

Cape Fear, 31

Vrye Weekblad

20 - 26 MAART 1992 R2,20 (BTW Ingestuit)

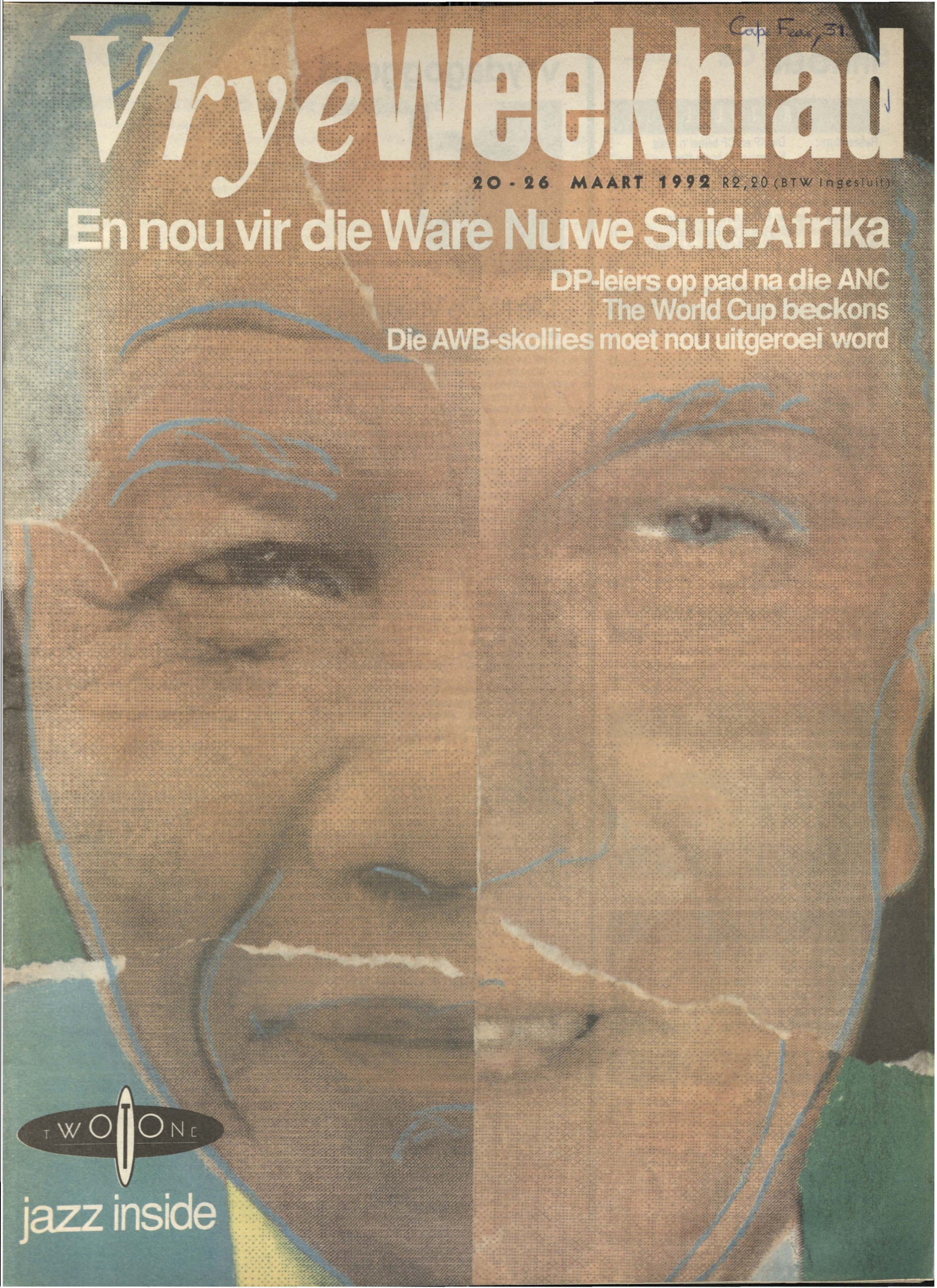
En nou vir die Ware Nuwe Suid-Afrika

DP-leiers op pad na die ANC
The World Cup beckons

Die AWB-skollies moet nou uitgeroei word



jazz inside



inhoud

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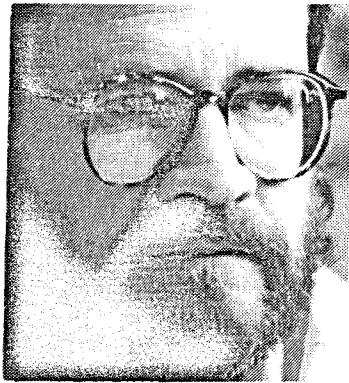
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Nº 167

Voorblad ontwerp deur Anton Sassenberg

vrydagoggend



MAX DU PREEZ

Die Nuwe Voortrekkers se Nuwe Bloedrivier

EK het Woensdagaand saam met 'n klomp mense die 68,7 persent sit en vier. Die een na die ander het vertel presies in watter lokaal en hoe laat hy/sy gaan stem het en hoe dit daar gelyk het - amper soos die Amerikaners se Waar ek was toe ek gehoor het Kennedy is dood.

Want dit is seker een van die mees spesiale oomblikke in ons geslag se lewens - in die taal van die ou dae, 'n Bloedrivier, 'n oorwinning oor die Magte van die Duisternis (soos dit toe gesien is).

Dit is omtrent uniek in die moderne wêreldgeskiedenis dat 'n ganse bevolkingsgroep vrywillig hul oorweldigende mag weggee. En dit is hopelik die één daad wat wit Suid-Afrikaners finaal van hul wêreldwye muishond-stigma sal genees.

Bowenaf, wit Suid-Afrikaners het vandag weer 'n hele klomp selfrespek terug. Afrikaans, Engels, Portugees, Griek of Jood - dié week se gebaar het meer as enigiets tevore gedoen om hulle Afrikane te maak.

Vir een goue oomblik was daar feesvieringe oor dieselfde politieke gebeurtenis in Brakpan en Soweto; in Bellville en Manenberg. Huisvrou en huishulp het saam voor die TV gesit en jubel; voorman en werker het saam duime in die lug gesteek. In Vrye Weekblad se kantoor was dit die swart kollegas wat heel voor teenaan die TV vasgemaak gesit het vir die uitslae; was dit hulle wat kort-kort 'n riel gedans het en die vonkelwyn gaan koop het.

Daar is 'n nuwe samehörigheid in ons land waarvan ons nou die meeste moet maak. Dié samehörigheid is nie net tussen wit en swart nie. Tydens die veldtog was dit duidelik dat daar 'n nuwe eensgesindheid is tussen die ouer en jonger geslagte; tussen die verskillende taal- en kultuurgroepe; tussen die verskillende politieke skakerings.

OU BREUKE IS OOK WEER GEHEEL Jong progressiewe Afrikaners wat hul rûe op apartheid gedraai en van hul ouers en familie vervreem geraak het, was weer aan dieselfde kant en het opgewonde die nuus van die oorwinning gedeel. Ou garde Nasionaliste het by dieselfde stembus gaan ja stem as mense wat jare lank as "kommuniste" en "terroriste" in die tronk gesit het - mense soos Ronnie Kasrils en Jeremy Cronin.

Staatspresident FW de Klerk was in die kol toe hy opgemerk het hoe gepas dit is dat dieselfde mense wat apartheid begin het, die Nasionale Party, ook amptelik dié mense was om dié boek uiteindelik toe te maak.

Nou kan die Nuwe Suid-Afrika werklik begin.

Kom ons almal gun onself 'n tyd sonder sinisme; 'n tyd waarin ons onbeskaamd kan feesvier en optimisties wees.

Die oomblik en die geleentheid is te groot en te kosbaar om te mors met kleinlike politieke opportuniste.

Selfs ons wat geharde opponente is van die Nasionale Party en die Staatspresident behoort vandag groot genoeg te wees om te sê, ten spyte van enige voorbehoude: FW de Klerk is die man van die oomblik. Sy oorwinningstoespraak voor Tuynhuis is een wat nog lank onthou sal word.

Die geskiedenis sal hom onthou as die man wat die regses gebreek en die fasciste ontman het; wat 'n strategiese showdown afgedwing én gewen het toe dit op sy noodsaaklikste was; wat sy mense in die Nuwe Suid-Afrika ingelei het.

FW DE KLERK MOET ná dié week seker 'n baie sterk kandidaat wees vir die Nobelprys vir Vrede. En dit sal my nie verbaas nie as sy nasionale populariteit nou baie na aan dié van Nelson Mandela is.

Vir witmense wat nog gewonder het oor die welwillendheid en geduld van ons swart landgenote, was daar 'n duidelike boodskap. Hulle - en hul politieke leiers - het merkwaardige begrip en deernis vir witmense se etniese probleme getoon. Dit alleen moet 'n mens geweldig baie hoop gee vir die toekoms.

Nou kan ons almal seker verwag dat die leierskap van die ANC binne enkele dae formeel gaan aankondig dat alle sanksies en boikotte gestaak behoort te word.

En ons moet almal bid dat die groot oorwinning nie die Nasionale Party se ou arrogansie gaan laat terugkeer en versterk nie.

Ons moet die pas nou versnel en afhandel wat ons weet voor ons lê. Soos 'n oorgangsregering teen die middel van die jaar.

Maar vir ons witmense, veral ons Afrikaanssprekendes, lê daar 'n ander taak ook voor. Ons moet die AWB-drek wat soos kakiebos oral in ons samelewing opslaan, nou begin uitroei.

Ek praat nie van die gewone KP- of HNP-ondersteuner of Volkstater nie. Ons moet hulle met deernis help om saam die pad van demokrasie te loop. (Ek hoop dié mense het nou ook hul les geleer met die AWB en sy Klipdrifbrigade en sal nie maklik weer met hulle assosieer nie.)

EK PRAAT VAN DIE DRONKGAT-UITVAAGSELS met hul kakieklere en swastika's en hul fallusse in holsters op hul heupe wat soos boewe mense boelie en dreig.

Ons was te lank te verdraagsaam met hulle. Hulle het onverstoord rondgepronk in die naam van Afrikaner-nasionalisme en (watter Godslastering!) Christelikheid. Ons wêet nou daar is net 'n paar duisend van hulle in 'n land met 38 miljoen mense. Hulle het geen reg in 'n beskaafde land met demokratiese norme om te doen wat hulle doen nie. Die Aquilas en Tequilas en Ystergardes met hul uniforms en hul balaklavas wat gewapen in die strate marsjeer, is 'n ernstige vorm van uitlokking en 'n bron van konflik.

Die regering sal ernstig daaraan moet dink aan die voor- en nadele daarvan om die AWB as organisasie te verbied. Maar dit sal veel beter wees as die gewone burgers self hulle kortvat. Moet hulle net nie duld nie; verdryf hulle uit elke vlak van ons samelewing.

Die AWB en sy karikatuur van 'n leier is 'n klad op die naam van dié taalgroep as wie se kampvegters hulle hulself beskou.

Die wêreld eindig nie by die Limpopo nie

L van der Merwe van Pretoria skryf:

Ina van der Linde se uitstekende artikel oor die "Storm oor Allah" (VWB 13 - 19 Maart) stem my tot 'n mengsel van woede en wanhoop.

Iemand het geskryf: "We have all these religions in the world, all claiming to be right. Since they cannot all be right, the chances are that they are all wrong."

Hoewel ek dié siening nie heeltemal onderskryf nie, vind ek dit pateties, bekommerenswaardig, arrogant en totaal irrelevant dat daar vandag nog mense is wat hul kosbare tyd verspil op vroe soos "Is Allah God?" ofte wel "my special and exclusive view of my God".

Mense, die wêreld eindig nie by die Limpopo nie. Suid-Afrika is nie uitsluitlik Christelik of Hervormd nie. Intendeel, die besondere weergawe van Christelikheid soos deur die drie "Susterkerke" (self 'n klad op die Afrikaanse psige) verkondig word, word grootliks deur die Afrikaanse jeug verwerp (kerkbywoning bewys dit), laat staan nog die ander inwoners van die land of selfs die lidmate van die "swart" en "bruin" kerke.

Word wakker, Rome brand en julle goedpraters van en mede-skuldiges aan Apartheid is nou weer besig om die Geloof van die Islam te verneder en hul aanhangers die harnas in te jaag.

Wie of wat is volgende? Julle het genoeg skade aan dié land en sy mense gedoen. Kry dus liever jul eie huis in orde. Repudieer die Broederbond as euwel en verbied veral jul ampsdraers om lede te wees, erken dat jul weergawe van die Christen-ideologie miniskul is gesien in wêreldterme, bieg oor jul deelname aan apartheid, skei geloof en politiek maar veral wees minder arrogant en egosentries.

Die "nuwe Suid-Afrika" belowe vryheid van geloof wat in my boek nie net presies dit beteken nie, maar ook vir 'n agnostikus of ateïs om 'n plekkie in die son te hê. Die werklikheid is egter dat die man in die straat nie werklik gelowig is nie en geen druk soos tans subtiel en minder subtiel deur die kerke, die onderwys, die SAUK en andere toegepas word, gaan dit verbeter of verander nie. Tel maar die kerkgangers op 'n Sondagmôre en vergelyk dit met die nie-kerkgangers.

Aanvaar dus dat 'n gespeel met woorde en die aankla van mede-broers (en Broeders) van kettery en die Vader weet wat nog, slegs kan getuig van die morele korruptheid van jul geloof.

Bierlustige ongeletterdes

Charmaln Theron van Bruma, Johannesburg skryf:

Hiep-hop-hoerê vir Botha W Kruger se stuning "Sulke mense" in VWB (6-12 Maart).

Koning Ek-is-so-rugged/cool/hip/tuff-ek-kan-vrek Rugby regeer inderbloeming-daad. G'n wonder dit gaan hier soos dit gaan nie. (Ons het mense met grysstof tussen die ore nodig, nie neandertallers met Moir's instant Rugby-pudding in die boonste verdieping nie.)

Maar, Botha my bra, jou ras-egte beskrywing van die spul onderdane van hierdie *tale jerk* van 'n regeerder het my dag net maak. Van ligdag tot middernag tot die kraai gaap het ek geil en gil en krul van absolute, onbevange, onverdunde plesier. Write it, brother!

Al stok innie lekkerkry: die trop rugbybalkoppe op wie dié .38 Magnum-woorde gemik is, léés nie. (Hulle is besig omnie channel te soek met die dag se game, bierkan nie te ver van die lippe af nie.)

Humorlose dwarses

Herman Lategan en Colette le Fèvre van Groenpunt skryf:

Dwarse suster van Stellenbosch se aanval op Nataniël se rubriek en die VWB in die 6-12 Maart uitgawe was verstormend. Sy begin deur te sê die Afrikaanssprekende deel van die witmense het klaarblyklik nog nie verloor om 'n lekker skinderstorie te geniet nie. So what! Skinderstories verskaf baie plesier en daar is talle groot mites, romans en toneelstukke wat hulle ontstaan aan goeie skinderstories te danke het. Lank lewe skinderstories! Die lewe sal darem donners boring wees daarsonder.

Maar dan sê sy sommer daarna dat die VWB 'n cheek het om Nataniël se sogenaamde diskriminerende bydrae oor stereotipiese lesbiërs en hul seks-gewoontes te publiseer. Here skattebol! Hoor ek die aaklige kettings van sensuur ratel?

Boonop trap jy in jou eie lokval. Daar word gereeld in gay kringe verwys na die deursnee lesbiër se gebrek aan 'n sin vir humor. Vat nou maar as voorbeeld daardie breëboud skrywer van die Noorde. Val jy ook in dié kategorie? Want deur jousef daarin

te plaas word jy ook 'n slagoffer van stereotipering.

Gays bid ook

AH de Swardten P Lourens van Bellville skryf:

Dit is met 'n dankbaarheid in die hart dat ons onlangs 'n artikel in *Die Huisgenoot* gelees het waarin genoem word dat hul lesers vir ons gays bid ten spyte van ons sondige natuur. Dit is goed om te weet daar is mense wat ons nie veroordeel nie.

Daarom voel ons ons geroepe om die heteroseksuele lesers van Suid-Afrika te laat weet dat ons wat gay is, ook vir hulle bid.

Ons besef nie aldag dat heteroseksuele met net soveel probleme as ons worstel nie - kyk maar vir Bles en Leonie en Marietjie.

Onswil dit graag aan heteroseksuele persone wat egbreuk begaan, oordra dat ons maar net te goed verstaan hoe moeilik dit is om die vleeslike drifte te beveg - al weet jy diep in jou hart dat dit teen die Here se wil indruis.

Die mens kan net 'n volkome vreugdevolle lewe lei indien hy die dinge van die vlees agterlaat. Ons besef heteroseksuele moet intiem verkeer ten einde die nageslag te laat voortbestaan, maar ons gaan op ons knieë dat hulle bo en behalwe die noodsaaklikheid van die natuur eindelijk die vreugde van onthouding van sulke aardse plesiere sal smaak, soos wat hulle gebede ook vir ons moontlik gemaak het.

Mag hulle nooit vergeet dat hulle ook in staat is tot wat van ons verwag word nie...

Protestants is goed

Gideon Strauss van Bloemfontein skryf:

In die 132e eerstejaarsvraestel vermoem 'n juffrou Aristoteles, Marx en Derrida onderskeidelik tot Metropolis, Marks en Dolores.

Ek hou toe maar eers op merk en kyk watter kettery dié week in VWB gepredik word.

In die briewekolom poog AGD van Potch die patriargie en protestantisme plettervat. (Klink soos 'n Pickfords-advertensie.) Terwyl ek wel 'n proto-patriarg is (ons eerste dogter is al amper 'n jaar oud), sal ek my hier beperk tot die protestantisme.

Dié is nie 'n massiewe apologetiese kontra-offensief nie. Eerder 'n uitnodiging tot werklike kommunikatiewe handeling, in Habermas se sin. Dorothy L Sayers het iemand eenmaal aangehaal wat gesê het "Any stigma will do to beat a dogma." Maar selfs dan moet 'n mens tog jou stigma aan die regte punt beet hê. Duidelik beskik AGD (soos me Vinassa) inderdaad nie oor genoegsame kennis van die protestantisme/calvinisme om 'n redelike, sinvolle oordeel te kan vel nie. Dit pynig my erg wanners AGD "ons" kultuur eng protestants noem. Was dit maar so! 'n Enger protestantisme het ons dalk gered van die pagan nasionaal-sosialisme wat ons so amper vernietig het.

