds reg sal wees, indien nie skerper as gewoonlik nie, vir die All Blacks op Ellispark.

Tot dusver is die span van Nieu-Seeland verkeerd benader. Henry Honiball se aanvallende hardloopstyl is, deels as gevolg van Robert du Preez se swak diens agter die skrum, maklik deur die All Blacks geneutraliseer. Hoewel die Vrystaat se algehele hardloopstyl die besoekers met tye laat bontstaan het, was dit tog moontlik om hulle hok te slaan en hulle foute uit te buit.

In verlede Saterdag se proeflopie vir die toets het die Junior Bokke Fitzpatrick se manne telkemale met skoppe probeer terugjaag. Ondanks die feit dat Jannie de Beer se taktiese skoppe nie akkuraat genoeg was nie, het die manne in swart ongemaaklik gelyk wanneer hulle moes omdraai om te verdedig.

Naas Botha se vermoë om die mees onverwagte opsie te kies en dit met frustrerend akkurate skopwerk te verwesenlik, sal verseker dat die All Blacks op die agtervoet gehou word en dat daar bitter min van die veelbesproke tweegeveg tussen hom en Grant Fox gaan kom.

**OM BESKULDIGINGS** van dislojaliteit teenoor Suid-Afrikaanse sokker (en by implikasie verraderlike gedrag) te voorkom, sal ek nie na die swak beplanning en bemarking van die Flamengo-toer verwys nie.

In 'n naweek wat reeds stampvol internasionale kompetisie is, gaan die Suid-Afrikaanse nasionale sokkerspan Sondag vir die eerste keer in die buiteland deelneem. Ná die goeie vertoning teen Kameroen word daar verwag dat "Die Span" - hulle's nie meer die Springbokke nie en het nog nie 'n *nom de guerre* ontvang nie - nie veel probleme teen Zimbabwe sal hê nie. Maar sokker is 'n snaakse spel en 'n oorwinning vir Zimbabwe is onwaarskynlik, hoewel nie onmoontlik nie. (Onthou: Die Dene is ook nie veel van 'n kans gegun teen die Duitsers of die Hollanders in die UEFA-beker nie en toe stap hulle met die louere weg.)

Ook dié kragmeting gaan toon wat Suid-Afrika se sokkerkrag in ons deel van die wêreld is. Dit is finaal bevestig dat ons mag deelneem aan die uitdunrondes van beide die Afrika- en die Wêreldbekerkompetisies. Dié naweek se wedstryd, saam met die vriendskaplike wedstryde later vanjaar teen Botswana en Swaziland, bied geleenthede om ons krag te meet en, nog belangriker, om span en spangees te bou. Aan individuele talent is daar nie 'n tekort nie, maar gereelde samespel in kompetisietoestande lei daartoe dat die kollektiewe poging groter is as die som van individuele pogings.

(Dit is ongelukkig dat die Springbok-rugbyspan nie ook so 'n geleidelike terugkeer tot volle internasionale deelname kon hê nie.)

**'N MATE VAN NORMALITEIT** het tot die Olimpiese spele teruggekeer in die tweede week. Die eerste week het almal van ons pynlik bewus geword van ons hoë ouderdomme, gebrek aan selfdissipline en verspilde geleenthede. Dertien-, veertien- en vyftienjarige duikers, swemmers en gimnaste het ons na ons asems laat snak met hulle verbysterende vaart en tegniek. Linford Christie en Carl Lewis wat goud verwerf het in die 100m en verspring, is albei darem reeds goed in die dertigs. Ook Elana Meyer, wat eerder na 'n ondeunde standerd vyf-seun lyk as 'n top vrou-atleet, is op 25 nie meer 'n kuiken nie.

In Worthing, Engeland, is die Suid-Afrikaanse rolbalspan besig om hulself goed van hul taak te kwyt. Rolbal is veral 'n sportsoort waarin jeug nie so 'n deurslaggewende rol speel nie. Trouens, Bill Moseley en Kevin Campbell was in 1976 reeds in die nasionale span wat skoonskip in die wêreldbekerkompetisie by Dieretuinmeer gemaak het. Om sewentien jaar lank bo te bly in enige sportsoort sit nie in elkeen se broek nie. Te oordeel aan hul oorwinnings in die (verre) verlede is daar nie veel aan die manne se vernuf getorring nie en is hulle weer eens sterk aanspraakmakers op die trofee.

# Rugby



Pic: Kevin Carter/Weekly Mail



**MARTIE MEIRING**  
bring 'n ode  
aan die Game...

**D**IE lekkerste lekker van rugby is om voor die pawiljoen in 'n motor te sit ná die wedstryd.

So kom hulle verby: voos gekyk, voos ge-ref, voos (sittende) gespeel en dikwels voos gekuier. Dis soos 'n who's who van die dorp. En die een ding wat hulle gemeen het, is 'n opgetoëheid. Hande beduie; elke ou (en vrou) gee sy/haar weergawe van die game - en iets sê vir jou dís mos nou hoe 'n volk moet lyk: lewendig, betrokke, kwaad of goed, maar tesame.

Rugby, soos Afrika, is nie vir sissies nie. Vir rugby moet jy stamina hê, want een game word nie net één keer gespeel nie. Hy word oor en oor en oor gespeel - oor

eettafels, by die braaivleisvure, Sondag, op kantoor, Maandag op die busse, die treine, oor die radio, die TV en net daar waar daar meer as een man vergader.

Want, amper lekkerder as die sien van die game, is die onthou daarvan.

Onthou, ja, onthou, dís wat die stoepsitters in hul skemerdae aan die gang hou, dis wat die laatnag geselsies nog laat flikker, dis wat die game substans gee.

Die onthou. Daardie lang aangee van Ballie Wahl, vóór Bull Pickard die Paarl se trots. Okey Geffen op Murrayfield, nê? En die verskriklike tragedies - tragedies, man, soos om oorlog te verloor, daai slag toe Jack van der Schyff hier in 1955 teen Cliff Morgan se span die bôl misskop en die game verloor.

Tragedie, man, daai slag toe Con de Kock

# is soos Afrika

## - dis nie vir sissies nie

misskop. Hel, wonderlike spelers, maar die noodlot het daai twee dae gevreet, gevreet. Asof die volk gestraf word.

Onthou, nè, hoe Danie Craven die Griekwas daar in Kimberley se tyd en dae op die map sit, met Floors Duvenhage en dié, en Villy Anderson wat nie die Bokspan gehaal het nie.

En wie, ek vra wié, sal ooit vir Frik du Preez kan vervang? En daai klein Dawie met sy witkop, die slag toe die Franse met hul gekleurde Bougavel op Bloemfontein die Vrystaters so aan die gang gehad het, dat 'n Blikoor die gap vat toe kaptein Dawie die vleuel tackle met die dawerende aanmoediging: Moer hom, dominee!

Die legendes het selfs floreer in die dae van muishond in die wêreld wees.

**EN KYK NOU?** Soos 'n droom is die isolasie, die verskriklike alleenheid van ons Bokrugby verby. Drie, DRIE, internasionale spanne op één slag in die land! Dis mos 'n mini-wêreldbeker storie dié.

En boonop gaan die Wallabies Saterdag sit en kyk hoe die Bokke en die All Blacks mekaar aanvat. Dis mos geskiedenis, man.

Koning Rugby is op sy troon - en nou kan manne soos Comrade Ronnie Kasrils sommer oop en bloot op die pawiljoen gaan sit en nie in vermomming soos in die dae toe hy voortvluggend was nie. Want so lief het hy rugby gehad. En het hy nog.

Rugby is die groot gelykmaker. Of was dit. Borgskappe en Groot Geld het natuurlik 'n kapitalistiese weelde meegebring. Losies ten duurste, uitgerus met die allerbeste, toegerus met die uitnemendste wat 'n kelder of 'n brouery kan bied, selfs die allergeurigste wat die tuisnywerhede in frikadelle en pasteitjies kan bied.

Losies en rugby kan wel 'n beskaafde manier van omkoperij, ofte wel pee-aar, wees - maar dis wragtig 'n lekker manier van rugby kyk: van agter 'n glasruim met 'n glasié cabernet in die hand.

Nog net nie so lekker soos om daar op die pawiljoen tussen die manne en hul bekke te sit nie. Dán sal jy weet waar Leon Schuster inspirasie vandaan kry. WP kom speel op Loftus in die unies-fees. Hulle bring ses kranige bruin spelers saam. Skreeu 'n Bul-supporter hier van bo af: Donner die affirmatives, my ou.

Skreeu 'n ander kyker: Donner jouself, my ou, nou kan jy sien die ANC is okay.

**PROTES HET WEL** sy rol in rugby gespeel. Die suidelike pawiljoen van Nuweland is waar mass action sonder

organisasie geduld was. ID du Plessis het na dié pawiljoen as die Fezze verwys vanweë die Maleierinslag. Bekkig en stroppe, dit was en is hulle.

As supporters van Villagers en Hamiltons en die UCT en bowenal van HO de Villiers, het die Suidelike Pawiljoen altyd vir die oorsese spanne in internasionale wedstryde gecheer.

Wat gaan ons oor 'n week op Nuweland sien: skree die Suide vir die Bokke of die Wallabies?

En wat van die groot skeuring in die oorlog toe JD de Villiers, Sap-baas van die WP-rugby, skielik te staan gekom het teen die Ossewa-Brandwag en Broeder-

rugbyheilgdomme. Ondanks die ystervuis van Jannie le Roux en ná hom die nonsense Louis Luyt-optrede het Ellispark 'n sekere chic, as jy die woord sal verskoon, wat Loftus Versfeld byvoorbeeld nie het nie.

Loftus is lekkerder.

**DIS HIER WAAR** die manne met hul cadacs en coolbags opdaag om op sypaadjies, in parke, waar ook al, die rook te laat rook. Die geur van vleis hang swaar en verleidelik in die lug om Loftus. Jy voel asof jy deel is van die ou Hunne of Sarasene in hul kampe.

Daarby dra die manne hul helms, van

'n WP-ou' wat op Loftus daardie ekstra tinteling van living dangerously ondervind. Appels gooi is nou nie vir my doodsake nie, dink eerder dis verreikende geveinsdheid die bohaai teen sg vuilspel. Okay, steroïedes is 'n ander storie.

En kyk, ek is nie 'n Naas-ou nie, maar wragtig, méér magic as Naas gaan jy nie vind nie. Kyk, laat ek jou sê, vir my geld is Sherrell en Kristen van UCT tops. Maar, okay, as dit kom teen manne soos Grant Fox en Michael Lynagh, nou ja, dan vat jy vir Naas. Want Naas is, wat jy ook al wil sê van die man se nie-uitgee of nie-tackle nie, Naas is magic. En elke span het 'n bietjie magic nodig. En 'n puntemasjien,



Pic: Eric Miller/Southlight

elemente, wat hul vervies het vir die geldinsamelry in die rugbytoue vir Ouma Issie Smuts se fonds. So het die Wes-Kaap ontstaan met in sy geleedere Maties, en die wegbreek Groote Schuur-span van die UCT, toe bekend as die Apies, teen wie die Maties Intervarsity gespeel het.

Ná die oorlog het die groot vergiffenis gekom - veral toe Felix du Plessis, teruggekeerde soldaat, soos Stephen Fry, bokkaptein word en sport weer koning geword het.

Ellispark het ook daardie verdeeldheid geken toe Transvaalbaas Sanderson die OB en Broeders in sy nek voel blaas het. Dit was die opkomjare van Jannie le Roux, dinamiese (en omstrede) baas van die Rooibontes. Ellispark was en is nog altyd 'n bietjie anderster as die ander

wit en blou lap met horings, ja wragtig, HORINGS, aan die kante. Jy kan kies wie hier woeker, Freud of die sataniste. Maar die ouens se vriendelike gesigte, hul guitige wellewendheid (solank jy nie 'n WP-hoedjie dra nie) sê vir jou: dis seker Freud.

In hul kleurbaadjies, hul windjerkers, met hul jong tjokkers aan die hand, of 'n sak nartjies, 'n knipmes en 'n vrag biltong onder die arm, kom die doktore, die professore, die kokkedore en die res van die volk aangestryk. Die vroue het hul rugbymonderings van broekpakke, of see-throughs of stemmige skirts en blazers aan.

Kyk, hier ruk die massas op met één doel voor oë: om 'n stryd te stry.

En so hou ek ook van my rugby. Ek is

want aan die einde van die dag is dit die scoreboard wat tel.

Right?

**NOG 'N DING** van rugby, dis nie net die spelers wat tel nie, dis die skrywers ook. Ek weet vir 'n feit Quintus van Rooyen is 'n lopende teiken vir die anti-Bloubulle. En van jou beste joernalistiek is rugbyjoernalistiek. As politieke kommentators maar net iets van die rugbykommentators wil leer, sal ons as 'n volk ook beter ingelig wees.

Dit maak nie saak wát Saterdag gebeur nie. Ek hou my voorspellings vir myself, maar laat ek net dit sê: Die wêreld kan maar kom. Ons is reg vir hulle.

Dis nou wat rugby betref.



# internasionaal

## die yster-rysbak verdwyn

### Saam met die markstelsel kom werkloosheid na China, skryf **PHILIPPE MASSONNET**

**BEIJING** - Niks onderskei die huise in 'n stegie in die Chinese hoofstad van sy bure nie, buiten die kennisgewingbord wat pas aangebring is met die woord "Werkverskaffingsburo" in rooi letters. Dis die eerste een in Beijing - en 'n simptoom van die verlies van werksekeriteit wat meegebring is deur China se beweging na 'n markstelsel.

Die "yster-rysbak" - gevul met gesubsidieerde behuising, onderwys en welsynsdienste - wat die kommunistiese regering 40 jaar lank aan Chinese verskaf het, is op pad uit. Die werkloosheidsyfer word nou 'n belangrike ekonomiese barometer en 'n soektog na werk 'n werklikheid vir miljoene Chinese.

In Beijing se nuwe werkverskaffingsburo, wat einde verlede maand geopen het, staan sowat 20 mans en vroue, jonk en oud, vroeg die oggend al en vul hul vorms pligsgetrou in.

"Die laaste twee weke het ons al 400 mense - van alle ouderdomme en alle kulturele

vlakke - geregistreer," sê die lewenskragtige direkteur van die buro, Zheng Cong. "Vyftig van hulle het al werk gekry," voeg sy geesdriftig by.

Zheng se kollega, Qi Weiping, meen die buro behoort na 'n "groter en meer sigbare" perseel te trek.

Die werksoekers betaal een yuan (18 sent) vir drie werkaanbiedings. Werkgewers betaal vyf yuan (90 sent) vir die name van tien kandidate waaruit hulle kan kies.

**CHINA SE BESLUIT** om na 'n markstelsel te beweeg het die regeringsleiers gedwing om die bestaan van werkloosheid te erken.

"Een miljoen mense het hul werk sedert begin vanjaar laat vaar," sê die minister van arbeid, Ruan Chongwu, eufemisties.

Werkloosheid kan teen einde vanjaar 3,5 persent bereik, skat die regering - vyf miljoen stedelike werkers uit 'n totaal van 140 miljoen.

Hierby moet 'n mens egter nog die sowat 100 miljoen werklose kleinboere voeg wat in 'n bestendige stroom na die stede trek, asook 'n oorskot van 10 miljoen oortollige werkers in staatsondernemings.

Sedert 23 Julie het die staatsondernemings, waarvan twee derdes in die rooi is, die reg om onbepaalde getalle werknemers af te dank en vrywillige likwidasie te kies.

"Daar werk eenvoudig te veel mense in die nywerheidssektor," sê adjunk-premier Zhu Rongji, 'n hervormingsgesinde. "As ons die helfte van hulle uitsny, is ek seker produktiwiteit en winste sal styg."

Hoewel die ekonomiese groei koers stewig is - tans sowat 10 persent per jaar - en al hoe meer werkgeleenthede geskep word, glo die meeste Chinese werkloosheid sal toeneem. Die mees pessimistiese skatting is dat sowat 15 miljoen stedelike werkers teen die einde van 1995 werkloos sal wees.

Die werkgeleenthede wat ontstaan, veral in die sluimerende tersiêre sektor, bied hoop aan net 'n klein minderheid van die werklikes, want die meeste het nie die nodige opleiding nie.

**NAAS DIE NUWE** werkverskaffingsburo's, soek talle werklikes deur die nie-amptelike werkmakke wat in die groot stede gedy - dikwels met die onuitgesproke goedkeuring van die owerhede. Ander maak 'n bestaan uit tydelike werk, veral by konstruksie maatskappye, wat werkers regstreeks op die boupersele werf.

Daar's ook werk te kry by klein private ondernemings, maar die werkomstandighede is dikwels baie swak.

Werknemers wat oortollig verklaar is, kry oor die algemeen geen geldelike hulp van die regering nie. 'n Stelsel van werkloosheidsversekering bestaan nog net as proefneming en die vergoeding word baie ongelyk versprei tussen firmas en streke.

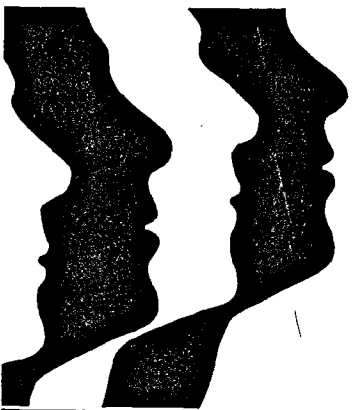
"Ek sit nou al ses maande sonder werk en ek het nog nie 'n sent gekry nie. Die regering doen niks meer vir die werkers nie," sê 'n 40-jarige vrou wat afgedank is by 'n staatsfabriek wat bankrot gespeel het in Wenzhou in die suid-oostelike provinsie Zhejiang.

Zheng sê egter mense moet nou leer om vir hulself te sorg en werk te soek.

Hoewel Ruan sê "94 tot 98 persent van die staat se werknemers keur die hervormings goed", is nie almal wat hul werk as gevolg van hervorming verloor het so inskiklik nie. Dong Jiawei, 'n jong bestuurder vir 'n onderneming in die suide van Guizhou, het nie aanvaar dat sy afdanking te wyte was aan 'n beroepsfout nie en het op 15 Junie wraak geneem.

Hy het vyf van sy oud-kollegas met plofstof opgeblaas en toe selfmoord gepleeg.

Kyk 'n mens na berigte in die dagkoerante, raak sulke voorvalle al hoe meer alledaags. - AFP



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## so het die helde geval

### Die droom van Zimbabwe se vryheidsvegters is nou 'n nagmerrie, skryf **SUSAN NJANJI**

**HARARE** - Terwyl Zimbabwe dié week die land se voormalige guerrillas en hul bydrae tot die bevrydingstryd gedenk het, bly hul droom van ekonomiese welvaart steeds 'n droom.

Die vegters wat in die sewentigerjare geveg het om die land van koloniale heerskappy te bevry, voer steeds 'n stryd - dié keer op ekonomiese gebied.

Twaalf jaar ná onafhanklikheid het baie oud-vegters nog nie die vrugte gepluk van die sewejarige bevrydingsoorlog nie - hulle lewe in haglike armoede.

Talle van die 35 765 oud-vegters wat in 1980 gedemobiliseer is, het hul vergoeding bestee aan korttermyn-behoefes en het nou bedelaars geword.

Net 2 179 het selfonderhoudend geword en sowat 10 000 het die sosialistiese idee van koöperatiewe ondernemings probeer toepas in landbou en nywerheid. Teen 1988 het die helfte tou opgegooi en 5 886 agtergelaat.

Hoewel sommige oud-vegters geslaagde ondernemings begin het, is hulle ongelukkig omdat hulle op die kantlyn van die ekonomie is. Hulle blameer hul ekonomiese lot op sommige aspekte

van die Lancaster House-verdrag wat voor onafhanklikheid gesluit is wat die oordrag van die ekonomie van die wit minderheid na die swart meerderheid onmoontlik gemaak het. Ná die oorlog was dit bitter moeilik vir swartmense, veral oud-vegters, om geld te leen by die banke.

**DIE TWEE DAE LANGE** vakansie ter herdenking van die "helde en die weermag" is oorskadu deur droogte, werkloosheid en stygende kospryse.

Die gesinne van gestorwe nasionale helde is omgekrap oor die klein toelae wat die regering hulle gee. Die kinders van gestorwe vegters uit die lae range kry niks nie en bedel in die strate vir kos.

Intussen het 'n twis uitbreek tussen die heersende Zanu (PF) party-leierskap en die oud-vegters oor wat 'n nasionale held is.

Die voorsitter van die Oorlogsveterane-vereniging, Charles Hungwe, sê die party se kriteria vir 'n nasionale held diskrimineer ten gunste van top-leiers. Nasionale helde word begrawe in die Nasionale Helde-akker, wat miljoene dollar gekos het. Sewentien helde is al daar begrawe, insluitende die gestorwe presidentsvrou, Sally Mugabe, wat in Januarie aan 'n nierkwaal dood is. - AFP



Carmen Guerrero and Nieves Alemany Aguilera

# machismo *in paradise*

**JOYCE OZYNSKI** talks with two members of the Cuban Women's Federation

**T**HE two Cuban visitors sitting on the sofa in the modest Yeoville flat are reluctant to comment on the situation in South Africa.

They meet the question with a brief, thoughtful silence and will venture no more than "South Africa has its own reality to confront" and "I feel we can trust in the organisations leading the changes".

Carmen Guerrero and Nieves Alemany Aguilera are happy to talk (in Spanish, of course, though I discover later that Carmen speaks fluent French) at length about Cuba, through Isabel, our excellent translator. But the bitterly cold winter's afternoon is too short to encompass all the topics about which I am so eager to question them and on which they are so willing to expand.

So many years of censorship have left us woefully ill-informed about countries other than those that espouse capitalism, and now that the South African Iron Curtain has a few rusted holes in it, there's a lot of catching up to do with the

few interesting visitors who get through.

Both are members of the Cuban Women's Federation, visiting South Africa as guests of the ANC Women's League for a little over a week. Carmen's slot in the Federation is with the department of foreign affairs, specialising in Africa. The Federation has a great deal of contact with numerous African academics engaged in gender studies.

Nieves is based in the national secretariat of the Federation and deals with local organisations promoting women's interests and the treasury. Although a full-time employee of the Federation, Nieves is also an MP in the Cuban parliament. She is a member of a permanent parliamentary commission looking into women's equality, children and youth. The commission has representatives of the groups it serves as well as doctors and lawyers specialising in the needs of these groups.

**UNLIKE THE** South African parliament where overpaid MPs spend six months of the year making inane comments, behaving like babies and passing iniquitous

laws to further promote the misery of the people, the Cuban parliament is served by 510 unpaid MPs who only meet at six monthly intervals for brief sessions. These are preceded by meetings between the MPs to discuss relevant documentation.

Sometimes a session will be devoted to a single issue, such as modifications to the constitution to allow non-atheists to participate in government. It was only decided at the 1991 congress that religious believers could be members of the Party.

No doubt noting the ferocity of the religious revival in the ex-Soviet Union, the Cubans are taking the precaution of providing a legitimate platform for believers. But neither woman expects anything like the raging fundamentalism of Eastern Europe, simply because "Catholicism is not deeply rooted" and its influence is modified by the African religions originally brought by slaves, and Protestantism. Local religion is a *mélange* of all three.

Machismo though, does have "very deep roots. The mentality of people

can't be changed as quickly as the social infrastructure. As a result of Cuba's history, both men and women have attitudes of machismo," says Carmen. For example, "women are passed over for promotion because they have children; even highly qualified women, once at home, become subordinate to men".

**WOMEN HABITUALLY** do "women's" tasks. Women comprise only 39 percent of the urban workforce. But this has to be seen in the context of the past. At the time of the revolution, "few women worked and most were illiterate".

And then there is the problem of the grannies. Grannies live with their married children and become embroiled in domestic work. "An attempt is made to counter this isolation by organising outings and excursions for grannies."

In its struggle to uproot patriarchy, the state allows abortion and provides free contraception. Sex education begins early, in the primary schools, and is extended through the press, television, and the family. Books on the subject are widely distributed.

"It's all very openly discussed," says Carmen. "And it's widely accepted that young people have sexual relations but without penetration. Also, it is emphasised that contraception is a dual responsibility - there is a lot of emphasis on paternal responsibility."

Single mum families are common. Such, for instance, is Carmen's case. While many independent mothers prefer not to bother with maintenance, the Federation encourages women to obtain it. Women who need the money and aren't receiving it can apply to the father's employer to have a stop-order put on his salary.

This is similar to the system that prevailed (still prevails) in the ex-Soviet Union, where the stop order was automatic, not only on request. A system like this would save South African women endless suffering, as it is a wretched and usually futile struggle for poorer mothers to extract maintenance from reluctant fathers.

**WE HAVE** discussed sex, religion, and government, rather fragmentarily. Huge areas remain unexplored. The afternoon chill has deepened as the sun has gone down. Isabel the translator says that when I drop my interviewees off, I should make sure to ask their hostess for a pair of socks for Carmen.

We still have our translator in the lift going down and talk a little about the purpose of their visit - "to explain what is happening in Cuba and widen solidarity".

Cuba's long-term support of Angola shows that it knows what solidarity is about. Perhaps a new government in South Africa will be able to provide similar solidarity for a country now straining under the ruthless pressure from the US for it to abandon socialism.



Die nuwe Vrye Weekblad: Ons tyd het aangehoek.



rubrieke

# Bittergal

## Die moeder van alle tweegatjakkalse

**ANDRIES TREURNICHT** verdien om in die konflik binne die ver-reges wat nou op die spits gedryf word, tot bloed en derms fyngemaal te word. Hoe só 'n politieke tweegatjakkals en professionele kakprater só lank deur soveel mense vertrou en gevolg is en in só 'n hoë posisie beland het, is 'n ernstige aantyging teen die politieke beskaafdheid van die Afrikaanssprekende publiek.

Die nasie het Andries Maandagaand weer op sy beste op *Agenda* gesien. Na byna elke sin wat uit sy domineemondd gevloei het, moes ondervraer Lester Venter sê: "Ek moet erken ek verstaan u nou nie mooi nie", of "ek is jammer, maar ek voel ons kom nie by die punt uit nie", of "hoe bedoel u dit nou?"

Kom ons kyk na 'n greep uit die transkripsie van die gesprek, dan word dit duidelik hoe 'n gladde jakkals die man is. Venter vra teen die einde van die onderhoud: "Voorsien u 'n skeuring in u party deur hierdie mense? U sê nou hier daar is geen verandering in u posisie, in die party se posisie met die uitsondering van 'n moontlike kleiner volkstaat nie, verder geen probleme in die KP nie?"

Hier is Treurnicht se *verbatim* antwoord op dié reguit vraag: "Nee, nee, wag. As ons nou praat op die punt van onderhandeling. Ons het gesê solank dit en dit die posisie is met die ANC en die Kommunistiese Party, is dit ons posisie. Maar intussen het die regering ons gevra om met hulle te praat en ons het gesê ons gaan met hulle praat. En ons praat met hulle oor fundamentele aangeleenthede wat die toekoms betref. Maar ons wil darem hê as hulle met ons praat, moet hulle ons nie kul in die proses deur voor te gee hulle praat met ons en aan die ander kant gaan hulle net eenvoudig voort met die ANC na 'n nuwe bedeling nie. Ons is in die prentjie."

Bla bla bla gobbledegook bullshit.

En as die man weer sê hy is g'n rassis nie, gaan sy neus groei soos die Switserse sjokolade-man s'n. Hy sê hy wil 'n staat hê vir Afrikaners en "ander patriotte wat met die Afrikaner geassosieer is, ons sê op die basis van wedersyds aanvaarding en gemeenskaplike vryheidstryd". Daarmee bedoel hy waarskynlik regse Italianers, Portugese, oud-Rhodesiërs, ens. Maar bruin patriotte met dieselfde taal, kultuur, godsdiens en lewenswyse is nie vir hom hier aanvaarbaar nie - al "assosieer" baie van hulle (Jac Rabie en Abe Williams se mense, byvoorbeeld) met die Afrikaner. Net omdat hulle nie spierwit is nie.

Mog hy sy gat in technicolour sien.

Al op 'n Vrydag of Saterdag na Vrye Weekblad gaan soek net om te hoor dit is uitverkoop?

Hier is die oplossing: laat dit elke Vrydagoggend op jou voorstoep aflowe.

## dis net jou skuld as jy iets mis

Ons doen huisaflewering op die volgende plekke:

Die FWV-gebied, wat insluit Johannesburg, Pretoria, Verwoerdburg, Midrand, Sandton, Randburg, Roodepoort, Randfontein, Krugersdorp, Florida, Germiston, Alberton, Bedfordview, Kemptonpark, Benoni, Boksburg, Springs, Brakpan, Vereeniging en Vanderbijlpark. In Transvaal is ons ook beskikbaar in die sentrale dele van Witbank en Nelspruit, en in die Vrystaat ook in sekere dele van Bloemfontein. In die Kaapse Skiereiland lewer ons af in Woodstock, Rosebank, Observatory, Mowbray, Claremont, Newlands, Bishopscourt, Wynberg, Kenilworth, Constantia, Tuine, Oranjezicht, Vredehoek, Higgovale en Bellville (slegs sekere dele). VWB word ook in Stellenbosch en Somerset-wes afgelewer.

En as jy buite een van die streke val, stuur ons VWB teen dieselfde koste per pos aan. So moenie elke Vrydag skarrel om jou gunsteling nuustydskrif in die hande te kry nie, stuur liever nou R150 en ontvang VWB vir 'n jaar of R80 vir ses maande (BTW en aflewering ingesluit)

Vul dié vorm vandag nog in en stuur saam met jou tjek of poswissel aan: VWB Verspreiding Posbus 177, Newtown 2113.

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## Die leier, die bokser en hul lyfwagte

**WAT** het Mike Tyson, tronkvoël-bokskampioen, en Eugene Terre'Blanche gemeen?

Volgens 'n onderhoud met 'n Tyson-vertroueling, Rudy Gonzales, en getuienis deur Linda Shaw verkies albei om seks te hê terwyl hul lyfwagte toekyk. Miskien neem hulle die woord "lyfwag" net te ernstig op.

Maar Eugene kan iets by Mike leer. Mike het 'n elektroniese dagboek gehou met alle inligting oor die vroue in sy lewe, terwyl Eugene blykbaar al dié besonderhede heeltemal vergeet het.

## Ag nee, Ruda

**SO** van Eugene gepraat: was M-Net se *Carte Blanche* laas Sondag toe nie 'n anti-klimaks ná al die fanfare nie? Die briljante dokumentêr is in elk geval só gesny dat dit half sinneloos was, en toe kom Ruda Landman met haar beloofde lewende konfrontasie met Eugene en die ergste wat sy vir hom kan sê, is dat sy self 'n Afrikaner is, en Afrikaners noem nie ander mense sulke lelike name soos Eugene vir FW de Klerk genoem het nie.

Flou en amateuragtig. Bittergal kyk nou eerder na die briljante 50/50-natuurprogram op TV1.

## Gaap

**DIS** so voorspelbaar: 'n gefabriseerde sensasie wat koerante verkoop. En dit werk altyd met 'n internasionale rugbytoer.

Dis nou *Beeld* se skreeuende plakkaat en hoofberigte dié week oor Wallaby-vleuel David Campese se uitlating dat Naas nie goed kan tackle nie en 'n M-Net-advertensie waarin gesê word hoe die Wallabies afgeslag gaan word.

Dis soos die klug voor groot boksegevegte wanneer die twee bokkers ooreenkom om mekaar te beledig vir goeie koerantkopie en reklame.

Dink die koerante ons is almal half swaksinnig? Wanneer gaan die media die Suid-Afrikaanse publiek as intelligente wesens begin behandel?

## Vrou van die jaar

**BITTERGAL** se Vrou van die Jaar - ag, somer Persoon van die Jaar, is klaar gekies: Elana Meyer.

Nie soseer vir haar medalje nie as vir haar optrede net ná die wedloop. Sulke simbole van die Nuwe Nuwe Suid-Afrika is vir ons kosbaar.

## Geld, alles gaan oor geld

**NA** die pynlikheid van kyk na 'n Olimpiese Spele op TV wat eerder na 'n handelskonferensie gelyk het, het Bittergal gedink ons gaan nou weer 'n tydjie van dié oorweldigende kommersialisme in sport wegkom.

Maar net die volgende dag, met die All Blacks se wedstryd teen die Sentrale Unies, was dit duidelik dat dit nou 'n patroon geword het: die rustyd van drie minute is na sewe minute uitgerek sodat die SAUK-TV eers al sy advertensies kon inkry.

Binnkort gaan ons moet kyk hoe die Lion Lagers (geborg deur Lexington, Volkswagen en Boland Bank) teen die Santam Multiplekters (geborg deur Pick n' Pay, die KVV en Avis) op die Fedmis-stadion speel.

## Skande, skande

**AS** ons dink hier by ons is 'n groot ontgogeling oor ons atlete so swak by die Spele gevaar het, dink weer. Die Indiese Parlement was dié week in beroering oor dié land van 840 miljoen mense se medaljelose vertoning. Die afdanking van alle sportadministrateurs en afrigters word wyd geëis, en die minister van sport wil nou alle Indiese atlete vir vier jaar lank verbied om aan enige internasionale kompetisie deel te neem...

## Rooiletterdag

**SONDAG** 9 Augustus 1992 is 'n spesiale dag in Suid-Afrika se kalender, sonder dat die meeste burgers dit weet.

Hoekom? Vir die eerste keer in 'n baie lang tyd het die SA Polisie se daaglikse "onlusteverslag" Maandagoggend aangekondig: "Daar was geen onluste-verwante voorvalle die laaste 24 uur nie."

Nou moet ons net nog so 'n paar sulke dae reël.

# die nuwe weermag: hoe maak mens vyande makkers?

Het Suid-Afrika 'n les te leer uit die manier waarop die strydende gevegsmagte van die voormalige Rhodesië ná Zimbabwe se onafhanklikheid geïntegreer is? Ja, meen 'n Britse militêre kundige, wat verskeie voorstelle doen oor hoe die SAW, MK en die leërs van die TBVC-lande saamgevoeg kan word. **INA VAN DER LINDE** doen verslag

'NAFOETREDE Britse generaal-majoor het militariste in die land 'n kykie kom gee in die toekoms - en, soos die advertensie sê, dit (kan) werk!

Die toekomsblik van genl-maj AW Dennis, voormalige direkteur van Buitelandse Militêre Hulp, is gegrond op die ervaring van die British Military Advisory and Training Team (BMATT), wat sedert 1980 in Zimbabwe is om te help om die drie vyandige magte wat in die voormalige Rhodesië in 'n bitter en bloedige stryd teen mekaar betrokke was, in 'n nuwe weermag saam te snoer.

Dennis het deelgeneem aan 'n konferensie van die Instituut vir Verdedigingspolitiek, met die titel Veranderende Dinamiek: Militêr-strategiese kwessies vir 'n toekomstige Suid-Afrika.

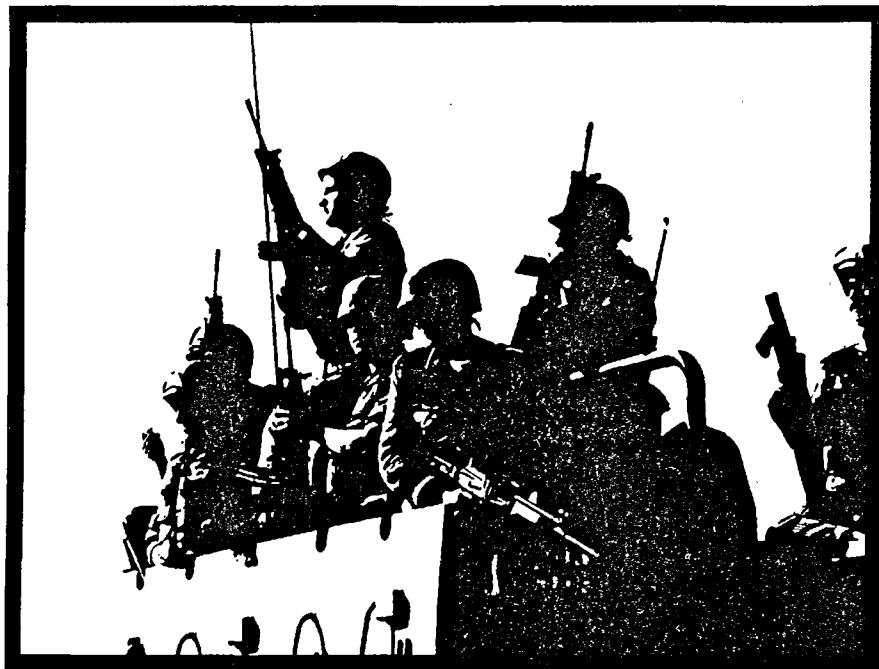
By dieselfde konferensie is ook gepraat oor 'n nuwe weermag vir Suid-Afrika, die toekoms van die wapennywerheid, en moontlike streekskonflikte.

BMATT het oorgeneem by die Monitormag van die Statebond wat toegesig moes hou oor die skietstilstand tussen die Rhodesiese Veiligheidsmag en die twee guerrilla-magte, Zipra en Zanla. Die Monitormag se taak was om, ingevolge die Lancaster-ooreenkoms, Patriotic Front-soldate wat met hul wapens by sekere voorafbepaalde ontmoetingsplekke aankom, na 'n versamelpunt te bring waar hulle administratief versorg sou word. Die mag moes ook toesien dat die Rhodesiese soldate tot hul barakke beperk bly.

Daar was geweldige wantroue aan alle kante. Drie leërs was betrokke in 'n lang en bloedige konflik wat niemand in die streng militêre sin van die woord verloor het nie. Inderdaad, al drie het moontlik gemeen dat hulle mettertyd die oorlog sou wen. En al drie elemente het aanvanklik die Monitormag gewantou: die wittes omdat hulle gevoel het hulle word "uitverkoop", en die PF omdat hulle gemeen het die oorwegend wit moniteringsmag sou wit Rhodesiërs se belange beskerm.

**DIE EERSTE FASE**, die aanmelding van soldate en die oorhandiging van wapens, was 'n sukses. Die redes hiervoor, sê Dennis, is vierledig:

- Daar is van meet af aan 'n ware gesamentlike bevel en beheerstruktuur geskep, en al drie faksies en lede van die moniteringsmag is met gelyke range op alle vlakke verteenwoordig.
- Dit was gou duidelik dat die Monitormag heeltemal onpartydig optree; klein eenhede van moniteringspersoneel en hul Zipra en Zanla



kommissaris-spanne op die afgespoke versamelpunte wat nooit oorreageer het nie, selfs in uiters gevaarlike situasies, en enkelinge wat die bosse ingegaan het om die vrese van PF-lede te besweer.

- Die Monitormag het kos, mediese hulp en ander ondersteuning by die versamelpunte verskaf.

In Maart 1980 het Robert Mugabe se Zanu-party die verkiesing gewen en het BMATT by die Monitormag oorgeneem. Die aansienlike probleem om integrasie te bereik, is soortgelyk aan die situasie wat Suid-Afrika nou ervaar: net die ou gevestigde veiligheidsmagte het oor die nodige administratiewe en bevel- en beheer-strukture beskik waarop 'n enkele weermag gebou kon word - en daardie veiligheidsmagte is hewig deur die guerrillamagte gewantou.

'n Ander probleem was dat die groot hoeveelheid onnodige soldate nie eenvoudig ontslaan kon word nie. Almal moes in die nuwe weermag opgeneem word, of anders was daar moeilikheid.

**OM DIE PROBLEEM** nog ingewikkelder te maak, het al drie leërs uit heeltemal verskillende militêre agtergronde gekom. Die Rhodesiese mag was gegrond op 'n Britse model, Zanla is met Chinese steun op die been gebring, en Zipra is deur die Russe opgelei. 'n Neutrale grondslag is deur moeilike onderhandelinge geskep.

Die wit Rhodesiese mag was geneig om hul posisies te probeer beskerm deur aan te dring op sogenaamde "standaarde", waaraan die Zanla- en Zipra-magte nie voldoen het nie.

Dennis sê: "Dit is nie moeilik om 'n soortgelyke situasie in Suid-Afrika te sien ontwikkel nie. Die hooftaak van

BMATT was om as 'n aktiewe katalis op te tree om die faksies bymekaar te hou en om 'n neutrale element te voorsien wat deur almal gerespekteer word. Dit vereis die teenwoordigheid van ervare offisiere van toepaslike rang, ten minste 'n drie-ster."

Wat opleiding betref, is groot hoeveelhede Zanla- en Zipra-lede met die potensiaal om senior, middel- en junior posisies te beklee, uitgesoek en deur 'n standaard eenmaand-kursus geplaas wat op basiese vermoëns, dissipline en administrasie moes konsentreer.

Sodra genoeg leiers vir 'n bataljon opgelei is, het hulle 450 manskappe gekry, wat 6 maande lank opgelei is. Elke twee weke was 'n nuwe bataljon gereed. Die proses is later versnel om drie bataljons per maand gereed te maak.

Teen die tyd dat Robert Mugabe se regering 'n jaar oud was, het dit nodig geword om 'n bevelstruktuur bokant bataljon-vlak te skep. In Februarie 1981 is 27 potensieële brigadiers en kolonels uitgesoek en ná spesiale opleiding in senior posisies aangestel. Kort daarna is 'n Verdedigingshoofkwartier daargestel.

Die wit komponent van die weermag, wat met onafhanklikheid uit 2800 soldate en 680 offisiere bestaan het, het gedaal tot 1135.

Die integrasie is aan die begin van 1982 afgehandel. Die resultaat was 'n weermag van 65 000 lede - baie groter as wat enige moontlike bedreiging vir landsveiligheid kon regverdig. Die dissipline en opleiding was nog glad nie na wense nie, en die administrasie was in 'n beginstadium. Dit is op dié aspekte dat BMATT die afgelope tien jaar konsentreer.

**DENNIS SIEN** heelparty ooreenkomste op militêre gebied tussen Suid-Afrika in 1992 en Zimbabwe in 1980:

- Die SAW is, soos die Rhodesiese Weermag, 'n doeltreffende konvensionele mag met die nodige infrastruktuur. Dieselfde kan nie van MK en die TBVC-lande se weermagte gesê word nie. Die doeltreffendste manier om 'n konvensionele mag op die been te bring, sal wees om dit op die SAW te grond.
- Daar is net soos in Zimbabwe 'n groot mate van wantroue tussen die SAW en MK. Die wantroue word gekompliseer deur die regstreekse betrokkenheid van die SAW by interne veiligheid. Wantroue sal aansienlik afneem indien die SAW van sy rol in interne veiligheid ontkoppel word.
- Hoe gouer ware integrasie bereik kan word, hoe beter, aangesien die inherente wantroue slegs ná integrasie oorkom sal word. Om die integrasie aanvaarbaar te laat verloop, moet die SAW offisiere van MK en die TBVC-leërs so gou as moontlik in sleutel- en senior posisies inkorporeer. Hiervoor moet spesiale opleiding verskaf word.
- Talle lede van MK, wat nie opgelei is vir konvensionele operasies nie, sal vinnig in die nuwe weermag geabsorbeer moet word, of andersins in diens geneem moet word. Laasgenoemde is verkieslik, aangesien die opname van MK-lede tot 'n enorme groot weermag sal lei waarvoor daar nie geld is nie.
- Die topbestuur van die nuwe weermag sal die politieke noodwendighede van die land moet weerspieël. Terselfdertyd moet die nuwe weermag a-polities wees, lojaal aan die regering van die dag en ferm onder siviele beheer. 'n Ministerie van Verdediging moet siviele sowel as militêre beheer hê.
- Die mannekragbehoefes van die nuwe weermag sal bepaal moet word, omdat dit nie lyk asof daar op die oomblik enige bedreiging vir Suid-Afrika se veiligheid is nie en soos sake nou staan, is die bestaande weermag reeds te groot.

Dr Jakkie Cilliers, mede-direkteur van die Instituut vir Verdedigingspolitiek, het gevra vir 'n oop kommissie van ondersoek na die kwessie van mannekragbehoefes van 'n toekomstige Weermag. Die voorstel, wat ook aan 'n werkgroep van Kodesa voorgelê is, vra dat so 'n kommissie terselfdertyd na die wyer militêre situasie moet kyk, beginnende by die hersiening van die Verdedigingswet, tot by die integrasie van die MK, Apl en die TBVC-magte met die SAW.





# Gqozo: the mouse that roars

Ciskei's leader, Brigadier Oupa Gqozo, has few friends left - even among his former allies, writes **FRANZ KRÜGER**

**D**URING last week's mass action, a mock trial in Queenstown handed out the customary life sentences to President FW de Klerk and Chief Mangosuthu Buthelezi.

But when it came to Ciskei's leader Oupa Gqozo, the "judge" ruled him unfit to govern - and declared him a state president's patient.

The incident neatly summed up the ANC's attitude to the Ciskei's military ruler, whose position is looking increasingly tenuous.

Last week's dramatic standoff between his forces and some 50 000 ANC marchers demonstrated nothing so much as his deep insecurity.

When news of the ANC's plan to march on the Ciskei parliament first emerged, Brig Gqozo's reaction was near-hysterical. In a message broadcast on Radio Ciskei every 20 minutes throughout the weekend before the march, he warned the march would be stopped.

Even if it was led by Archbishop Desmond Tutu "or the devil with horns", it would be halted because the ANC was "a minority instructing young people randomly to burn property", he said.

On Monday, there were clashes between

his forces and demonstrators in the sprawling township of Mdantsane, and Gqozo appealed for military assistance from South Africa.

On Tuesday, he threw up heavily-armed roadblocks at every entrance to Bisho to prevent the march.

It was a tense afternoon, as negotiators led by Dr Antonie Gildenhuys, chairperson of the National Peace Committee, battled to prevent confrontation between nervous Ciskei soldiers and the huge crowd. The ANC insisted on their right to march, but Gqozo refused to allow them across the border.

Finally, in fading light, while details of a compromise were still being finalised, the marchers swept into the Bisho stadium: they'd failed to get to the parliament building, but were nevertheless triumphant at having forced their way onto Ciskei territory.

**GQOZO'S NERVOUSNESS** was in large part due to memories of March, when massive pressure forced the Border ANC to tone down a protest campaign directed at the Ciskei government.

The plan first came to light when Gqozo announced he had thwarted a conspiracy to overthrow him. It included a "people's

assembly" which would symbolically install an interim government and the occupation of Bisho.

Even then, there must have been fears on Gqozo's side - and hopes on the part of the ANC - that the "symbolic" action would turn into the real thing.

The Border ANC insisted its "peace and democracy campaign" amounted to legitimate political activity, but found little sympathy for its position. Most national media coverage referred routinely to the ANC's "plan to destabilise the Ciskei", the National Peace Committee was critical and even the ANC's own national office was less than enthusiastic.

After a flurry of meetings, the ANC agreed to amend the campaign by leaving out particularly contentious elements like the defiance of security laws.

The campaign went ahead, accompanied by the kind of low-level conflict that has become endemic in the region: teargassings, some localised violence, meetings broken up and the like.

Gqozo survived, but his position has become even more tenuous in the intervening months.

**LAST WEEK'S EVENTS** in Bisho may have demonstrated his lack of support among the people he says he feels "called upon" to lead, but even among the Ciskei establishment his position is far from solid.

Four cabinet ministers resigned suddenly last month. The four are the Minister of Justice, Nkululeko Nogcantsi, the Minister of Police and Prisons, Viwe Notshe, the Minister of State Affairs, Bantubonke Tokota, and the Minister of Transport and Aviation, M Kashe.

Notshe and Tokota were regarded as key advisers to Gqozo.

Sources said there had been a row over a proposal by Gqozo that contributions to his African Democratic Movement (ADM) be deducted from civil servants' salaries.

Now, there is even rumoured to be a rift between him and his closest associate, Col Silence Pita, the only surviving member of the original military council.

The homeland's judiciary, traditionally strongly supportive of the Ciskei government, has recently shown signs of disenchantment with its "creative" attitude to the law.

This week, the Ciskei Supreme Court resumed its hearing of the inquest into the death of Charles Sebe and Onward Guzana, both former Ciskei security officers.

The two were shot dead after being stopped at a roadblock in January last year.

There has been extensive evidence that Gqozo ordered their execution - he boasted about the fact on Radio Ciskei - and he has now been subpoenaed to give evidence.

The subpoena was issued despite a recent decree which sought to prevent his being called in any court case, but there are strong indications that the court will show little tolerance for his attempt to avoid appearing.

**THEN, OF COURSE**, there's South Africa, whose support for the Ciskei government is obviously vital.

Even Pretoria has shown little patience for the brigadier's antics. During the March row over the ANC's plans to campaign against him, the government eagerly threw its weight behind him - but this was largely due to the issue's convenience as a stick to beat the ANC with.

Since then, there's been a row over money: the homeland's South African appointed Minister of Finance resigned in frustration at the Ciskei's unwillingness to control spending.

And when Ciskei appealed for SADF reinforcement during last week's events, there was a deafening silence from Pretoria. In the event, the SADF restricted itself largely to patrolling King William's Town.

**THE CISKEI'S** whole legal status is uncertain. In terms of a February 1991 treaty signed with South Africa, Gqozo agreed to give Pretoria the right to appoint several key cabinet ministers.

At the time, the Ciskei acknowledged the treaty was an irrevocable step towards reintegration into South Africa.

Since then, key posts in the Ciskei have been filled by South Africans, from the Finance Minister to the Commissioner of Police.

These appointments make Ciskei independence even more fictional than that of other homelands. However, South Africa has been content to allow Ciskei to continue playing its role of independent country, at Codesa and even at the UN.

So Ciskei, along with Bophuthatswana's President Lucas Mangope, has taken the position that it will only rejoin South Africa once the shape of the new constitutional dispensation is clear.

The bottom line is this: the government can live with a bit of chaos in the Ciskei, just like in many other areas.

If things seem to get serious, or if there's political mileage to be made, Pretoria will step in. But otherwise, it's quite happy to let things go their own way. - Ecna



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Asmal Kader ...  
"Dat armoede bestaan, is 'n sonde."  
(Foto: SALLY SHORKEND)

# Asmal is 'n ander soort kader

In Ierland het **Kader Asmal** in die voorste linie van die internasionale stryd teen apartheid geveg. In Suid-Afrika is hy een van die eerste kampvegters vir "vreedsame en nie-gewelddadige vergelding". **CHRISTELLE TERREBLANCHE** gesels in sy huis in Kaapstad met dié "liefhebber van mense"

**D**IE laaste mens wat Kader Asmal na sy verjaardag-party sal nooi, het hy eendag in 'n tydskrif-onderhoud gesê, is: "Iemand soos ekself - want hy sal al die praatwerk doen."

Gedeeltelik is dit waar. Waar? dié energieke en toeganklike man ook al is, word daar gesêls.

En hy is omtrent oral. Vandat hy verlede jaar ná 33 jaar as politieke uitgewekene na Suid-Afrika teruggekeer het, is sy naam op gastelyse van Natal, waar hy gebore is, tot in die Kaap, waar hy hom nou gevestig het.

Tussendeur is daar besoeke aan die Grensgebied, die streek wat hom tot lid van die ANC Uitvoerende Komitee laat verkies het, die Witwatersrand, waar hy 'n sleutelrol in Kodesa Werkgroep I vertolk het, en dring hy daarop aan om uitnodigings na die platteland te aanvaar. Hy het baie vinnig 'n voorliefde ontwikkel vir gesprekke met

"gewone Afrikaanse mense".

Asmal het Suid-Afrika in 1959 verlaat om regte in Londen te gaan studeer. Hy vertel nog graag hoe niemand op die Edinburgh Castle met hom, die enigste "swartmens" aan boord, wou gesels nie totdat die skip uit Kaapstad na die oop see vertrek het.

Met sy aankoms in 1990 op die lughawe DF Malan was daar egter 'n skare - wit en swart - om hom te verwelkom. En vandag wil almal met Asmal gesels.

**ASMAL WAS NOU** betrokke by die eerste gesprekke met Suid-Afrikaanse sakelui en die eerste "Afrikaanse" afvaardiging wat die ANC in 1987 in Dakar ontmoet het.

Vroeër vanjaar het hy 'n spesiale leerstoel aan die Universiteit van Wes-Kaapland ingeneem as professor van Mensereg. Sy inhuldigingsrede het 'n sensitiewe aar raakgeslaan, dié van moontlike vergelding en/of regstellingsaksie weens die onregte van apartheid. Hy werk nou aan 'n boek (sy

vierde) oor dié onderwerp.

"Suid-Afrika gaan mank aan vergelykende studies en die koerante het baie daarmee te doen," sê hy. "Maar ek steun sterk op die ondervindings elders ter wêreld."

Asmal se sterk menings - ook eiesoortiges, soos dikwels - oor die onderwerp spruit uit sy vroeë blootstelling aan die apartheidstelsel.

Hy was maar 12 jaar oud toe hy wreed met die werklikheid daarvan kennis gemaak het. Op Stanger in Natal wou hy die Daily News by die kafee koop, toe die eenaar hom toesnou dat "Coolies" net by die hokkie aan die agterkant bedien word.

Kort daarna het hy 'n rolprent oor die Nazi-oorlogsmisdade gesien - en die verband met die gruvels van apartheid het stadig in sy gedagtes begin groei.