Die tragiese mislukking van utopiese pogings in die 20e eeu om gelukkige mense in gelukkige gemeenskappe te weeg te bring deur óf politieke (à la Marx) óf terapeutiese (à la Freud) ingrepe dui op 'n diepliggende menslike probleem: 'n "sondige natuur" wat selfs die voëlvryste blommekind een of ander tyd sal laat struikel en aan skerwe spat. Soos die rymelaar sê: "...and all the King's horses, and all the King's men, couldn't put Humpty together again." Maar die Koning kan.

In wese beweer die protestantisme dat ons nie op 'n *Indiana Jones*-soektog na die heilige graal moet gaan nie. Die wondergom van genade is vrylik aan al ons Humpty Dumpties beskikbaar - die hemel is in my hart. Dié teologie van integrale bevryding sny deur geslag, ras en klas. Dit is die teologie wat die fundamente verskaf aan dié morele orde waarbinne die meeste reële vryheid, die grootste geregtigheid in die geskiedenis van die mensdom beskikbaar geword het - die demokratiese kapitalisme.

Die protestantsegeloof ontbloot die dieperliggende sin en samehang van ons gebroke werklikheid. Aan die einde van die tweede millennium is dit die enigste alternatief tot nihilisme en anargie.

"Nie alle konserwatiewes het dik kuite en 'n kam in die sokkie nie."

GAY DERBY-LEWIS, die vrou van die KP-LP, Clive Derby-Lewis.

"Tigers don't cry."

THOMAS MOTLHASEDI, Owner of the Boos Joint Tavern - the first shebeen owner in Ikageng (the township outside Potchefstroom) to be allowed to run a licensed tavern.

"I have the right to fire you. If I only had enough enmity left in me, I would. For the first time in this country's history, a cabinet tells its head: Go."

PW BOTHA during his last cabinet meeting to FW de Klerk.

"Ons sal hulle rev, my boetie. Ons sal hulle rev."

STAATSPRESIDENT FW DE KLERK In antwoord op die 11-jarige Rynard Marais van Middeburg se vraag of hy die referendum gaan wen.

"One day Saddam will wake up after a bad dream and decide to invade somebody. But this time I will be ready."

ABDULLAH ALI AHMED REASHED, a Bedouin shepherd in Kuwait, on why he keeps a generator-powered TV in his tent.

"The ANC sorted out Vlokkie. The true Afrikaner will sort you out... You will be sent to plant trees like general (Magnus) Malan, but in Siberia, not Knysna."

KP-ORGANISEERDER in Wellington tydens dr Ferdi Hartzenberg, adjunk-leier van die KP, se toespraak op dié dorp.

"Maar dit kon my nie keer nie. Ek het my voorgeneem dat nie reën of hael of 'n bloedige warm son my sal keer om my vriende by die stembus te kry nie."

'N SWANGER VROU VAN PINETOWN wat ondanks haar eerste kontrakies eers haar vriende na die stembus aangery het voordat sy geboorte gegee het.

het jy geweet

In Suid-Afrika sterf sowat 68 uit elke 1 000 babas wat gebore word. In die VSA sterf sowat 10 uit elke 1 000 babas. In Japan sterf die minste babas - 4 uit elke 1 000. Die aantal sterftes per 1 000 babas in Mosambiek is 137; in Botswana 39; in Zambië 76; in Zimbabwe 46; in Lesotho 96; in Kenia 68; in China 30; in Indië 95; in Israel 10; in Brittanje 9; in Frankryk 7; in Portugal 13.

In Suid-Afrika lewe mans gemiddeld 58 jaar en vroue 65 jaar. Die Japanners lewe baie langer - die mans 76 jaar en die vroue 82 jaar. Die mense in Mosambiek en Uganda lewe nie so lank nie - mans gemiddeld 47 jaar en vroue 50 jaar. In die VSA lewe mans gemiddeld 72 jaar en vroue 79 jaar. In Botswana lewe mans gemiddeld 65 jaar en vroue 69 jaar.

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Vrye Weekblad word gedruk deur Carlton Beperk, Kommandoweg, Industria. Vrye Weekblad kos R2,20 (BTW ingesluit) Dit kos R110 (BTW en aflewering ingesluit) om vir 'n jaar in te teken, en R40 (BTW ingesluit) vir ses maande. In Namibia, Swaziland, Lesotho en Botswana kos die tydskrif R2,20 plus verkoopbelasting. Tariewe vir buitelandse intekenare is by navraag by (011) 497 2911 beskikbaar. Probleme met verspreiding moet gerig word aan Louwrens Potgrieter of Irene Zulu by (011) 836 2151.

Wye wit woelinge ná groot Ja

DP-leiers op pad na ANC

Die referendum dié week met sy oorweldigende ja-stem van 68,7 persent vir voortgesette onderhandelinge het miskien die **Nasionale Party** versterk, maar die ander groot partye in die wit politiek, die **Konserwatiewe Party** en die **Demokratiese Party**, is in 'n ernstige krisis gedompel, skryf

HENNIE SERFONTEIN.

DIT was sonder twyfel die laaste eksklusiewe wit verkiesing in Suid-Afrika, 'n faktor wat bydra tot die vloeibaarheid in die wit politiek en veral binne die twee opposisie-partye in die wit Volksraad.

Dit maal en gons in albei partye sedert die uitslag. Klein groepies parlamentslede het die laaste paar dae en nagte bymekaarkom om die toekoms van hul partye, maar ook hul eie, te bespreek.

Gister (Donderdag) het die koususse van albei partye bymekaar gekom. Die referendum-uitslag, die pad vorentoe en hoe om te oorleef in die nuwe post-referendum politieke bedeling, is sake hoog op die agenda, ook in die weke vorentoe.

Dit onwaarskynlik dat iets drasties in die volgende dae binne die partye sal gebeur. Maar dit kan as 'n feit aanvaar word dat voor die einde van die huidige

parlamentsitting in Junie, sowel die DP as die KP heel anders daar sal uitsien.

Een of meer lede van die DP sal waarskynlik teen dié tyd al uit die party bedank het om by die ANC aan te sluit. Sommige kan selfs as 'n ANC-groep binne die parlement aanbly. Maar daar is aanduidings van enkeles - soos Peter Gastrow (Durban Sentraal) en Pierre Cronjé (Greytown), wat die driekamer-parlement as uitgedien en irrelevant beskou - dat hulle selfs uit die parlement kan bedank en gewone lede van die ANC word. Hulle en andere aanvaar dat alle werklike mag nou in Kodesa gesetel is.

Slegs 'n wonderwerk sal verhoed dat die KP nie in ten minste twee groepe skeur nie. Dit sal behels dat 'n klein groep van ses tot twaalf lede as 'n onafhanklike regse groep in die parlement sal sit. Dié groep is van plan om onmiddellik te begin met die



Colin Eglin

Pierre Cronjé

Peter Gastrow

propagering van 'n radikaal verkleinde Afrikanervolkstaat. (Sien berig hiernaas)

DIT IS IRONIES dat die DP 'n politieke slagoffer geword het van sy alliansie met die NP, waarsonder die suksesvolle uitslag beslis nie moontlik sou gewees het nie.

Die referendum het nie die nuwe woelinge in die DP veroorsaak nie. Maar dit het beslis die bestaanskrisis van die DP, veroorsaak deur Staatspresident FW de Klerk se 1990-toespraak, sterk na vore gebring.

"Dit sal nou die hele debat oor die toekoms, rol en plek van die DP in die politiek op die spits dryf. Sekere besluite óf deur die party self óf deur individue, veral kritiese linkse LP's, sal nie meer langer ontduik kan word nie," sê 'n senior DP-LP.

Hy verduidelik: "Die referendum en sigbare nuwe samewerking met die NP het ons in sekere sin van ons onafhanklike bestaansreg ontnem. In die oë van die meeste wit kiesers het die DP ook nie meer 'n aparte identiteit nie, al is dit waar dat die NP feitlik holus bolus ons beleid en filosofie net so oorgeneem het.

"Vorentoe, met verkiesings vir 'n tussentydse parlement binne die volgende jaar feitlik 'n sekerheid, sal bang wit kiesers eerder die NP ondersteun omdat hulle meen dat hul meer mag het om hul belange teen die ANC te beskerm as ons."

VWB VERNEEM DAT daar oor 'n breë spektrum, en nie net onder die linkervleuel nie, sterk kritiek en onhuising is oor die nuwe samewerking tussen Zach de Beer, die leier van die DP, en die NP - iets wat blykbaar nie op leiersvlak uitgeklaar is nie.

en chaos na die uitslag van die referendum hoop hulle om meer steun te wen.

Maar sou dit misluk, is hulle bereid om die KP-leierskap uit te daag en indien nodig as 'n aparte groep in die parlement te sit.

Dié groep besef as hulle 'n rol in die

Na bewering het die hoogs gerespekteerde Colin Eglin - self 'n oud-leier - op 'n leierskomitee-vergadering vir De Beer gekritiseer omdat hy saam met De Klerk op 'n platform in Kaapstad in die eerste dae van die referendum verskyn het. Daar was ook ontevredenheid omdat Dennis Worrall (Durban-Berea) en Robin Carlisle (Wynberg) vergaderings saam met David Graaff, *adjunk-minister van die NP*, toegesprek het.

Dié twee byeenkomste word in 'n ander lig gesien as die gesamentlike vergadering van Pik Botha en Zach de Beer verlede Maandag in die Johannesburgse Stadsaal omdat vooraanstaande sport-, kerk-, teater- en gemeenskapsleiers almal op die verhoog was.

Blykbaar is dit nie net die gewone "linkse" groep soos Gastrow, Cronjé, Jan van Eck (Claremont), Dave Dalling (Sandton) en Jannie Momberg (Simonstad) wat aansluiting by die ANC as uiteindelik die enigste logiese stap sien nie. Daar is ook andere van die sogenaamde midde-groep wat begin besef dat daar ná die referendum eintlik geen politieke staanplek is tussen die ANC en die NP nie, en dat die DP nie langer kunsmatig kan voortgaan nie.

Vir die gedagte van die omstrede Tony Leon (Houghton) dat die DP as 'n waghond van liberalisme moet bly voortbestaan, is daar blykbaar nie veel steun nie.

Een interessante aspek van die huidige DP-krisis is dat dit ontstaan is van veel van die felheid en bitterheid van konfrontasies in die onlangse verlede. Soos een LP dit stel: "Die meeste aanvaar, tot watter vleuel hulle ookal behoort, dat die DP aan die einde van sy pad gekom het."

onderhandelingsproses wil speel, hulle vinnig sal moet optree as hulle nog insette by Kodesa wil lewer. Dit beteken dat aksie van hulle in 'n kwessie van weke, indien nie dae nie, verwag kan word, aangesien Kodesa die meeste van sy werksaamhede teen Junie sal afhandel.

Die lang messe is uit in die KP



Koos van der Merwe

Die lang messe is uitgehaal in die kousus van die Konserwatiewe Party, en slegs 'n wonderwerk kan verhoed dat dié party nie in ten minste twee groepe skeur nie.

Dit kan behels dat 'n klein groep van ses tot twaalf lede as 'n onafhanklike regse groep in die parlement gaan sit.

Hoewel nie sterk in getalle nie, het die sogenaamde "nuwe regsies" of verligte KP's van Koos van der Merwe (Overvaal) en Cehille Pienaar (Heilbron) nou bloed geruik ná die rampspoedige referendum-uitslag vir die KP.

Dié groep is van plan om dadelik te begin met die propagering van 'n radikaal verkleinde Afrikanervolkstaat, die opstel van 'n konkrete voorstel oor wáár dit geleë sal wees, en om te verkondig dat dit slegs by wyse van onderhandelinge bereik kan word. Verder aanvaar die groep, in terme van politieke realisme, Kodesa as die enigste werklike onderhandelingsforum wat nie weggewens kan word nie.

Die groep is reeds sedert die klug rondom die besluit van die KP-leierskap oor deelname aldan nie aan die referendum,

stert in die lug. Dit was die KP-kousus, ná uitbarstings deur Koos van der Merwe, wat die besluit van die leiers omver gegooi het met die besluitlose Andries Treurnicht wat op die laaste oomblik die ontevrede Van der Merwe-kamp ondersteun het.

Voeg daarby die rampspoedige besluit van die KP-leierskap om 'n alliansie met die HNP - wat effektief nie meer bestaan nie - en met Eugene Terre'Blanche en sy neo-nazi's van die AWB, aan te gaan.

'n Vooraanstaande KP-lid het voor stemdag aan VWB gesê: "Daardie besluit om met sulke boewe saam te werk kan ons die referendum kos. Ter wille van slegs 'n paar duisend ekstremiste het ons daardeur die potensieële ondersteuning van 200 000 gegriefde Nasionaliste en Engelse verloor."

Van der Merwe en Pienaar het in die referendum-veldtog openlik die KP-leierskap getreiter en gesê en gedoen wat hul wou. Tot ontsteltenis van die verkrampte kamp van die onderleier, Ferdi Hartzenberg (Lichtenburg), het dié twee openlik 'n kleiner tuisland bepleit, onderhandelinge voorgestaan en kategories beweer die KP sal nooit weer apartheid herinstel nie - iets waarvoor Treurnicht hulle gerepudieer het.

VWB VERSTAAN DAT VAN der Merwe en sommige van sy ondersteuners besluit het om met dié konfrontasie-pad voort te gaan en om hul standpunte openlik binne en buite die parlement te verkondig.

Hul eerste mikpunt is om binne die kousus te probeer om die meerderheid tot hul realisties-pragmatiese standpunte oor te haal. In die lig van die verwarring

Kodesa-ratte begin draai na die weghol-ja

Na die wegholoorwinning van die ja-stem in dié week se referendum, is 'n oorgangskabinet, saamgestel uit Kodesa, binnekort ons voorland. Die volgende verkiesing in Suid-Afrika sal waarskynlik die eerste nie-rassige een-mens-een-stem verkiesing vir die verteenwoordigers van dié oorgangsregering wees, sê HENNIE SERFONTEIN



(Foto: AP)

DAAR is nou niks meer wat die instelling van 'n tussentydse gesag teen Augustus vanjaar - as die eerste stap tot die instelling van 'n volle oorgangsregering volgende jaar - kan keer nie.

Meer as twee derdes van die wit kiesers het nou hul volle steun toegesê aan die huidige onderhandelingsproses soos vergestalt in Kodesa.

Die 68,7 persent ja-stem kan 'n positiewe domino-effek op Suid-Afrika se nasionale lewe hê. Die gevoel van nasionale welwillendheid tussen wit en swart kan vrede help bring en die onderhandelinge gladder laat verloop. En dit kan weer lei tot groter vertroue in die land en sy toekoms - ook in die buiteland - wat 'n goeie inspuiting vir die ekonomie kan beteken. 'n Oplewing in die ekonomie kan weer help om binnelandse vrede en voorspoed te stimuleer.

Politieke waarnemers het dié week verskil daaroor of De Klerk ná die groot oorwinning in 'n sterker of swakker onderhandelingsposisie is. Nasionaliste self glo dié posisie het nie juis verander nie, hoewel De Klerk en sy span nou met heelwat meer selfvertroue sal onderhandel en minder senuagtig hoef te wees oor regse reaksies.

Staatspresident FW de Klerk het dit in sy uitsprake tydens, maar veral ná die uitslag, baie duidelik gemaak dat daar nie wêér 'n afsonderlike blanke verkiesing of referendum sal wees nie, want met dié uitslag het De Klerk ook 'n mandaat van die blanke kiesers dat die NP kan voortgaan om die party se grondwetlike voorstelle aan Kodesa voor te lê.

Die volgende verkiesing in Suid-Afrika sal waarskynlik die eerste nie-rassige een-mens-een-stem telling van koppe wees, wanneer daar volgende jaar vir verteenwoordigers vir 'n nuwe parlement

gestem mag word.

Met die referendum agter die rug, is alle aandag nou op die gebeure by Kodesa gevestig. Want die enigste rol wat die driekamer-parlement nog sal speel, is om die "konsensus"-ooreenkomste of-besluite van Kodesa formeel te bekragtig en in wetgewing om te sit.

In die volgende vyf weke sal die vyf werkgroepe van Kodesa oortyd werk om voldoende vordering aan Kodesa 2 teen die einde van April te kan rapporteer.

'n Kodesa 3 teen die begin van Junie om die opdrigte te finaliseer, is steeds 'n moontlikheid.

Oor 'n oorgangsregering het Werkgroep 3 reeds 'n beginselbesluit geneem wat in weseneer kom op 'n "konvergensie" tussen die ANC en die NP se voorstelle.

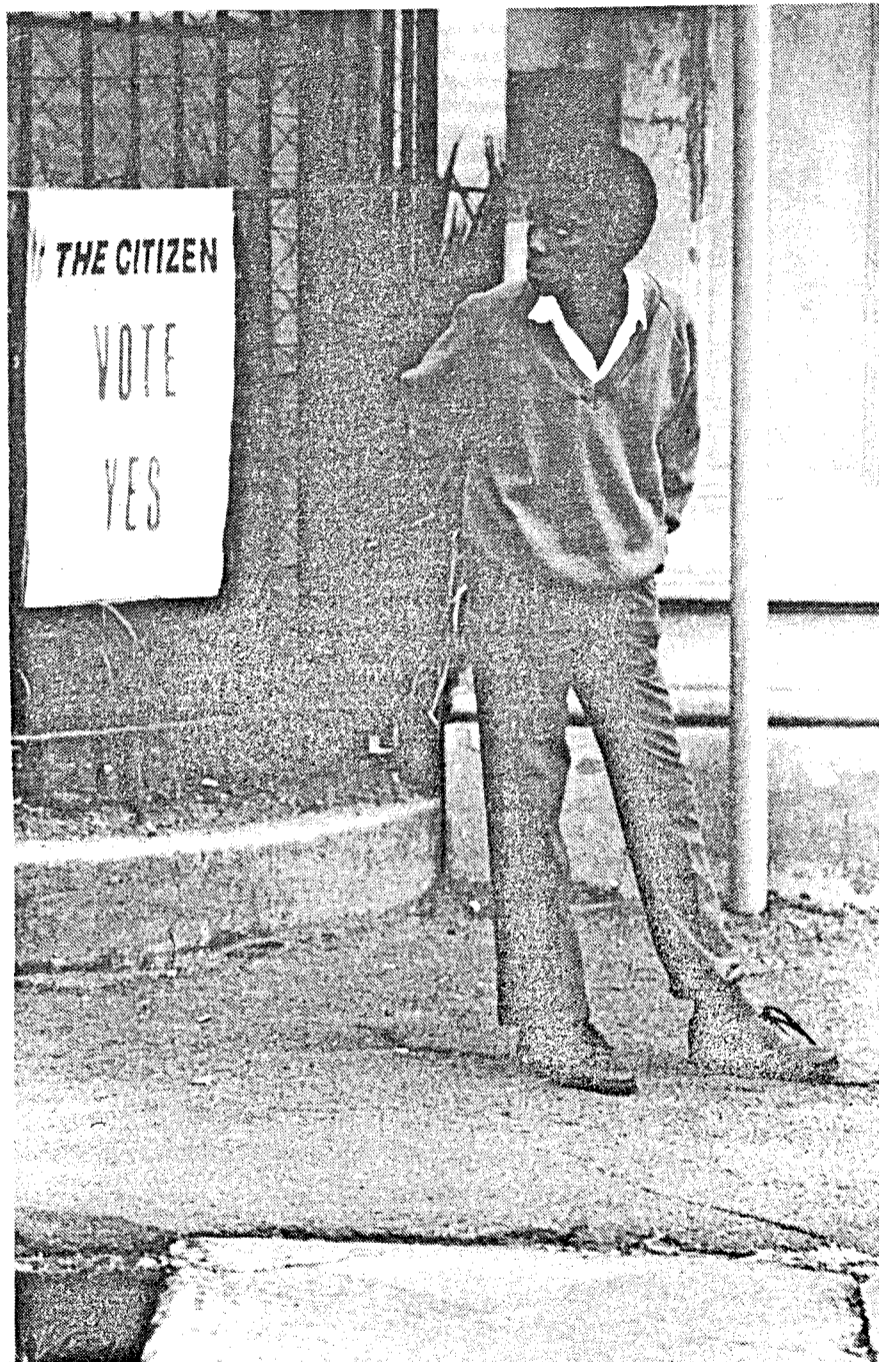
Daarvolgens sal Kodesa 'n uitvoerende oorgangstruktuur skep en die mense wat daarin sal dien, sal deur Kodesa aangestel word: 'n oorgangskabinet dus.

Waaroor Werkgroep 3 nog moet besluit, is hóé die uitvoerende oorgangstruktuur saamgestel sal word, wat sy magte sal wees, en wie daarin sal dien.

In dié stadium is die haakplek nog dat die ANC slegs beperkte bevoegdhede aan so 'n oorgangskabinet wil toeken. Maar die NP dring daarop aan dat dit alle regeringsbevoegdhede en verantwoordelikhede oor álle sake moet oorneem.

DIE NP WOU AANVANKLIK slegs die huidige kabinet vergroot of aanpas, iets wat vir die ANC heeltemal onaanvaarbaar is en as "koöpsie" verwerp word.

Wat ook al deur Kodesa met konsensus ooreengekom word, sal die parlement die wetgewing daarvoor moet opstel en outomaties aanvaar as so 'n oorgangsregering die bestaande grondwet sou aantast. Daarom word die Kodesa-besluit



(Foto: PAUL WEINBERG - Southlight)

in dié verband reeds teen einde April, maar nie later nie as einde Mei, verwag sodat die huidige parlement dit nog kan wettig.

Werkgroep 2 het reeds belangrike besluite oor breë grondwetlike beginsels geneem. Dit sluit in die kwessies van streeksregerings met uitgebreide magte en dat minderheidsregte beskerm moet word. Die spesifieke magte van die streeksregerings sal deur 'n latere grondwetgewende komitee bespreek word. Maar wat minderheidsregte betref, moet Werkgroep 2 nog besluit oor wat dit behels en hoe dit beskerm moet word.

Werkgroep 4, wat worstel met die turksvy-onderwerp van die toekoms van

die TBVC-lande, kan miskien die spoedige instelling van 'n oorgangskabinet teen so gou as Junie verlaag. Want die ANC dring daarop aan dat dié oorgangskabinet ook beheer oor die TBVC-lande moet verkry, iets wat veral kwaai teengestaan word deur Bophuthatswana, wat egter grotendeels geïsoleerd staan.

Daarom is dit ook waarskynlik dat die stelsel van selfregerende en onafhanklike tuislande - eens die hoeksteen van Verwoerd-apartheid en tans KP-beleid - waarskynlik so vroeg as die tweede helfte van die jaar nie meer kan bestaan as aparte politieke entiteite nie.

die referendum

as teater van die absurde



Dis met groot verligting dat die aaklige gevare van 'n Nee-meerderheid met soveel beslistheid voorkom is, skryf **SAMPIE TERREBLANCHE**. Maar terwyl die vreugdevure hoog brand, moet ons nie ons sin vir verhoudings verloor nie en ook nie van die harde werklikhede in Suid-Afrika vergeet nie.

Dit is waar dat die NP 'n klinkende oorwinning behaal het. Dit is egter in 'n groter mate waar dat die KP en sy vennote 'n verpletterende nederlaag gely het. Die Ja-stem was waarskynlik eerder 'n Nee-stem vir Dr No se Nee-houding as wat dit 'n onvoorwaardelike Ja-stem vir die NP se grondwetlike voorstelle was. Neem 'n mens in ag dat die referendum 'n onderonsie tussen wittes was en dat die wittes net 14 persent van die potensieële kieserskorps uitmaak, dan besef jy dat die referendum deur 'n aura van onwerklikheid omring word.

Voordat die blankes in die slaggat beland om te glo dat hul stemme tog belangrik is, én belangrijker gaan bly as dié van ander kiesers, moet ons daarvoor pleit dat daar beslis nie weer 'n wit referendum sal wees nie en nog minder 'n wit verkiesing. Oordrewe wit euforie met wit oorwinning kan die aandag aftrek van besorgdheid met swart onreg.

Kyk mens krities na al die mooi klinkende maar onhaalbare beloftes wat deur sowel die Nee-mense as die Ja-mense aan die blanke kiesers gemaak is, besef jy dat die referendum niks anders was nie as 'n stuk absurde teater oor die handhawing van blanke selfbeskikking.

Die teater het sy "profetiese" oomblik gehad toe Staatspresident FW De Klerk op TV beweer het dat Suid-Afrikaners nie op pad na die land Kaanan is nie, maar reeds in Kaanan woon. Wat het die 10 miljoen

plakkers en die droogte-geteisterde boere van dié oordrewe bewering gedink? As ons al in Kaanan woon, waarom wil ons dan die moeisame tog na 'n demokratiese en post-apartheid Suid-Afrika onderneem? De Klerk het weer nie die kans benut om die blankes op te voed oor die sware offerings wat hulle ter wille van 'n beter Suid-Afrika sal moet maak nie.

DIE REFERENDUM-TEATER het baie komiese oomblikke gehad vir diegene met 'n goeie politieke geheue. Mens het verwonderd op TV gekyk met hoeveel finesse en emosionele oorgawe die KP belangrike aspekte van die NP se beleid in die 1981, 1987 en 1989 verkiesings vir homself opgeëis het. Jy het verbaas gekyk hoe die NP groot dele van die DP se beleid van 1989 as die enigste redding vir Suid-Afrika aan die kiesers voorhou.

Dit is voorwaar jammer dr Zach de Beer het hom so op sleeptou laat neem deur De Klerk. Daarmee het hy die DP die kans ontnem om met 'n realistiese alternatief na vore te kom wat in die naaste toekoms deur die NP nagevolg kon word - veral wanneer die bankrotskap van sy "magsdeling sonder oorheersing" volledig aan die kaak gestel is. Dis jammer die DP kon nie met 'n perspektief na vore kom wat die eng parameters van blanke seksionele belange - wat die referendum oorheers het - kon deurbreek nie.

Die mees absurde aspek van die absurde

teater was die regse groeperinge se volharding met die idee dat geografiese grenslyne op die landkaart getrek kan word om 'n lewensvatbare wit volkstaat te "skep" waar die blankes hul mag en soewereiniteit sal kan bly handhaaf. Mens is verleë en skaam dat so 'n hoë persentasie van mede-Afrikaners so irrasioneel kan wees en hulle so kan laat mislei deur hul heil in sulke vergesogte ideologiese ontvlugting te soek. Dat die regse groeperinge nie bereid is om aan Kodesa deel te neem nie, het hulle blykbaar baie duur te staan gekom. Net so was die KP se aanvaarding van die AWB as vennoot 'n groot flater.

DIE BELANGRIKSTE aspek van die referendum-teater was waarskynlik die onhaalbaarheid van die baie beloftes waarmee De Klerk sy weghoorwinning "gekoop" het. In die maande en jare van harde onderhandeling wat voorlê, gaan hy hom waarskynlik nog bitter berou oor dié uiters onhaalbare beloftes.

Terwyl die regses wit selfbeskikking wil waarborg deur geografiese "lyne" te trek, het De Klerk belowe dat hy met 'n "magsdeling-formule" 'n grondwetlike "lyn" sal trek wat wit selfbeskikking sal beveilig. Hy het vasgestaan daarby dat hy nie daardie "bottomlines" sal prysgee wat nodig is om die blankes teen welke vorm van oorheersing ookal te beskerm nie.

Hy het volhard met sy beloftes oor 'n

grondwet wat sal keer dat enige groep of enige party ooit in die posisie sal wees om die blankes te domineer! Sondagaand het hy selfs op TV gesê blanke selfbeskikking is na sy mening heeltemal versoenbaar met magsdeling! Dit is mooi woorde wat 68,7 persent van die blankes met instemming bejeën het. Maar dit is mos totaal onhaalbaar!

'n Deurlopende tema van De Klerk se toesprake en die NP se verkiesings-propaganda was dat die NP daarin geslaag het om die ANC in die onderhandeling tot dusver ore aan te sit oor elke omstrede aangeleentheid. Met dié bravade het die NP beslis vir hom 'n kats in die pekel gelê, want die ANC gaan dié aanspraak seker nie gelate aanvaar nie. Boonop het De Klerk strykdeur die indruk gewek dat hy sal voortgaan om sy sin by Kodesa te kry en dat hy sy wil volledig op die nuwe grondwet sal afdruk. In byna elke toespraak het hy gesê dat 'n Ja-stem 'n Ja vir die NP se grondwetlike voorstelle is en dat hy hom in geval van 'n groot Ja-stem aan dié voorstelle "gebonde" sal ag.

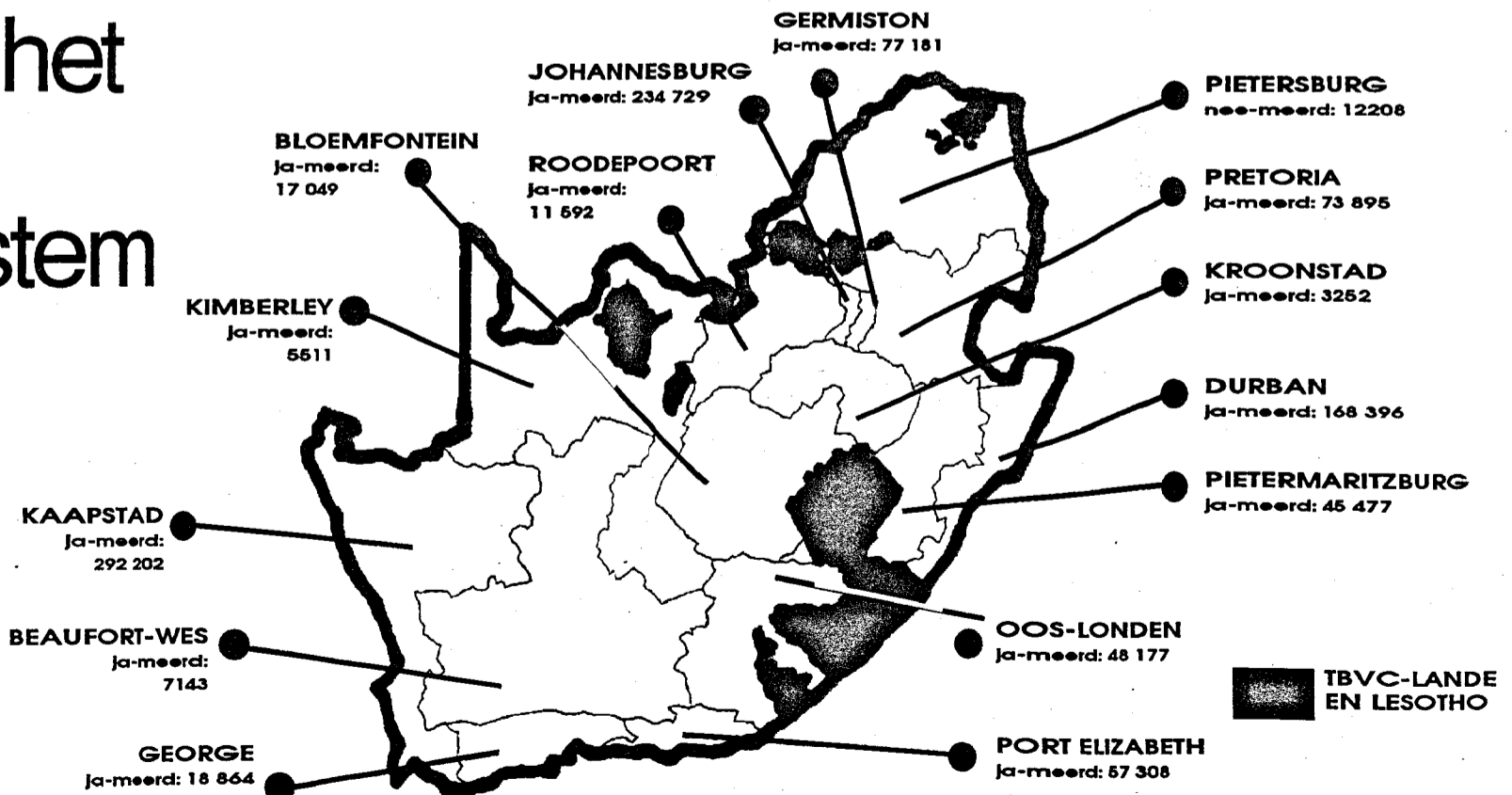
EEN DING STAAN soos 'n paal bo water: die NP se grondwetlike voorstelle kan nie die toekomstige grondwet van Suid-Afrika wees nie en behoort dit ook nie te wees nie. As De Klerk hardnekkig by die voorstelle vasskop, sal dit 'n langdurige skaakmat by Kodesa skep. Aanvaar Kodesa dié NP-voorstelle, sal dit die toekomstige regering van Suid-Afrika in 'n ewigdurende skaakmat dompel. Pleks van De Klerk se wen-wen scenario, het ons dan 'n verloor-verloor scenario.

Maar gelukkig het Kodesa al sy eie momentum opgebou en selfs De Klerk kan dit nie stuit nie - sy 68,7 persent mandaat ten spyte. Miskien moet mens nie te nougeset let op die ware betekenis van die woorde wat hy in sy verkiesingsretoriek gebruik het nie. Suid-Afrika se pad van apartheid na demokrasie is waarskynlik nie 'n reguit pad nie, maar 'n pad wat met allerhande zig-zags deur donker valleie loop. Mens moet waarskynlik daarbyberus dat woorde nie rondom elke tweede "zig" en elke "zag" dieselfde betekenis gaan behou nie.

Nietemin sal ons De Klerk aan die betekenis van woorde moet bly herinner, anders sal ons nie 'n demokratiese tradisie kan bou nie.

(Sample Terblanche is professor in Ekonomie aan die Universiteit van Stellenbosch)

So het SA gestem



Die 'laaste apartheidsbegroting', maar darem

Die begroting wat Barend du Plessis, minister van Finansies, vandeeweek vir die boekjaar 1992/93 aangekondig het, het 'n hele entwegbeweeg van die begunstiging van die rykes soos in vorige jare, meen sommige kenners - maar nie ver genoeg nie, sê die ANC en Cosatu, wat dit as "die laaste apartheidsbegroting" bestempel.

CHRISTELLE TERREBLANCHE doen verslag

Barend du Plessis



Die begroting is baie minder omstrede as verlede jaar, word gesê

'N HALFUUR nadat Staatspresident FW de Klerk gister apartheid dood verklaar het, het Barend du Plessis 'n begroting ingedien waarin pensioene vir verskillende bevolkingsgroepe nog heelwat verskil.

Prof Pieter le Roux van die Sentrum vir Ontwikkelingstudies aan die Universiteit van Wes-Kaapland (UWK) sê daar is sy insiens geen rede waarom dit nie vanjaar gelykgestel kon word nie. Hy meen die belastingtoegewings op private pensioene kon 'n bietjie minder gewees het om die geld vir gelykberegtiging in pensioene te bekom.

Daar is wel in die rigting van pariteit beweeg en 'n belofte is gemaak dat gelykstelling moontlik later vanjaar kan plaasvind.

Dié kwessie sal na verwagting een van die ANC/SAKP/Cosatu-alliansie se belangrikste oorwegings in massa-optrede en selfs landwyse stakings wees, as die regering nie binnekort toegee aan hul eis vir 'n Ekonomiese Onderhandelingsforum om voortgesette ekonomiese strukturering en besteding aan 'n breë front te onderhandel nie.

Die alliansie het gister skerp gereageer op die begroting en veral die gebrek aan oorlegpleging deur die minister gekritiseer. "Die minister het bedrae aan maatskaplike dienste, behuising en onderwys toegestaan, maar nie gespesifiseer hóé die geld gebruik gaan word nie," sê Jay Naidoo, sekretaris-generaal van Cosatu in 'n verklaring. "Te oordeel na sy rekord van die verlede glo ons nie die allokasie sal doeltreffend bestee word, of op 'n wyse waardeur diskriminasie verwyder en kritieke kwessies aangespreek sal word nie."

Ander kwessies waaroor die alliansie dringend wil onderhandel, is 'n doeltreffende program om armoede te verlig, die verwydering van BTW op basiese voedselsoorte, elektrisiteit, water, medisyne en mediese dienste, en 'n vermindering van voedselpryse.

SOMMIGE EKONOME IS egter verbaas oor hoe ver die minister beweeg het in die rigting van sosiale besteding vir die armes en weg van 'n begroting waarin net die rykes begunstig word, soos vorige jare.

Prof Ben Smit van die Universiteit van Stellenbosch meen die ANCKan min kritiek teen die begroting inbring en dat die teenkanting "suiver politiek" gegrond is. "Die toename in die begroting vir gesondheid, onderwys en die polisie het my verwagtinge oortref," sê Smit.

Soos die meeste ander ekonome meen hy dit sou nie wenslik wees om toe te gee aan die oproep vir 'n zero-heffing op sekere voedselsoorte nie, omdat dit die belastingstelsel te veel sou kompliseer.