In dié jare word hy 'n bewonderaar en kennis van Albert Luthuli, voormalige ANC-president en Nobelprys-wenner. Luthuli was destyds ingeperk tot die munisipale gebied waar Asmal grootgeword het. Hy beskou Luthuli vandag nog as "sy grootste vriend" en die grootste vormende invloed op sy politieke bewussyn en loopbaan.

**NOG 'N GROOT** invloed was sy eerste vier jaar as onderwyser vir swart kinders van die suikerriet-plantasies, nadat hy 'n diploma aan 'n Indiër-kollege verwerf het.

"In dié tyd het die sonde van armoede vir my 'n morele absolute geword," sê hy. "Ek kan nou nog nie daarmee verlies neem dat die armes altyd arm sal bly soos die vryemarkiers verkondig nie."

"Daardie mense (die 2 000 werkers) was die laagste van die laagstes, die 'untouchables' van die gemeenskap, met al die verhoudinge wat uit armoede voortspruit. Dit was my inleiding tot sosiale emansipasie, onderdrukking en die teenstand teen apartheid."

Hoewel Asmal vandag nog onderwys as sy "eerste liefde" beskou, het sy sterk sin vir geregtigheid hom oortuig om regte te studeer. Hy is Londen toe, waar hy eers as onderwyser gewerk en hom toe by die London School of Economics ingeskryf het.

"Terwyl ek daar was, in 1959, is die boikot-beweging gevorm en ek het dadelik betrokke geraak," vertel Asmal.

"My eerste betoging was in Hampstead. Die dag ná Sharpeville het ek 'n kennisgewing opgeplak vir 'n protesoptog. Selfs die destyds konserwatiewe studente-unie het instinktief by die protes aangesluit."

Deur die jare het die egpaar 'n formidabele span geword. Louise, met haar stil, sterk persoonlikheid, het die agtergrond-werk en administrasie van hul talle anti-apartheid-en menseregte-ondernemings behartig terwyl Kader met sy oop en intense sosiale persoonlikheid in die voorste linies geveg het.

**IN 1963** is hulle na Dublin in Ierland, waar Asmal 'n lektoraat aan die tradisieryke Trinity College aanvaar het. Feitlik onmiddellik het hulle die Ierse Anti-Apartheidsbeweging - wat later buitengewone omstrengheid verwerf het - op die been gebring.

Hulle het 26 jaar daar aangebly en in dié tyd is Asmal onder meer tot dekaan van die regs fakulteit bevorder. In 1976 het hulle

ook die Irish Council for Civil Liberties gestig nadat die Ierse regering wetgewing vir "aanhouding sonder verhoor" begin uitvaardig het.

Die grootste veldtog wat Asmal onthou, was dié teen die Springbok-toer van 1969. "Daar was omtrent 15 000 mense - en geen Springbokspan het dit weer gewaag nie!"

Asmal het in dié tydperk veral as akademikus naam gemaak. Hy was 'n gesogte spreker oor onderwerpe wat strek van gay regte, aborsie en vroue-regte tot sanksies, ontwapening en pasifisme. Tussendeur het hy talle artikels internasionaal gepubliseer.

Hy is nie doodseker dat hy as politikus bekend wil staan nie. "Ek het 'n akademiese loopbaan gekies. Verbeel jou, ná 30 jaar van getroude lewe vra my vrou my nou die dag hoekom mense my as feminis sien."

"Maar dit alles vloei uit die bewuswording in my jeug van die gelykheid-beginsel - dat jy net so min teen vroue, gays en Jode kan diskrimineer as wat jy teen anderskleuriges kan diskrimineer. Ná my bewuswording van die Nazi-volkmoord, het dit my 'n lang tyd gekos om dié dinge met al hul konsekwensies uit te werk."

**IN SY HUIS** in Mowbray, Kaapstad - waarvan die deur altyd oopstaan - lui die telefoon alwêér. Nee, darem nie weer 'n uitnodiging vir 'n toespraak êrens waarvoor hy maar net nie kan nee sê nie. Dis iemand met persoonlike probleme wat raad vra.

Asmal betreur die gebrek in Suid-Afrika aan 'n tradisie van kommunale, vrywillige diens. "In Ierland het ek elke week 'n dag aan gemeenskapshulp afgestaan. Dit is net reg dat 'n mens jou professionele vermoëns en insigte sonder betaling toeganklik maak. Dit is waarom ek nooit in 'n praktyk sou werk nie. Daar moet jy obsessief oor jou werk wees."

Obsessief of nie, Asmal se tyd behoort nie regtig meer aan hom nie. Sedert sy terugkeer word selfs sy naweke deur sy verbintnisse met die ANC en die akademie verslind.

Wat veral daaronder lei, bieg Asmal, is tuinmaak - sy geliefkoosde manier van ontspanning. In die tuin gee hy boonop niemand aanstoot met sy rookgewoonte nie.

"Ek begeer 'n regte fynbostuin," sê hy geesdriftig. "Maar dit sal moet wag."

In Ierland het hy kans gehad vir 'n roman en speurverhaal elke week, maar nou word net die noodsaaklikste leeswerk bygebring. En al is hy die een wat vir tuisonthale kook - altyd kerrie - bly die pot nou ook maar koud.

Deesdae is sy ontspanning sy werk, sê hy. "Suid-Afrikaners het 'n obsessie met vergaderings, selfs oor naweke. Uiteindelik is my ontspanning dan mense en gesprekke met mense."

Hy sou graag sy taalvermoëns wou verbeter, sê Asmal, en vertel hoe magtelos en onbeholpe hy onlangs op 'n konferensie oor armoede in die Karoo gevoel het toe hy nóg die Afrikaans nóg die Xhosa van die afgevaardigdes kon verstaan.

Onlangs is Asmal, tot sy "groot eer", gekies tot lid van die ANC se Kommissie vir die Emansipasie van Vroue, 'n onderwerp waarvoor hy baie sterk voel.





HARLEY DAVIDSON



# van oer-gebruik tot moderne statement

foto's deur **SALLY SHORKEND**

**WAARSKYNLIK** die meeste Suid-Afrikaners frons as hulle iemand met 'n tatoeëermerk sien. Dis mos iets wat net bendeledede, tronkvoëls, matrose, gomgatte en ducktails doen, is lank gereken. Maar tatoeëring is besig om 'n comeback onder 'n hele ander klas mense te maak. Heelparty internasionale rolprentsterre en sangers het 'n tatoeëermerk êrens en dit raak oor die hele Westerse wêreld 'n sexy ding om te doen.

Dit is natuurlik 'n oer-oue gebruik om die menslike liggaam te versier, en dit word vandag nog oral in tradisionele gemeenskappe gedoen. Baie van dié versierings is tydelik, soos die Indiane en sekere Afrika-stamme se verf, maar daar is ook permanente gebruike soos om kerwe op die wange te sny.

In dié gemeenskappe was die versiering van die liggaam gewoonlik 'n uitdrukking van gemeenskaplikheid wat volgens streng voorskrifte moet geskied. Dit is ook waar van byvoorbeeld hedendaagse bendeledede - ook maar net 'n ander vorm van stam-identiteit.

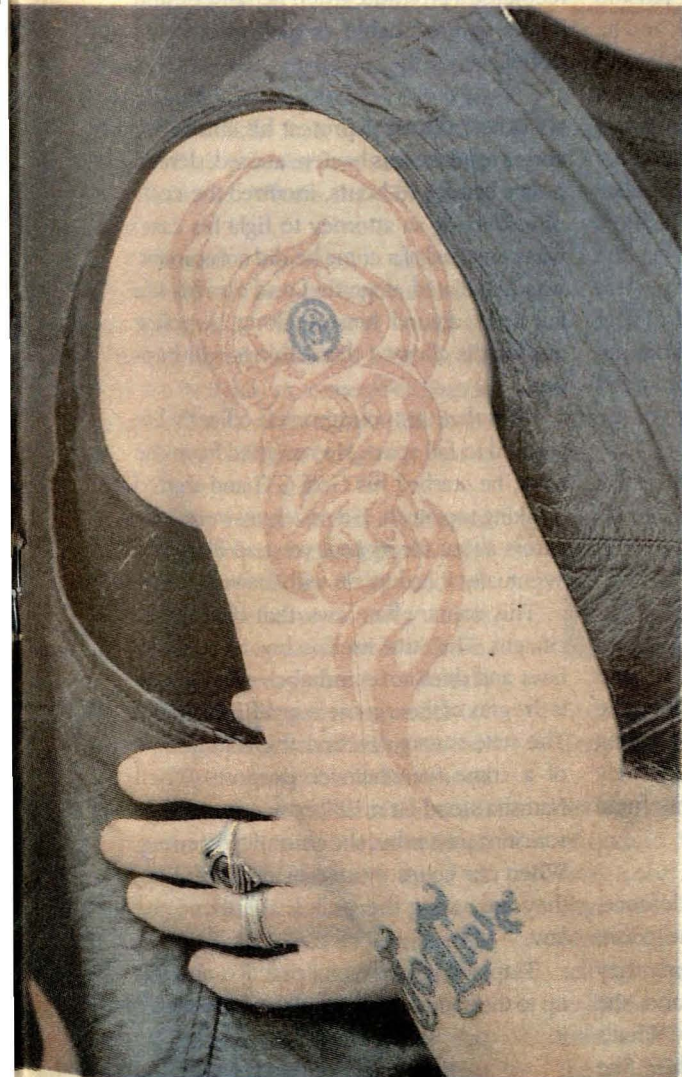
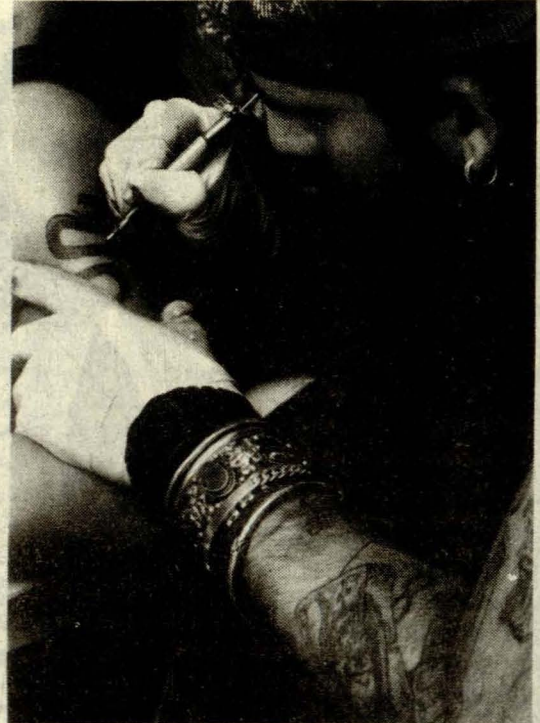
**MAAR DIE NUWE** tendensie is juis om jou uniekheid as 'n individu te beklemtoon deur 'n tatoeëermerk. Dis jou eie mees persoonlike statement.

Die groot aantrekkingskrag - en terselfdertyd afskrikking - van tatoeëerwerk is die permanensie daarvan. Dit is steeds byna onmoontlik om 'n tatoeëermerk te verwyder.

Dit is waarskynlik dié aspek daarvan wat dit gewild maak as 'n soort simbool van getrouheid, liefde of vriendskap - soos 'n man en 'n vrou wat dit saam laat doen as simbool van hul toegewytheid aan mekaar.

Maar jonger Suid-Afrikaners doen dit veral as 'n statement teen die establishment - waarskynlik juis weens die vroeëre konnotasie daaraan.

En natuurlik is daar dié wat dink dis nogal kinky, en 'n klein tatoeëermerk op 'n private plek laat aanbring - so amper as 'n beloning vir dié een wat daarin slaag om daar uit te kom...





# isn't police entrapment really a crime?

police entrapment is a shameful practice which should be curtailed by the courts or the legislature, argues **JURIE DE WET**

I HAVE a colleague in the Johannesburg Bar whose argument on the legality of police traps goes something like this: A person's motive for committing a crime is not relevant in determining his guilt. If a law expressly forbids a person from performing a specific act (say selling diamonds without a licence) and a person nonetheless deliberately performs that act or attempts to do so, then he commits a crime. The fact that he did so to earn money to feed his family is not a defence. If a policeman sells a diamond in a police trap, similarly then, the fact that he did so with the intention of arresting the buyer is not a defence, it is at best his motive for committing the crime. Therefore police traps are criminal.

The fact is, however, that in South African law police traps are legal. Many democratic countries have laws which prohibit or severely limit police traps. Recently there have been rumblings from the Supreme Court in Namibia which suggest that the judiciary is not happy with the current state of the law regarding entrapment and that the judiciary would be pleased to see some limits imposed on the police's right to use entrapment as a law enforcement technique.

There are very good arguments based on public policy and morality against the use of police traps. What, after all, is the point of encouraging people to commit crimes and then arresting them for the crime they have been induced to commit? Given a big enough incentive most people could be encouraged to break one or another of our laws and it seems wrong to create criminals when there are already so many loose on the streets.

YOU MAY HAVE noticed from time to time and with a blast of exposure on SABC television that the police are engaged in a crime prevention exercise in Hillbrow and environs. On the 8 o'clock news you may have seen footage of our roving SABC reporter, some senior police officer or even the Minister of Police, lots of flashing sirens and policemen entering the sleazy pubs and nightclubs in Hillbrow. The next morning on GMSA you may have seen a stony faced news reader announcing that there were 360 arrests in Hillbrow for a range of offences ranging from illegal possession of firearms (4 arrests), drunken driving (26 arrests), drug and liquor related offences (35 arrests) and others for other offences (295).

Have you ever wondered what the other 295 were arrested for?

Well, the majority are likely to be victims of police traps and a fair number of those for soliciting for an immoral purpose. This is how it works:



My client was a young naval officer, enjoying a long overdue period of shore leave after several months at sea. He was a bachelor, nice, good looking, clean-cut chap but awkward with women. There is not much female company at sea or in the naval base and he had not much experience with women. He drove a Golf GTI with black leather upholstery and a sunroof.

He was staying with his brother, a theology student, in a small suburban house. He had been in Johannesburg a day or two, it was a Friday evening and he was ready to joll! He showered, shaved and splashed on underarm deodorant and dressed himself up in his hippest gear and with his leather jacket slung casually over his shoulder, set off to hit the highspots.

He had arranged to meet some of his navy friends at a Hillbrow bar and pool room to have a few drinks and play a few games of snooker. Based on past experience he didn't think it likely, but just in case he was lucky and met a girl, he put a bottle of wine in the car which he might use to woo her.

HILLBROW WAS HUMMING and he had to hunt around for parking before he found a space near the hospital. As he paused,

waiting for the little green man to flash, he saw an attractive young woman standing on the opposite street corner. She seemed out of place, she was obviously healthy, well-kept and wearing attractive, stylish clothes. She seemed to be waiting, but for nothing in particular. She was obviously alone. He crossed the road towards her.

Natasha Viljoen (for that is who the woman was) was a first year student at a local teachers training college and a girlfriend of a constable in the vice squad. Natasha said in court later that my client crossed the road and approached her. He asked: "Do you do business?" She said: "Yes." He asked: "How much?" She said: "Fifty." He said: "It's a deal." She said: "Follow me." She says he followed her to nearby block of flats, where her boyfriend and a colleague were waiting behind the lift shaft.

As my client entered the lobby two men in civilian clothes leaped out from behind a wall, pointed a gun in his face and told him he was under arrest. One grabbed him by the collar. Instinctively he leapt back, pushing his assailant away. Then both men climbed in and he was thoroughly kicked and beaten. His arm was cruelly twisted into a deadlock high behind his back and he was frogmarched out of the building and tossed unceremoniously into the back of a waiting police van. There he found four other men looking morose and dejected.

During the next three hours the police arrested 40 other men in similar fashion. The prisoners were then taken to the Hillbrow police station where they were herded together in a holding cell. There they were presented with an ultimatum: Pay a R300 admission of guilt fine or spend the weekend in the cells. All but two of the men paid the fine.

My client protested strongly and for his pains was manhandled and abused. He was denied access to a telephone until the small hours of the next morning when he contacted me. At 12h00 and with a combination of sweet talk and threats I secured his release on police bail. At the trial, and notwithstanding my best endeavours, he was found guilty and convicted of soliciting a woman for an immoral purpose, namely offering her money for sex. He was fined R300.

THE STORY MY client gave in his defence, and which was disbelieved by the court, was that as he approached the girl, they made eye contact. He said "hi!" and she responded with a smile. He asked: "What's a girl like you doing in a place like this?" She replied: "Oh, I'm just waiting." "Waiting for what?" he asked. "Oh, just waiting." Her manner was strange, perhaps evasive, but

not unfriendly - in fact she seemed even to encourage the conversation as it developed.

Hardly believing his luck, he asked if she cared to join him for a drink at Café Wien. Her response was curious. She said: "How much money have you got?" Thinking that she was concerned he did not have any money to pay for a drink he volunteered: "Fifty rands." "Sure," she said, "but first come up with me to my flat while I fetch my bag - it's just across the road." "Incredible!" he thought. "She is inviting me up to her flat! Man, I'm on a roll!" It was as they entered the foyer that the vice squad struck.

Even though Natasha admitted in cross-examination that she had never done this kind of thing before, that she had received no proper training or instruction in the procedures that she was to follow and that she did it as a favour to her boyfriend and for the laugh, my client's defence that he did not know that Natasha was a prostitute and that he never would knowingly offer a prostitute money for sex, was rejected. The magistrate did so on the grounds that it was inconceivable that a naval officer of his obvious intellect and experience did not recognise a prostitute when he saw one and it was so improbable as to be worthy of disbelief.

MY CLIENT CHOSE to protest his innocence and as result he was beaten, abused, denied police bail for 18 hours, incurred the costs of instructing an attorney to fight his case, was convicted of a crime he did not commit, was humiliated, degraded and saw his life fall apart around him. As long as police trapping is allowed these things will happen.

After that this young naval officer's life seemed to fall apart. He resigned from the navy, he crashed his Golf GTI and started drinking too much. He never answered my letters about the appeal we had filed and eventually it had to be withdrawn.

This country has laws that bind all its citizens. The State itself is bound to those laws and does not stand above them. This is the crux of the argument against trapping. The state cannot sanction the commission of a crime for whatever purpose. When Natasha stood on a Hillbrow street corner soliciting passersby, she committed a crime. When our courts excuse or condone that, they are saying the police are above the law.

Trapping is a shameful practice, and it is up to the courts and the legislature to curtail it.

(Jurie de Wet is the pseudonym of a well-known Johannesburg attorney.)

The 70s spawned strong comic visionaries like Richard Pryor, Steve Martin, Lily Tomlin ... and Robin Williams was one of them. This month on M-Net he gets serious as everyone's favourite English teacher in *Dead Poet's Society* which, along with *The Fisher King*, gave rise to an informal Robin Williams fan club. At last **ANDREA VINASSA** gets to beat up on someone her own size

# hairy fairy

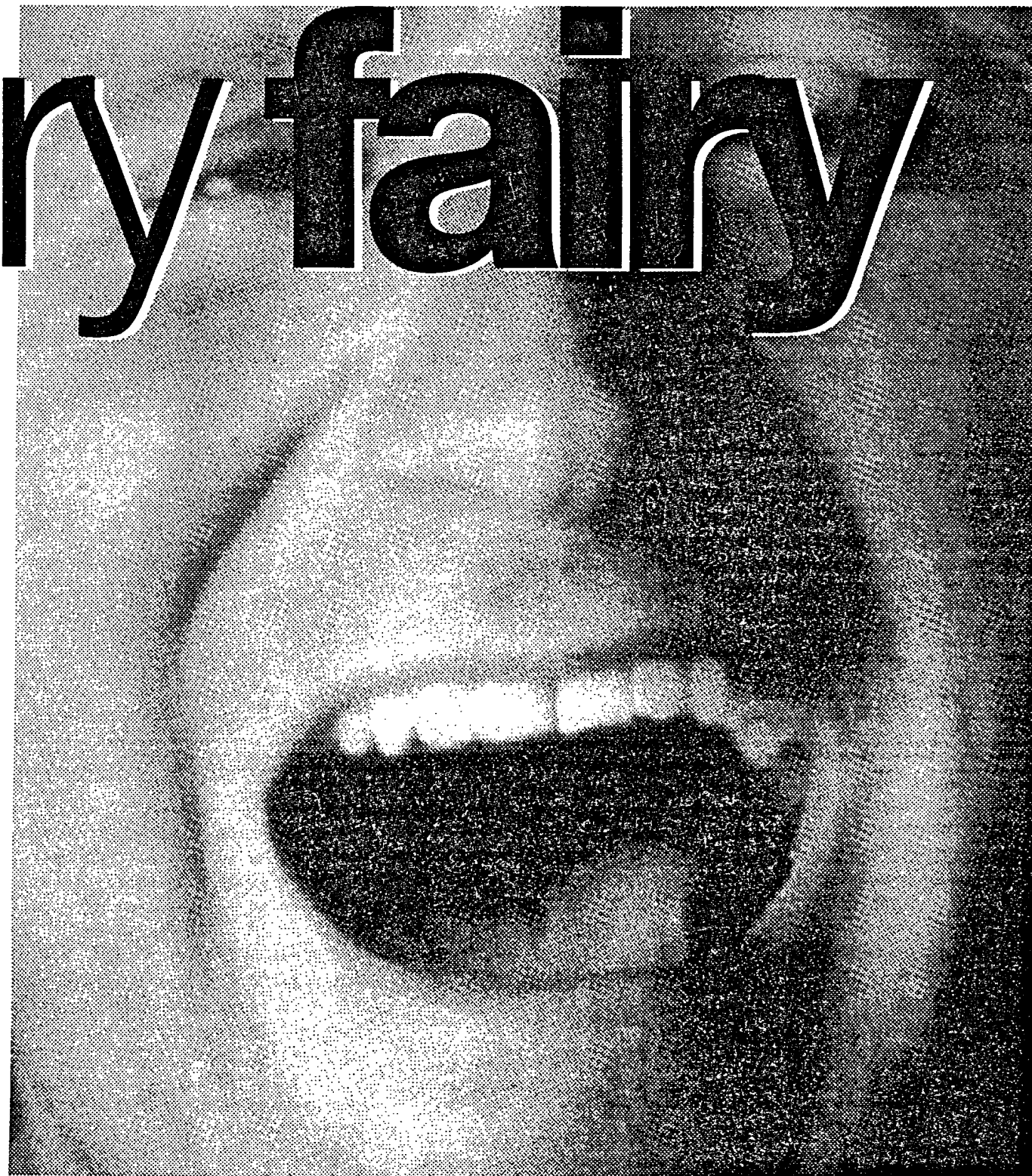
**R**OBIN WILLIAMS is the man who turned cut-off gloves and tattered coats into regulation chic wear for the politically correct, lent a mythical grandeur to being mugged, turned sleeping in doorways into a creative act. He also restored the romance to 19th century suicide and probably recruited an army of university candidates eager for Sir Gawain and the Green Gnome.

I'm amazed he hasn't been canonised or at least knighted for loosening the pressure-valve on the American psyche. Just imagine the therapy bills if we didn't have Saint Rob to lie naked in Central Park and take the piss out of the establishment. What's the CIA paying him?

He's such a remarkable actor that you don't really have to be homeless or go ape-shit in Vietnam or stand on desks or speak into the mike or fly around in tights or remember blonde jokes to know what it feels like to be alive. Robin Williams brings it to you to experience vicariously.

Seriously though, he has my deepest sympathy. I'm sure he's not the fine and virtuous fellow of his Hollywood image. I'm sure he behaves badly - this is a man who did cocaine to slow down, but stopped the day after John Belushi died - and does things that no amount of high-energy, jokey schmoozing can rectify. I'm sure he leaves his underwear on the bathroom floor. I'm sure I'd like him a lot in the flesh. I mean, he was a friend of Andy Warhol's and any friend of Andy's is a friend of mine.

I feel sorry for him. I do. Because his films have rarely served him well. They have served his producers very well. He has become a performing bear that producers and directors trot out when things need a turbo-charge. Like, "We can't afford to trash any cars, let's get Robin." His cameo roles in *The Adventures of Baron von Munchausen* and



*Dead Again* put spin on the balls of Terry Gilliam and Kenneth Branagh.

**HIS OEUVRE READS** like a travelogue of crazoid New York for lounge lizards: a sort of animated *Anarchy for Beginners* for pseudo-intellectuals. Most of his films suffer from a pushy self-righteousness that gives comfort to liberal humanists. You too can be crazy and wired and hiply fucked-in-the-head for R9.50.

There are other reasons to feel sorry for Robin Williams - I'm not talking about the cover story in a men's magazine which hailed him the

hairiest man in Hollywood. His father was an auto exec in Chicago who was too busy chasing after the capitalist dream to spend time with his kids. The family ended up in San Francisco where he would (after a drama course at Juilliard in NYC, to master "serious" roles with John Houseman) take to the streets to wreak comic mayhem. His original plan was to become a career diplomat in the US Foreign Service, but his arms were out of proportion to his body and he found himself hustling verbiage in rough beer and wine houses. "You had to, through sheer speed, force them not to throw things at you. So I developed this idea of jumping from one idea to another.

It was a matter of survival," he said in an early interview.

In 1976 he found a more sympathetic venue: Los Angeles' Comedy Store was a showcase for emerging talent and soon he would begin his onslaught on the popular audience as the extraterrestrial Mork in *Happy Days*. Then came *Mork and Mindy*, a series which confirmed his mass appeal and led to his film debut in Robert Altman's *Popeye*.

**ANDY WARHOL WROTE** on April 17 1979, in his diary: "... it's funny - when kids see Robin they just say, 'Hi, Mork' without getting excited, it's like seeing some-



body they know. It's the grownups who get excited.

"Robin's going to do the *Popeye* movie. Valerie said that when she saw Robin was going to get famous and they've been living together for two years, she told him she didn't want to go through life and newspapers as Robin Williams and Guest, so she made him marry her."

It was never gonna be easy. Popeye didn't make him famous. It did win him *The World According to Garp* and some trouble in the heartland.

Later that year Warhol recorded some gossip: "That night we cabbed to Studio 54. Steve was at the door and he said that Valerie and Robin Williams were inside and he brought me over to them. There've been stories in the papers that they are getting divorced, but Valerie said it wasn't true. Cheryl Tiegs came in with Peter Beard and I guess she wanted to have her picture taken with Robin but Valerie said no, no pictures. Valerie's very tough, she runs things, and then she turned to me and asked if I thought it was okay that she was tough, if she should be. She said that Robin was invited to Fire Island for the weekend but she didn't want him to go. She said 'It would be too big a strain on both of us.' So then I thought that maybe she's afraid he could be a fairy. She said she wanted them to go someplace like Nantucket instead.

"I introduced her to a cute waiter named Robert who wasn't working, and she seemed sort of hot for him and they danced but then she got nervous - maybe she just wanted to get Robin jealous for a minute. He's still wearing the clothes we bought that day down in the Village. He's got such a funny-shaped body."