Le Roux sê die argument om die BTW-opbrengs vir noodleniging-uitdeling te gebruik, kan natuurlik deur die regering vir politieke gewin uitgebuit word en dat dit om dié rede so skerp deur die ANC aangeval is.

Smit is egter besorg daaroor dat die sosiale besteding wat wel aangekondig is, gegrond is op 'n oorskatting van die inkomste voorlenings, hoewel 'n tekort op 'n tydelike grondslag nie noodwendig 'n probleem hoef te wees nie.

Oor die algemeen word gesê dat die begroting baie minder omstrede is as verlede jaar, toe die begroting-afskuiwing van groot maatskappye ernstig kritiek uitgelok het. "Ek stem saam dat dit 'n 'begroting in afwagting' is, en glo dat die minister die beste moontlik gedoen het gegewe die geweldige ekonomiese en politieke beperkings waarmee hy rekening moes hou," sê Smit.

Tog beklemtoon verskeie sosio-ekonomiese kenners dat indien dit die laaste apartheidsbegroting is, volgende jaar se begroting aansienlik anders daar sal uitsien. Die eis wat onderwys, gesondheid en pensioene betref, is uiters groot en onderstreep die noodsaaklikheid van grondwetlike hervorming, word aan 'n breë front gesê.

Anargie neem toe in townships

DIE bloedige geweldpleging in die townships word al meer die gevolg van anargie en bende-optrede eerder as 'n politieke konflik tussen Inkatha en die ANC, meen menseregte-prokureurs en gemeenskapsleiers.

Die polisie meen egter dat die politieke konflik steeds aan die wortel van die geweld lê, en sê ook 'n deel van die rede vir die onlangse oplewing in die geweld was swart frustrasie met die wit referendum.

Ongeveer 320 mense is die afgelope maand - sedert die aankondiging van die referendum - in politiek-vernante geweld in Suid-Afrika dood en byna 300 beseer.

Die geweld het hoofsaaklik in townships aan die Rand en Soweto plaasgevind, maar voorvalle is ook in Natal en Kaapstad aangemeld.

Sedert Dinsdag is meer as 14 mense in treinaanvalle en township-geweld dood en verskeie mense is verwond. Die meeste van dié slagoffers van die geweld is doodgesteek en toe van bewegende treine gegooi.

Die township wat die meeste deur die huidige vlaag van geweldpleging getref is, is Katlehong. 'n Polisiewoordvoerder het aan VWB gesê dat gemeenskapstrukture én politieke strukture in Katlehong (naby Germiston) die afgelope paar maande "heeltemal omvergegooi is deur die PAC wat al hoe sterker in dié township word".

Die PAC-tak in Katlehong het verlede jaar geskeur nadat verskeie ontstaan het oor die PAC se betrokkenheid by die Patriotiese Front. 'n Groep PAC-lede het gemeen hul deelname aan die PF sou die organisasie dwing om kompromieë met die regering aan te gaan. 'n Skeuring het, volgens VWB se bronne, aanleiding gegee tot die stigting van die "Watchdogs of the Revolution" wat 'n ekstreemistiese linkse groep is wat ook, volgens 'n polisiewoordvoerder, verbind word aan die verskeie aanvalle en moorde op polisiemanne die afgelope paar maande.

'n Polisie-woordvoerder het dié week gesê: "Politieke partye móét beheer oor hul lede neem. Die polisie glo nie dat al die geweld wat die afgelope paar weke weer opgevlam het, sommeer net jeugdige of veglustige bendes is wat mense voor die voet doodmaak nie. Ons het steeds genoeg getuienis om te glo dat die verskillende politieke partye agter die geweld sit." Hy het egter gesê hy glo nie die leierskap van die ANC of Inkatha wakker die geweld aan nie, maar dat die geweld "steeds binne die strukture van die organisasie beplan en uitgevoer word".

- PEARLIE JOUBERT

Brandstigting, of net 'n ongeluk?

DIE Projek vir die Minderbevoorregte Jeug van Suid-Afrika en Regslui vir Menseregte sê hulle het "duidelike getuienis" dat die polisie besig is met 'n "toesmeerder" oor die brand wat verlede week in Pretoria die lewens van sewe jong swartmense geëis het.

Veiligheidswaite van die nabygeleë winkelsentrum sê hulle het drie naakte witmans sien weghardloop ongeveer twee uur voordat die gebou aan die brand geslaan het.

Die SAUK het ook verlede Donderdag herhaaldelik in radio-berigte gesê daar is getuienis van brandstigting by die Elim-kerkgebou, en het ook vertel van ooggetuies wat dié witmans sien weghardloop het.

Die polisie het egter later gesê daar is geen getuienis van brandstigting nie.

Die kerk is saans gebruik om aan straatkinderdood te gee. Twaalf van hulle is in die brand beseer. - PEARLIE JOUBERT

Dié doodsvonnis kan Maritz en Martin beskerm

Ná 'n hofuitspraak vandeeweek waarin 'n ver-regse gewelddenaar ter dood veroordeel is, kan Suid-Afrika waarskynlik vergeet van die uitlewering van die voorvluggende Adrian Maritz en Henry Martin, wat albei in Brittanje skuil. Britse wetgewing verbied die uitlewering van voortvlugtendes in gevalle waar hul moontlik die doodstraf kan kry. **JACQUES PAUW** doen verslag

DIE doodstraf wat die Boere-terroris Lood van Schalkwyk gister in die Pretoriase Hooggeregshof opgelê is vir sy ver-regse en heilige "oorlogstryd" teen die ANC gaan waarskynlik veroorsaak dat sy twee ver-regse makkers, Adrian Maritz en Henry Martin, nie deur Brittanje aan Suid-Afrika uitgelewer mag word nie.

Volgens Britse wetgewing kan vermeende misdadigers wat in Brittanje skuil, nie aan ander lande uitgelewer word nie indien daar 'n werklike vermoede of moontlikheid bestaan dat hul die doodstraf opgelê gaan word of indien hulle gesoek word weens politieke misdade.

Van Schalkwyk is tot 'n verdere 22 jaar tronkstraf gevonnis op twee aanklagte van poging tot moord en twee aanklagte van opsetlike saakbeskadiging.

Martin en Maritz, wat op dieselfde aanklagte as Van Schalkwyk teregstaan - moord, poging tot moord en opsetlike saakbeskadiging - het in Oktober verlede jaar gevlug na Brittanje, waar hulle sedertdien skuil. Martin is 'n Britse burger, terwyl Maritz met 'n Britse burger getroud is.

Suid-Afrika het reeds met die Britse owerheid begin onderhandel oor die moontlike uitlewering van Martin en Maritz. Vandeeweek se vonnis kan egter hul uitlewering beduiwel, verneem VWB.

Dit is insiggewend dat die staat nie vandeeweek die oplegging van die doodstraf gevra het nie. Die staatsadvokaat en adjunk-prokureur-generaal van Transvaal, Paul Fick, SC, het lewenslange tronkstraf gevra en in sy betoog gesê hoewel onskuldige mense in die ontploffings gely het en Van Schalkwyk volgens die getuienis verdere geweld beplan het, gee die staat toe dat die doodstraf nie die enigste gepaste vonnis is nie.

DIE DOODSTRAF IS vandeeweek opgelê deur een van Suid-Afrika se mees omstrede regters, DJ Curlewis. Hy het verlede jaar opspraak gewek toe hy in 'n brief aan 'n regsjoernaal erken het dat daar "hangregters" (hanging judges) bestaan wat voorkeur aan die doodstraf verleen en dat hy as 'n hangregter beskou kan word.

Benewens die doodstraf wat Curlewis opgelê het, het hy die ontploffings ook as 'n politieke misdaad beskryf. 'n Tweeledige probleem staar Suid-Afrika dus nou in die gesig, want die Britse minister van buitelandse sake sal nie 'n sertifikaat onderteken vir die uitlewering van Maritz

en Martin indien die misdaad polities geïnspireer is of die doodstraf opgelê kan word nie.

Curlewis het Van Schalkwyk se misdaad as koelbloedig, fyn beplan en voorbedag beskryf. Die regter het gesê daar is geen twyfel nie dat Van Schalkwyk geweet het die rekenaardeskundige Nic Cruise sou sterf. Hy het gesê daar is geen getuienis voor die hof oor Cruise se beweerde betrokkenheid by die ANC nie.

Van Schalkwyk het met die vonnisoplegging strak voor hom uitgekyk voordat sy vrou, Heather, na hom gestap en hom bygestaan het. Van Schalkwyk word nou oorgeplaas na die dodeselle van die Sentrale Gevangenis in Pretoria, waar sy vonnis hersien sal word voor 'n finale besluit oor teregstelling geneem sal word.

Van Schalkwyk het tereggestaan op aanklagte van moord en poging tot moord nadat twee bomme op 11 Augustus 1990 in 'n vullishouer in Bloedstraat, Pretoria, en op 2 Oktober 1990 by 'n rekenaarmaatskappy in Durban ontplof het. Verskeie mense is in die Bloedstraatontploffing beseer, terwyl Cruise in Durban dood is toe hy die rekenaar wou aanskakel.

Altesame 20 klagtes, insluitend tien van poging tot moord, is teen Van Schalkwyk teruggetrek kragtens die regering se vrywaringsprogram. Die Staatspresident het egter geweier om Van Schalkwyk, Martin of Maritz van die ander dade te vrywaar.

VAN SCHALKWYK IS in Februarie vanjaar in hegtenis geneem terwyl hy in 'n laatnagonderhoud met 'n verslaggewer van VWB oorlog teen Staatspresident FW de Klerk en sy regering verklaar het. Van Schalkwyk het gesê sy organisasie, die Christen-Vryheidsfront, is goed bewapen en gaan nog baie mense doodmaak.

Van Schalkwyk het gesê: "Ek is gereed om te sterf. Ek wil nie meer in dié land leef soos dit nou gaan nie. Dis óf veg óf die dood vir my."

Van Schalkwyk het Dinsdagoggend die hof met 'n rystoel binnegekom, met 'n drup in sy arm in die hof gesit en was vergesel van 'n mediese ordonnans van die Gevangenisdiens. Curlewis het kort-kort na sy welsyn verneem.

Van Schalkwyk het sowat twee weke gelede besluit om weer 'n eetstaking te begin. Hy het verlede jaar bekendheid verwerf toe hy saam met Maritz en Martin 'n beweerde twee maande lange eetstaking



Lood van Schalkwyk... die doodstraf

volgehou het. Latere mediese toetse het egter bewys dat die eetstakers verneuk het en wel kos ingeneem het.

Van Schalkwyk het vandeeweek moeg en afgemat gelyk terwyl vier staatsgetuies getuienis oor sy betrokkenheid by die twee ontploffings afgelê het. Daar was groot verbasing toe hy in die begin van die hofsak besluit het om skuldig op die aanklagte te pleit. "Hy's nie meer lus om te veg nie," het 'n familielid gesê.

DIE BETROKKENHEID VAN 'n polisieman by die ontploffing is vandeeweek bevestig nadat konstabel Steyl Abrie getuig het hoe hy die bom aan die Durbanse rekenaardeskundige versend het in die geloof dat die bestemming 'n frontorganisasie van die ANC is.

VWB het reeds in Augustus verlede jaar berig 'n polisieman was by die ontploffing betrokke, maar nie saam met die drie ver-regses aangekla is nie omdat hy as staatsgetuie gebruik sou word.

Van Schalkwyk het tydens sy onderhoud met VWB in Februarie beweer: "Waar dink jy het die sel aan sy inligting gekom dat die PCP-maatskappy 'n frontorganisasie vir die ANC en by Operasie Vula betrokke was? Van die polisieman en sy pa af, natuurlik."

Curlewis het die betrokkenheid van die polisiekonstabel by die Durbanse bomontploffing as "skokkend" beskryf, maar later in die verhoor vrywaring van vervolging aan Abrie verskaf.

Abrie het getuig dat hy Van Schalkwyk in Augustus 1990 ontmoet het en soos 'n seun in sy huis geword het. In Oktober

dieselfde jaar het Abrie die veroordeelde gehelp om die rekenaar bom na Durban te versend.

"Die beskuldigde het gesê dis 'n bom wat hy aan 'n ANC-rekenaarmaatskappy in Durban wil versend. Hy het gesê die bom is om rekenaarstelsels van die ANC te vernietig.

"Ek het die adres, wat ek by Van Schalkwyk gekry het, op die pakkie aangebring en dit vir Nic (Cruise, die oorledene) se aandag gemerk. Ek het die volgende dag in die koerant gelees 'n siviele persoon is dood,' het Abrie getuig.

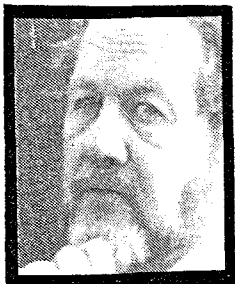
ABRIE HET AAN die hof gesê hy was so geskok oor die gevolge van die ontploffing dat hy besluit het om alles aan sy pa te vertel. Sy pa, kol Paul Abrie van veiligheidshoofkwartier in Pretoria, het sy seun na 'n polisie-offisier gebring en hy het saam met die polisie aan die ondersoek begin werk.

Van Schalkwyk self het nie vandeeweek getuig nie. Sy aanname in die VWB-onderhoud dat kol Abrie geweet het sy seun is by die regse sel en dit goedgekeur het, is nooit onder kruisverhoor getoets nie. Uit Steyl Abrie se getuienis blyk dit egter dat hy sy pa eers ná die ontploffing van die voorval in kennis gestel het.

Van Schalkwyk se regsvertegenwoordiger, adv C Moore, het in sy betoog gesê Van Schalkwyk het 'n ondergeskikte rol in die ontploffings gespeel en dat die werklike sondaars Maritz en Martin is.

Curlewis het gesê: "Hoe kan jy sê dit was 'n onbelangrike rol? U kliënt het bedoel om die oorledene te dood."

oor op die grond



Zach de Beer

Erkenning vir 'n moeisame rol

DIT was heel gepas dat Zach de Beer saam met Pik Botha Maandag 'n gesamentlike vergadering in die stadsaal van Johannesburg as afsluiting van die ja-veldtog toegesprek het.

Want dit is 'n erkenning aan De Beer en die oorspronklike Prog-lede van die Progressiewe Party wat in 1959 gestig is - vir die moeisame rol wat hulle vir drie dekades gespeel het, te midde van verguising en bespotting, om die pad na die "nuwe" Suid-Afrika van vandag voor te berei.

As 'n mens na die merkwaardige klem- en beleidsverskille van beide die ANC en die NP vandag kyk, dan moet 'n mens nie vergeet nie dat die idee van 'n Nasionale Konvensie, Federasie en Handves van Menseregte reeds vanaf die donker middeleeuse jare van die vroeg sestigs deur hulle bepleit is.

Trouens, die Johannesburgse stadsaal roep herinneringe op van protesbyeenkomste op die trappe in die jare toe dit nog toegelaat is.

Of van die befaamde opmars van 'n paar duisend, meestal blanke Progge in 1963 vanaf Joubertpark na die stadsaal om teen die diaboliese implikasies van die nuwe Wet op Terrorisme te protesteer.

In die voorste ry was De Beer, die vandag gryse stadsraadslid Christopher Newton Thompson, 'n paar priesters, en ek self as destydse party-amptenaar. Joernaliste van *Die Transvaler* en *Die Vaderland* het langs die pad van lekkerkry gegrynslag toe 'n vroeër geslag AWB-boewe die optog met voorwerpe bestook het. 'n Appel wat my bril getref het, het my amper my oog gekos - terwyl die polisie toegekyk het en halfhartig probeer het om die vrede te handhaaf.

Watter geregverdigde kritiek in latere jare teen die Progressiewe Party en sy opvolger ingebring mag word, feit is dat die rol van mense soos De Beer, Helen Suzman, Newton Thompson, Kathy Mitchell en vele ander nooit vergeet mag word nie.

Kallie en die dekadensie

"IN ons harte stem ons almal nee. Maar net ons verstand weet ons dat ons nie anders kan as om ja te stem nie."

Die stukkie Boere-wysheid wat die dilemma en onsekerhede van so baie tradisionele NP- en selfs DP-ondersteuners saamvat, kom van Kallie Knoetze, die kleurryke voormalige swaargewigbokser.

Die geleentheid was verlede Vrydagmiddag tydens die blits-referendumbesiek van Staatspresident FW de Klerk aan Pretoria. Die plek was die restaurant van die Loftus Versfeld-stadion waar hy 'n groot aantal bekende sportmense en administrateurs ontmoet het, wat almal hul steun aan 'n ja-stem toegesê het.

Maar die swierige geleentheid, die weelde, die gehalte van die drank en versnaperinge, die sigbare en lompe wyse waarop Robert Denton - die gasheer - die verrigtinge probeer manipuleer het sodat geen "kritiese" of "onwelkome" geluide gehoor mag word nie, en sy poging om die aardse Kallie die swye op te lê, het 'n mens laat dink.

Maak jy jou oë toe, sien jy die oorfloed aan kos, drank, spele en stadions van 'n dekadente Romeinse Ryk in die eerste eeu na Christus voor sy verval. Een rede was die groeiende gaping tussen die heersers en die gewone mense wie se billike en regverdigde griewe blindelings geignoreer is.

NP moenie gewone mense vergeet nie

Kallie het vooraf aan my en 'n ander koerantman gesê Denton wou nie daarvan hoor dat hy ook saam met die administrateurs en sporthelde soos Bruce Fordyce en Ali Bacher, 'n paar woorde tot De Klerk rig nie.

Sarkasties merk Kallie agterna teen my op, soos hy met sy duim na die sportmanne met hul duur pakke wys: "Ek is seker nie grënd genoeg vir dié spul nie, en het nie 'n pak aan nie. Daarom wou Denton iets in sy broek doen toe hy hoor ek wou praat."

Dit is van die publiseerbare dele wat Kallie aan my sê.

Maar Kallie het hom nie laat afsit nie, en het reg voor die tafel met De Klerk en die hoge sportlui sy plek ingeneem. Nadat De Klerk 'n kort toespraak afgesteek het in antwoord op die lof- en dankbetuiging aan hom vir wat hy dan alles vir sport beteken het, en Denton die verrigtinge summier wou afsluit, sê Knoetze vinnig: "Nee wag, meneer die Staatspresident, ek wil ook iets sê."

Toe 'n ontstelde Denton en ander nog

wou keer, sê Kallie weer: "Meneer De Klerk, ek is 'n Nasionalis." Toe verduidelik hy dat hy nogtans gaan ja stem, en dat daar baie goeie vriende en kennisse van hom is wat baie onbeantwoorde vrae het. Hy noem kortliks sake soos hoë rentekoerse, misdaad, vrese oor verliesse van eiendom en ander probleme van Jan Alleman.