**A YEAR LATER** Warhol remembered "... And then I remembered that somebody told me he met a girl the day he married his wife and that they've been having an affair ever since. He had on a short-sleeved shirt and his arms are so hairy, that's how Susan recognised him."

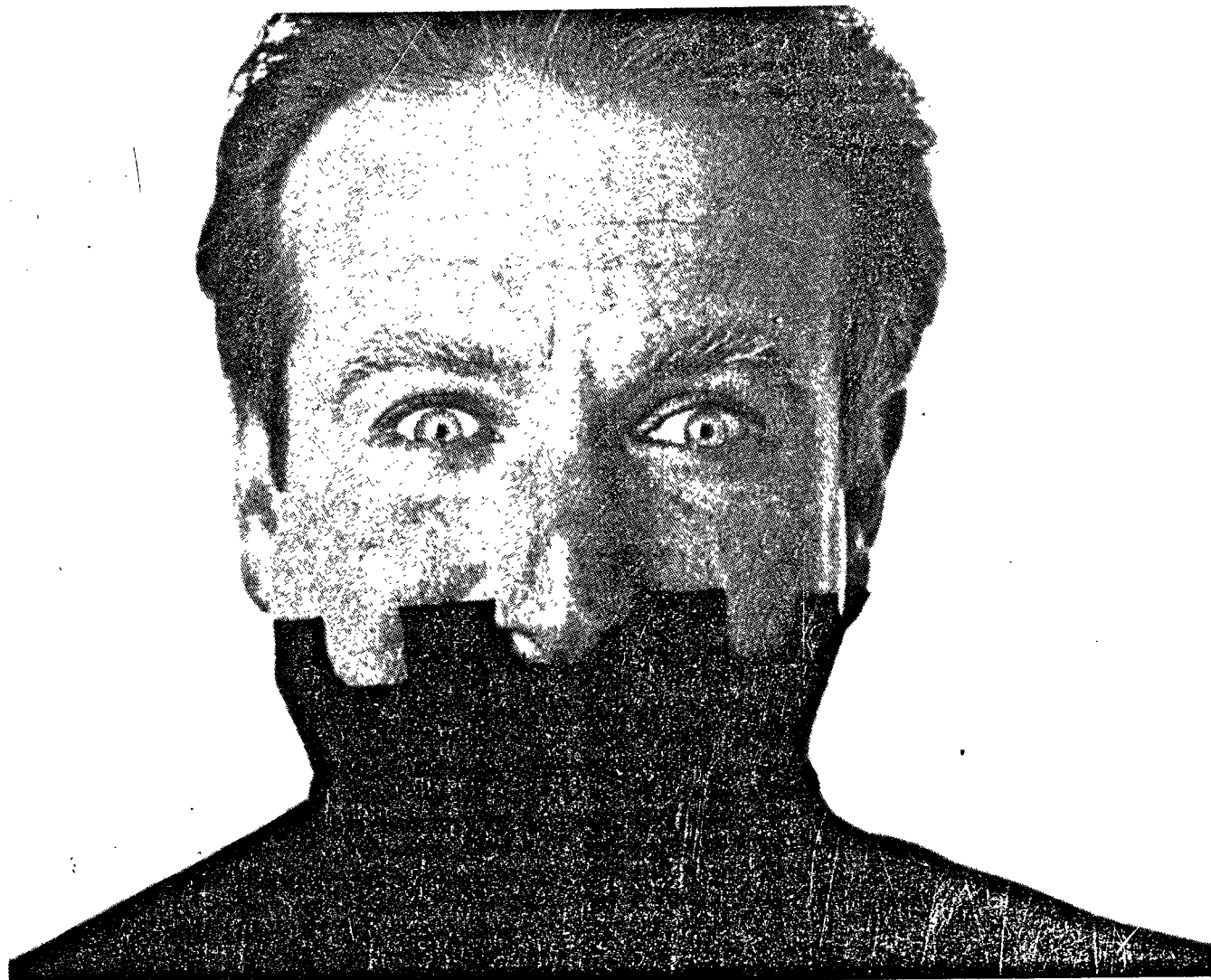
He left Valerie and wound up married to his son Zachery's nanny.

Anyway, his career only really took off when *Good Morning, Vietnam* grossed \$150 million at the US box-office and earned him an Oscar nomination. In the ad lib scenes Williams was allowed to strut his manic stream-of-consciousness stuff, but the downside was that Williams had to accept a compromise - near the end the script has Cronauer declaiming "We're here to help these people." (ie the Vietnamese.) He resisted the line, being a war resistor from the 60's, but director Barry Levinson is a persuasive man.

Right from the start *New Yorker* critic Pauline Kael recognised his genius: "He uses his hairy, broad-chested, no-neck body for the naked 'universal' emotions that mimes strive for, and he achieves them (in speeded-up form) without attaching big labels to them. He may be that rarity, a fearless actor."

Round about then producers and directors seized the moment, exploiting Williams' potential as an agent for na-

She said that Robin was invited to Fire Island for the weekend but she didn't want him to go. She said 'It would be too big a strain on both of us.' So then I thought that maybe she's afraid he could be a fairy.



tional catharsis and from there on out he would be cast as the pseud's answer to profound: as the passionate liberator, the mythical physician, the boho hobo, the adult in search of the lost child within in films with an inflated sense of their own importance.

None of his films could do justice to his high-octane intellect: one always has the feeling that if Williams was writing his own lines, as he did in *Good Morning, Vietnam*, he might fare better. When delivering his monologues, he is at least subversive (which is more than one can say for his scriptwriters) but the editor keeps rudely interrupting him with cutaways to palm trees. Why is he always in films where bad things happen to rousing classical music? In the end *Good Morning, Vietnam* was sentimental and opportunistic. Vietnam for bleeding hearts.

**SEE HOW WILLIAMS** as John Keating in *Dead Poets Society*, which was a huge hit in South Africa (probably the same people who loved *Educating Rita* and *The Unbearable Lightness of Being*) is once again betrayed by the script and the director: Williams' iconoclastic teacher who imparts much more than the syllabus, is impeccable. He proved that he

was capable of subtle, low-key, multi-dimensional acting. (And did it again in *Awakenings*.) But his marvellously controlled performance is undermined when the film veers off into film classic mode with homo-erotic undertones. There is something inherently dishonest and sickeningly manipulative about the (unconvincing) suicide of one of Keating's sensitive and gifted students.

The end does not ring true because the reasons given for his suicide - his intransigent father refuses to let him pursue his passion for acting, despite his A aggregate and his pathetic mother's authoritarianism - are all part of director Peter Weir's need to be airy fairy instead of real. All Williams' hard work goes down the tubes for one ridiculous *deus ex machina* which sees Keating "sent down" and out of inspirational earshot.

**MY FAVOURITE WILLIAMS** film is, strangely, a modest one: *Moscow on the Hudson*, which has him playing a Russian saxophonist called Vladimir - a Soviet-class hero who embodies the holy fool. Director Paul Mazursky's comedy about an emigré's travails in a brutal and un(for)giving New York didn't try to

make us pity the character and didn't leave Williams trying too hard in a vacuum. What I like about it is that neither the movie nor Williams has the brash assertiveness and ingratiating manipulateness of his later work.

It was Terry Gilliam's pretentious and bloated *The Fisher King* that finally did it for me - elicited reams of sanctimonious hate-mail. I could not bring myself to see *Hook*, in which he played Peter Pan as a stressed-out businessman. I've had enough of the way Williams screws up his eyes and puts on that self-deprecating grimace. So his "wounded knight" routine meant a lot to 90s men battered by ever-envious feminists, but I was struck only by how designer grime was used as the glue for male-bonding ritual.

He's still trying to get to Hollywood heaven on gossamer wings: His next movie is *Toys* about the ailing owner of a toy factory. Williams plays his son, who, after his father's death, is compelled to wrest control of the family business from a demented uncle who's bent on making arms instead. There are lots of ballerinas, halos and cellophane tutus... and feel-good messages.

Real Men will no doubt go mushy inside again, but this is one Iron Maiden who doesn't need panel beating.

# until the end

## by reuben mowszowski

THEY had arranged to meet. She was wearing beads and bangles and her hair was pulled up into a sort of knot. It was not her. Definitely, not her. A relative perhaps. He could relax. They ordered tea. Just tea. Is that alright here? I haven't been out like this on a date for ten years you know. I don't eat this food. Just my own food. You see, I live by myself. She laughed and that's when he heard her and felt terror, the scream, curling up from the well of his stomach, like the "logs" those people experimented on, severing their vocal cords, doing unmentionable things to them. Instead he leaned forward and tried to listen. She must have seen something though. Something in his eyes. You know, she said, I did love you, she said, I really did and then, almost as an afterthought, I never did love him.

Running along the mountain road, right on the edge. If I run far enough I can scream into the wind, he thinks, into the sky. Nothing to stop it there. It will curl like the south-east clouds all the way down, wrapping itself around icebergs, startling albatrosses. God himself will hear it. Dare I? Be careful, he thinks, there are people here; be very careful.

*She sits on the edge of his bed, her hair falling in tresses. The light from the window catches her profile, touches her terrible beauty. It is impossible to call her or to attract her attention. She always does what she does. No thought can change it. No thought can reach her. To this memory he is already dead.*

It wouldn't have worked, she said. I did it for your sake, she said. I would have destroyed you. You were so sensitive, so vulnerable. You would never have survived. I'm a Virgo, you see, and you're Aquarius.

He thought of making love to her scarred body. He thought of weeping in her arms.

He thought even of dying in her arms. He began to think that he might kill her. Should he warn her?

I spent ten years in my room, she said, after the operation. They took everything out. I couldn't stand the silicon afterwards. I made them take that out too.

*She turns to him to make place on the bed. Lie on me, she says, touch me, she says. Her breasts are flat, her skin crossed with scar tissue. Outside a green sun envelopes the palm tree in a lurid twilight.*

I've changed my mind, she says. Do you have just plain distilled water? He notices for the first time how small and flaccid her hands are, I left him you know, she said. I left my children. I had no idea where I was going.

I did love you, she says suddenly, but that day in your house, you were out of the room and your mother said, she asked me... she was right, you know. I would have destroyed you.

*She sits on the edge of his bed her hair falling in tresses.*

Her voice is trapped within another voice, her form, trapped in another form, a frozen echo adorned with Santa Fé beads and weeping mascara. He feels the scream curling again, sitting just there below his throat. There is a death here that terrifies. Would you like some more tea sir? the waiter asks. Perhaps you have some mineral water, she says. Something flat, you know, without bubbles. He remembers the ice blocks they used to make as children. Put a cherry in the tray and it comes out entombed in an ice cube.

The tray of mezzes arrives. He is not

hungry but he selects a plate of octopus. Another creature trapped in joke form. A karmic punishment, she says, and here I am, eating its legs, he thinks, as I will in turn be eaten, the entombed eating the entombed, the universe devouring itself in an endless cycle of life swallowing life, and so it goes on, and so it goes on.

On the grass that day he had pleaded, please, please, let me, he had cried, let me out of this body, he had cried, thrashing about so violently that his dog had run up to hold his head between its paws and then, exhausted and drenched in sweat, he had curled up and wept, as she must have wept, out of the sheer sorrow of being. Now she sits here, this woman with the small hands who left him to go to a man she did not love, who stayed in her room for ten years while her children grieved and who entombed alive the one with the long tresses who sits on the bed in the light of a window, caught forever in her terrible beauty. She, who gave her body up to the knife to offer breasts, womb, and uterus to God yet could not free his memory; she sits here now, repulsed by the dismembered body of an animal trapped in its given form, as we are all trapped, prisoners of the present, staring at the world through octopus eyes.

Once he had wept this way at the mound of earth next to his father. This is for me, his mother had said, and then he had realised there was no place allowed for him, that he would not lie at the foot of this mountain. Well, we want you to be in this country, his children had said. We can't visit you there, they had said, we don't live in Africa, and then, in a spirit of giving he had said, alright, do with my body what you wish. Christ said that too, didn't he, and then he cried on his cross but it was too late, or was it?

What are the ways out? Death? Madness? And what hope is there of salvation if even God is wounded?

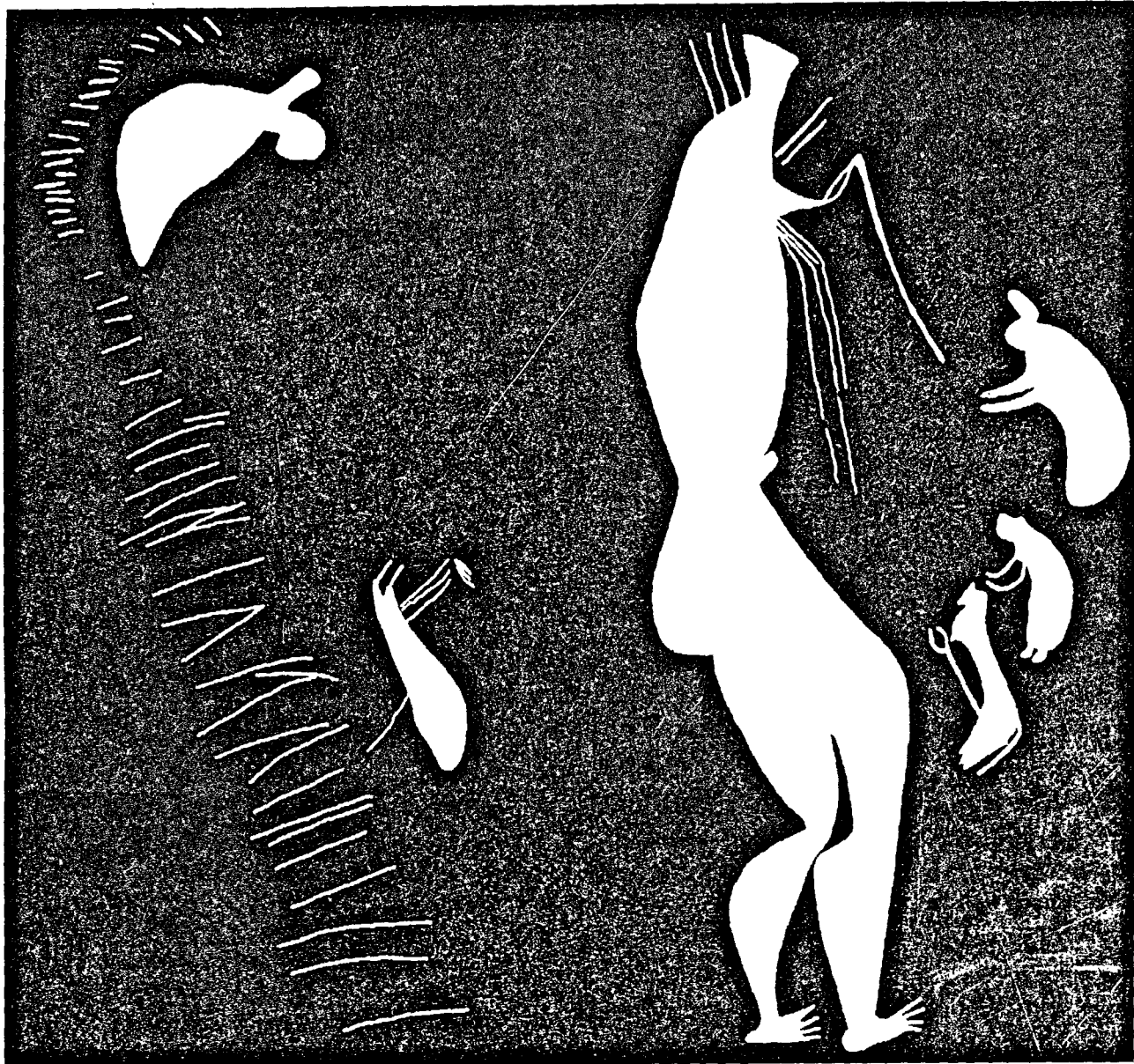
*The light from the window catches her profile.*

On Sunday mornings he would listen to the church choirs. Oh God, *Nkosi*, bless us, bless us, lead us out of our suffering, and had felt the promise of bliss; had known what was being promised, *ma ku nem jalo*, and wanted so much for them to be released and to rise, oh to rise and be saved, and now the waiter was asking if he would pay the bill. He hadn't noticed that the restaurant was empty.

He runs through the swirling mist, along the mountainside, his hair streaming in the wind, billows of sound curling from his mouth, swelling out from his throat, bellowing out from his stomach. A stream of sound, rolling across the ocean, reverberating against frozen cliff faces, startling flocks of southern gulls, halting seals in their tracks, releasing icebound breakers, peeling sides off mountains, registering on the Richter Scales and in the New York Times as a world-wide shudder and giving rise to sermons on the imminence of divine intervention. But only in Africa, did they say that it was the land howling, and the tyrants and the fascists and the arrogant and the destroyers all hid in their beds against the day when the earth would claim back its own and, with the convergence of Uranus Neptune and Pluto, usher in the millenium of love and retribution.

*Ma ku ben jalo  
ma ku ben jalo  
kude kube nguna pbakade  
kude kube nguna pbakade  
-it must be this way  
until the end.*





# rotskuns leef in nuwe boek

ROCKENGRAVINGS OF SOUTHERN AFRICA  
Deur TA Dowson  
Witwatersrand University Press, 1992

## TIENIE DU PLESSIS

**THOMAS DOWSON** het in Julie verlede jaar 'n besoek gebring aan 'n gebied in die Magaliesberge naby Pretoria waar daar 'n groot hoeveelheid petrogliewe of rotsgravures bymekaar gevind is. Twee maande later het hy dié gebied weer besoek en in die tydperk sedert sy eerste besoek het 40 van dié unieke kunswerke verdwyn.

Die groot hoeveelheid klippe wat hier gesteel is, het Dowson vir die eerste maal laat dink aan die moontlike bestaan van 'n swartmark in rotskuns (die gewone obsessiewe versamelaar sou miskien een of twee klippe gevat het). Die onwettige handel in dié onvervangbare kultuurskatte van Suid-Afrika is egter nog

nie bewys nie, maar dat versamelaars wel van hierdie kunswerke wederregtelik in hul besit het, is 'n bekende feit.

Dowson sê hy weet van 'n woning in Bryanston, Johannesburg, waar 'n aantal rotsgravures in die tuin as ornamente pryk. Ontoereikende wetgewing maak dit egter onmoontlik om te vervolg - "We have to catch the thief with the rock in his hands before we can hope to prosecute..."

Die bewaring en dokumentasie van rotskuns het 'n dringende prioriteit geword en 'n mens sal nie die geringste aanduiding van wáár sulke rotstekeninge gevind kan word by Dowson of sy kolleges van die Rock Art Research Unit by Wits kry nie.

**IN 'N NUWE BOEK**, *Rock Engraving of Southern Africa*, word daar byvoorbeeld net verwys na die Kimberley- of die

Kenhardt-distrik. Veral gebiede waar die kuns op klein en verwyderbare klippe verskyn, word goed geheim gehou. Gelukkig word hulle hierin gesteun deur die meeste grondeienaars en boere.

Dowson se Rock Engravings is dus 'n belangrike nuwe publikasie oor die rotskuns van Afrika wat beslis die bewuswording van bewaring wyer sal bekendstel. Maar dis veral die interpretasie van rotskuns wat uiteindelik die interessantste aspek van dié boek is.

In 1989 was Dowson mede-outeur (saam met David Lewis-Williams) van *Images of Power - Understanding Bushmen Rock Art*. Die opspraakwekkende slotsom dat Boesmankuns die produk van 'n sjamanistiese ritueel was, word in *Rock Engravings of Southern Africa* voortgesit en uitgebrei.

Die gravures - vreemde kombinasies van dierebeelde, menslike vervorming

en geometriese patrone - is kunswerke wat vermoedelik onder invloed van 'n beswymende dans die simbole van bonatuurlike magte word. Die gravures bestaan nie uit enkelkunswerke wat oor 'n groot gebied versprei is nie, maar word dikwels in groeperinge van besondere belang aangetref. Die betrokke plek waar 'n versameling gravures gevind word, kan as 'n belangrike plek vir die Boesman beskou word. Watergate is byvoorbeeld van groot belang - dit is hiér waar gravures gevind word wat die reënmaak-ritueel uitbeeld. Die maak van sulke gravures by 'n watgat sou dan die magiese krag van die betrokke plek versterk.

**DIE VERSTEURING VAN "the Power of the Place"**, soos Dowson en sy kollegas die omgewing van dié "sites" beskryf, word in alle gevalle ontmoedig. Nogtans sal die Rock Art Research Unit teësinning ►

# damn nuwe stem

**D**IE huidige opbloei in die fanzine-fenomeen in die nuwe Suid-Afrika is in ooreenstemming met die internasionale neiging dat elke kultusgroep, kontra-kulturele sub-groep of marginale politieke druklose groep 'n eie doen-dit-self mondstuk op die been bring. So word daar ruimte gegee aan angst-junkies, vampier-jagters, renosterbeskermers, skull-fuckers, digters, strokiesprentkunstenaars en enigiemand anders wat 'n issue met die lewe het om die establishment en die goeie orde te ondergrawe.



klippe verwyder indien die plek blootgestel raak aan vandalisme en diefstal.

In *Rock Engravings of Southern Africa* is die leser deurgaans bewus van Dowson se begrip en kennis van die Boesmans se kultuur en geloof. Met hulp uit die geskrifte van Bleek en Stow, asook die latere navorsing van Marshall, Biesele, Weissner en ander, skets Dowson die onderliggende betekenis van die lyn op die klip en word "the Power of the Place" onlosmaaklik 'n deel van die kunswerk.

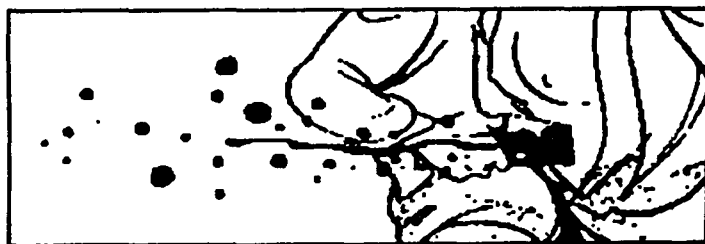
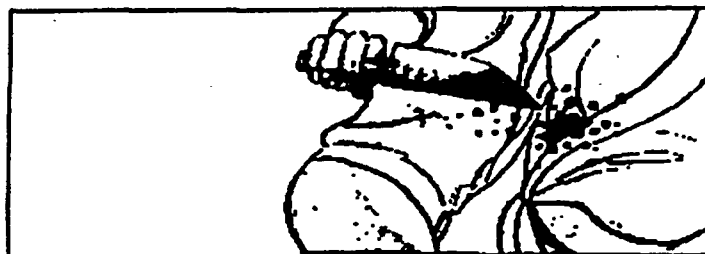
Tesame met die skoonheid van die kuns, raak die leser onwillekeurig bewus van 'n verfynde beskawing, anders as ons eie, in besit van "...an infinitely higher taste, and far greater artistic faculty, than our liveliest imagination could have anticipated." (Bleek, 1875)

(*Rock Engravings of Southern Africa* is vanaf die eerste week in September in die boekhandel beskikbaar of kan bestel word van Wits University Press, tel: (011) 716-1111 of 716-2037. Die standaard-uitgawe kos R130; die versamelaar-uitgawe, 100 kopieë, genommer en hand-gebind deur Peter Carstens, kos R1 000; en die borguitgawe, 26 kopieë, genommer en hand-gebind deur Peter Carstens, kos R2 000.)

Beskikbaar in die boekhandel vanaf die eerste week in September of bestel by Witwatersrand University Press  
Tel: (011) 716-1111 of 716-2037

In die eerste uitgawe van 'n nuwe fanzine, *Damn New Thing* (DNT), spel die redakteurs hul beleid uit: "This is a Damned New Thing'zine for a damned new South Africa. We'll publish almost anything, provided it is competent, legible and of a slightly warped nature."

Die ietwat verwronge daad word by die woord gevoeg en wat volg is 'n uiters lees- én kykbare fanzine. Buiten strokiesprente (deur onder andere Ralph Nolte van *Stet-faam*) en ander subversiewe grafiese materiaal en fiksie, is daar 'n artikel oor die erotika van pyn in die Japanse rolprent deur Trevor Steele-Taylor, die treurige stand van die Suid-Afrikaanse



Uit: *Damn New Thing*, Vol 1, 1992

rolprentbedryf, 'n lesersvriendelike gids tot die fanzine-verskynsel deur ene Sididis - "renowned psychopath" en mederedakteur van *DNT*, "pomes" deur onder andere Leonard Khoza, asook die belydenisse van 'n fietssaalsnuifer... Dit wil voorkom of skisofrenie weer aanvaarbaar word.

*DNT* - "For Mature Readers Only" - verskil ietwat van jou gewone fanzine deurdat dit uiters keurig versorg en ontwerp is en op glanspapier uitgegee word.

Nog 'n fanzine, nou nie op dieselfde vlak as *DNT* nie, is *Substitute*. Dié 'zine is al 'n tydjie in die ronde en spesialiseer in anti-fascistiese comix deur Ralph Nolte, Sean Shapiro en Chris Moon.

Koop jou gunsteling fanzine (in beide gevalle word die pryse ongelukkig nie vermeld nie) by Fantamania in Norwood of Comicon in Hillbrow.

- RYK HATTINGH

## SHELDONS

DIE BOEKWINKEL MET  
DIE KOFFIEWINKEL

Eastgate, Ingang 5



# plant 'n boom



**DIE** ou, pre-Bybelse paganistiese matriargieë het die beskadiging van bome nie ligtelik opgeneem nie. Vir dié pastorale landboukulture was bome die gestaltes van gestorwenes wat met respek en bewing behandel moet word. (Bome, het hulle geglo, het taal aan die mensdom gegee - in *The White Goddess* skryf Robert Graves breedvoerig oor onder meer die ou Keltiese boomalfabette as die oorsprong van taal.) Só het die straf vir die doelbewuste beskadiging van 'n eikeboom in ou Engeland behels dat dié persoon wat 'n eik kwaad aangedoen het, se naeltjie uitgesny en teen die wond aan die stam gedruk moet word waarna die kwaadwillige al in die rondte om die boom moes hardloop en sy derms om die stam draai. Bome was nie 'n mens se speelmaat nie.

Bome (én matriarge) het intussen heelwat van hul status verloor en word voor die voet afgekap of omgestamp as hul in die weg van vooruitgang staan. Maar tog is daar onder sekere mense op dié kontinent 'n respek en 'n mitologie rondom sekere bome wat aan 'n ouer, meer boombewuste tyd herinner. So glo die Herero's dat die hardeboom (*Combretum imberbe*) nie afgekap of seergemaak mag word nie omdat hulle die voorvaders van al die Herero's is.

'n Mens wonder wat die Herero's daarvan dink dat derduisende spoorwegdwarsleërs in Namibia van hul voorvaders gemaak is! Dié bome word darem deesdae beskerm daar.

Die hardeboom is miskien nie die beste boom om aan die Rand te plant nie, maar 'n verwante familielid, die riviervaderlandswilg (*Combretum erythrophyllum*), is 'n uitstekende, kleinerige boompie wat baie goed vaar in tuine. Hoewel hulle eintlik die klam grond langs riviere verkies - langs die Bronkhorstspruit is daar voortreflike voorbeelde - groei hulle merkwaardig goed (en vinnig) in enige Transvaalse, Natalse of Noord-Kaapse suburbiaanse tuin. In die Suid-Kaap kan jy die Kaapse vaderlandswilg (*C caffrum*) plant. Die boom is baie dieselfde as die riviervaderlandswilg.

Die riviervaderlandswilg se romerig tot vaalgeel blomme (September tot November) is nou nie juis iets nie, maar dis nie hoekom 'n mens dié boom plant nie. Jy plant die boom vir sy digte groen loof en koel skaduwee in die somer, wat dan pragtig rooi verkleur in die herfs. 'n Herfsboom by uitstek.

Die hout is geel, taai en maklik bewerkbaar. Die saad ontkiem maklik en dié bome is goed bestand teen droogte.

Vandag (Vrydag) is Nasionale Boomplantdag, maar dit maak nie saak as jy môre of oormôre nog 'n paar plant nie. - RYK HATTINGH

# hamidans restaurant

at the market, bree street, newtown

SAFE PARKING AVAILABLE

# FYN PROE NETTIE PIKEUR

## WEGLÊ-EIERTJIES MET TOAST of mossels vir sondag

**SATERDAGMIDDAG** sit ek en Gabriël op die koperbed, hy aan die voetenend, ek bo teen die groot kussings, soos twee akkedisse in die winterson. Ons lees stukke van Saterdag se *Property Argus*, verspote huispryse, maar hier is ek dan by die see, wat meer kan jy wil hê behalwe ekstra plek?

Veral op die bed, want ons bene tangle en ek raak ongemaklik. Ewe moody begin ek lirie raak: Isn't love wonderful? Ja, seg Gabriël, dit is, luister net hier: En hy lees vir my die sappigste brokkies uit die Jani-Eugène-sage.

Gabriël lees klaar oor Elana, sê hy's honger. Dis vieruur op 'n Saterdagmiddag, en hy gaan vanaand uit. Ek noem die feite. Eet 'n paar olywe, of amandels. Ek wil nie, sê G nors soos 'n kind, ek wil kos hê. Toe weet ek: en glashelder voor my geestesoog staan ons vier kinders by ma waar sy sit en tik teen die een of ander deadline, en ons sê ma, ons is honger.

Gedweë staat ek toe op uit die snoesige bed en bak eiers. Gelukkig had ek Parmesan en suurroom en beleë Cheddar en Gabriël maak asof hy teësinnig is, maar hy het aan die lot gesmul.

Die geheim van so 'n effe aweregse maaltyd is baie toast. Onthou dat mense soos Spanjaarde, Franse en Italianers selde eiers eet vir ontbyt, soos ons. Hulle maak behoorlike geregte daarvan, en eet dit met brood.

Die Sondag vantevore het Brian-van-die-plaas weer vir my weglê hoendereiers gegee, so uitgehaal onder uit die bougainvillea en agter die struik teenaan die pad. Hulle is die oulikste hoendertjies, sulke werfgoedjies wat so mak is jy kan hulle optel. En die geel van die eier staan bolronde omdat hulle scraps eet en kombuisafval en selde pitte kry.

Verder eet ons toast by die eiertjies, dank vader vir die Ingilse gebruik, want dis darem vreeslik lekker en let me tell you daar is niks verkeerd met marmelade by toast en eiers wat al Parmesan op het nie. Delicious.

Transvalers en ander emigrante bel my gereeld oor daardie Duens-brood wat so lekker toast maak. Ek is nooit sonder Duens-brood nie, en wanneer die Pikeurs die dag Transvaal toe gaan vir 'n kuier, gaan 'n brood saam onder die arm, nes 'n Joego-Slawiër sy samovar saamneem onder artillerievuur.

Hoe moet dit voel om te sê ek is in Bosnië gebore en hier sal ek doodgaan? As Kapenaar voel ek so, miskien hulle ook?

So tussen hierdie mymering raak G in die son aan die slaap en ek begin self dink aan iets te ete.

Die volgende dag zik ek af Shoprite toe om kos te gaan koop vir ses mense vir middagete. Na jare se panic oor maaltye vir gaste, met lysies en planne en tydsberekening en nogmaals worry of die wyn gaan koud word, het ek opgehou. Kook sal ek kook, maar hassle nie weer nie. Toe begin ek met 'n pakkie amandels, en koop verder bestanddele vir 'n risotto. Daar is deesdae sulke pakke bevore (toemaar, dis heerlik) mossels sonder skulp, vir minder as R7 vir 500g. Dis min, hoor, en jy kan goed ses mense hiermee kosgee.

Verder koop jy Italiaanse arborio-rys, vrekduur, maar oor en oor die koste werd.

En verder maak jy so:

## RYS MET MOSSELS VIR SES

Jy begin deur 2 uie in 'n diep swartpot in olyfolie en 'n tinsel botter te braai. Gooi 2 koppies goeie rys by en roer. Wanneer dit deurskynend lyk, gooi 'n halwe koppie witwyn oor, en roer terwyl dit prut. As dit drogerig raak, gooi 'n halfkoppie hoenderstock of water by. Doen weer en weer tot die rys mooi uitgeswel en gaar is. Proe vir sout.

Now the fun part. Sny die pak bevore mossels oop en dompel die hele lot net so by die rys. Dit werk, hoor. Roer saggies, dalk met nog 'n skeut wyn of 'n paar blare tiemie, vars peper na smaak, en 'n halfuur later is jou risotto reg. Dit moet dik en gaar wees, nie loperig nie, maar romerig.

Ekstras is 'n repie of twee soetrissie, eers liggies gebraai, knoffel as jy wil, 'n stukkie tamatie of so vir kleur, maar soos Leopoldt altyd gesê het, laat die maagdelike reinheid van die gereg nie beïnvloed word nie. What a way with words.

Strooi Parmesankaas aan tafel oor jou risotto. Maak daarby 'n slaai van cos-blare met olyfolie en suurlemoen. Deesdae bodder ek nie meer om behoorlike slaaisous te maak nie, drup net die olie en suurlemoen of goeie wynasyn oor. O ja, en ek rasper suurlemoen ook daarin.

Natuurlik is egte Spaanse saffraan die wonderlikste geurmiddel by die gereg, maar wie van ons het onthou om in Barcelona 'n pakkie daarvan te koop en saam te bring?

# stres: dis nie die einde nie

Voel jy soos 'n styfgespande kitaarsnaar wat 'n paar laaste vals note uitwurg voor dit onvermydelik skiet? Voel jy jy moet iets breek of iemand vermoor om van jou frustrasies ontlae te raak? Raak jy melodramaties en paniekbevange oor nietige probleempies? Dan ly jy waarskynlik aan stres - "die siekte van ons tyd", skryf **ESMA ANDERSON**

**S**OMS hoor mens iemand agter bakhande fluister dat so-en-so "highly strung" is en een van die dae gaan "opcrack". Amper soos mense "kanker" saggies sê.

Fluister hulle egter oor kanker, is dit darem nog simpatek: dié siekte wek dramatiese beelde van pynlike lyding en die dood. Maar stres? Dié woord laat 'n mens bloot poegaai klink: uitgeput deur spanning en onbekwaam om die daaglikse rompslomp te hanteer. Iemand wat moeilik is om mee saam te leef of te werk. Iemand wat "nie kan cope nie".

Weens dié stigma van mislukking wat aan stres en stres-verwante siektes kleef, is mense dikwels skaam om te erken dat stres hulle aan die kort hare beet het. Tog is stres heel begryplik 'n siekte van ons tyd, sê 'n arbeidsterapeut van Pretoria (wie se naam om etiese redes verswyg word).

"Ons liggame is nie werklik toegerus om al die stres wat ons deesdae moet hanteer, suksesvol die hoof te bied nie. In die ou dae was die enigste stres wat mense beleef het, dié van een of ander bedreiging of veg-situasie. Ons liggame skei onder stres hormone af wat 'n 'veg of vlug'-reaksie ontlok. Maar met die hoeveelheid stres wat ons deesdae moet hanteer, raak dié bronne uitgeput," verduidelik sy.

Die hedendaagse lewenstyl stel veel groter sielkundige eise aan ons. Hoeveel stres 'n bepaalde eis inhou, verskil van mens tot mens - die stressors is so verskillend soos ons lewenstyle en ervarings: van 'n hond wat blaf vir die maan, toesprake hou voor gehore, groot besluite wat geneem moet word, spitsverkeer, verantwoordelikhede, kinders wat neul, telefone wat gedurig lui, tot die ekonomie, politiek en misdaad.

Selvs dinge wat vir ander onbenullig lyk, kan vir sommige mense só stresvol wees dat dit in groot krisisse verander. En 'n klomp klein dingetjies tesame kan 'n groot las op 'n mens se skouers word.

'n Mens kan egter leer om dié eise beter te hanteer, sê die arbeidsterapeut. So, vóór jy die kat skiet omdat dit die sitkamerstel vir 'n krapplank aansien of in trane uitbars omdat jou sekretaresse nóg 'n tikfout in 'n belangrike dokument begaan het - hou moed: jy kán jou lewe makliker maak en leer om al dié stressors te hanteer.

**ERVAAR 'N MENS** al hoe meer stres, of sukkel jy reeds om dit te hanteer, moet jy dadelik jou lewenstyl en -uitkyk aanpas, sê die arbeidsterapeut. Die eerste paar treë is dalk moeilik, maar dit word al makliker soos dit deel van jou lewenstyl word.

Vir eers, sê sy, moet jy die skadelike gewoontes afleer wat jy meen verligting bring van stres. Dié gewoontes is gewoonlik kompulsief: mense onder stres drink dikwels koffie by die liter, of eet of gedurig of selde, of rook pakke sigarette, of drink hulself suf, of oefen verbete, sluk handevol kalmeerpille

en/of slaappille, of werk hulself dood.

Kalmeermiddels help dalk om die vlinders in jou maag 'n rukkie te laat bedaar, maar dit doen nie veel aan die stres self nie. En al kan koffie 'n mens tydelik kalmer laat voel, verhoog kafeïen (ook alkohol en nikotien) op lange duur en in hoë dosisse angsvlakke - en vererger die probleem. Dieselfde geld eetgewoontes, oefening en fanatieke hardwerkendheid.

Nog 'n belangrike stap om stres te oorkom, sê die arbeidsterapeut, is om jou beheer oor jou omstandighede te vergroot. Jy moet goeie stresshantering aankweek, nie bloot goeie krisisbestuur nie.

Twee dinge is veral noodsaaklik: 'n positiewe lewensbenadering en 'n gesonde liggaam. 'n Mens moet leer gesond eet, genoeg oefening kry en tyd afstaan om werklik te ontspan.

**GEEN ALLEDAAGSE** situasie is inherent stresvol nie, sê die arbeidsterapeut - dis hoe jy dit benader en daarop reageer wat bepaal of dit stresvol gaan wees. Dit help baie as 'n mens stressors as uitdagings beskou, eerder as probleme. Só kan dinge wat jou vroeër na die afgrond van drank en neurose sou dryf, verander in motiverende en besielende uitdagings.

Om beheer te kry oor jou omstandighede, moet 'n mens moet jouself eenvoudig toerus met die nodige vaardighede - soos goeie tydsbeplanning, werkverdeling en voorbereiding.

Verdeel jou groot werkklas in kleiner dele - as jy een taak op 'n slag afhandel, lê die werk nie meer soos 'n berg voor jou nie. Stel billike spertye vir dié take, sodat jy dit maklik taak vir taak kan afhandel.

Beplan jy nie, hoop die take en probleme net oornag weer op in 'n berg wat g'n stootskrapeer kan omstoot nie.

Saam met beplanning en werkverdeling, gaan goeie voorbereiding. Werk 'n plan van aksie uit en doen deeglik navorsing vir 'n groot taak, voorlegging of toespraak. Doen 'n mens jou huiswerk deeglik, sê die arbeidsterapeut, neem dit onmiddellik baie van die stres weg.

Onverwagte probleme sal steeds opduik, maar as 'n mens jou bestaande take só opdeel en beplan dat jy dit maklik kan hanteer, hoef dié onverwagte probleme jou nie van stryk te bring nie en behoort jy nog 'n reserwe-vermoë te behou om ook dié stressors te hanteer sonder dat dit in krisisse verander.

G'n mens kan 'n totaal streslose lewe lei nie, sê die arbeidsterapeut, maar jy kan die alledaagse stres ten minste leer hanteer dat dit jou nie só uitmergel dat jy nie onverwagte stressors kan hanteer nie.

'n Mens moet ook realisties wees oor wat jy redelikergewys van jouself kan verwag en eenvoudig jou take verminder of van jou werk deleger om dit hanteerbaar te maak. Laai jy te veel hooi op jou vurk, waarsku die arbeidsterapeut, is daar eenvoudig geen manier waarop jy staande kan bly nie.

"Sommige mense vereis te veel van hulself. Hulle moet besef dat niemand 'n onbepaalde hoeveelheid werk kan hanteer nie, en dat dit nie van hulle mislukkings maak nie."

**EN AS DIE** dinge wat jou onderkry heeltemal buite jou beheer is, moet jy dit leer aanvaar en probeer om dié klein dingetjies waaraan jy wél iets kan doen, te verander.

As die stand van die ekonomie byvoorbeeld jou reeds benarde finansiële toestand vererger, sê die arbeidsterapeut, moet jy maar leer om 'n laer lewenstandaard

te handhaaf. Pleks daarvan om slapelose nagte te hê oor hoe jy die rekeninge gaan betaal - en in die proses dalk ook honderde rande se alkohol uitdrink - kan jy eerder jou verbeelding gebruik om nuwe besieling te put uit 'n oënskynlik hopelose situasie.

Jy kan nuwe vaardighede aanleer waarmee jy jou lot kan verlig. Jy kan byvoorbeeld leer naaldwerk doen om jou inkomste aan te vul of 'n ander tuisnywerheid begin. Veral werkloos kan só geld verdien.

Maar selfs dan moet 'n mens leer om dié dinge te aanvaar wat jy nie kan verander nie. Anders dryf jy jouself net oor 'n afgrond van wanhoop en desperasie.



Foto: Sally Shorkend

## kry só jou glimlag terug

Om stres te hanteer, moet jy aanpassings maak in jou lewe. 'n Arbeidsterapeut sê mense wat verligting van stres soek, moet die volgende probeer:

### PERSOONLIK

Leer om te beplan, jou tyd beter te benut, probleme op te los. Leer om in jouself te glo. Verbreed jou belangstellings. Wees meer buigsaam. Behou jou humorsin en leer weer lag. Wees minder krities, veral oor jouself. Leer om tevrede te wees met wie en wat jy is.

### FISIEK

Hou jou liggaam en gees gesond. Kry genoeg oefening, eet gesond en meer gereeld. Ontspan genoeg - doen dinge wat jou plesier verskaf en afleiding bied en leer ontspanningstegnieke en -oefeninge aan wat jy maklik self kan doen.

### KOMMUNIKASIE

Leer om jouself te laat geld. Behou kontak met vriende, kollegas, familie en geliefdes. Ontwikkel luistervaardighede. Leer om ander te vertrou om jou vriend te wees, maar ook om die werk te kan doen. Leer om alleen te wees - word jou eie boesemvriend. Leer om vir ander lief te wees en om jou eie sensualiteit en seksualiteit uit te leef.

### LEWENSHOUDING

Kyk anders na probleme - beskou hulle as uitdagings. Probeer om jou geloof in jouself en ander mense te herstel. Praat jouself moed in met 'n positiewe uitkyk. Leer weer om jou verbeelding te gebruik.

### BESTUURSWAARDIGHEDE

Delegeer meer verantwoordelikhede. Kry en gee duidelike werksomskrywings. Gebruik goeie tydsbestuur, selfbeheer, duidelike prioriteitsbepaling. Onderskei streng tussen werkyd en vrye tyd. Probeer positief bly. Onthou dié faktore in jou omgang met ander: terugvoering, lojaliteit, erkenning en goeie kommunikasie.

### OMGEWING

Skep 'n tuiste waar jy kan ontspan. Herstruktureer jou werkomgewing om dit vir jou makliker, lekkerder en gesonder te maak (byvoorbeeld meer plante om die lug te suiwer). Vermyn spitsverkeer en ander stressors. Verfraai jou omgewing.



# popmusiek christi speel pop kom dans tot jy suiwer en klaar is

## ANTON GOOSEN DANZER (GMP)

**Y**EAH, Goosen... Dié bra is mós nou al jàrre in dierondte en daarby was sy laaste poging met die Kommissie van Onderzoek 'n effense verleentheid (dink net aan daai foto's van hom, Lucas en die meisies in hul pseudo-Afrika-monderings).

Sure, hy het sy plek in Afrikaanse musiek. Hy het darem van die grootse Afrikaanse treffers nog geskryf (soos dié vir Sonja voordat sy 'n nuwe Meester ontdek het). Party mense sal selfs sê dat hy Afrikaanse musiek op die map geplaas het.

Intussen het Goosen een of ander lig gesien (die Groot Witte?) en vorendag gekom met wat 'n mens 'n konsep-album kan noem. Daar is nie nóg só 'n plaat in Afrikaans nie. Want Goosen vat 'n mens op 'n trip in jou eie kop in. Dáár waar teenstrydige gedagtes woed: aan die een kant die persoonlik-intieme gevoelens van verlies, verlange, eensaamheid (lurve, soos hulle dit noem) teenoor die harde, tragiese werklikheid daar buite - die geopolitiekery ten koste van menselewens.

Die plaat begin met die poppespeler wat belowe om jou voor te stel aan die danser en om "Hard Wonderful Dance steps" met jou te deel. Hy kom in van buite - sluit die buitewêreld vir die oomblik uit met die toemaak van 'n deur - om jou op 'n self-verkennende (en suiwerende) reis te neem.

Dan begin "Dancer", 'n song wat Goosen saam met Lucky Dube doen. Musikaal is dit 'n ligte reggae-nommer á la Dube-style. Die musiek sluit volmaak aan by die lirieke: 'n begeerte om so lig soos 'n danser te wees, vry van (onhaalbare) hunkeringe, liefde en drome. Dié persoonlike is deurlopend die tema van die plaat.

"EK MIS JOU" is 'n akoestiese snit met 'n fluit wat fladderend tussen die ander instrumente deurvlieg. 'n Momentele oplewing word tweëggebring deur die gebruik van perkussie en Mauritz Lotz se sterk lead guitar wat bo die musiek uitstyg.

"Come to London" is 'n sagte, sensitiewe liedjie met harmoniserende stemme wat in 'n wonderlike manskoor byeenkom.

In "Thula/Vergeet" word Goosen vergesel deur die sielvolle stem van Joe Mbatha van Blackwater Blues Band. Die hardkoppige geneul van intieme herinneringe aan 'n mislukte liefdesverhouding is die tema van die snit.

In "Liefde buite die seisoen" en "Die regte ding op die regte tyd" mymer Goosen oor eksterne, amper onverklaarbare invloede op 'n mens se lewe. 'n Mens sou dit die noodlot kon noem, maar wil eerder

nie. Dié dinge wat maak dat iets wat uitstekend kon wees, onverstaanbaar misluk. Vivid beelde word in "Liefde" gebruik. Individue se ervaring van die lewe is eintlik basies dieselfde en hoewel die lirieke persoonlik is, kan mens goed identifiseer met sy ervaring.

Mynie Grové wys weer dat sy een van die beste sangers in Suid-Afrika is. Haar vol, sterk stem maak van "Regte Ding" een van die beste snitte op die plaat.

Met "Hokaai - Revisited" bewys Goosen weer sy slag om 'n gemaklik-vloeiende, goeie song te skryf. Sy "vinnige liefde in



die middel van die straat" moes al in Afrikaans gesing gewees het - die Beatles het dit in 1969 reeds gedoen met hul (op daardie stadium) uitdagende "Why Don't We Do It In The Road". ('n Paar tannies sal wel regopsit by die aanhoor van "Hokaai".) Dit maak egter sin dat juis Goosen dit doen.

"OUER EN OUER" handel oor die lewe soos ons dit ervaar: almal net ratte in 'n masjien op pad na nêrens. Goosen raai ons (heel onlogies) aan om nie te worry nie, maar happy te wees want almal en alles word tog net ouer en ouer. Die eksistensiële krisis word dus nie juis opgelos nie - tog is dit 'n lekker rock song met driving kitare. Lotz kwyt hom weer eens uitstekend van sy taak.

Goosen gebruik *Danzer* om 'n paar van sy ou classics oor te doen. "Josie-Josie" staan bo die ander uit as een van die beste snitte op die plaat. Die akoestiese kitaar, die fluit en Goosen se weerlose stem sorg vir 'n estetiese en roerende ervaring. Dit word afgesluit deur harmoniserende stemme wat 'n amper pleitend, dog dringende klank aan die snit verleen. Ek moet erken dat ek meer van

die Afrikaanse lirieke hou, maar musikaal is dié een beter.

"Wit Kaffers van Afrika" word ook oorgedoen - met totaal nuwe lirieke as "A Movie of a Different Kind". Dis kommersieel ongelukkig 'n goeie song, single stuff, maar Lotz spring darem weer met mening in en ondergrawe die kommersiële sy so 'n bietjie met sy indrukwekkende kitaarimprovisasies. Dieselfde geld "Pamperlang", wat ten beste (ondanks die goeie lirieke) 'n flou en vervelgeliedjie in die Kommissie-dae was. Lotz se elektriese kitaar neem die song na nuwe hoogtes en - soos met "Movie" - verbeter tien maal op die oorspronklike.

**MIKE FAURE SE SAXOFOON** verleen 'n hartseer klank aan "'n Brief vir Simone", een van Goosen se beste liedjies ooit. (Met "Simone" het Goosen Hillbrow "gedoen" agt jaar voor Johnny K se "Hillbrow", but anyway.)

Die musikale invloed op "The Outsider" is ongetwyfeld Dylan: Goosen dra die lirieke doodluiters oor in 'n gemoedlike verteltrant. Die vier kitare vul mekaar briljant aan om 'n digte stroom akoestiese musiek te vorm. 'n Aangename verrassing is nuweling Mariëtte Erasmus: sy het 'n sensuele, breathless manier van sing wat afwisseling bied op 'n gepaste stadium in die song.

Vanuit 'n liriese oogpunt is "Outsider" die interessantste snit op die plaat. Soos Camus se vreemde buitestaander bekyk hy alles om hom vanaf 'n onbetrokke afstand. Hy aanvaar sy lot en dié van die wêreld met ontstellende gelatenheid: "lookin' at the hollow men...he thought...what're you lookin' for that could be so new?...you cannot change the future". Dan werp hy ons genadeloos terug in die wrede werklikheid daar buite met slegs die betekenislose "Have a nice day" as afskeidsworde.

Selfs Jesus loop onder die poppespeler deur: hy val Goosen vir 'n oomblik in die rede tussen "Outsider" en "Silent Night" met die volgende anti-"draai-jou-ander-wang"-woorde: "How can we continue to forgive them - they know exactly what they're doing".

Gewigtige woorde, om die minste te sê. Die poppespeler neem ons dan oombliklik terug na buite, die werklikheid binne.

**GOOSEN WEERSPREK** die poppespeler in "Stille Nag" met 'n versugting na een of ander dom donner (of miskien 'n redder van bowe?) wat hom onbaatsugtig opoffer vir volk en vrede. 'n Aks idealisties, miskien.

Ongelukkig word van die beste lirieke nie gehoor nie: "Silent Night - The Prayer" se lirieke is te lees op die lyric sheet, maar is vreemd genoeg nie op die kasset self nie. Daarin word Amerika aangekla en heel gepas as die "moral pimp" van die wêreld beskryf. Die uitbuiting van

godsdienste om ideologiese redes word verder bekla. Politici se woorde word beskryf as "but noises in the air, showin' the way to fuckin' nowhere". Goosen is sad én angry, maar miskien nie genoeg om dit hoorbaar te artikuleer nie.

Die akoestiese "Stille Nag" loop oor in die verrassende "The Universe", 'n losse kakofonie van kitaarklanke wat swewend opbou tot 'n grootse oer-chaotiese klank - geweervuur, skreeuende mensestemme... Tydens die abrupte einde se finale kitaargestotter bedank die poppespeler ons vir die tyd aan hom afgestaan.

**ANTON GOOSEN IS FINAAL** buite die sfeer van plate maak om die publiek tevrede te stel. Hy is heeltemal buite die arena van musiek wat spruit uit artistieke aansitterigheid, pretensie of ego-bevordering. *Danzer* is 'n eerlike poging, 'n persoonlike katarsis wat deur die medium van musiek aangepak word. Juis omdat dié persoonlike katarsis eerlik aangepak en uitgevoer is sonder dat die kunstenaar sy eie weerloosheid wil verbloem, spreek die plaat ons ook op universele vlak aan: sy gewaarwording word jouné.

- CHRISTI VAN DER WESTHUIZEN



## kerkorrel doen dit weer en betree die wonderlike wêreld van 80's tegnologie!

Die eerste Afrikaanse sanger wat die sawy het om met 'n LASERSTRAAL-vertoning sy konsert op te kikker! En dit nogal in die Drama van die Staatsteater. Mense met die maag daarvoor kan dit sommer tweé keer dié Saterdag (15 Augustus) om 6 en 9 gaan sien. Die kaartjies kos R20 en kan by Computicket gekoop word.



# activate

South Africa's first significant *Techno* House party, organised by SFX, recently went down in Yeoville.

CHARL BLIGNAUT PICKS UP THE TRACES OF A CULTURE RUSH.  
ANDREW BANNISTER DID THE FLASHING

**IT'S TAKEN** a while to get onto the quest for the infinite beat in this place. It's taken even longer to walk into a disrepaired venue with Techno pumping, two massive acid video projections on the walls, a scaffolded dance space, pinpoint lazer lights, funky clothes, a mass of young people ranging from standard to subcultural - technoids, liberals, skinheads, romantics, metalics, acid-heads, even the odd dazed hippie or Goth - and raving to one beat.

In good warehouse tradition, Techno's making an impact on a generation that needs to move, to lose the flies of a staid and isolated culture, to replace violence with attitude, build a positive new order, get to the hardcore or just go jolling - pick your line.