FW was verstandig genoeg en het in 'n paar minute verduidelik dat Kalliese "kaart en transport" en ander persoonlike regte met 'n nuwe grondwet en 'n Handves van Menseregte veilig sal wees.

En Kallie roep uit: "Dankie meneer De Klerk, ek stem ja."

Hoe ver het die NP leierskap nie van die gewone man en vrou in die straat verwyder geraak nie.

Die tydelike inwoner van Libertas moet oppas dat die elite van Waterkloof, Lynnwood en elders, hom en sy kollegas nie laat siende blind en horende doof word nie vir die verwarring van hul eie mense, wat hulle êrens ongevoelig en koelbloedig langs die pad agtergelaat het.



Helen Joseph



Willem Kleynhans

Vroom en opreg in hul ivoortorings

As daar iets was wat my die afgelope weke na gemaak het, was dit die intellektuele gewetenswroeging van sommige linkse anti-apartheidskruisvaarders wat probleme had om te gaan ja stem in dié week se referendum.

Iemand met my eie agtergrond sou arrogant wees as hy/sy nie 'n aanvanklike vertwyfeling en onsekerheid kon begryp nie.

Daarom was ek geskok, half hartseer, maar ook verbysterd om te verneem dat twee ou vriende geweier het om te gaan ja stem: Willem Kleynhans - die bekende ontleder van blanke politiek, die eerste rebel van binne die NP in 1955, ou vriend van 40 jaar - het gaan nee stem, én Nico Smith - wat die moed had om apartheid en die Broederbond te verwerp - het buite stemming gebly.

Willem sê hy laat hom slegs deur sy gewete lei en die kiesers is deur De Klerk se grondwet mislei.

Nico sê dis 'n gewetensaak. Sedert hy in 1982 by die NGKA aangesluit het, het hy die blanke wêreld vaarwel toegeroep, en hy stem nie as sy swart broeders nie ook kan stem nie.

Dit klink alles so vroom en opreg, en albei mis die een wesenslike rede vir 'n ja-stem: Onderhandelinge en 'n vreedsame oplossing was op die spel - niks anders nie.

Blykbaar is die witmense se arrogante houding dat hulle alleen weet wat goed en reg is vir almal, ook vir die swartmense, nog te diep gewortel in die gestel.

Hulle weet beter as hulle mede-swart broers wat die beste vir Suid-Afrika is. Nelson Mandela, ander swart leiers, miljoene gewone swartmense - as hulle nie horende doof is nie - smee blankes om ja te stem. In die geval van Nico Smith doen die hoogs gerespekteerde moderator van sy eie NGKA, ds Sam Buti, 'n roerende beroep op blankes om ja te stem, as 'n keuse vir óf teen reg en geregtigheid in Suid-Afrika. Maar Nico ignoreer sy moderator en weet beter.

En as die gryse 85-jarige invalide, Helen Joseph, met 'n leeftyd van polisie-intimidasië en inperkinge kon gaan ja stem, wie is dié twee, in hul beskutte blanke ivoortorings, om nie die noodkreet van die mense daarbuite te hoor nie.

brolloks & bittergal

Die helde en skurke van die referendum

DIE laaste twee, drie weke was 'n opwindende en soms vreesaanjaende tydjie in ons nasionale lewe.

Die hitte en spanning van die stryd het die beste en die slegste in mense en leiers na vore gebring.

Bo-aan die lys van skurke is Eugene TerreBlanche en sy AWB-gespuis. Aan die ander kant, dalk moet ons hulle as helde sien, want sekerlik het dié bekakiede boewe heelwat konserwatiewes afgeskrik om nee te stem.

Tweede op die lys is sekere Inkathaleiers, veral die swart Eugene TerreBlanche, Musa Myeni. Dis die man wat in die middel van die referendum-veldtog 'n "pakt" met die AWB gesluit het. (Het Inkatha nie deesdae al meer en meer gemeen met die AWB nie?) Die Inkatha-leiers se halfhartige ondersteuning vir 'n ja-stem en dubbelsinnige seine wat deurentyd na wit Suid-Afrikaners gestuur is, gaan nog lank teen hulle tel. Dit is politieke opportunisme van die eerste water.

Hoe lank gaan ons nog Inkatha duld met sy dubbele rolle en gewelddadigheid? Ek sê "ons", want ons is almal belastingbetalers en dit is óns geld wat Inkatha aan die gang hou.

Derde op die lys van skurke is Andries Treurnicht en Ferdi Hartzenberg. Nie omdat hulle verloor het nie, maar omdat hulle politieke oneerbaar opgetree het deur voor te gee dat hulle nie na apartheid terugkeer nie - en dit net omdat hulle geweet het dit gaan konserwatiewes wat bang is vir chaos en geweld dalk ja laat stem. Van die een dag na die ander het KP-politici deur hul tande gelieg, alles net vir 'n paar stemme.

Vierde op die lys van skurke is die tweegatjakkalse van die NG Kerk wat skielik besluit het haai, die kerk mag mos nie politieke leiding gee nie.

Brolloks het nog nooit aan oom Jaap Marais gedink as 'n skurk nie. Hy was nog altyd, hoe mislei en verkeerd ook al, 'n gentleman met vaste beginsels. Maar vir oom Jaap om dié keer saam met Eugene TerreBlanche en sy Klipdrif-brigade in die bed te klim, maak hom ook 'n kandidaat vir die skurkelys.

Ook op die lys van skurke is die amsaliges wat gedink het hulle gaan geëer word as hulle hul ou wit handjies skoon hou en nie stem nie. En mense wat jare lank as progressief geparadeer het en nou gaan nee stem het, soos Willem Kleynhans, Sies, prof Willem.

Nog 'n skurk, maar skaars belangrik genoeg om te lys, is die Seniele Krokodil met sy bitterbek wat aangekondig het hy gaan nee stem. En net om te wys hoe die hele land vir dié patetiese ou man lag, het sy ou kiesafdeling en hartland, George, heelwat sterker ja gestem dié keer as in die 1983-referendum vir die Driekamer-parlement. George se volgende stap behoort te wees

om die naam van die lughawe op die dorp, wat PW se naam dra, te verander.

EN DAN IS DAAR die helde.

Staatspresident FW de Klerk moes eintlik bo-aan dié lys gewees het. Dit was hy wat die waagmoed gehad het om sy loopbaan en sy party se fortuine in die weegskaal te plaas. Sy rondloop onder gewone mense verdien ook vermelding, so ook sy toesprake waarin hy, veral teen die einde, sterk gepraat het oor geregtigheid en hom van valse beloftes weerhou het.

Dis steeds net jammer dat hy die referendum so nou rondom homself gedefinieër het, en dat hy hier aan die begin van die veldtog verklaar het 'n ja-stem is 'n mandaat vir die NP se grondwetlike voorstelle.

Ewenwel, Brolloks en Bittergal het nog nooit so positief jeens die Staatspresident gevoel as nou nie. Hy moet net weet dat met die mandaat wat 'n oorweldigende meerderheid vir hom gegee het, gaan ons hom fyn, fyn dophou.

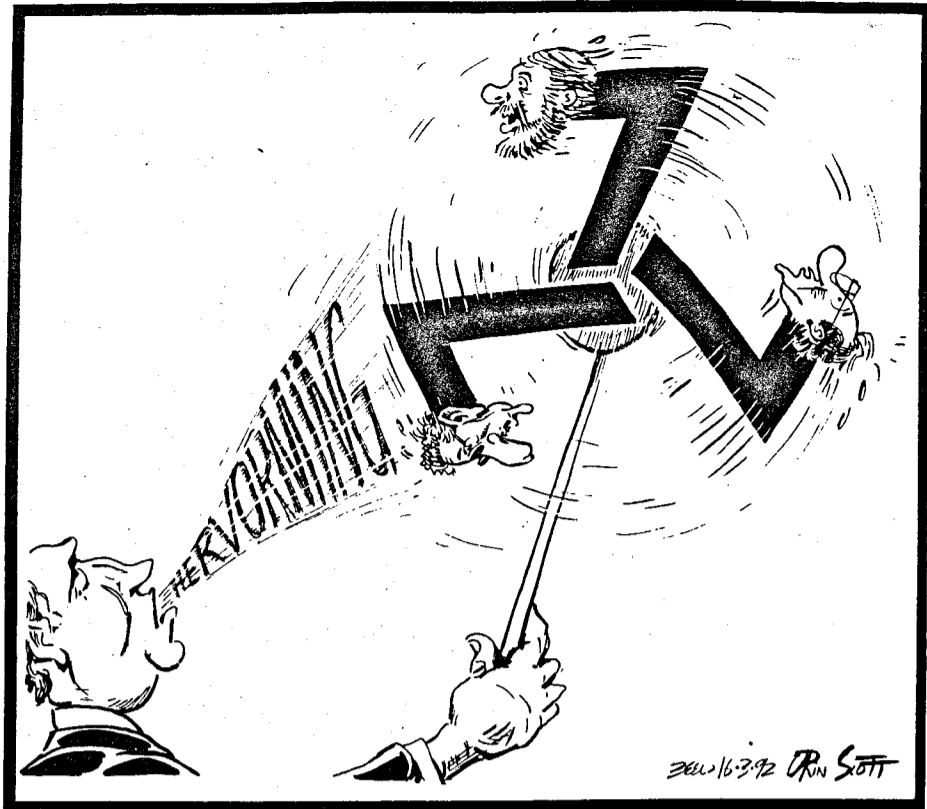
Hoog bo-aan die lys van helde moet sekerlik staan Zach de Beer en ander DP-leiers soos Colin Eglin. Dit was lekker om te sien liberals was 'n slag bereid om hul hande in die skottelgoedwater te steek wanneer dit regtig getel het. Dit kon nie altyd lekker gewees het vir Zach om saam met die NP-kabinetslede op 'n verhoog te wees nie, maar hy het dit met oorgawe gedoen. En in Bittergal se boek moet Zach en sy span die krediet kry vir heelparty ja-stemme.

SO VAN LIBERALS gepraat wat 'n slag hul handjies vuil gemaak het: ewe hoog op Brolloks en Bittergal se lys van helde is Ken Owen, redakteur van die *Sunday Times*. Dié man het waaragtig sy kant gebring toe dit moes, veral omdat daar in die laaste week heelwat twyfel was of sy lesers - die gewone middelklas-Engelssprekende - wel gaan ja stem.

Dit was lekker om 'n slag wambloedige stuff uit Ken se skerp pen te sien. En hy het instinktief geweet wáar om sy vinger te lê. (Dalk het die Afrikaanse skooljare tog iets positiefs bygedra, of hoe, Ken?)

Luister na dié juwele: "Eugene TerreBlanche emerged from the sulphurous smoke of the referendum campaign this week as the dominant figure in the right-wing alliance, eclipsing both Dr Andries Treurnicht, the prim semanticist, and the club-footed (ouch!) Jaap Marais, a champion budgie breeder obsessed with bloodlines and genetics."

En verder af: "So white South Africa has come down to this: its choice of leaders narrowed to President De Klerk on one side, and on the other side the Hero of Ventersdorp, galloping his horse over cobblestones, clatter-clatter, and falling on his



Orin Scott in Beeld

backside; the liberator, waving a kind of swastika, defiantly, like a small boy making rude noises in church; the great lover, trysting in the park with a leggy Uitlander blonde, and pleading in the night, please, please, Jani, it's me, speak to me, oh my God..."

Ook op die lys van helde is die spotprenttekenaars van Suid-Afrika se koerante. Daar is 'n paar van hul pogings op dié bladsy.

Bittergal is amper lus en sit Koos van der Merwe ook onder-aan die lys van helde as 'n moontlike kandidaat. Vir hom om in die middel van die veldtog die AWB te repudieer en nog te erken sy party is deurmekaar, was vermeldingswaardig. Aan die ander kant, dalk het hy dit juis gedoen om die negatiewe effek van die AWB teë te werk. Ewenwel, hy het hom beter gedra is die res van sy party en ons hoop om hom en die ander twee KP-leiers wat hulle nie te swak gedra het nie, die broers Mulder, binnekort by Kodesa te verwelkom.

Maar die eintlike helde van die referendum is swart Suid-Afrikaners wat met soveel geduld en plek-plek selfs met opwinding gesit en wag het dat hul wit landgenote vir 'n laaste slag hul wit ding doen.

Die manne in blou

BROLLOKS HET SATERDAG op Nylstroom nuwe moed vir die toekoms gekry - dansky die Suid-Afrikaanse Polisie. Ja, die manne van Eenheid 19 van Onlusbeheer (in oorlogsdrag) moet 'n pluimpie kry vir hul optrede teen die regses toe pres FW de Klerk 'n toespraak op die dorp gehou het.

Toe Brolloks vroegmiddag op die dorp aankom, was die regses vol bravade en het beloof dat De Klerk nie sal praat nie. Busvragte vol fanatieke ondersteuners was glo van oral oor op pad en woedende boere aan 't opruk met trekkers en trokke.

Nou ja, op die ou end was daar net 'n handjievul regses, meesal met bierpense en monde vol rassehaat maar sonder enige skop.

Maar dis die manne van Eenheid 19 waarvan Brolloks wil vertel. Dié peloton bestaan meesal uit jong latte vars uit die kollege. Ek glo verder dat heelwat van hulle nee gestem het in die referendum en heel moontlik die KP of AWB ondersteun.

Maar toe hulle Saterdag opdrag kry om plek vir die Staatspresident se optog te maak, het hul die skouer laat saak, onder

die regses ingevlie en korte mette van hulle gemaak. Die regses wat nie wou luister nie, is met knuppels maak hoor. Die kakiebrigade moes 'n ent verder gaan staan en skree.

Brolloks het geen twyfel nie dat sou die manne 'n bevel gekry het om te skiet, hulle dit sou gedoen het.

Dit laat mens hoop dat ondanks die bekende skoot rassisme in die veiligheidsmagte, jong polisiemanne 'n opdrag sal uitvoer, ongeag hul politieke en morele oortuigings.

Immers is die hele polisiekuil daarop gebou dat ongeag die bevel, daar van 'n polisieman verwag word om dit uit te voer. Dink maar net aan die stringe moordbendeledede wat na die tyd verduidelik het: "Ek het maar net 'n bevel uitgevoer."

Nou moet ons net begin sorg dat die bevel die regte bevel is. En in die post-ja Suid-Afrika kan ons gerus almal meer begin omgee vir die manne in blou wat seker die ondankbaarste taak van almal het.

* Een interessante brokkie oor Saterdag: daar was nie een plaaslike polisieman van Nylstroom in die omgewing nie. Toe Brolloks daarvoor vra, is gesê dat hul dieselfde middag in 'n rugbywedstryd speel.

Elke ou op sy kluit

DIE CAPETIMES het dié week 'n man gestuur om in die Karoo en in Orania te gaan hoor wat sê dié mense van die referendum en van 'n wit tuisland.

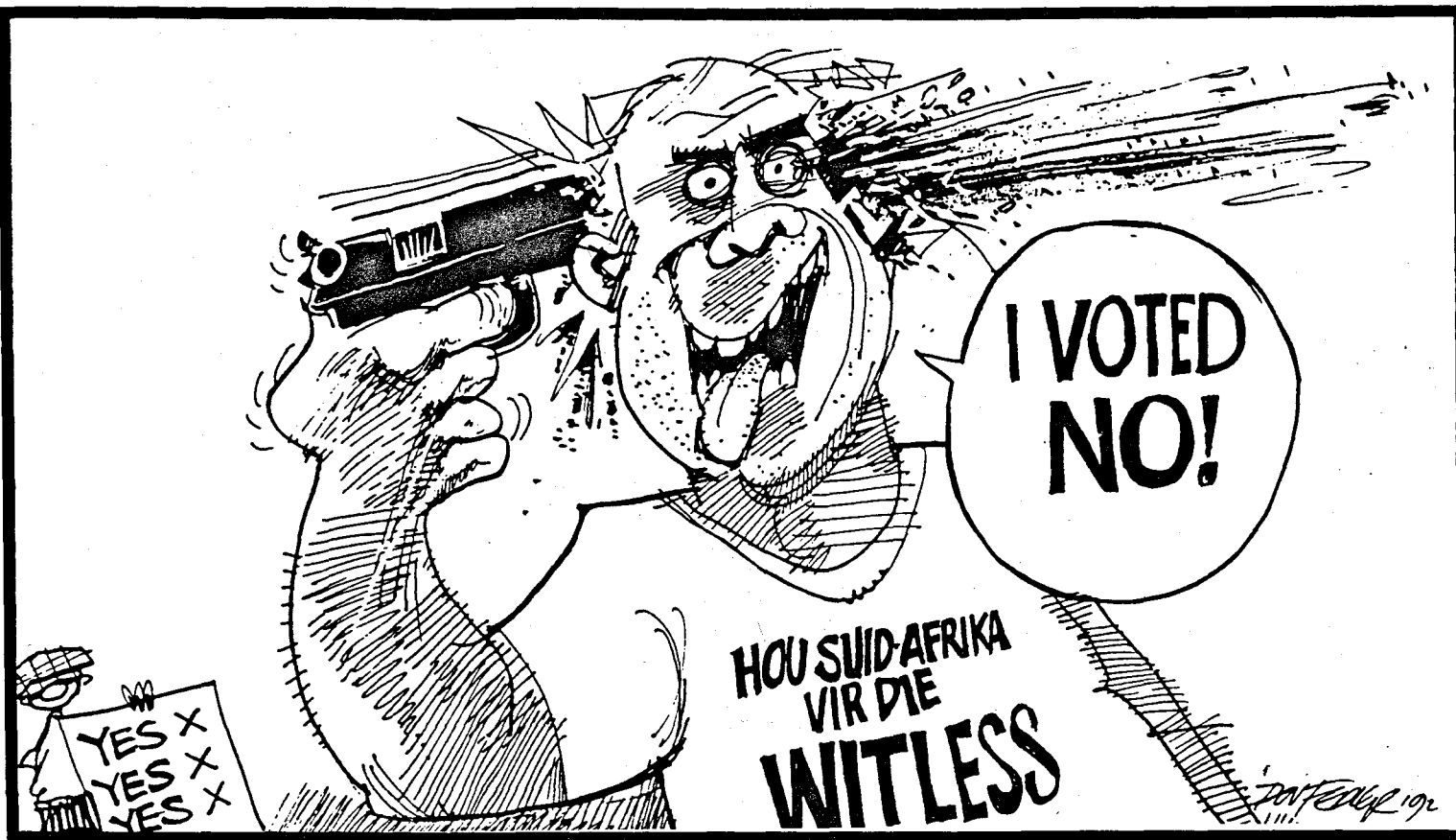
Dié juweeltjie kom van 'n bruin oubasie êrens in die Karoo wat vir die verslaggewer gesê het: "Ag, meneer, hier in die Karoo is elke man maar sy eie tuisland."