Preston Riptorn and Simon Spiller (SFX), organisers of the Yeoville party, weren't going to hang around waiting. The club scene in Joburg's pretty dead at the moment, hardcore Techno's going down and maintaining momentum in Europe, so they decided to cause their own scene. And the massive organisation paid off without any publicity, sticking to the underground, attracting somewhere between 1 400 and 1 700 people, which is about all the venue could handle. The next one, they say, is going to be even bigger.

Spiller: "It was a very positive vibe, there were people there from nine to nine, still cranking it. I was wondering where do they get their energy from? But I suppose the music gives it to you. It's transhypnotic, modern. And it fits perfectly into our blik culture - cuts, pins, beeps, scratches. Techno's got everything in it now - Hip Hop, Hip House, Acid House, Ragga, Rap."

It's about the beat. Activ-8 supplied the music, all of it imported, most of it only a week or two old. They've been responsible for a few vicious parties before and continue to lead the scene, but never anything as sizeable or talked about as this.

**ACTIV-8:** "The Techno scene's eventually reached South Africa. There's this latent Techno market out there, it's massive and it's just taking on. We've been around town for about two years now and

the clubs can't handle this kind of jol, but we've got a good thing going now. Also, it's one music that everyone can identify with - from the Afrikaners into High Energy to the trendies."

So where does Techno come from?

In 1978, a track called *The Model* hit number one on the English charts. It came off an album called *Man Machine* by Kraftwerk. Their first notable album was *Autobahn*. Their second, *Transeurope Express*, had come out in 1976, breeding a response that moved into heavy duty dance areas, the Bronx, New York. These were new electronic sounds, powered by a group designing their own machines to suit the desired effect. They hit Pop music in the balls, shying from the media, four faceless members.

Later every leading Techno musician would call them the seminal influence, including Afrika Bambaataa, whose *Planet Rock* hit the late 70's, early 80's New York dance floors. It included samples off *Transeurope Express* and, in turn, slashed through the Travolta era's disco with a

much harder edge and more aggressive beat. A later spinoff was the attitude of the mid-80's High Energy, including the likes of Divine and Sylvester.

In 1980 Kraftwerk brought out *Computer World*, having endorsed the Techno effect of the digital datascape and in 1981 Visage emerged with *Fade To Grey*, in turn influencing the New Romantics, perhaps most significantly represented by Depeche Mode.

**THE FORMATIVE TECHNO** record label was the uncompromising Tommy Boy. In 1986 Kraftwerk came out with *Electric Café*, probably their most misunderstood album, minimalist and progressive.

But by now London was buzzing and Techno had developed a popular following. 1987 to 1989 saw the Acid House generation reach a peak, hailed by ID magazine as "the biggest youth phenomenon since punk". Starting off underground in the form of warehouse parties - pirated venues, illegally staged and unleashing a new kind of freedom - a drug culture (with Ecstasy as the designer drug), an anti-fashion culture (with bright dress-down and the Smiley symbol as the designer rags), a grossly misunderstood culture (with a neurotic police force on the track of an essentially positive movement), actually something reminiscent of a love culture. Soon acid emerged in clubs such as The Shoom, Future and the mother of them all, The Trip. The music ranged vastly - united by technological sound, electronic effects having replaced the standard aesthetic instruments and talking (rap) replacing pop singing, labelled as the Balearic Beats. And warehouse parties continued to expand and get slicker, moving out of the city centre, shunning the tabloid misconceptions of "drug-crazed orgies" and "evil cult gatherings". Ultimately it's about moving,

breaking down the small-mindedness of such labels.

Balearic Beats and Hip Hop had forged a new kind of body music, interfacing technology and the urbanscape. Groups such as Front 242 and Nitzer Ebb were the order of the beat.

**BUT THE MOST** influential Techno exponent of the present time is a group of youths brought up on the Acid House culture, now averaging 20 years old, that call themselves LFO (Low Frequency Oscillation). LFO have been vital in honing down the cathartic ritual of the dance floor, hitting with a more hypnotic, harder edge than any of their predecessors. In their 1991 *What Is House?* they pay homage to their heroes, which include Depeche Mode, Yellow Magic Orchestra and Kraftwerk. In 1992 LFO brought out four versions of *Planet Rock*, sampling Afrika Bambaataa's samples of Kraftwerk's seminal electronic music revolution. These are the new Technoids, redefining the current state of things and pumping up the ecstasy.

Bringing us back to South Africa, 1992, where a marked lack of House projects and very little biting Rap exists. But, judging by the feedback and success of the SFX party in Yeoville and other recent jols, it seems a large contingent of a generation's finally getting ready to embrace the beat of a new order.

Riptorn: "It's about young people getting it together for other young people. The party formed a link, telling them to stop being apathetic and get their own stuff together, to question stuff, make their own decisions and stop accepting compromises. You can have a good time without it being at the expense of the world. The rave brought people together that never normally talk to one another. Ultimately, it's breaking down prejudices."





# guerilla theatre at strijdomplein

Madiba came, and marched, and was welcomed on the Wednesday; Comrade Wally came and picketed and was arrested on the Friday. **KATHY BERMAN** examines the chaotic break-down in communications between the ANC's Department of Arts and Culture (DAC) and PACT

**S**OME 100 000 political activists took over Pretoria last Wednesday - and the BBB stood by and tjanked.

Come Friday, the cultural activists headed for the Staatsteater, there to picket and chat to the current Head of PACT, Dennis Reinecke (well, demand his resignation really...) and, well, the mense just pounced: Some 150 people, (including a bus-load of children), plus the eight official cultural representatives, headed by the Head of the ANC's Department of Arts and Culture (DAC), Wally Serote, were heading for the plush foyers of the theatre, when they found themselves instead goose-stepped off to the more formidable surroundings of Pretoria Central Prison - where they were held in custody until 1am the following morning.

The charges? For the eight: Trespassing. For the 150 others: Gathering illegally.

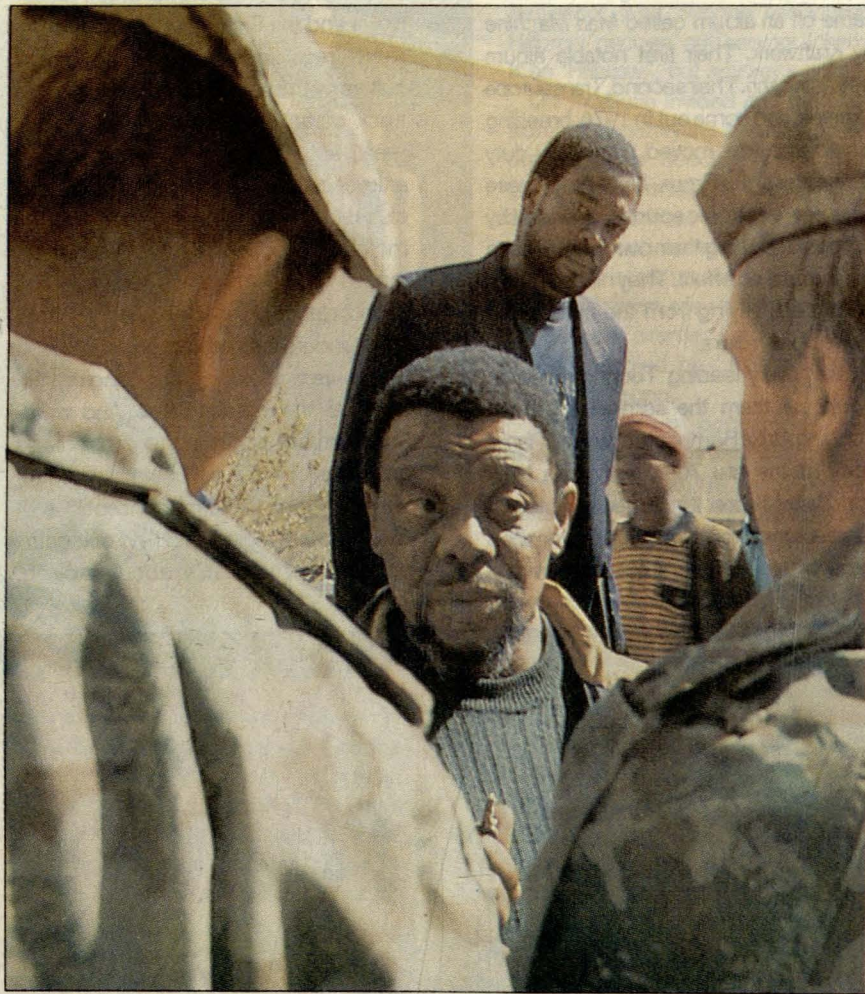
The accused appeared in the Pretoria Court on Monday this week. The case was postponed to August 28.

Okay, so what's it all about, this miniature cultural war that makes Zulu stick-fighting look like Baryshnikov on pointes? Well it's quite simple really. At issue is the transformation of the Performing Arts Councils.

Not that this is a unique demand, given the current political climate. It is, after all, only logical that the official performing arts structures of the (former) apartheid regime be democratised (or at least partially window-dressed) like all the other social and political institutions.

It's just that the arts, unlike the other, more "significant" institutions, operate in a kind of nefarious shadow-zone, which leaves them to battle alone, out of sight of the arenas of real politik. A problem.

Anyway, on with the story so far: After months of courtship, flirtation and,



Wally Serote ... Face to face with old-style laager tactics. (Pic: KATHY BERMAN)

ultimately, frustration between the two protagonists (DAC's Serote and PACT's Reinecke), the broken affair, like Jani and ET's, went public two weeks back with an impassioned refutation (which hit SABC headlines) from Reinecke's office in response to Serote's charge that Reinecke had deliberately derailed negotiations.

Reinecke's camp contended that, *au contraire*, theirs had been a successful overthrow of an attempted political coup, or to make use of their rhetorical symbols, a managerial blockade of a perceived industrial sabotage attack, an attempted commercial take-over:

"The ANC's proposals," they announced, "amount to a complete take-over of PACT."

"PACT is, and always has been a private business, not for gain. At no stage in its thirty year history has it been dictated to by any political body, not even the Nationalist Party.

"As a major business," the statement continued, "it is controlled by a board to which the directorate is answerable." Therefore: "Major policy changes are impossible without the approval of this board, as would be the case in any major business concern."

Voila! Zapped by the logic of the

laundering bin. Without going into the issues of business practice, government subsidies and funding, and the R70-odd million that is spread across the joint Performing Arts Councils from taxpayer's coffers (ah, the "private" connection!), and without bringing up the tired old issues of apartheid legislation and ideological practice, it is worthwhile examining the proposals put before Reinecke by the DAC.

**IN ESSENCE**, what the DAC on behalf of its allies in the progressive cultural movement was angling for in their initial mating dances was:

1. A proposed new artistic policy for PACT;
2. The internal transformation of PACT, which would address its structure; employment and personnel policies; affirmative action and promotion policies.

The DAC, at the time, suggested the formation of a specific commission to implement these demands, which it saw as composed of "5 representatives from PACT (including staff and artistic community) and 5 representatives from progressive cultural structures - from the following groups: The Association for Community Arts Workers Centres (ACAC); Performing Arts Workers Equity (PAWE); Congress of SA Writers (COSAW); SA Musicians Alliance (SAMA) and the Dance Alliance (DA)."

The commission would, the ANC proposed, be responsible for the creation of projects aimed at "ensuring transformation in the following areas:

- Establishing an outreach programme.
- The appointment of staff and interim restructuring.
- The training of staff and affirmative action appointments.

And that's where it all came unstuck. PACT, as we have seen, clearly took



umbrage at the DAC interference in what it perceived as a private organisation (PACT perceives the ANC as a political body; the ANC perceives itself as the representatives of the (arty) people, with the DAC as the umbrella body articulating and encompassing the demands of the (non-aligned) disciplinary bodies). So PACT protested to the press.

**AND THE ANC** went mass-ive. Not before Serote had convened a meeting of various cultural organisations and committed his current thoughts to paper, however. The get-tough demands from the ANC now included:

- The resumption of negotiations - with PACT acting in good faith: that they sit in negotiation as equals and recognise the wrongs of their policies, past and present.
- The formation of a joint working committee and its terms of reference.
- Time frames for the transformation process.
- The resignation of Reinecke.

And so they arranged to march. And then, the day after, to celebrate and sing.

A hurriedly organised picket outside the State Theatre on Friday was foiled by Pretoria authorities, and permission to stage a concert the next day was refused by the Pretoria City Council, according to the DAC "on the basis that the city was already badly disrupted during the past week". (Never mind the fact that all that got damaged on Wednesday amongst 100 000 people was the kikuyu grass in the Union grounds.)

Other reasons cited included the prior deployment of traffic authorities at Loftus Versveld, and the previous commitment of Strijdom Square to a weekly flea-market.

While the ANC "strongly objected to the authorities' continuing attempts to keep the people of our country apart and strangers for (sic) each other", to be fair to the authorities, the DAC didn't give them much warning either.

Suffice to say, on Friday, while Johnny Clegg, Siphon "Hotstix" Mabuse, Abigail Khubeka, Caiphus Semenya, Johannes Kerckorrel and a host of high-profile entertainers were still being rounded up to play for free in Strijdomplein on Saturday, the DAC donned their Reeboks and marched off to Pretoria to present their documents. And then got arrested.

Which was all pretty spectacular if guerilla theatre with a message was their aim. If however, it was truly negotiations that the DAC were after, well, then, Reinecke didn't bite. Or maybe he did - in a manner of speaking.

Where Naidoo, Ramaphosa, Madiba & Co's massive, rigorously structured march was met with an invitation by an arrogant De Klerk to come up and talk with him sometime ("the door was always open"), with the cultural contingent who simply didn't abide by Reinecke's/the State's law, Reinecke was simply forced follow old-style laager tactics. And he did. In impeccable operatic style.

Via the corps de police. And no, not on the stages or the boardrooms of the State Theatre. But out there beneath Strijdom's offensive bust.

So where does that really leave the cultural workers? Well in the docks, for one. And nowhere near the negotiating tables, right now.

And as for the issue of the transformation of state structures and performing arts councils? And the transfer of resources to the people? Well all that got neatly sidelined in this wonderfully histrionic act of guerilla theatre.

Which isn't all bad. I mean, at least we know that the cultural commissars can act as well.

It's just unfortunate that, while such gestures can be lauded in theory, right now, cultural activists need above all to strategise and consult. For, if the truth be told, people only applaud the performers with impeccable style and perfect timing.

The saga continues.

**STOP PRESS:** Dennis Reinecke cancelled a lunch with the press scheduled for this week.

# If you want to be where it's at...

Caiphus, Letta, Hugh and Jonas are all back home and setting the trendoids tapping. **KATHY BERMAN** hits some down-town and outta-town spots



Pic: The Star

**O**KAY, so you thought that you were where it was at - culturally speaking (and no, we are not talking Miss South Africa 1992). I mean you were seen at the opening of Athol Fugard's (and John Kani and Sean Taylor and Mannie Manim's) *Playland*; you and your driver and the milkman were personally invited to watch Evita darn her underwear this week. That's hip, that's cool, right? Wrong.

For the culturally cool and politically prepared, it's the double exes that count: ex-exile. As in: Hugh, Miriam, Letta, Caiphus, Jonas and the gang of acolytes who swayed with them through all the years Out There.

Well, it's all Back Here now. And latest haven for the double exes is Softown - the brand new super-hot'n'slick dinner/dance jazz joint downtown where the Villa Borghese once stood.

Softown, like its smokier, teenier, and much older step-cousin, Kippies, draws its inspiration from that bitter-sweet by-gone space, Sophiatown - that high point in our cultural history that blossomed beneath ice-cold Nationalist Party eyes, nurtured and launched the pre-exes and produced some of the sweetest sounds from local quarters for many decades - before it was bulldozed out of recognition, that is.

But they're all back now. At Softown.

**AND SPOTTED** swaying to Bra Hugh and his band Lerapo (Bones) and taking time out from Mass Action were the likes of Thabo Mbeki; Wally Serote; and the unofficial heads of the NEC jorling committee, Aziz and Jojo.

And that's before we begin with the show-biz celebs: Siphon "Hotstix" Mabuse; Abigail Khubeka; Thandi Klaasen... Presiding over it all last Friday was the Brother with the Perfect Timing (and the imperious demeanour), Abdullah Ibrahim.

Masekela and his tightly honed group of Moses Molelekoa on keyboards, Laurence Matshiza on lead guitar, Ian Herman on drums, Bakhiti Khumalo on bass and McCoy Mrubata on sax, pennywhistle and gymnas-

tics - as Bra Hugh puts it - were quite simply magnificent.

And that's before we mention the grand master on trumpet himself. With his unequalled humour, his superb style, and his vivacious energy, Masekela delivered his finest, both old, and new - from his upcoming album *Beatin Round de Bush*.

It was a spell-binding session that stretched way into the night. (How many acts run from 9:30 pm to 2:00 am these days? And on some nights he indulged in three sets!)

While Bra Hugh's scintillating performance is now in the past tense, the Fifties Softown brotherhood continues: Following Robbie Jensen this weekend at Softown is that master trombonist, Oscar and BAFTA nominee (for *Cry Freedom* with George Fenton), and magical musical man, Jonas Gwangwa. Judging by the ceiling-space-only reception he had during his gigs at the Yard of Ale recently (with a special table set aside for the ANC jorling comm. again), the slick'n'spacious Softown will be filled to the brim.

**GAMBLING ON THE** double exes for multiple \$\$\$ is the grand Casino in the Veld: Sun City.

Playing at the Superbowl on August 29 and 30 is the other multiple award-winning double ex two-some, Caiphus Semenya and Letta Mbulu. Emmy award winners for their work with Quincy Jones on *Roots* and Oscar nominees with Jones for *The Color Purple*, the twosome bring the very best of international and African sound to the hi-tech playground in the bundu.

At their recent press-launch, they promised some special surprises. Brigitte Nielsen in a giraffe g-string, perhaps?

Okay, that's the lowdown on the PC trendoids. The up'n'coming bumby (black upwardly mobile student) jol has gotta be Jazz at the Jungle Inn. Just two weeks old, and situated in the centre of Hillbrow, JAJI rages till dawn with the fusion sounds of Loading Zone.

No NEC members were spotted here, on the last citing.



# prince

Returnee dancer Vincent Hantam is back from his stint at the Scottish Ballet, Augustus van Heerden will visit his

homeland with the Dance Theatre of Harlem. But there is one exiled South African dance legend who will return only in spirit - **John Cranko**. The slackening of the cultural boycott has afforded Pact Ballet the opportunity to stage a Cranko ballet, *The Taming*

*of the Shrew*. **ANDREA VINASSA** reports



John Cranko

**W**HY all this fuss about Pact Ballet's staging of a new ballet while Rome burns? In the light of rumours that progressive cultural movement is contemplating a call for a moratorium on foreign artists working with Pact, this is something you might well ask.

Whether the cultural boycott was ever enforced on Cranko, is difficult to ascertain. Although he was a South African a moratorium would affect owner of the rights Dieter Gräfe, producer Jane Bourne and designer Elisabeth Dalton, all of whom are involved in the local staging of *The Taming of the Shrew*.

"It's a grey area," says Pact Ballet publicist Jonathan Hurwitz. Napac presented his *Brouillards* in 1985 and restaged *The Lady and the Fool* in 1986. "Whether the resistance was confined to his full length works is not clear. But that does seem inconsistent. But post the beginning of 1990 negotiations became easier. We had been looking for a Cranko ballet for a long time - since 1985. [*The Taming of the Shrew*] is a good ballet with which to start. It is tremendously entertaining and should have enormously wide appeal. It really is great fun and challenging for the company. Cranko was above all a great story-teller and he had a great talent to amuse - apologies to Noel Coward. We hope to get more, but I'm not aware of negotiations."

But let us put our PC sentiments aside

for a moment to wax lyrical about John Cranko. "*The Taming of the Shrew* is one of his major works, one of the great comedy ballets and an important full-length 20th century work," enthuses Hurwitz.

**JOHN CRANKO** was to the Stuttgart Ballet what George Balanchine was to the New York City Ballet - creator, mentor and much more than an inspired choreographer. He was also an outsider with a vision who brought his company vast international acclaim.

Legend has it that he was a great clown, a warm, witty and approachable director and much loved by his company - a man of "tireless energy and bright theatrical intelligence," according to critic Quentin Crisp.

Cranko was born in Rustenburg in the R of SA, which must have been a tiny village in 1927 - his parents had met during a performance given by the Diaghilev company in London. He studied with the Cape Town Ballet, where he began his first essays in choreography. His rise to fame and popularity was rapid. By the time he reached London in 1946 - he was 19 - he had created a handful of apprentice works which are still part of Capab's rep today.

He joined the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet (which was to become the Royal Ballet) and within four years was named resident choreographer of the troupe,



Leticia Müller and Johnny Bovan as Kate and Petruchio

creating some of his finest ballets for them: *Beauty and the Beast* (1949), *Pineapple Poll* (1951) and *Harlequin in April* (1951), a dramatic ballet which used characters passed down from Greek mythology and commedia dell'arte, the Harlequin, Columbine and Pierrot, but here they were used to represent new notions while at the same time preserving their original symbolism. Harlequin, the superhuman fool of the gods, symbolises human aspiration reborn after fire and devastation.

In 1950 Cranko was asked to choreograph a ballet for the New York City Ballet and created *The Witch* to a Ravel piano concerto. During the 50s he choreographed for both the Covent Garden and Sadler's Wells branches of the Royal Ballet: *Bonne Bouche* (1952), *The Lady and the Fool* (1954) and *Antigone* (1959).

**THE 50's SAW** Cranko produce his first full-length ballet, *The Prince of the Pagodas* (1957), two revues, *Cranks* (1955) and *New Cranks* (1960), two ballets for Ballet Rambert, *La Belle Hélène* for the Paris Opéra Ballet and a rousing *Romeo and Juliet* (1958) for La Scala. (When the Stuttgart Ballet performed it in New York in 1969 the *New Yorker's* critic Andrew Porter wrote that he had seen many unsuccessful *R&J's*, but that Cranko's was exceptional and that he was bowled over by its power and eloquence, "potent projection" being a mark of German dancing, of the company's dancing.)

The problem for the versatile Cranko was that Frederick Ashton was the Royal

Ballet's chief choreographer at the time and the younger, highly gifted choreographer was not given the opportunities he sought and demanded.

In 1961 Svetlana Beriosova's father, who was the ballet master at Stuttgart then, introduced him to the director of the state theatre. He was so dazzled by the German system that he accepted an invitation to build a company.

**IN THE BALLET** world the rehearsal room is a global village where everyone speaks the same language and when Cranko arrived in Stuttgart he was no respecter of nationalities. The principal dancers were not German. The company's prima ballerina, Marcia Haydée, was Brazilian. Her frequent partner, Richard Cragun, was Californian. Joyce Cuoco was from Boston. Egon Madsen was Danish, Judith Rein British.

Haydée was Cranko's muse and between them they were responsible for the ballet sensation of the 60's. "My finding her was an act of destiny." She was a corps de ballet dancer in the De Cuevas troupe and Cranko hired her as a principal ballerina at the age of 21. "Shaped, coaxed and probably driven by his understanding and aspirations for her gifts, Haydée developed into an outstandingly expressive ballerina," wrote Quentin Crisp in *Ballet News*. By 1969 Haydée was acknowledged as one of the greatest dramatic dancers of the age having provided Cranko with that "potent projection" he required for telling his stories. He is known primarily as a creator of "story ballets", but steps

were not merely there to advance the narrative: "I follow the Balanchine principle which holds that first and foremost a ballet is a composition with bodies in space and time. I feel that one should be able to take a dance out of *Onegin*, strip it of meaning, strip it of costumes, and look at it as a valid, abstract composition.

"A diamond has no colour, but it takes light, and when you look at it you see red, blue, green, and yellow. A ballet image should be like a diamond. No meaning. No colour. But hard, not sloppy. I have a specific feeling which maybe I can only shape for myself. So the ultimate definition of the images comes from the eyes of the public, not from my eyes." Some of his thoughts on choreography.

It did not take him long to draw attention to the Stuttgart Ballet. He mixed the classics with his own works: *L'Estro Armónico* (1963), a dance ballet to Vivaldi and *Opus One* (1965), an ambiguous, stylised work was followed by an epic production of *Eugene Onegin* (1965), the story of Alexander Pushkin's poem, which satisfied even Balanchine, a Russian who complimented Cranko on his understanding of "the poem's greatness".

**INTERVIEWED BY** the *New York Times* Cranko said: "I see *Onegin* as a myth in the same way that Charlie Chaplin is a myth... Myths always have double meanings, and in this sense Chaplin is both funny and terrifying. *Onegin* is a young man who has everything - good looks, money, charm - and yet he adds up to nothing. Which makes him terrifying. His problem is a very contemporary one - lack of recognition."

Critic Walter Terry, reviewing a performance of *Eugene Onegin* in New York in 1971, wrote in *The Saturday Review*: "How Cranko tells a story in dance! He is a theatre man through and through, as was his illustrious predecessor of two centuries ago in Stuttgart, Jean-Georges Noverre, whose revolutionary aesthetics carried the ballet away from mere steps to ballet d'action - that is to say, to dramatic ballet, to movement with dramatic meanings."

Cranko's themes varied widely and his versatility seemingly limitless. His 1968 work, *Presence*, is a sort of pantomime for the well-read. Its main characters are Don Quixote, Ubu Roi and Molly Bloom.

The Taming of the Shrew was first presented by the Stuttgart Ballet at the Württembergische Staatstheater on March 16 1969, with Marcia Haydée and Richard Cragun in the principal roles. Balanchine said: "It turns out to be just as amusing to see in dance form as it is in the spoken theatre." It was a huge success from New York to Moscow.

**CRANKO DIED** suddenly in 1973 at the age of 45 on an airplane that was returning him and the company to Stuttgart following another triumphant American tour.

He left several other fascinating works to his dancers. I saw the 1985 Napac presentation of his *Brouillards* (1970), a "mood piece" inspired by nine piano preludes by Claude Debussy, and was transfixed by the simplicity and minimalism of his choreography. Clive Barnes wrote of a New York tour of *The Seasons* (1971): "Cranko has never choreographed with more authority... the dancing has a range, scope and sheer bigness that have to be associated with the Bolshoi Ballet and nothing else... the dancing is the best Stuttgart has ever given us."

One of his most interesting ballets and one which elicited reams of comment from critics was his 1970 *Poème de l'Extase*, derived from a novel by Colette, *Break of Day*. British critic John Percival wrote: "The idea is that a mature woman (not old, but past her youth) has a young man fall in love with her. After some hesitation, she rejects him because she has built a contented life for herself and carries with her the memory of her former lovers."

Cranko's intention was to get away from the little-girl image to which most ballerinas are confined. An actress grows up and graduates to new and often more interesting roles, a dancer is stuck with much the same kind of role all her life. Margot Fonteyn, partnered by five brilliant Stuttgart dancers, danced the role of the diva: "It is a marvellous role for Fonteyn... there is depth and warmth too, there is a living person there, not just a dancer, but a woman, not a conventional ballerina, but a great dance-actress. And the best thing about this performance is that the humanity of it is achieved through the deliberately artificial style." Percival said he doubted whether the ballet could be cast in any other company in the world - Cranko created dazzling steps and roles for Jan Stripling, Bernd Berg, Heinz Clauss, Richard Cragun and Egon Madsen.

His last work, *Initials RBME*, was a tribute to these very dancers - Richard Cragun, Marcia Haydée, Birgit Keil and Egon Madsen. His sumptuous and tragic re-interpretation of *Swan Lake* - "I wanted to find its mythical truth" - had just wowed New York audiences and he was planning a ballet based on *Othello* when he died.

Before he left the Met he said to an interviewer: "I think it means total expression of the thing that one cannot say with words... I suppose if one could define the thing, one would be a writer."

## C A S T I N G

Dianne Finch and Jeremy Coles dance the roles of Kate and Petruchio in the SA premiere of *The Taming of the Shrew* on August 20 at the State Theatre, Pretoria. They dance again on August 22, 26 and 29 (8pm). The 21 year-old Leticia Müller is partnered by Johnny Bovang - August 21, 24 (8pm) and 29 (3pm). Dianne Harris dances opposite David Palmer - August 22 (3pm), 25 and 28 (8pm).

Book at Computicket.



Marcia Haydée... the original Kate



## wie sou nou hul lag kon hou?

**DIT** was die vermaak van die week. Nie die spul regses op Ventersdorp in hul kortbroeke en onderhemde en met hul tuisgemaakte traangas nie. Eerder Ruda se gesig - of dan haar pogings om haar gesig reguit en professioneel-belangstellend te hou terwyl sy sit en luister het na die reaksie van ET en sy eertydse motorbestuurder JP Meyer op die nou al omstrede Britse Channel 4-program *The Leader, His Driver, and the Driver's Wife* Sondagaand op M-Net se *Carte Blanche*.

Soos almal nou al weet, is dit die program wat aanleiding gegee het tot die lastersaak wat Jani Allan teen die Britse TV-kanaal ingestel het.

Ruda het haar bes probeer om te bly lyk na 'n objektiewe TV-onderhoudvoerder, maar sy het die stryd verloor. Wie sal nou ook nie sy lag moet sluk nie as hy sit met 'n netjies gekamde en gestrykte Meyer voor hom, wat

doodernstig verklaar al daardie tonele van hom en sy regse pëlle om die kombuistafel, klip innie cokebyderhand, 'n "JP, jy's mos nou bekak, man," op die regte tyd, is 'n blote fabriseersel deur die Britse kameraman om die AWB sleg te laat lyk. Wat met 'n effens beswaarde gesig verklaar ja, hy sal menselewe neem "as die stryd dit van my verg, as die oorlog daar is," want "ek's 'n soldaat vir my volk". Wat effens bedremmeld erken hy het aan die Britse TV-span vertel hulle het ammunisie en traangas van die polisie en weermag gesteel om die Engelsman te "beïndruk", maar dis nie eintlik waar nie.

In dié stadium kon Ruda nie help om te vra nie: "Waarom dit sê op BRITSE TELEVISIE?"

Weer eens was dit interessant om te sien hoe die twee verskillende TV-instansies, die SAUK en M-Net, op dieselfde nuusgebeure reageer. Die Janisage was seker een van dié sensasionele nuussages van die jaar. Sommige mense het onomwonde verklaar: Dis al wat ek lees. En te verstante. Want met brokkies inligting soos die nou al beroemde groen onderbroek met gate, die gesing- en gevryery in die middel van die nag langs

'n monument, Griekse en huilende "spioene", en die weergalose sleutelgat-onthullings het die verhaal al hoe meer begin klink soos 'n racy soap, een na die beste tradisie van die genre.

Toe alles uiteindelik tot 'n einde kom en "Ounooi" met net 'n boel skuld en 'n paar wraaksugtige 087-lyne agtergelaat is, het *Agenda* 'n opsomming gehad van die hofspraak. Goed en wel, maar toe het die koerante lankal elke sappige detail in woord en spotprent gemelk.

**CARTE BLANCHE**, daarenteen, het die kans aangegryp, 'n verkorte weergawe gewys van die dokumentêr wat tot alles gelei het, met die "leier" en sy bestuurder in die ateljee om saam te kyk en vrae te beantwoord.

Net een vraag hier: as M-Net die program in die hande kon kry en as die program al vroeër vir vertoning op 'n fliékfees beskikbaar was, hoekom het dit 'n hofspraak gekos voordat ons dit op TV kon sien? Dis tog 'n program oor Suid-Afrikaners en 'n faset van die Suid-Afrikaanse politiek, as TV-program is dit bekroon en boonop is dit - as 'n bonus - skreeusnaaks.

*The Leader, His Driver, and the Driver's Wife* begin met die programmaker Nick Broomfield wat op Newcastle aankommet 'n roeping: om 'n onderhoud te kry met die leier van die AWB. Maar al trek hy al agter die "leier" aan na Ventersdorp is al wat hy van hom te siene kry sy honde en sy sekretaresse, wat elke keer om verskoning vra omdat die leier nie daar is nie want hy's in 'n "meeting", of hy's al weg, of hy't nie geweet van so 'n afspraak nie.

Uiteindelik slaan Broomfield die jackpot: hy maak vriende met die "leier" - kompleet in wessie en kortbroek 'n halfuur ná die afgespreekte tyd vir hul ontmoeting. En toe begin die pogings om die "leier" vas te pen vir 'n onderhoud in alle erns.

Uiteindelik slaag die Britte daarin - met die hulp van Meyer - om inderdaad 'n afspraak met die "leier" te maak, maar hulle begaan die onvergeeflike flater om tien minute laat op te daag. Dit lei tot 'n emosionele uitbarsting van die "leier" wat daarop neerkom dat hy Broomfield en sy span in sy dag des levens nie sal vergewe nie; dat hy die oortreding in 'n baie ernstige lig beskou omdat hyself nooit, nōōit so-iets aan sy medemens sal doen nie, en dat hulle nou maar hulle paar vragies moet vra. Wat weer eens tot 'n uitgebreide woorde-skermutseling lei toe Broomfield wil weet wanneer Terre Blanche besluit het dis oorlog en Terre Blanche volhou hy, en hy alleen sal sê wanneer dit oorlog is en wanneer nie. Wat nie die punt van die vraag is nie, sou die Brit nog die waarheid probeer byhaal. Dié geveg het hy egter verloor...

Om 'n vraag onder 'n stortvloed emosionele argumente te begrawe wat met die vraag niks te doene het nie, is klaarblyklik 'n bekende taktiek van die "leier". Hy het dieselfde met Ruda gedoen toe dié hom ten slotte reguit vra of daar 'n seksuele verhouding tussen hom en ma Allan was en hy sy antwoord begin deur te verwys na die "betroubaarheid" van 'n Britse jurie, 'n nasie wat derduisende Afrikanervroue en -kinders in konsentrasiekampe laat sterf het.

"Dis nie die punt nie," het sy hom hard en duidelik in die rede geval, waarop die "leier" toe uiteindelik in

kenmerkende sonore stem verklaar: "Ek ontken dit ten strengste"... en sommer byvoeg hy gaan "net môre" sy regsvertegenwoordigers sien oor die ongenaakbare vemetelheid van die spul Britte wat ruim gebruik gemaak het van hulle Boere-Christen-gasvryheid op Ventersdorp net om later met so 'n spul leuens vorendag te kom...

**MAAR DIE STER** van die program was ongetwyfeld die "driver's wife", Anita, 'n self-erkende "koppige" Boervrou, wat geen geheim maak van haar politieke oortuigings nie (haar swart katjie se naam is Kaffircat, "the blacks are called kaffirs here"), haar wantroue in die "leier", en haar steun aan haar man. Dié het bra benoud begin raak toe sy held, die regse aktivis Piet "Skiet" Rudolph, ná net enkele dae sy eetstaking laat vaar het en gerugte die rondte begin doen het dat hy inligting omtrent al sy makkers en dié se bewegings aan die polisie sou verklap. Die "driver" het toe sommer begin laat slaap.

Die verwysings na Jani was min en vaag. 'n Beweerde seksuele verhouding tussen ET en dié eertydse model en skinderrubriekskrywer is gekwalifiseer met die woorde "hoewel dit nie bewys is nie". Kyk 'n mens egter na dié program, met sy skote van ET besig met 'n toespraak oor FW "met sy kale ou kop" en "sy plompe ou lyfie"; Johan, "the town councillor", in sy kortmou-safaripak agter sy lessenaar; die man met die Bybel en sy Aids-dreigemente; en les bes die "driver" en sy pël wat haastig uit die kombuis padgee nadat eersgenoemde gou gedemonstreer het hoe maak mens 'n tuisgemaakte traangasbom - alles weergegee in 'n volkome neutrale kamera- en vertelstyl, en jy begin wonder of dit nie dié tonele is wat Jani laat nadink het oor haar beweerde verbintenis met die AWB-leier nie. Ná als is sy darem 'n meisie van die wêreld...

### AWB 53 JAAR GELEDE?

**HOE** lyk dit ook of ons regses se propaganda-styl deur die jare ietwat agteruit gegaan het. In Woensdagaand se *The Fourth Reich* was daar 'n paar opvallende parallele met Sondagaand se program oor die leier en sy volgelinge. Waar 'n oorgewig ET egter in 'n halfvol dorpsaaltjie deklameer dat die enigste ding wat Mandela die "volk" kan bied net "Winnie se pruik" is vir FW se "kale ou kop" (doodernstig, en dan maak hy nog 'n pouse vir die verwagte applous), het 'n fier, taai Leibbrandt se toespraak teen die agtergrond van 'n majestueuse rookblou bergreeks (ook met manne wat vooraf "Stilte, die leier gaan praat" geroep het) elegiese vergesigte bevat van 'n gedissiplineerde, suiwer Vierde Ryk aan die suidpunt van Afrika...

Ongeag die paar onbevredigende akteurskeuses is *The Fourth Reich* as TV-reeks heelwat beter as die rolprent. Die spanning tussen Leibbrandt en Taillard word beter gemotiveer en net so die geleidelike verbroekeling van Taillard se sekuriteit tuis soos hy algaande meer betrokke raak by sy opdrag. Hopelik gaan daar in die laaste twee episodes meer klem geplaas word op Taillard se storie. Dit sal die verhaal in die geheel 'n duideliker fokuspunt gee as wat dit in die fliék gehad het.

## VWB T-hemp aanbod:

Hierdie is nie 'n kledingstuk wat daarop gemik is om die waardigheid te ondermyn van Afrikaner Christelik-Nasionaliste, ons Manne In Blou, die Voortrekkers, Ruiterswag, Broederbond, Rapportryers en -lesers, die Nasionale Party en sy organe, die NG Kerk en/of ander susters, die FAK, die Vrouefederasie, die Stigting vir Vriendelike Afrikaans, die Konfederasie van Kinderkranses, moed dog skatryk kabinetsministers, burgemeesters van toilet dorpe, bomplanters, volkstaters en ander oewerbewoners, sweepsplaners, Karwase en ander Husse met Lang Ore, draers van tradisionele wapens en andere mel knoppie op hul kienes, holnats, meelopers en/of handperde van die struggle, Staliniste, Marxiste, antichriste, gestruktureerde anargiste, Roomsse, suurstofdiewe en Kodesa-lieplappers, kulturele flentergaltes, Groen en Rooi bullebakke, windbrekers, agterbankers, smarvrates, kamerade en/of gedekonstrueerde kabbaliste of agente van die bewussyn nie. Dit is bloot 'n VryeWeekblad T-hemp.

Teen slegs R25

(BTW en posgeld ingesluit) kan JY ook 'n VWB T-hemp besit!

Stuur vir my ..... T-hemde @ R25 elk  
Grootte ..... Groot  
..... Ekstra groot

Stuur aan: VWB T-hemp aanbod  
Posbus 177  
NEWTOWN  
2113

(Laat asseblief drie weke toe vir aflewering)

## MARKET THEATRE

832-1641  
JOHN KANI, SEAN TAYLOR IN  
ATHOL FUGARD'S  
"SUPREME FUGARD FROM SUPERB  
KANI & TAYLOR ... VERGE ON  
MASTERPIECES" GM STAR  
PLAYLAND

MON-FRI 8.00PM  
SAT 6.00PM & 9.00PM

## LAAGER THEATRE

832 1641  
ALL THE RAGE  
BY JANINE DENISON  
DIRECTED BY SANDRA PRINSLOO  
A PLAY ABOUT "SURVIVAL OF THE  
THINNEST"  
STARRING ANDRÉ ODENDAAL,  
JANINE DENISON, VAL DONALD-  
BELL, IRENE STEPHANOU,  
MARIUS MEYER.

23 JULY - 29 AUGUST  
MON-FRI 8.00PM  
SAT 6.00PM & 9.15PM

## UPSTAIRS THEATRE

832-1641  
DEATH AND THE MAIDEN  
DIRECTED BY BARNEY SIMON  
STARRING TERRY NORTON,  
RAMOLO MAKHENE,  
ROBERT WHITEHEAD  
"VENGEANCE...  
RECONCILIATION...FORGIVENESS...  
A GREAT POLITICAL THRILLER"

MON-FRI 8.15PM  
SAT 6.15PM & 9.15PM

## KIPPIES

8 JULY 9 AUGUST  
SHARON KATZ  
FROM PHILADELPHIA  
(WEEKDAYS) R10.00

## JAZZ AT TEN

VUSI THUSI - GUITAR  
RASHID LANIE - KEYBOARD  
VICTOR NTONI - BASS  
LULU GONTSANA - DRUMS  
LAST 3 SHOWS  
(WEEKENDS)

## MARKET GALLERIES

9 AUGUST - 4 SEPTEMBER  
ERIKA HIBBERT  
ENCAUSTIC, ON CANVAS AND  
CHARCOAL DRAWINGS.

# raisin' women's issues

**THE** work of two playwrights, a South African and an American both chronicling the lives of black women, should make for fascinating comparison: Lorraine Hansberry's *A Raisin in the Sun*, written 33 years ago, is on at the Downstairs at the Wits Theatre from Wednesday, while South African actress Nomhle Nkonyeni's *The Reckoning Force* starts its Dalro (Windybrow, Johannesburg) run on August 28.

Nkonyeni scripted *The Reckoning Force* with director Megan Willson. It concerns the fantastical life of Princess, recently evicted from her flat, who finds herself in dire straits in a small room on top of a Hillbrow high rise. There is a portrait of a man, Fred Bernstein, on the wall and a goldfish of the same name in a bowl.

Says Nkonyeni: "Life is not a bed of roses. That is why Princess lives in a fantasy world, a world modelled on the ethics of *Dynasty* and *The Bold and the Beautiful*."

Nkonyeni brings to *The Reckoning Force* 29 years of stage experience. She started out in Port Elizabeth with Athol Fugard and the Serpent Players, became the first black actress to be employed by Capab and has worked for Pact for eight years.

Hansberry's illustrious play concerns more lofty issues: black and women's consciousness, religion, ethics and family loyalties in a matriarchal society. An elderly Chicago widow receives a large cheque from her late husband's life insurance policy. Conflict among the family members arises when her elder son and his wife decide that the money should go towards investing in a liquor store.

*The Washington Post* called the play "one of a handful of great American dramas... it belongs in the inner circle, along with *Death of a Salesman*, *Long Days' Journey into Night* and *The Glass Menagerie*. Maishe Maponya directs. - AV



Market theatre resident director, Jerry Mofokeng (above), is staging Zakes Mda's *The Hill* at Wits's new venue, the Amphitheatre. Mda's 1979 Amstel Award winning work is a satirical comedy about migrant workers awaiting mining contracts on a hill outside Maseru. It is based on actual stories told by miners to Mda. Mofokeng recently arrived home after four years in the US where he accumulated several degrees and directed Brecht's *Baal*, Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and the entire Fugard canon. It runs from Wednesday August 19 to August 29.

# Encore, Evita!

**KATHY BERMAN** sit en giggel vir Pieter-Dirk Uys se nuwe satire, *An Audience With Evita*, in die Witsteater in Johannesburg

**SO** jy't gedink satire is dood en begrawe in die Vierkleur... um, oranje-blanje-blou van die Ou Suid-Afrika?

Vandat die voormalige spottersparadys, die Nasionale Party, vroeër dié dekade 'n onaantasbare status aangeneem het en die Groot Geeste vrygestel is, het dit effens saai geword om maar regs, ver-regs en in die bondel die draak te staak met die gekke. Boonop het onse Evita, die reisende ambassadrise, Europa met haar filofax ingevaar en kon 'n mens haar nie eens deur haar motorfaks bereik nie.

Wel, dank die vader - sy's terug! En sy sprinkel meer as ooit tevore. En sy's net betyds om die teikens van haar spot te kom aanpor, want hulle sloer deesdae al hoe meer.

In sekerlik een van sy beste satiriese stukke ooit lei Pieter-Dirk Uys, met die kulturele wapens in die hand, ons deur die stormagtige landskap van Geen Kodesaland, waar die boerewors nie te lank kan hang om droog te word voor iemand daaraan begin voetel nie, waar geen buiteband onverbrand bly nie.

Niks is te heilig vir die voormalige hofnar van die dooie Boererepubliek nie. Uys se rapier steek na elke uithoek van die land, en sny korrupsie en teenstrydighede oop net waar hy hulle vind.

**DIE TONEEL** is die gewyde voorkamer van die Suid-Afrikaanse ambassade in Bapetikosweti - bestem om (binnekort?) ontruim te word. Die ambassade huisves 'n antwoordmasjien, 'n luidspreker (vir die ambassadrise se stem), 'n skare PDU-



Lizz Meiring en Pieter-Dirk Uys

karakters en hope simboliek: vlae, gekleurde deure en banke beklee in wit (aan die Suid-Afrikaanse kant) en swart (aan die Bop-kant).

Hier, met die hulp van die wonderlik veelsydige Lizz Meiring (as Evita se assistent, Bokkie Bam, en haar broer, Boetie Bam, én haar vriend Butch én haar pa, dominee Bam, én tante Hennie Bam), pluk onse PDU die een politieke haas ná die ander uit sy towerhoed.

Almal is daar: van ons eie wulpse, fantasieryke, borsloos prikkelende wonderpop Jani (hoe sou hy dié skande oor die hoof kon sien?) tot die skandalig skrapsgeklede en briljant ontmantelde Pik

(in Evita se blonde pelsjas). Daar's Maggie Thatcher, wat 'n tydjie afknip van haar R30 000-per-aseimteug lesingtoer, ontpruik en getransformeer in haar opvolger, Major; daar's Gatsha, wat strydlystig in die voorkamer rondans; en die ontombare Winnie - wat die rubbering van die asbak stroop. Stout, né?

Selfs die PAC se tandlose wonder Benny Alexander tree na vore om jou te laat giggel.

Die standaard-karakters sluit in: 'n tradisionele krimplien-tannie, mamma Phyllis Bam, moeder van die Witwolf-vuurvreter Boetie; 'n oranje-blanje-blou-koekie. Ensovoorts.

Die hoogtepunt kom in die tweede bedryf. Evita tree uiteindelik self in lewende lywe te voorskyn om vrae uit die gehoor spontaan te beantwoord: "Daar's 'n nuwe wedstryd op GMSA: Voorspel Suid-Afrika se Toekoms - en die winner ontvang 'n kaartjie vir twee na Sarajevo..."

Vra 'n mens haar uit oor haar toekoms in die geïnkorporeerde Suid-Afrika, kap Evita blitsvinnig terug met die feite: "R19 miljoen van jou geld is in die tuislande gepomp - en dis," sy bereken gou, "maar net 47 Amerikaanse sent."

Evita se raad aan die verwardes: "As jy 'n optimis is, leer Zoeloe. As jy 'n pessimis is, leer Xhosa."

Jy sal ver moet soek om 'n meer samehangende, diepsnydende en lagwekkende kommentaar op die stand van die politieke en maatskaplike spel in dié land te vind.

Viva PDU, Long Live!







**NU METRO THEATRES**

14-20 August (BOOK AT COMPUTICKET)

**ALL SHOWS R7.50**  
EXCEPT MAIN EVENING PERFORMANCE R11.50 (Between 7.30 and 8.30 p.m.)

**NU METRO OSCAR**  
Jeppe Street, Sunnyside 341-7682

**LETHAL WEAPON 3**  
Mel Gibson, Danny Glover (2-16)  
MON-SAT: 9.30, 12.00, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.15  
SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00

**NU METRO SUNNYSIDE**  
Esselen Street 44-9867

**STRAIGHT TALK**  
Dolly Parton, James Woods (A)  
MON-SAT: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00  
SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00

**NU METRO VILLAGE 1-2**  
Sunnyside 44-6096

**PAST MIDNIGHT**  
Rutger Hauer, Natasha Richardson (2-18)  
MON-SAT: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00  
SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00

**FRITZ THE CAT**  
Adults Only - Animation Sensation (2-18)  
MON-SAT: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00  
SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00

**NU METRO 1-7**  
Menlyn Park 348-8611

**LETHAL WEAPON 3**  
Mel Gibson, Danny Glover (2-16)  
MON-SAT: 9.30, 12.00, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.15  
SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00

**STRAIGHT TALK**  
Dolly Parton, James Woods (A)  
MON-SAT: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00  
SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00

**SNOW WHITE LADYBUGS**  
MON-SAT: 9.30, 12.00, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.15  
SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00

**STOP OR MY MOM WILL SHOOT**  
Sylvester Stallone, Estelle Getty (A)  
MON-SAT: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00  
SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00

**PAST MIDNIGHT**  
Rutger Hauer, Natasha Richardson (2-18)  
MON-SAT: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00  
SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00

**THE MAMBO KINGS**  
Armand Assante, Cathy Moriarty (2-17)  
MON-SAT: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00  
SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00

**BETHOVEN**  
Charles Grodin, Bonnie Hunt (A)  
MON-SAT: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00  
SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00

**NU METRO 1-6**  
Hatfield Plaza

1 OPENING 4 SEPT.  
2 OPENING 4 SEPT.  
3 OPENING 4 SEPT.  
4 OPENING 4 SEPT.  
5 OPENING 4 SEPT.  
6 OPENING 4 SEPT.

MIDRAND CONSTANTIA (011) 805-4266

**FINAL ANALYSIS**  
Richard Gere, Kim Basinger (2-18)  
MON-FRI: 7.00, 9.00, SAT: 5.00, 7.00, 9.00

**FRITZ THE CAT**  
Adults Only - Animation Sensation (2-18)  
MON-FRI: 7.00, 9.00, SAT: 5.00, 7.00, 9.00

**NU METRO NELSPOORT**  
The Promenade (01311) 25767

**BETHOVEN**  
Charles Grodin, Bonnie Hunt (A)  
MON-SAT: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00

**THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE**  
Rebecca De Mornay, Matt McCoy (2-13)  
MON-SAT: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00

**BLAME IT ON THE BELLBOY**  
Dudley Moore, Bryan Brown (A)  
MON-SAT: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00

**STER-KINEKOR**

14 AUGUST - 20 AUGUST  
ADMISSION PRICES  
R7.50 ALL SHOWS EXCEPT R11.00 FOR MAIN EVENING SHOW (BETWEEN 19H30 & 21H00)  
R2.50 FOR PENSIONERS (1 DAY SHOWS MON-THURS)

**BIG SCREEN MOVIE GUIDE**

PLEASE NOTE: FILMS CHANGE ON A FRIDAY  
CONTACT INFO. FOR DETAILS OF WHAT'S ON THE BIG SCREEN  
TELEPHONE: 10118 (Calls charged at normal telephone tariffs)

**CENTRAL**

**KINE ENT CENTRE**  
1-10 331-3841/2/3  
TICKETS: R7.50 ALL SHOWS EXCEPT R11.00 FOR MAIN EVENING SHOW (COMMENCING BETWEEN 19H30 & 21H00)

Mon-Thurs: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00 pm  
Fri-Sat: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00, 10.30 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00 pm

**ALIEN 3** (2-16)  
Mon-Thurs: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.30, 7.45, 10.00 pm  
Fri-Sat: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00, 10.30 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00 pm

**THE MAMBO KINGS** (2-17)  
A PASSIONATE DRAMA STARRING ARMAND ASSANTE AND ANTONIO BANDERAS!

**SISTER ACT** (ALL)  
**BEYOND THE STARS** (ALL)  
**STRAIGHT TALK** (ALL)  
**SISTER ACT** (ALL)  
**PAST MIDNIGHT** (2-18)  
**TO THE DEATH** (2-18)  
**STOP OR MY MOM WILL SHOOT** (ALL)  
Mon-Thurs: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.15 pm  
Fri-Sat: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.15 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.15, 8.00 pm

**LETHAL WEAPON 3** (2-16)  
Mon-Sat: 9.30, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 8.00, 10.30 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.15, 8.00 pm

**BASIC INSTINCT** (2-21)  
\*PLEASE NOTE SPECIAL WARNING!

**FINAL ANALYSIS** (2-18)  
COMING ATTRACTIONS  
21 Aug - SPLIT SECOND (2-19)  
21 Aug - PYRATES (2-19)

**CARLTON**  
1-5 331-2332  
TICKETS: R7.50 ALL SHOWS EXCEPT R11.00 FOR MAIN EVENING SHOW (COMMENCING BETWEEN 19H30 & 21H00)

Mon-Thurs: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.30, 7.45, 10.00 pm  
Fri-Sat: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00, 10.30 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00 pm

**THE MAMBO KINGS** (2-17)  
A PASSIONATE DRAMA STARRING ARMAND ASSANTE AND ANTONIO BANDERAS.

**MISSISSIPPI MASALA** (2-14)  
Mon-Sat: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.15 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.15, 8.00 pm

**LETHAL WEAPON 3** (2-16)  
**FRIED GREEN TOMATOES** (ALL)  
**BASIC INSTINCT** (2-21)  
\*PLEASE NOTE SPECIAL WARNING!

COMING ATTRACTIONS  
28 Aug - PATRIOT GAMES (2-13)

**HILLBROW**  
1-3 725-3134/725-2061

Mon-Sat: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.30, 7.45, 10.00 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00 pm

**ALIEN 3** (2-16)  
SIGOURNEY WEAVER STARS IN THIS EXPLOSIVE THRILLER!

**SISTER ACT** (ALL)  
Mon-Sat: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.15 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.15, 8.00 pm

**BASIC INSTINCT** (2-21)  
\*PLEASE NOTE SPECIAL WARNING!

COMING ATTRACTION  
28 Aug - UNIVERSAL SOLDIER (2-18)

**SOUTH**

**SOUTHGATE MALL**  
1-7 942-2036/7

Mon-Sat: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.30, 7.45, 10.00 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00 pm