Ai, die ou gewoontes darem

DAAR IS MIN twyfel dat die SAUK ingrypend verbeter het in die laaste jaar of so. Daar is heelwat meer balans en minder dienstigheid aan die Nasionale meesters. Selfs die dekking van die referendum was goed.

En daar kom die dierbare korporasie toe dié week en berig oor 'n staking van hul eie werkers en gooi alle balans en regverdigheid oorboord - 'n aanslag so reg uit die PW Botha-era.

In 'n TV-nuusbulletin Dinsdagaand praat die SAUK sommer kaalkop van die "onwettige staking" van SAUK-werkers wat "na bewering deur Mwasu" (Media Workers of SA) gereël is. Dan wys hulle 'n toneel van die stakende werkers wat sing



Order links:
Riddell in The Independent in London
Order regs:
Allistair Findlay in City Press



en sê sommer netso die staking "het 'n politieke kleur". Dit is nie goed genoeg nie. Dit is duidelik dat dit die SAUK-bestuur se hardegat-houding jeens hul werkers is, en dit is seker die korporasie se goeie reg omop 'n sekere manier met hul werkers te beding, maar die SAUK het géén reg om die hele nasie daarmee te besoedel en hul arbeidsprobleme met die hulp van nasionale TV te beïnvloed nie.

Dit was 'n ernstige vergryp. Dit wys 'n mens net hoe dun die vernis by die SAUK nog is; hoe vlak die nuwe kultuur in Aucklandpark nog is.

Lord oom Piet

'N INTERESSANTE BROKKIE uit 'n buurstaat: Botswana se president, Quett Masire, is tot ridder geslaan en sal voortaan bekend staan as Sir Ketumile Masire. Sy vrou, Gladys, sal voortaan onder die naam Lady Olebile gaan. 'n Woordvoerder van die Botswana-regering verduidelik dat dit 'n ou Britse tradisie is dat iemand wat deur die koningin tot ridder geslaan word, 'n nuwe naam kan kies. Wat Brolloks laat dink aan die ou storie van Poepol van der Merwe wat so ongelukkig was met sy naam en dit toe laat verander het na Poepol van der Walt...

'De Klerk, hy's mos 'n predikant'

THERE were those who voted in Tuesday's all-white referendum, and there were those who watched. Patrick Matthews, unemployed, and Henry Mnyango, handyman, sat on uncollected black rubbish bags in the shade of a tree, sharing a Peter Stuyvesant and contemplating the dregs of a bottle of Golden Alabama white wine. Opposite them a steady stream of voters passed through the Southfield Civic Centre, one of the three polling stations in the Wynberg constituency, and referendum posters covered almost every lamppost in sight. Asked what he felt about the referendum, Matthews, who said he was South Tswana, replied: "Wait a minute. We want to know what that is all about. Do they actually have to vote now?" Mnyango, a Xhosa, said: "I'm voting with De Klerk. I vote yes. "The same for me," said Matthews. "De Klerk, hy's mos 'n predikant. Wat hy praat, is die waarheid." "Hold it," said Mnyango. "I am talking. We have to pull together now. If we vote no, all those people, the Japanese, will stop sending stuff, and people won't be able to get work or bread."

"If De Klerk stays, we know we will get work. We will have children at school and we will get money to pay school fees." At Mowbray, a group of coloured fruit sellers plying their trade next to the town hall, another polling station, were also in favour of a yes. "Then we can all live together nicely," said John Daniels. "Then we will come right." "That is the truth," said Michael Siljeur. "I think the yes-word is a good one." A cleaner at a nearby block of flats, elderly July Ntswaxa, said he had seen the queue of voters but did not know what it was for. Nor did he know what the referendum was. AT the Claremont Civic Centre coloured office worker Daphne Sethusa was enjoying her lunch break on the grass next to the hall. "I am not politically minded," she said. But had she been able "as a Christian I would vote yes, because De Klerk is a great man and has done a lot of things for this country already." "But you can't blame the people who say no. Maybe they had nasty experiences with the ANC." - BEN MACLENNAN (Sapa)

bloudruk vir 'n toekomsrap



johannes bloudruk kerkorrel
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'dié land en riviere en grond en bome is

my passie'

Suzette Eloff, aanbieder van TV1 se omgewingsprogram, 50/50, raak "duiselig van magtelose woede" oor die omgewing, en sê Suid-Afrikaanse politici maak dieselfde foute as Bart Nel. PEARLIE JOUBERT gesels met haar

Bo en behalwe jou aanbieding van 50/50, is jy by ander bewaringsaktiwiteite betrokke?

Ek is nie 'n plant- of dierkundige nie. Ek is nie gekwalifiseerd vir die werk nie omdat ek geen kenner is nie. Maar ek kan voor 'n kamera werk en het 'n passievolle belangstelling in die omgewing daarom bied ek dié program aan. Ek sien dit as deel van 'n roeping om Suid-Afrika 'n beter plek te maak om in te woon.

Jy het al 'n hele paar keer politiek regstreeks ingesleep in jou programme...

Ek weet nie veel van politiek nie. Maar ek het nog altyd die idee gekry dat alle Suid-Afrikaners heeltemal gepolitiseer is terwyl hulle glad nie omgee wat met die land gebeur nie. En dié land en riviere en grond en bome is my passie. Ek klink gevaarlik baie soos die PAC - jy weet, so oor die grond en so aan. Dalk is dit in Suid-Afrikaners se gene - ek dink dit kom vanaf Europa - om altyd net te probeer om bo uit te kom sonder om om te gee wat se prys betaal word. En dan op 'n dag gaan die politieke oorwinnaar op sy mishoop sit en uitkyk oor 'n kaalgevreete land. Sien hulle is almal, wit en swart, soos Bart Nel. Hy't mos vir sy vrou gesê hy moet eers die een ding, die oorlog, gaan veg en regmaak en dan sal hy terugkom en regmaak met haar. Maar toe hy terugkom, is sy weg - die politici is ook so. Daar's geen visie, geen konseptualisering nie. Die hele spul in Kodesa sit al hul emosionele en intellektuele energie in die oplossing van politieke probleme, maar vergeet dat politiek ten nouste verweef is met die groen issues van Suid-Afrika.

Hoe kan mens besluit oor Afrikaans as voertaal terwyl die riviere in Noord-Transvaal opdroog en letterlik duisende diere kan doodgaan en riviere besoedel word?

Hoekom die omgewingvraagstukke en politiek, volgens jou, verweef?

Man, om 'n voorbeeld te noem: die Levuvu-rivier hardloop deur Venda en Garankuwa tot in die Krugerwildtuin. Teen die tyd dat die water egter in die wildtuin aankom, is die rivier leeg. Navorsing hieroor is eers in 1985 gedoen. Nou hoekom het die kenners nie reeds in 1965 dié navorsing begin doen nie. Hulle het nie, want toe was hulle te besig om apartheid te pleeg en die tuislande in te stel. Riviere ken nie die grense tussen die tuislande en die wildtuin nie. Maar die instelling van apartheid was sô belangrik dat niemand ooit gedink het dat 'n enkele departement van waterwese en 'n bietjie

beplanning baie van die probleme wat vandag opgelos moet word, kon verhoed nie.

Sal jy voor bote inspring om walvisse te beskerm en jouself aan bome vasblind?

Nee. Ek hou van veg vir die ou wat veronreg word, maar ek is nie fanatiek nie. Ek is hopeloos te beredeneerd en realities oor dinge. Ek het nou die dag teruggekome van die Krugerwildtuin waar alles baie droog is en ek ry in Pretoria in en oral spuit die voorstedelike sproeiers... Ek raak somer duiselig van magtelose woede soms en ek glo dat 'n mens fanatieke mense nodig het om in te spring oor die natuur.

Ek is nie iets nie, ek is nie 'n feminis of mevrou Eloff of so iets nie. Maar dit is nie ek om voor stootskrapers te gaan lê nie. As dit nie vir daardie mense was nie, sou hulle seker vandag al die kaolien gemyn het.

Hoekom sal jy dit nie doen nie?

Ek dink omdat ek nog nooit werklik swaargekry het nie. Niks het my nog ooit werklik bedreig nie. Ek woon in 'n voorstad en as ek water wil drink, draai ek 'n kraan oop. Ons het mos nog altyd alles gehad en gekry. Dalk as die stootskrapers hier voor my huis staan, sal ek anders begin dink... Ons was nog nooit desperaat nie...

Hoekom dink jy is omgewingsbewaring en groen-politiek nog deel van die fringe issues in Suid-Afrika terwyl die krisis reeds baie groot is?

Dit is belaglik om derduisende rande uit te gee op die bewaring van renosters en walvisse terwyl kinders doodgaan weens ondervoeding. Waar hou 'n mens se verantwoordelikheid teenoor mense op en word dit sterker ten opsigte van die omgewing? Ek glo Christelike verantwoordelikheid strek nie net tot by mense nie. Natuurlik het 'n mens dieselfde verantwoordelikheid teenoor die natuur. Ek weet nie. Ek is bly dat ek nog nooit daai besluit moes maak nie.

Is daardie besluit nie voor die hand liggend ten opsigte van byvoorbeeld trofee-jagters nie?

Ooo, ek was eendag in een van die daardie trofee-jagters se sitkamers om 'n onderhoud te doen. Dit was absoluut skrikwekkend. Oral in dié kamer was bokkoppe en opgestopte roofdiere en voëls. Op die een tafel was 'n opgestopte witkop-arend met



Suzette Eloff

'n hasie in sy kloue. Oor die rand van die tafel was plastiek-bloed...

Ek het niks respek vir versamelaars nie. Daai man moet mos so bietjie af wees, 'n klap weghê. Wat gebeur in iemand se kop wat sulke goed versamel?

Jou man, Theuns Eloff, is uit sy bediening as NG-predikant nadat hy in Dakar met die ANC gepraat het. Vandag is hy ten nouste betrokke by Kodesa en is die baas van Consultant Business Movement. En jy sê politiek is magsbehep...

Ja, ja, ja. En hulle het almal 'n ydele magsbeheptheid. Politiek, weens Theuns se betrokkenheid, het nog altyd 'n baie negatiewe konnotasie vir my gehad. En dan lyk dit asof alle politici net belangstel in mag. Theuns... as hy besluit het iets is reg, dan voel hy vere - of amper - vir diegene wat verskil. Ek het respek vir hom omdat hy nie omgee om alleen te staan wanneer hy dink iets is reg nie. Ek het altyd stilgebly en is grootgemaak om te konformeer en te doen wat reg is. Ek is nie nou meer bang om my sê te sê nie danksy Theuns. Waarmee ek besig is, is letterlik grassroots politics. Van nasionale politiek hou ek nie en terwyl die politici baklei oor wie nou werklik die land besit, sal ek

intussen probeer seker maak dat daar wêl 'n land is.

Wat doen jy nog met jou lewe behalwe 50/50?

Ek kom uit 'n baie Christelike en nasionale huis. My eerste spoortjies het ek in Stellenbosch getrap. Ek maak twee kinders groot. Ek sing en tree elke af en toe in kabaret-vertonings op. Ek wil skryf. Ek wil ineen van Katinka Heyns se movies speel. Ek is 43 jaar oud en soms wil ek somer in die pad neerslaan van pure dankbaarheid oor alles wat ek doen sô opwindend is. Dit is onbetaamlik hoe baie ek my werk en lewe geniet. Ander vroue van 43 jaar sit dalk in verkeersknoppe vas terwyl ek in die Krugerwildtuin, Venda, Lebowa of waar ook al op 'n shoot kan gaan. Ek glo 'n mens kan enigiets doen, if you put your mind to it - solank jy kan lees. As jy kan lees, kan jy selfs kook.

Is daar een spesifieke ding - sê maar waterbesoedeling - wat jou passie is?

Nee. Dit sou nogal cute klink om te sê dat ek die een of ander groot passion het ten opsigte van die omgewing. Maar ek het nie, ek het 'n veel meer holistiese opvatting oor dinge.

Russel Botman, jong assessor (vise-voorsitter) van die NG Sendingkerk (NGSK), het as 't ware die mooi ou pastorie met die geelhoutdeure en breë geelhoutvloerlyste vir die bruin kerk in Wynberg kom terugvat. In 'n simboliese gebaar het hy presies honderd jaar nadat die gemeente gestig is, en ná meer as 30 jaar van uithou teen die Groepsgebiedewet, hier kom intrek - die eerste bruin leraar om die pastorie te beset. INA VAN DER LINDE gesels met hom

nie 'n man vir mantels nie

'N ENKELE blok van die huis is die Maynardville-opelugteater en nog 'n paar blokke laer af die huise wat vroeër jare deur gemeentelide bewoon is. Botman, 38, 'n vriendelike, sjarmante kêrel wat volgens sommige Allan Boesak se mantel geërf het, het vroeër vanjaar hier ingetrek. Dis ná tien jaar in 'n huis in die bruin gebied anderkant die spoor wat bedoel was vir musikonderrig deur die NGSK se laer skool vir musikonderrig. Tot dusver het sy kerkrad geweier om aansoek te doen om 'n spesiale verblyfpermit in die wit woongebied anderkant die spoor, waar die kerk se pastorie sedert 1892 staan.

Net één gemeentelid het aan die wit kant van die spoor oorgebly. Dit is David van der Ross, 96, pa van prof Richard van der Ross, voormalige rektor van die Universiteit van Wes-Kaapland. Hy het geweier om uit die gebied te trek en blykbaar het niemand die moed gehad om hom daar uit te gooi nie.

"Almal wat verskuive is, is so verskuif dat die groepsgevoel heeltemal verbreek is," sê Botman. "Twintig gesinne is na Manenberg geskuif, twintig na Lavender Hill, twintig na Steenberg en so. En hulle is weer gemeng met gesinne uit ander gebiede soos Distrik Ses, Claremont of waar ook al.

"Die gemeente het geweier om hul kerk en die pastorie te verkoop. Baie mense het gesit en wag dat die Wynberg-gemeente moet uitsterf, maar van toe af al kom hulle Sondag ná Sondag van oral oor kerk toe - meer as 60 persent van die gemeente, elke Sondag.

"Ek weet nou al as ek bietjie te lank preek, begin die mense uitloop want hulle moet hulle taxi's, busse of treine haal."

VIR BOTMAN SIT die "mantel" baie ongemaklik. Intendeel, hy glo nie hy het 'n mantel nie. En dit wat hy dan wel geërf het, is 'n struggle-tradisie as teologie-student aan die UWK, in 1976 skakelbeampste vir die studente-raad, en 'n protégé van Boesak, destyds studenteleraar. Dis 'n erfenis wat sekere antwoorde op sekere vrae opgelewer het, maar intussen het die vrae verander.

"Allan Boesak was 'n unieke event in die geskiedenis van die NGSK en dis onherhaalbaar," sê Botman. "Dan wens ek ook ons kon kom by 'n fase ná Boesak - 'n fase van versoening en groter eenheid. In Allan se tyd was dit nodig dat die lyne in die NGSK getrek word, maar nou kom die leierskapsake wat op Allan se agenda was, op my agenda en in my lewe. Tog wens ek dat dit moontlik is om die atmosfeer en situasie so te verander dat ek dit op 'n ander manier kan doen en dra.

"Ek is in 'n baie nederige posisie in die Kerk want 'n assessor het die mees ongedefinieerde posisie in die kerk. Ek is 'n leier, maar nie die moderator nie, ek beheer nie kommissies nie en is uitgelewer aan ander funksionaris wat hulle beroep

op ander kommissies.

"Dan is daar die verdeeldheid binne die moderatuur. Ek wil aan die een kant lojaal bly teenoor die moderator, maar andersyds voel ek my meer lojaal aan besluite wat deur die sinode geneem is en in daardie sin sal ek veg dat die besluite van die sinode ernstig opgeneem en uitgevoer word."

DIE MAGTE TEEN spoedige kerkeenheid loop sterker as ooit tevore in die NGSK, sê hy. Dis omdat die leierskap nie duidelik leiding kan (of wil) gee nie. Terwyl al die moderatuurslede sê dat hulle vir eenheid is, is dit steeds die manier hoe dit moet plaasvind wat nou lyk of dit eenheid tot in ewigheid kan vertraag.

"Die probleem is dat ons nog steeds werk met 'n analise van wen of verloor. Mense meen hulle word gevra om tussen die leiers te kies, soos destyds met die verdeeldheid in die moderatuur onder Boesak. Dis 'n onverkwiklike stryd, wat altyd daarop uitloop dat oor mense getrap moet word om jou wil te laat seëvier. Ons moet nog leer om 'n wen-wen-situasie in die Kerk te beding en dis nie so maklik nie."

Ook die verhouding met die NG Kerk in Afrika lê hom na aan die hart.

Vir sy rol is Botman beter voorberei as wat hy moontlik besef. In Bloemfontein gebore en seun van 'n NGSK-evangelis en later predikant van Bloemfontein (Heatherdale) en later Johannesburg (Kliptown), het hy anders as die Kapenaars, grootgeword in 'n ten volle geïntegreerde woongebied.

"Ek is nie 'n Cape Coloured nie. Ek is 'n Other Coloured. Dis 'n ander soort mix." Dit kry hy van die lang tye wat hy by sy ouma se suster in Ithumaleng, buite Bloemfontein, gewoon het.

"Sy het vir my ouma geword. Ons was nou die dag by haar begrafnis. Dit was vir my 'n diep geestelike ervaring waar ek weer my roots ontdek het. Ek het nie geweet daar is nog sulke plekke nie. Almal praat Sotho so goed soos Afrikaans. Die etniese lyne loop deumekaar en bestaan feitlik nie.

"My ouma was die laaste vyf jaar van haar lewe in 'n onafhanklike swart kerk. Dié predikant het daar gepraat, my pa het daar gepraat, en Lutherse predikante het daar gepraat, elkeen om die beurt in Afrikaanse en Sotho. Niemand was ongemaklik nie, elkeen se kultuur het ingepas - en dit is wat die kerk behoort te wees: 'n plek waar alle mense aangespreek word en niemand uitgesluit voel nie."

Botman vertel hoe hy as kind gereeld moes gaan mis optel en met water aanmaak om sy ouma se huise se vloere te smeer. Hulle het arm grootgeword.

"Toe ek - die oudste van vier kinders - oud genoeg was om skool toe te gaan het my pa besluit hy moet ook gaan leer. Toe ek sub A toe is, is hy standerd nege toe. Dit het 'n geweldige indruk op my gemaak -

hoe belangrik dit is om self verantwoordelikheid te neem vir jou opvoeding. Hy het elke vakansie en oor naweke gewerk om ons te onderhou. My ma het begin werk as tikster - sy het haarself geleer - by die Sendingkantoor op Bloemfontein."

NA MATRIEK HET sy pa gaan studeer vir predikant op Wellington. Hy het 'n beurs gehad van die NG Kerk se Sendingkantoor. "My ma het maar min verdien. Ek onthou so goed dat ons elke maand net R20 vir kos oorgehad het. Elke maand gaan sit my ma om uit te werk wat sy gaan koop en wat nie. Die basiese kos was mieliers, stampielies en pap en alles anders was luxury. Groot issues was of ons die maand tamatiesous of Worcesterous kan koop. Rys was net vir Paasnaweek en Kersfees."

Hy vereenselwig hom sterk met Afrika. "As ek praat en preek oor gelykheid, is dit nie volgens Westerse norme nie. Baie mense dink gelykheid beteken opwaartse aanpassing, en die verdeling van rykdomme, dat hulle ryk en wit moet word. Ek verstaan die Bybel eerder so dat gelykheid 'n afwaartse aanpassing beteken. Ons moet armoede deel, in plaas van rykdom."

En die mooi ou huis en die wit woongebied dan? "Die gevaar is dat mense in 'n leierskapsposisie altyd in die middelklas inbeweeg. Daarom, glo ek, moet my voedingsbron buite dié kategorie



Russel Botman (Foto: SALLY SHORKEND)

val, anders gaan ek ingesuij word. Dit het te make met dit waarmee mense hulle identifiseer en opbou. Ek vind my heel ongemaklik in deftige hotelle en duur eetplekke. Daar moet mens selfs 'n ander soort taal praat."

MAAR DAAR'S OOK 'n ander sy wat Botman glo hom sal weerhou van 'n "upward mobile" lewe. Dit spruit uit die skielike dood van sy eerste vrou, Lizzie. Een oomblik het sy nog in die bed gelê met 'n nierkwaal, effens olik, en die volgende oomblik was sy dood. Die besef dat niks standhoudend is nie het op hom 'n blywende indruk gemaak.

"Ek glo nie aan permanensie nie. Dit gaan heeltemal by my verby as mense beplan vir die toekoms. Ek dink in terme van wat ek nou moet doen en dat ek dit so goed moontlik moet doen. Ek kan nie empire bou vir eendag nie, want dan is ek dalk dood.

"Boonop is daar die erflating wat ek aan ander laat. Dit wat ek nalaat, moet van so 'n aard wees dat hulle daarop kan bou."

Buyts bedank oor 'geloofsoortuigings'

IN die jongste verwickeling rondom die eenwordingspoging tussen die NG Sendingkerk (NGSK) en die NG Kerk in Afrika (NGKA), het die aktuaris - die kerkregtelike - van die NGSK, James Buys, aangekondig dat hy uit die moderatuur bedank.

Sy bedanking spruit uit "geloofsoortuigings", sê hy. Dit volg ná 'n stemming van gemeentes van die NGSK om te besluit oor 'n buitengewone sinode om kerkregtelike probleme wat steeds oor die eenwording bestaan, vir eens en altyd op te los. Die gemeentes moes met 'n twee-derde meerderheid toestem tot so 'n buitengewone sinode, maar was gelykop verdeeld: 94 gemeentes het ja gesê, en 94 gemeentes nee, terwyl 62 buite stemming gebly en 22 hul stembriefe bederf het.

Een van die belangrike redes waarom van die ander moderatuurslede teen 'n buitengewone sinode was, is omdat dit te duur sou kos.

Dis bekend dat die moderatuur in twee verdeel is oor die kwessie van 'n buitengewone sinode. Aan die een kant staan die moderator, ds Nick Apollis, en die skriba, dr Andries Botha. Aan die ander kant staan Buys en Russel Botman, die assessor (onder-voorsitter). Sê Buys: "Ek oordeel dat die NGSK in die jongste stemming vir 'n buitengewone sinode by 'n oomblik van waarheid gekom het. Die stemming was 'n toets of die kerk, soos dit in die Belydenis van Belhar 1986 bely, bereid was om in gehoorsaamheid aan die Here die daad by die woord te voeg," sê Buys. "Die weiering om in te stem tot 'n buitengewone sinode vanweë praktiese oorwegings, soos die koste van so 'n sinode, verhef hierdie oorwegings bo die norm van die Skrif en ondermyn die belydenis van die Kerk."

Hy beskuldig diegene wat teen die buitengewone sinode gestem het, daarvan dat hulle "onder invloed (van) mense wat geld en ander belange dien" opgetree het. "Ek oordeel dat die prys wat die Kerk, hierdie gemeentes en persone ten koste van die Belydenis van Belhar en die geloofwaardigheid van ons daad van Belydenis betaal, onberekenbaar is." Dit maak 'n bespotting van die argumente oor hul ems oor kerkeenheid.

Die saak waaroor so 'n buitengewone sinode moes beslis, is of 'n artikel in die kerkwet ingeskryf moet word wat 'n ontbindingklousule bevat ten einde kerkeenheid moontlik te maak, of nie. Buys sê die moderatuur het op 28 Junie 1991 besluit as gemeentes nie 'n buitengewone sinode wil hou nie, die moderatuur hulle sal wend tot die hof om uitsluitel oor die kwessie te gee.

Nou het Apollis en Botha verklaar dat hulle hul nie gebonde ag aan die moderatuursbesluit nie.

Kerkregtelik staan hy steeds daarop dat 'n eenparty hofbevel aangevra moet word, sê Buys.

- INA VAN DER LINDE

evolution:

the missing link in the classroom

How much do our schoolchildren learn about the significance of their fossil heritage? How well is evolution taught in South African schools? The answer is that no evolutionary biology is taught in government schools, writes **MARIE BESTER**

SOUTH AFRICAN CHILDREN in government schools are not taught modern biology. The syllabus excludes the fundamental unifying principle that makes sense of what they learn. Our children should receive a biological education that meets international standards and that prepares them adequately for the future.

Every young child is fascinated by dinosaurs, those terrible lizards known only from the fossil record because they became extinct sixty-five million years ago. Fossils reveal that animal species came into existence, lived for a few million or several hundred million years and then either disappeared from the face of the earth or survived to the present day - like the famous coelacanth.

In South Africa we have some of the most significant fossils in the world, including specimens that show stages in the transition between reptiles and mammals as well as fossils of human ancestors. They are a valuable South African asset. Scientists from all over the world visit South Africa to study our fossils and our palaeontologists have unique opportunities for evolutionary research.

Preparing young South African scientists

How much do our schoolchildren learn about the significance of their fossil heritage? How well is evolution taught in South African schools? The answer is that no evolutionary biology is taught in government schools.

Evolution is not included in the biology syllabus and there is an attitude of disapproval on the part of education authorities towards evolution. Books on evolution have been removed from school libraries and teachers are afraid to mention the subject. They answer children's questions about evolution privately, as though the topic is somehow indecent.

The head of biology at the TED a few years ago refused to answer questions about evolution. In a state of acute embarrassment the official said he was a well qualified biologist but that his hands were tied.

Comparison between South Africa and the USA

His hands were not tied by any law on our statute books. Some Southern States of the

US have had anti-evolution laws, but there are none in this country. In the US there have been several court cases about the teaching of evolution but there have been none here.

The US Supreme Court announced in a 1988 judgement that children in public schools are entitled to hear about evolution because it is an essential part of a good scientific education. The US National Academy of Sciences has set up a committee to ensure that evolution is not deleted from school curricula or textbooks. In South Africa, zoology departments in every university teach evolution, yet there is little apparent concern about the kind of biology taught in schools.

But Miss, I believe in God!

If a biology teacher introduces the subject of evolution on her own initiative, she has to start with God's creation. The children insist upon it. Some people find God incompatible with evolution. But why? Species were created, not instantly, but by an ingenious method that eliminates errors and adjusts to changing circumstances.

Each religion has its own God and its own creation myth.

Creation myths, surely, are not literally true. They have spiritual meaning. No major religions or Christian denominations, except fundamentalist ones, have trouble reconciling evolution with a belief in God as Creator.

The reason why evolution is not taught in our schools is that South African education has been controlled by Christian fundamentalists.

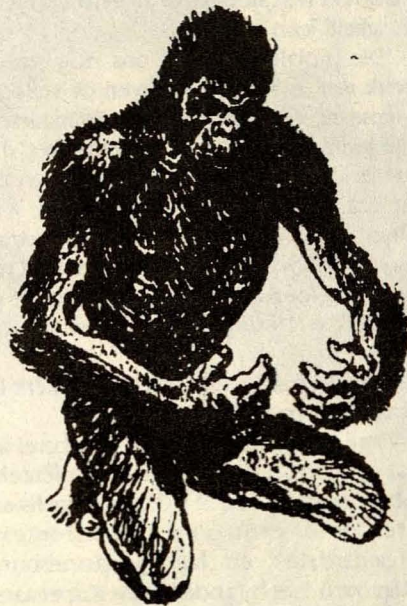
But Miss do you believe in evolution?

Evolution is not a religion that requires an act of faith. It is a fact based on very extensive evidence. It is, to biology, what atomic theory is to physics. It ties together all the observations about species that once puzzled scientists.

Species have anatomical, genetic and molecular similarities and are distributed in time (the succession of fossils) and space (geographical distribution) as they are, because they are related by descent. There has been hereditary continuity, and change, over vast aeons of time.

But Miss, evolution is only a theory

There are two aspects to evolution. First,



there is the fact that organisms change over time. Secondly, there is a theory to explain how it occurs. Few people understand this dichotomy: evolution as fact and evolution as theory or mechanism.

A theory in science is not something entirely hypothetical. It is an explanation of observed facts. In this case, the fact is evolution and the explanation is natural selection.

Natural selection operates in the following way: Individuals vary (look at the human species) and so there is a chance that a few animals will be pre-equipped to survive new conditions. A changing environment selects animals with attributes suitable for the new circumstances. The selected individuals breed and pass on their genes with the result that most of the next generation possess the advantageous attributes.

The population as a whole has changed slightly in response to environmental change. The cumulative effect of many such changes over vast periods of time can be very great. One population can change into a quite different species that cannot breed with individuals of its ancestral species. (A population of interbreeding animals changes, not a whole species, so ancestor and descendant species can exist

in different places at the same time.)

If no individuals have the ability to survive a change in environment, the entire population dies. When this happens to all the populations of a species, the species becomes extinct. The process is ruthless and the risk to species in changing environments is high.

But Miss, there is no evidence

The evidence for evolution needs more space than is available here, but it is very considerable indeed. There is no debate among biologists about the fact of evolution. Debate revolves around details of natural selection theory and the precise relationship of particular fossils.

Biology in our schools is not modern biology, it is natural history, purely descriptive, with no answers to the questions why? Natural history is very interesting and entertaining. But evolutionary biology is an intellectual feast.

In 1994 a non-compulsory module on evolution is to be introduced at standard 8 level. This is entirely inadequate and inappropriate. Evolution is not a topic that can be separated from the rest of biology. It is the explanatory principle of the subject. All of biology should be taught from an evolutionary point of view. Children would then understand the significance of sexual reproduction, mutation and other processes that result in variation within species. At present, these facts and a multitude of others that pupils have to memorize in the greatest detail, have no apparent meaning or purpose.

But Miss, my mother says evolution is not true

Evolution has suffered such neglect in South Africa that this article contains a brief description of the process. Few readers of this newspaper, educated in this country, understand anything at all about the subject. It is a missing link in their minds because it is a missing link in the classroom.

And it is a vital link. In these days of endangered species, including our own, we need to understand how species are naturally selected and how they become extinct.

Extinction is part of evolution theory. We neglect it at our own peril.

Om voor te gee die spreekwoordelike spoorlyn wat gemeenskappe tradisioneel in Suid-Afrika apart hou, het verdwyn, is nie 'n kitsoplossing vir die herstrukturering van plaaslike owerhede nie, meen die ANC. Dié organisasie het skerp gereageer op die historiese samesmelting verlede week van die land se eerste nie-rassige dorpsowerhede. **CHRISTELLE TERREBLANCHE** probeer vasstel waar die skeidslyne nou getrek word

'nuwe dorpe'

is 'n siniese manipulasie van mense, sê die ANC

KRAGTENS artikel agt van die Wet op Tussentydse Maatreëls van 1991 het Citrusdal en Riversdal in die Kaap hulle dorpsrade met die bestuurskomitees van die bruin townships laat saamsmelt om voortaan saam oor die bestuur van hul dorp te besluit. In Natal het Glencoe Maandag 'n soortgelyke stap gedoen.

Op Citrusdal is verlede week groot gewag van die eenwording gemaak en by die geleentheid het die NP-LP van die Piketberg-gebied, dr Dawie de Villiers, dit bestempel as "van simboliese belang vir ons land in dié tyd van onderhandelinge oor 'n nuwe grondwet".

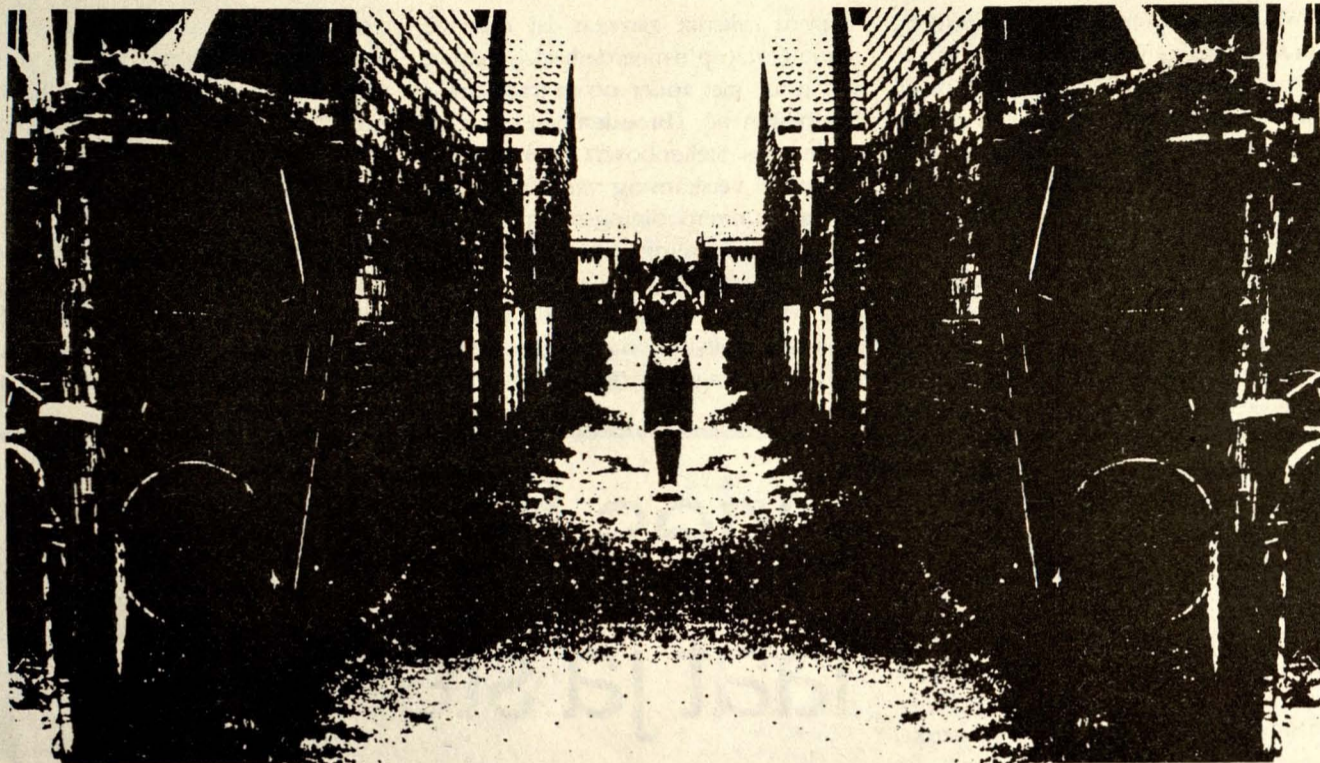
Maar die ANC het heftig gereageer: "Ons dink dit is die mees siniese manipulasie van mense denkbaar," sê Basil Davidson, uitvoerende bestuurslid van die Wes-Kaaplandse ANC-streek. En Kader Asmal, grondwetlike kundige van die organisasie, meen dit is sonder twyfel deel van die regering se pogings om die status quo in plaaslike owerhede te behou.

Sedert die deurvoering van die wetgewing, is dit deur die Civic-organisasies, Cosatu en die ANC verwerp as 'n onkonstitusionele manier om plaaslike owerhede te herstruktureer sonder 'n demokratiese grondwet as rigtingaanwyser. Die regering sê dit is daarop gemik om tussentydse plaaslike probleme - van administratiewe en ekonomiese aard - aan te spreek. Maar hy het nie onderneem dat die strukture ongedaan gemaak kan word met die aanvaarding van 'n nuwe grondwet nie. Inteendeel, onlangse uitsprake dui daarop dat die regering dit as boustone vir sy eie grondwetlike voorstelle beskou.

INWONERS VAN die "pioniersdorpe" wat hul besluite as baanbrekerswerk beskou, is 'n bietjie uit die veld geslaan oor dié reaksie. "Dit is hoofsaaklik gegrond op ekonomiese oorwegings," sê Jacques Carstens, stadsklerk van Citrusdal. "Dienste is nog altyd deur een enkele liggaam gelewer, maar deur twee besluitnemingsliggame geadminestreer. Dit was onprakties en duur."

Die samesmelting kom daarop neer dat die wit verkose besluitnemende en uitvoerende dorpsrade en die bruin verkose raadgewende bestuurskomitees op die dorpe ná 'n uitnodiging van die wit dorpsraad besluit het om ingevolge een van die modelle van artikel agt van die wetgewing saam te smelt. Nadat "so wyd moontlik" met die gemeenskap geraadpleeg is, is kennis aan die Administrateur gegee dat so 'n stap oorweeg word.