**THE MAMBO KINGS** (2-17)  
A PASSIONATE DRAMA STARRING ARMAND ASSANTE & ANTONIO BANDERAS!

**ALIEN 3** (2-16)  
SIGOURNEY WEAVER STARS IN THIS EXPLOSIVE THRILLER!

**SISTER ACT** (ALL)  
**BEETHOVEN** (ALL)  
Mon-Sat: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.15 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.15, 8.00 pm

**LETHAL WEAPON 3** (2-16)  
**FRIED GREEN TOMATOES** (ALL)  
**BASIC INSTINCT** (2-21)  
\*PLEASE NOTE SPECIAL WARNING!

SAT 15 AUG - 10.00, 12.15, 2.30 pm  
BLAME IT ON THE BELLBOY (ALL)

COMING ATTRACTIONS  
21 Aug - SPLIT SECOND (2-19)  
28 Aug - UNIVERSAL SOLDIER (2-18)

**NORTH**

**SANDTON CITY**  
1-9 783-4430/1

Mon-Sat: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00, 10.15 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00 pm

**ALIEN 3** (2-16)  
Mon-Sat: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.30, 7.45, 10.00 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00 pm

**THE MAMBO KINGS** (2-17)  
**SISTER ACT** (ALL)  
**IVORY HUNTERS** (ALL)  
**DON'T TELL MOM THE BABYSITTER'S DEAD** (ALL)  
Mon-Sat: 9.30, 12.15, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00, 10.30 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00 pm

**FRIED GREEN TOMATOES** (ALL)  
Mon-Sat: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.30 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.15, 8.00 pm

**BASIC INSTINCT** (2-21)  
\*PLEASE NOTE SPECIAL WARNING!

**MY COUSIN VINNY** (2-16)  
Mon-Sat: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30 pm

**BLAME IT ON THE BELLBOY** (ALL)  
Mon-Sat: 9.30, 12.15, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00, 10.30 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00 pm

**PHYSICAL EVIDENCE** (2-16)  
COMING ATTRACTIONS  
21 Aug - PYRATES (2-19)  
28 Aug - UNIVERSAL SOLDIER (2-18)

**NORTHCLIFF**  
1-2 782-6816

Mon-Sat: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.30, 7.45, 10.00 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00 pm

**THE MAMBO KINGS** (2-17)  
**SISTER ACT** (ALL)  
A HILARIOUS COMEDY STARRING WHOOP! GOLDBERG!

**FRIED GREEN TOMATOES** (ALL)  
A HEARTWARMING & COMPELLING DRAMA STARRING KATHY BATES & JESSICA TANDY!

**THE MALL ROSEBANK**  
1-10 880-2866/7

Mon-Sat: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.30, 7.45, 10.00 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00 pm

**THE COMING OF AGE** (2-18)  
(FRENCH DIALOGUE/ENGLISH SUBTITLES)

**NOISES OFF** (ALL)  
A SIDE-SPLITTING COMEDY STARRING MICHAEL CAME & CAROL BURNETT!

**SALMONBERRIES** (2-14)  
Mon-Sat: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.15 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.15, 8.00 pm

**THE FAVOUR, THE WATCH & THE VERY BIG FISH** (2-18)  
Mon-Sat: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.15 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.15, 8.00 pm

**FRIED GREEN TOMATOES** (ALL)  
Mon-Sat: 10.00, 2.30, 5.30, 7.45, 10.30 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00 pm

**THE INNER CIRCLE** (2-13)  
Mon-Sat: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.30, 7.45, 10.15 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00 pm

**RAMBLING ROSE** (2-18)  
Mon-Sat: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.30 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.15, 8.00 pm

**TIME OF THE GYPSIES** (2-19)  
(YUGOSLAVIAN DIALOGUE/ENGLISH SUBTITLES)

**GRAND CANYON** (2-18)  
Mon-Sat: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.15 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.15, 8.00 pm

**MISSISSIPPI MASALA** (2-14)  
COMING ATTRACTION  
EL NORTE (2-19)  
SECURE UNDERCOVER PARKING AVAILABLE

**CONSTANTIA ROSEBANK**  
1-2 788-4500

Mon-Sat: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.30, 7.45, 10.15 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00 pm

**THE MAMBO KINGS** (2-17)  
A PASSIONATE DRAMA STARRING ARMAND ASSANTE AND ANTONIO BANDERAS!

**SISTER ACT** (ALL)  
A HILARIOUS COMEDY STARRING WHOOP! GOLDBERG!

**NORTH**

**CRESTA CENTRE**  
1-3 476-3802

Mon-Thurs: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.15 pm  
Sat: 12.00, 2.30, 5.15, 8.00 pm

**ALIEN 3** (2-16)  
THE BITCH IS BACK! SIGOURNEY WEAVER STARS IN THIS EXPLOSIVE THRILLER!

**LETHAL WEAPON 3** (2-16)  
Mon-Sat: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.30 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00 pm

**BEETHOVEN** (ALL)  
Mon-Thurs: 7.45, 10.00 pm  
Fri-Sat: 8.00, 10.15 pm  
Sun: 8.00 pm

**IVORY HUNTERS** (ALL)  
COMING ATTRACTION  
28 Aug - UNIVERSAL SOLDIER (2-18)

**RANDBURG SANLAM CENTRE**  
1-2 787-5446

Mon-Thurs: 2.30, 5.30, 7.45 pm  
Friday: 2.30, 5.30, 7.45, 10.00 pm  
Saturday: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.30, 7.45, 10.00 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00 pm

**THE MAMBO KINGS** (2-17)  
Mon-Thurs: 2.30, 5.15, 7.45 pm  
Friday: 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.15 pm  
Saturday: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.15 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.15, 8.00 pm

**BASIC INSTINCT** (2-21)  
\*PLEASE NOTE SPECIAL WARNING!

**EAST**

**EAST RAND MALL**  
1-5 823-3091

Mon-Sat: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.30, 7.45, 10.00 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00 pm

**ALIEN 3** (2-16)  
**SISTER ACT** (ALL)  
**LETHAL WEAPON 3** (2-16)  
Mon-Sat: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.15 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.15, 8.00 pm

**FRIED GREEN TOMATOES** (ALL)  
SAT 15 AUG - 10.00, 12.15 pm  
**LADY AND THE TRAMP** (ALL)

**BASIC INSTINCT** (2-21)  
\*PLEASE NOTE SPECIAL WARNING!

COMING ATTRACTIONS  
28 Aug - UNIVERSAL SOLDIER (2-18)  
28 Aug - PATRIOT GAMES (2-13)

FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE - USE MALL ENTRANCE 3

**GOLDEN WALK**  
1-4 GERMISTON 825-8326

Mon-Sat: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.30, 7.45, 10.00 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00 pm

**ALIEN 3** (2-16)  
**IVORY HUNTERS** (ALL)  
Mon-Sat: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.15 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.15, 8.00 pm

**LETHAL WEAPON 3** (2-16)  
**BASIC INSTINCT** (2-21)  
\*PLEASE NOTE SPECIAL WARNING!

COMING ATTRACTION  
21 Aug - SPLIT SECOND (2-19)

**ALBERTON CITY**  
1-4 907-7275/6

Mon-Sat: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.30, 7.45, 10.00 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00 pm

**ALIEN 3** (2-16)  
**BEYOND THE STARS** (ALL)  
**SISTER ACT** (ALL)  
Mon-Sat: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.15 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.15, 8.00 pm

**BASIC INSTINCT** (2-21)  
THE CONTROVERSIAL SEX THRILLER STARRING MICHAEL DOUGLAS AND SHARON STONE!  
\*PLEASE NOTE SPECIAL WARNING!

COMING ATTRACTION  
28 Aug - UNIVERSAL SOLDIER (2-18)

**SPRUITVIEW**  
1-3 866-9211

DOUBLE FEATURES - R2.00 PER PERSON

Mon-Sat: 10.00, 2.30, 7.00 pm  
**BASIC INSTINCT** (2-21)  
THE CONTROVERSIAL SEX THRILLER STARRING MICHAEL DOUGLAS AND SHARON STONE!  
\*PLEASE NOTE SPECIAL WARNING!

**DON'T TELL MOM THE BABYSITTER'S DEAD** (ALL)  
**BINGO** (ALL)  
**PHYSICAL EVIDENCE BY THE SWORD** (2-13)

**EAST**

**EASTGATE**  
1-9 622-3617/8

Mon-Sat: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.30, 7.45, 10.15 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00 pm

**ALIEN 3** (2-16)  
THE BITCH IS BACK! SIGOURNEY WEAVER STARS IN THIS EXPLOSIVE THRILLER!

**BEYOND THE STARS** (ALL)  
A REVETING DRAMA STARRING CHRISTIAN SLATER, MARTIN SHEEN AND SHARON STONE!

**THE MAMBO KINGS** (2-17)  
**SISTER ACT** (ALL)  
**IVORY HUNTERS** (ALL)  
**BLAME IT ON THE BELLBOY** (ALL)  
Mon-Sat: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.15 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00 pm

**DON'T TELL MOM THE BABYSITTER'S DEAD** (ALL)  
COMING ATTRACTIONS  
21 Aug - PYRATES (2-19)  
28 Aug - UNIVERSAL SOLDIER (2-18)

**KEMPTON PARK**  
1-2 975-5023

Mon-Thurs: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.30, 7.45 pm  
Fri-Sat: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.30, 7.45, 10.15 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00 pm

**THE MAMBO KINGS** (2-17)  
**BASIC INSTINCT** (2-21)  
\*PLEASE NOTE SPECIAL WARNING!

COMING ATTRACTIONS  
21 Aug - PYRATES (2-19)  
28 Aug - UNIVERSAL SOLDIER (2-18)

**FLORA**  
1-2 472-1658

Mon-Thurs: 2.30, 5.30, 7.45 pm  
Friday: 2.30, 5.30, 7.45, 10.00 pm  
Saturday: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.30, 7.45, 10.00 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00 pm

**BEYOND THE STARS** (ALL)  
**BLAME IT ON THE BELLBOY** (ALL)  
**BASIC INSTINCT** (2-21)  
\*PLEASE NOTE SPECIAL WARNING!

**HIGHGATE**  
1-5 474-2013

TICKETS: R7.50 ALL SHOWS EXCEPT R11.00 FOR MAIN EVENING SHOW (COMMENCING BETWEEN 19H30 & 21H00)

Mon-Sat: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.30, 7.45, 10.00 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00 pm

**ALIEN 3** (2-16)  
**SISTER ACT** (ALL)  
**BASIC INSTINCT** (2-21)  
\*PLEASE NOTE SPECIAL WARNING!

**BROOKLYN**  
1-5 346-3435

Mon-Sat: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.30, 7.45, 10.00 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00 pm

**ALIEN 3** (2-16)  
**SISTER ACT** (ALL)  
**BASIC INSTINCT** (2-21)  
\*PLEASE NOTE SPECIAL WARNING!

**PALM SPRINGS**  
1-2 56-3223

Mon-Thurs: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.30, 7.45 pm  
Fri-Sat: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.30, 7.45, 10.15 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.15, 8.00 pm

**SISTER ACT** (ALL)  
**LETHAL WEAPON 3** (2-16)  
Mon-Thurs: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45 pm  
Fri-Sat: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.15 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.15, 8.00 pm

**BASIC INSTINCT** (2-21)  
\*PLEASE NOTE SPECIAL WARNING!

**CONSTANTIA BENONI**  
422-3305

Mon-Thurs: 12.15, 2.30, 5.30, 7.45 pm  
Fri-Sat: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.30, 7.45, 10.00 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00 pm

**ALIEN 3** (2-16)  
THE BITCH IS BACK! SIGOURNEY WEAVER STARS IN THIS EXPLOSIVE THRILLER!  
SAT 15 AUG - 10.00, 12.15 pm  
**FATHER OF THE BRIDE** (ALL)

**VAAL**  
**RIVERSQUARE VEREENIGING**  
1-2 016-540210

Mon-Thurs: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.30, 7.45 pm  
Fri-Sat: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.30, 7.45, 10.00 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00 pm

**ALIEN 3** (2-16)  
Mon-Thurs: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45 pm  
Fri-Sat: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.15 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.15, 8.00 pm

**BASIC INSTINCT** (2-21)  
\*PLEASE NOTE SPECIAL WARNING!

SAT 15 AUG - 10.00, 12.15 pm  
**CURLY SUE** (ALL)

**VANDERBIJLPARK**  
1-2 016-330072

Mon-Thurs: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.30, 7.45 pm  
Fri-Sat: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.30, 7.45, 10.00 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.15, 8.00 pm

**SISTER ACT** (ALL)  
**BASIC INSTINCT** (2-21)  
\*PLEASE NOTE SPECIAL WARNING!

SAT 15 AUG - 10.00, 12.15 pm  
**LETHAL WEAPON 3** (2-16)

**POTCH**  
**POTCHEFSTROOM**  
1-5 933-0378

Mon-Sat: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.30, 9.45 pm  
**ALIEN 3** (2-16)  
THE BITCH IS BACK! SIGOURNEY WEAVER STARS IN THIS EXPLOSIVE THRILLER!

**SISTER ACT** (ALL)  
**BEETHOVEN** (ALL)  
Mon-Sat: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.15 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.15, 8.00 pm

**LETHAL WEAPON 3** (2-16)  
**BASIC INSTINCT** (2-21)  
\*PLEASE NOTE SPECIAL WARNING!

COMING ATTRACTION  
28 Aug - UNIVERSAL SOLDIER (2-18)

**PRETORIA**

**STERLAND**  
1-13 341-7568/9

Mon-Sat: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.30, 7.45, 10.00 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00 pm

**ALIEN 3** (2-16)  
STARRING SIGOURNEY WEAVER!

**BEYOND THE STARS** (ALL)  
**STRAIGHT TALK** (ALL)  
**THE MAMBO KINGS** (2-17)  
**SISTER ACT** (ALL)  
**IVORY HUNTERS** (ALL)  
**STOP OR MY MOM WILL SHOOT** (ALL)  
**BEETHOVEN** (ALL)  
Mon-Sat: 9.30, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.50, 10.30 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00 pm

**FRIED GREEN TOMATOES** (ALL)  
Mon-Sat: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.15 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00 pm

**LETHAL WEAPON 3** (2-16)  
**BASIC INSTINCT** (2-21)  
\*PLEASE NOTE SPECIAL WARNING!

COMING ATTRACTION  
21 Aug - PYRATES (2-19)

Mon-Sat: 9.30, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.50, 10.30 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00 pm

**FINAL ANALYSIS** (2-18)  
SAT 15 AUG - 10.00 am  
**SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS** (ALL)

**SUNNYPARK**  
1-3 44-4069

Mon-Sat: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.30, 7.45, 10.00 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00 pm

**ALIEN 3** (2-16)  
**SISTER ACT** (ALL)  
**BASIC INSTINCT** (2-21)  
\*PLEASE NOTE SPECIAL WARNING!

**BROOKLYN**  
1-5 346-3435

Mon-Sat: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.30, 7.45, 10.00 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00 pm

**ALIEN 3** (2-16)  
**SISTER ACT** (ALL)  
**BASIC INSTINCT** (2-21)  
\*PLEASE NOTE SPECIAL WARNING!

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All tickets R7.00 each

Mon-Thurs: 2.30, 5.30, 7.45 pm  
Friday: 2.30, 5.30, 7.45, 10.00 pm  
Saturday: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.30, 7.45, 10.00 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00 pm

**DON'T TELL MOM THE BABYSITTER'S DEAD** (ALL)  
SUNDAY ONLY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00 pm  
**BASIC INSTINCT** (2-21)  
\*PLEASE NOTE SPECIAL WARNING!

Mon-Sat: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.30, 7.45, 10.00 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00 pm

**LETHAL WEAPON 3** (2-16)  
SAT 15 AUG - 10.00, 12.15 pm  
**WITCHES** (ALL)

Mon-Sat: 9.30, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.15 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00 pm

**BASIC INSTINCT** (2-21)  
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**VERWOERBURGSTAD**  
1-4 663-2034

Mon-Sat: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.30, 7.45, 10.00 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00 pm

**ALIEN 3** (2-16)  
**SISTER ACT** (ALL)  
Mon-Sat: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.15 pm  
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00 pm

**LETHAL WEAPON 3** (2-16)  
**BASIC INSTINCT** (2-21)  
\*PLEASE NOTE SPECIAL WARNING!

COMING ATTRACTION  
28 Aug - UNIVERSAL SOLDIER (2-18)



# film vryekeuse films

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



Paul Henreid as Victor Laszlo and Ingrid Bergman as Ilsa Lund in Casablanca

## politiek vir hopeless romantics

### \*\*\*\*\* CASABLANCA

Wie't gesê politieke idealisme en romantiese liefde is onversoenbaar? Die kulturele kommissarisse en deeks van weleer kan gerus gaan inloer by Humphrey Bogart se kafee in Casablanca waar niemand 'n politieke preek oor 'n bier durf afsteek nie. Want die perfek geklede patriotte en bose Nazi's drink net sjampanje. Gister se freedom fighters was nie cheapskates nie. Die enigste wapens van die struggle wat hier teëgekomp word is tegniese vaardigheid en Ingrid Bergman se glimlag. Casablanca is vanjaar vyftig jaar oud en steeds hou dit, ondanks, of danky, die twee kamerasposisies en wasige lense, 'n spesiale betowering vir rolprentliefhebbers in. Die draaiboek is amper soos dié van The Rocky Horror Picture Show - byna elke lyn is 'n comy one-liner wat jy saam met die akteurs hardop wil sê. Is al daai gliserientrane nie wonderlik nie? En daardie kamp toneelspelstyl wat Stanislawski toe later kom verniel het. Dis nie 'n grootse kunswerk soos Battleship Potemkin of Citizen Kane nie en tog word Casablanca in dieselfde asem genoem. Casablanca is niks meer as 'n verfilmde Mills & Boon-romanse nie, maar het, en sal altyd die regisseur Chris Pretorius en ander hopeless romantics eendolose begeesting verskaf.

### \*\*\*\*\* VOORTREFLIK

### \*\*\*\* STERK AANBEVEEL

### \*\*\* SIEN GERUS

### \*\* SO-SO

### \* VERMY

### ALIEN 3

Die vere maak nie die voël nie. Daarom het Sigourney Weaver al haar hare afgeskeer vir dié trip na 'n planeet vol luise. Sy's in elk geval 'n malfunctioning EEV. David Fincher maak sy debuut as regisseur en sy akteurs sê hy's 'n genie.

### THE MAMBO KINGS

A cast to die for - Armand Assante and Antonio Banderas play the dudes in the loud clothes. Based on Oscar Hijuelos' novel, the film concerns the adventures of two brothers from Havana who go to New York to do the mambo.

### STRAIGHT TALK

Dolly Parton doen die praatwerk, nogal teenoor James Woods, in dié Aspoesterjiekomedie oor 'n plattelandse dans-aftrigter wat Chicago toe gaan. Per abuis word sy aangestel as 'n sielkundige by 'n radiostasie.

### BEYOND THE STARS

Christian Slater wil 'n ruimtevaarder word, maar word geskors wanneer een van sy eksperimentele vuurpyle ontplof. Almal is spaced out in dié tienerprent oor die noodlot en Sharon Stone in al haar klere.

### \*\*\*\*\* TIME OF THE GYPSIES

This masterpiece is all the more poignant for the war raging in what was Yugoslavia when

Time of the Gypsies was made: Director Emir Kusturica was born in Sarajevo. Magical, though undeniably kitsch, epics of this kind only come along once in a lifetime. (Thankfully, some would say.) It chronicles the problems faced by tradition-bound gypsies and focuses particularly on the plight of the children and features astonishing performances by real gypsies who have never acted before. AV

### \*\*\*\*\* BARTON FINK

The Hollywood Dream spirals down the toilet bowl in a pitch black satire from the brilliant multiple-award-winning Coen Brothers. Barton Fink (John Turturro) - bright young scriptwriter and neo-natal nerd - hits his creative nemesis and his hyperbolic demise when he is whisked by some super-sweaty, super-greedy film factory execs from beginners writing brilliance on Broadway to nightmare survival strategies in La-La Land. Every cliché in the Hollywood motion picture book is pillaged, mimicked and exploited - in macroscopic close-up splendour - and then systematically demolished in bizarre baroquery that makes Charlie Chaplin seem positively subtle by comparison. It makes years of popcorn crunching in the dark well worth while. KATHY BERMAN

### \*\*\*\* FRIED GREEN TOMATOES

...At the Whistle Stop Café, America's Deep South has become a sort of bastion of women's rights in the eyes of Hollywood. Just think of The Color Purple, Ballad of the Sad Café and Rambling Rose, even Mississippi Burning. In retrospect the South is a very cute place, full of valiant individualists

who would have freed the slaves if it weren't for their evil macho husbands. And a place where there was lots of hanky panky among the girls - something which makes Hollywood's macho men extremely coy. Fried Green Tomatoes is another film which, like The Color Purple, entirely denies the lesbian relationship of its protagonists. It's nice enough, tells a charming story very well, waxes lyrical about self-esteem, self-determination and self-fulfillment. But the director, newcomer Jon Avnet, is guilty of the sin of omission and, no matter how talented he seems to be, shall not be forgiven for being such a wimp. AV

### \*\*\*\* FRITZ THE CAT

Skitterende klassieke animasie-prent wat die draak steek met die tydsgees van die Sixties. AV

### \*\*\*\* LA STAZIONE

'n Aangrypende komiese drama wat bewys dat jy nie bomme en motorjaagtogte nodig het om opwinding te skep nie. Italiaanse komedies kan baie laf wees. Dié een is nie. Dit handel oor Domenico, die stasiemeester op 'n klein dorps stasie in die suide van Italië, en bewaar die ewewig tussen komedie en drama. Sommige mense sou hom neuroties noem, maar Umberto Marino het 'n toneelstuk oor hom geskryf wat nou deur Sergio Rubini verfilm is. 'n Ontstigte vrou, Flavia, doen Domenico se stasie aan en daarna haar mal kêrel. 'n Emosionele avontuur volg wanneer Domenico en Flavia hulle in die donker stasie opsluit en begin gesels. AV

### \*\*\* THE INNER CIRCLE

Almal weet teen dié tyd dis die eerste prent wat in die Kremlin verfilm is. Die uitgeweke Russiese regisseur, Andrei Konchalovsky, het terug huis toe gegaan om dié verhaal te verfilm van die KGB se bioskoopmasjins, 'n gewone Rus met 'n vroultjie wat die eer aangedoen word om in die Kremlin te gaan werk en Stalin te ontmoet. Dis die verhaal van miljoene Russe se verafgoding van Stalin en die pyn en ontgeling wat daarop gevolg het. 'n Mens het so plek-plek ooreenkomste met Hendrik Verwoerd gesien. Die pas is somtyds net te stadig. MAX DU PREEZ

### \*\*\*\* SALMONBERRIES

'n Visueel strelende prent deur die regisseur van Bagdad Café - dit handel oor die soeke na oorsprong, eensaamheid, uitgewekenheid, die behoefte aan genesing van die pyn van die verlede. Percy Adlon is weer vol truuks en toer met kleur in dié aanvanklik onstellende vertelling van 'n vreemdsoortige verhouding tussen twee vroue - een is 'n optelkind en die ander is 'n vlugteling uit Oos-Duitsland. AV

### \*\*\* BASIC INSTINCT

It doesn't have much soul, but it gives great head. MOR POWELL

### \*\*\* MISSISSIPPI MASALA

Mira Nair's second film is a bit of a letdown after the moving Salaam Bombay! But that's no reason not to see this pungently sensual comedy set in the Indian-run motels of the American Deep South. When Mina falls for a black man, the narrow-minded Indian community is shocked and thus begins a Romeo & Juliet tale for these multi-cultural times. Nair is excellent at conjuring up the documentary details and textures of working-class life, but not as good at exploring the conventions of good narrative. Nevertheless, her aim is to criticise without harsh judgmentalism, the racism and xenophobia of her own people. This she does with much humour and sympathy. AV

### \*\* THE IVORY HUNTERS

IF it's magic and the Bergman pedigree you're looking for, don't do it with the Ivory Hunters. Sponsored by the National Audubon Society (read: Feel-Good-Ecological-Money) and the Turner Corporation (read:

Disney-in-documentary-drag), this attempt at message-media (Poach the Poachers) is inept.

Starring John Lithgow, Isabella Rossellini, and James Earl Jones, it was clearly an excuse for the National Audubon to go on safari.

Lithgow plays a novelist whose research assistant heads off to Africa to join Isabella, who is studying elephants with the Maasai. The assistant captures ivory poachers on film through her zoom lens and is dragged away forever.

After a couple derring-do moments soaring across the Kenyan mountains (Lithgow does Redford) we settle into a bad thriller in a vaguely exotic location, rambling on to its inevitable conclusion.

It's a wasted opportunity. The elephants are still being slaughtered. - KB

### SISTER ACT

You haven't made it in comedy until you've donned a nun's habit... illicitly. She's a wannabe singer who witnesses a murder and goes underground as a sister from another planet. Directed by Emile Ardolino who did Dirty Dancing and Three Men and a Little Lady. There is some hope, however: he won an Oscar and two Emmies for his documentary on New York dancer-choreographer Jacques d'Amboise, He Makes Me Feel Like Dancing.

### THE COMING OF AGE

A very French affair: a 14-year-old on the brink of manhood gets shipped out to lose his innocence in the rice paddies of Indochina... and finds first love. This is 1948 when wars were still supposed to be just. Directed by Gérard Corbiau.

### LETHAL WEAPON 3

Starts off rather limply, but about halfway through turns into a rip-roaring sendup of the genre. Lots of dangerous SFX and stunts. My favourite scene is the one where the sergeants compare scars.

### PAST MIDNIGHT

Vyftien jaar gelede het Ben Jordan (Rutger Hauer) met 'n kombuismes sy swanger vrou mikrogolf-bestand gemaak. Of het hy? Die saak word weer geopen en die sagmoede Ben knoop 'n vurige verhouding met sy maatskaplike werker (Natasha Richardson) aan. Dit is Jan Eliasberg se regie-debuut en dis 'n skaflike riller.

### ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN ARE DEAD

Tom Stoppard wrote the screenplay and directed the film based on his play - 23 years after it was first produced on the London stage. Marking his debut as director, Stoppard takes two marginal characters from Shakespeare's Hamlet, and places them at the centre of a comedy-drama. Variety said: "Stoppard is a genius with words... there's also a touch of Monty Python in the zaniness of the characters... Gary Oldman and Tim Roth are splendid... also giving a formidable performance is Richard Dreyfuss." It was shot in Yugoslavia and is on ONLY at the Baxter in Cape Town.

### NOISES OFF

Another British play comes to the screen, but this time critics are not happy with the adaptation. The Guardian's Derek Malcolm said it was not funny. Peter Bogdanovich adapted Michael Frayn's farce, transferred it to America and cast Michael Caine and Denholm Elliott.

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