Kobus Meiring, Administrateur van Kaapland, se voorwaarde vir die implementering was "breëre gemeenskap-saanvaarding", sê sy kantoor. Maar die ANC se civics word nie na behore



geraadpleeg en daarom is die besluite nie legitiem nie.

Sowel Citrusdal as Riversdal meen hulle het alle belangegroeppe, ook die Civics, by die onderhandelinge betrek.

Volgens Meiring se kantoor word nog vier dorpe tans vir samesmelting oorweeg, het 127 dorpe uit altesame 212 Kaaplandse plaaslike owerhede "reeds skriftelik aangedui dat hulle begerig is om die moontlikhede van die wet te ontgin" en het 56 van hulle al om tegniese bystand aansoek gedoen by die KPA. Onder die voorlopers is Kimberly en Piketberg.

WAARORGaan die bohaai dan nou eintlik?

De Villiers se woorde by die onder-tekening van die nuwe ooreenkoms het bevestig dat die nuwe nie-rassigheid op plaaslike vlak in wese grondwetlik van aard is.

"'n Grondwet word ook opgebou uit gemeenskappe en streke en die stelsels wat daar bedink word," sê die minister. "Die stelsels is van belang vir die voortbestaan van die grondwet."

Die ANC verwerp die konstitusionele aanslag. Asmal staan vas dat grondwetlike aangeleenthede nie plaaslik onderhandel kan word nie. "Citrusdal is 'n klassieke voorbeeld van die NP se grondwetlike pogings om nie op plaaslike vlak te hervorm nie," sê hy. "Plaaslike ooreenkoms is gegrond op die magsbalans wat reeds bestaan - die grondbesitters versus diegene wat tot dusver van voorregte ontnem was.

"Wat nou gaan gebeur, is dat plaaslike

strukture vir 'n onbepaalde tyd bevries word, met die huidige belange- en magsbalans daarin verskans. Elke dorpsraad gaan sy eie struktuur en stelsel hê, wat uiteindelik eenvormige landwye herstrukturering in 'n onbegonne taak sal omskep."

Davidson, 'n stadsbeplanner, onderskryf dié siening. "Dit is 'n regeringstruuk om swak sentrale regering, sterk streekregering, swak metropolitaanse owerheid en sterk plaaslike owerhede in die grondwet te verskans. Vir ons is die probleem dat hoe laer jy mag afwintel, hoe nader kom dit aan groep-entiteite en daarom die bestaande, ingewortelde groepgebiede."

Hy maak ook 'n meer omstrede aantyging. "Die mense wat die nuwe strukture voorstel, deurvoer en administreer, is dieselfde mense wat ingeskakel was by die JMC (Joint Management Committee) strukture, wat in wese strooipoppe van die regering was, maar nou sê hulle is verteenwoordigend."

Die ANC het voorgestel dat 'n Kommissie oor Plaaslike Regering in die lewe geroep word om op nasionale grondslag die vier administrateurs raad te gee oor plaaslike owerheid-aangeleenthede. Volgens Asmal het die administrateurs buitengewone magte om op streeks- en plaaslike vlak te hervorm, sonder inagneming van die grondwetlike onderhandelinge wat met Kodesa reeds op hoogste vlak afgeskop het.

Die regering is nie te vinde vir die voorstel oor 'n kommissie nie.

INTUSSEN IS DIE ANC ook besorg oor die prosedures wat gevolg sal word wanneer die geamalgameerde dorpsrade uiteindelik demokratiese verkiesings sal hou.

Sowel Citrusdal as Riversdal sal binne die volgende twee jaar stem, tensy die administrateur buitengewone uitstel verleen.

Die stadsklerke van albei die dorpe het dié week bevestig dat die dorpe in nuwe nie-rassige wyke verdeel is, en dat sowel grondeienaars as okkupeerders mag stem - twee per erf. In gevalle waar meer as een erf per wyk besit word, mag 'n eienaar nie twee stemme kry nie.

Die probleem lê daarin dat die erfbesetting in bruin dele baie hoër is as op "wit" erwe. Citrusdal se bruin woonbuurt het byvoorbeeld van die hoogste huis- en erf-besettings in die Kaap. 'n Munisipale stemming sal volgens sommige interpretasies nie werklik demokraties verteenwoordigend van die gemiddelde inwoners van 'n dorp kan wees nie.

Maar intussen het 'n woordvoerder van Meiring se kantoor bevestig dat die administrateur die nuwe reëlings nie as "vir ewig" beskou nie en dat dit "kan verval sodra nuwe grondwetlike produkte op die tafel kom". Die "tussentydse aard" van die nuwe nie-rassige owerhede het die dorpe in veral Kaapland duidelik nie daarvan weerhou nie en binne die volgende paar maande sal tentalle van die "Nuwe Dorpe" soos paddastoel opspring en kan dié kwessie een van die taaiste in grondwetlike onderhandelinge word, meen politieke waarnemers.

dié skans gaan probleme bring

AMANDA GOUWS, ANTHONY LEYSENS en LISA THOMPSON
van die Departement Politieke Wetenskap
aan die Universiteit van Stellenbosch skryf
oor die stryd wat tans gevoer word aan dié
universiteit oor die amptelike status van
Afrikaans as voertaal



Amanda Gouws

gewek word dat die universiteit langs dié weg (behoud van "standaarde" op 'n "nie-rassige" grondslag) sy tradisionele "karakter" (oorwegend Afrikaans en wit) probeer behou. Ongelukkig is dit so dat Afrikaans 'n klomp ideologiese bagasie saamdra. Verskansing van Afrikaans as voertaal aan die universiteit lewer geen bydrae om dié beeld na buite te probeer regstel nie.

Aangesien die taalbeleid meningsverskille op kampus veroorsaak het, is dit duidelik dat daar dosente is wat bewus is van die "verskuilde agenda" van diegene wat hulself die reg toeëien om besluite te neem namens die hele universiteit. Die toekoms van die universiteit hang af van die legitimiteit en geloofwaardigheid (lees ook onsydigheid) wat nou na buite uitgedra moet word. Die beeld van die universiteit as geheel word tans bepaal deur die "powers that be" (onder meer beweerde Broederbondlede) wat dié legitimiteit (miskien permanent) gaan beskuldig.

Die implikasies hiervan is dat dosente en studente aan dié universiteit almal binne dieselfde raamwerk geplaas sal word. As gevolg hiervan sal Stellenbosch (die dosente en studente inkluis) die gevaar loop om die "muishond" en nie die "Harvard" of "Oxford" van Suid-Afrika nie te word.

TERWYL ander universiteite die verskansing van Afrikaans as voertaal verwerp, is die Universiteit van Stellenbosch (US) besig om op 'n ondemokratiese wyse en sonder om die dosentekorps in die saak te ken, juis die teenoorgestelde te doen. Die artikel in *Vrye Weekblad* (28 Feb - 5 Maart) is insiggewend omdat dit regstreeks verband hou met die huidige verwikkelinge op Stellenbosch.

Die universiteitsowerheid hier het al ver gevorder in die uitvoering van 'n universiteitbesluit wat sal meebring dat Afrikaans statutêr gesproke as die enigste medium van instruksie aan dié universiteit gebruik sal mag word. In dié stadium het die betrokke beleidsverandering reeds sy loop deur die universiteitkanale geneem. Dit is al deur die Senaat aanvaar en die volgende stap sal wees om die betrokke wetgewing in die parlement gewysig te kry.

Die uitsprake wat in die VWB-artikel gemaak is deur proff Adam Small en Tony Links en Achmat Davids is veral ter sprake. Ons stem saam dat die beskerming van Afrikaans deur wetgewing op die ou einde teenproduktief sal wees. Daar is ook vele aan die US wat meen dat "Afrikaans se toekoms ten beste verseker kan word deur die praat, die skryf en die leef daarvan en nie deur wetlike beskerming of verskansing nie".

In die verlede het die universiteit Engelssprekende dosente en studente geakkommodeer deur 'n meer buigsame taalbeleid te volg. Dit het behels dat Afrikaans nie as die uitsluitlike voertaal van onderrig beskou is nie. Dit het departemente meer ruimte gegee om aanstellings te doen vanuit die hele Suid-Afrikaanse en internasionale akademiese gemeenskap. Studente sou onder omstandighede waar Afrikaans verskans is as voertaal, die reg kon afdwing om in Afrikaans klas te loop. Dit beteken dat enkele studente wat 'n probleem het met onderrig in 'n ander taal die meerderheid die geleentheid kan ontnem om 'n taal te kies waarmee dié meeste studente gemaklik sal wees.

DIE BELEIDSRIJTING/VISIEWAT PROF Van Wyk in *Die Burger* (2 Sept '91) uitspel, behels onder meer dat "Suid-Afrika se Afrikaanse universiteite ... dus Afrikaans (in die nie-rassige sin) bly, nie soseer ter wille van die Afrikaner nie, maar ter wille van die hele Suid-Afrika". Tensy prof Van Wyk iets weet wat die res van ons nie weet nie, moet

'n mens sekerlik aanvaar dat 'n nuwe regering (wat op 'n meerderheidsgrondslag verkies is) met ander oë na tradisionele "establishment" (Broederbond?) universiteite soos Stellenbosch sal kyk, veral omdat die verskansing van Afrikaans as voertaal as 'n verdedigingstrategie teen die verwagte instroming van swart studente (die totale aanslag in ander vorm?) beskou kan word. Uit die aard van die saak sal universiteite altyd vir 'n groot gedeelte van hul finansiering van die staat afhanklik

wees. Stellenbosch sou langs dié weg heelwat druk kon verwag, die soort druk waaraan universiteite soos die Universiteit van Wes-Kaapland (UWK) baie jare onderworpe was. Hoe haalbaar dié strategie op lang termyn sal wees, is 'n ope vraag.

WATER BEELD projekteer dié soort optrede deur die universiteit na buite? Ons meen dit sal veroorsaak dat Stellenbosch op sigself van sy potensieël swart studentemark vervreem word, juis omdat die indruk

Dries het my laat ja stem



skryf **CARL NIEHAUS** uit Nederland

OP 25 Februarie 1941 het Amsterdamse dokwerkers uit protes teen die Duitse besetters se anti-Joodse maatreëls begin met 'n staking. Tot eer van die mense van Amsterdam het die meeste van die stad se werkers spontaan daaraan meegedoen en vir 'n ruk was die stad lamgelê. Slegs na 'n tydperk van gewelddadige onderdrukking het die Nazi's daarin geslaag om die rug van die staking te breek.

Op die Daniel Meijerplein net oorkant die Joodse Historiese Museum staan die standbeeld van De Dokwerker wat met opgerolde moue, lê hande en kop omhoog vorentoe stap. Op die voetstuk staan ingebeitel: "Februarie staking 1941. Daad van verzet der burgerij tegen de Joden vervolging door de Duitse bezetter."

Die Amsterdammers verwys trots na die beeld as Dries - een van hulle. Elke jaar op 25 Februarie is daar 'n defilé. In die laat agtermiddag stap duisende mense stil verby Dries die dokwerker en lê hul bossies blomme neer.

Die afwesigheid van enige toesprake en seremonie dra by tot die besonderheid van die herdenking. Ek en Zolili Magugu, die ANC se verteenwoordiger hier, het ook blomme in die kleure van die ANC gaan neersit. Net 'n straatblok verder weg was voorheen die ou Joodse buurt, maar die meeste van die geboue wat nou daar staan,

is sedert 1945 opgerig. Die ou huise is afgebrand deur die Nazi's, of later gesloop toe die stad se metro gebou is. Duisende van die mense wat voor die oorlog daar gewoon het, het nie lewend uit die Nazi-doodskampe gekom nie.

'N BORDJIE WAT AAN EEN van die nabye bome vasgebind was, het my aandag getrek:

"Doden kunnen wij tellen, maar het verdriet niet.

Zorg dat het nooit meer kan gebeuren."
(Anti-Fasciste Groep - Transvaal Buurt)

Die Transvaal Buurt dateer uit die tyd van die Tweede Vryheidsoorlog toe Holland veel simpatie gehad het met die Boere Republieke se stryd teen die Britse Imperialiste. Vandag is dit een van die armer gedeeltes van Amsterdam met 'n groot aantal Surinaamse en Indonesiese inwoners (Allochtonen soos ons buitelanders amptelik genoem word).

Meer onlangs het haat teen buitelanders ook begin deurslaan. Vir vele Amsterdammers, wat diep besorg is oor die tekens van groeiende rassisme oral in Europa en wat nou ook hul eie stad begin vergiftig, was die optog verby De Dokwerker nie net 'n herdenking van gebeure uit die verlede nie, maar ook 'n herbevestiging van die stryd teen rassisme

wat volgehou moet word. Die besef is keer op keer herhaal in die talle kaartjies by die blomme. "Waaksaamheid juist nu geboden", of die twee jong punks met hul pers kranse: "Nooit weer."

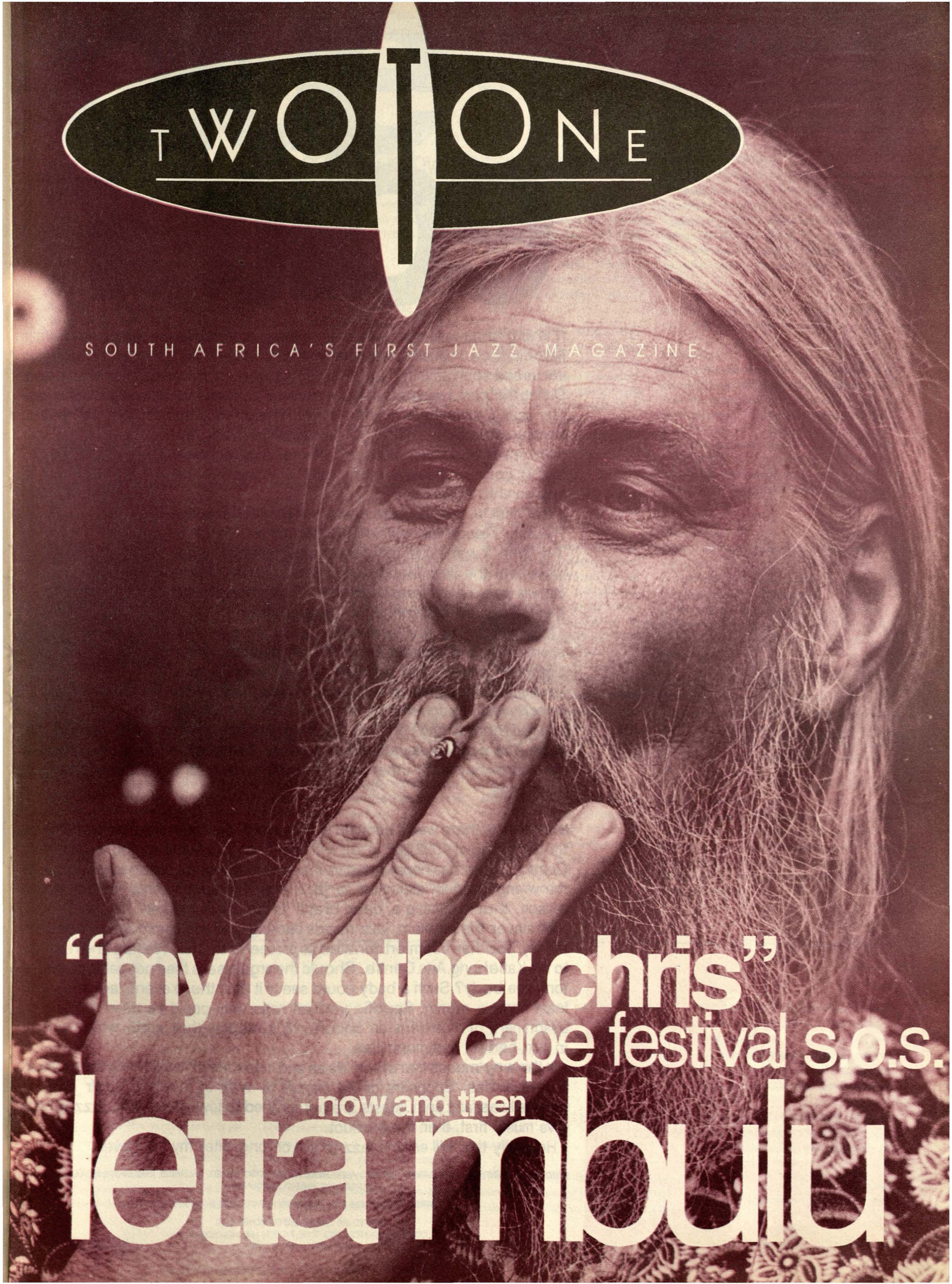
Ons Suid-Afrikane se stryd teen rassisme was natuurlik voorop in my gedagtes. Net 'n paar dae tevore het Staatspresident FW de Klerk die referendum aangekondig. Die mense in die Transvaal Buurt dink waarskynlik skaars daaraan, maar baie van die afstammelinge van die ou Boere Republieke waarna hul buurt heet, wil maar weer vir die behoud van rassisme in Suid-Afrika stem.

DIT WAS NOG ALTYD VIR MY 'n beginselsaak om nie aan wit rassistiese verkiesings deel te neem nie, maar ek staan daardie grys koue agtermiddag by Dries en besef ek moet gaan stem. Na dekades van onderdrukking, waar die hoop vir 'n nuwe toekoms soms so bitter ver weg was, is daar nou hoop vir demokrasie en 'n einde aan rassisme in Suid-Afrika.

Verreikende vordering is die afgelope paar maande by Kodesa gemaak, 'n tussentydse regering kan binnekort 'n werklikheid wees. Kodesa moet beskerm word. 'n Begin is gemaak om uiteindelik die lyding van apartheid te stop. Daar kan nie toegelaat word dat Suid-Afrika terugkeer na Verwoerdiaanse apartheid nie, daar mag nie meer hopies grond bykom in die begraaftoneel van hervestigingskampe nie... "Zorg dat het nooit kan gebeuren."

Daarom gaan Jansie en ek met die trein na Den Haag om by die Suid-Afrikaanse ambassade vir die eerste keer te stem. Ek weet daar is wit demokrate wat weens hul afkeer van dié rassistiese referendum nie gaan stem het nie. Ek het begrip vir hulle gevoelens, en tog hoop ek dat baie van ons vriende, al was dit dan met 'n knop in die keel, hul ja-stem uitgebring het. Dit hoef nie 'n ja vir De Klerk te gewees het nie, maar wel vir hoop, vrede en demokrasie.

Groetnis uit die vreemde.



TWO ONE

SOUTH AFRICA'S FIRST JAZZ MAGAZINE

“my brother chris”
cape festival s.o.s.

- now and then

letta mbulu

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Cover picture by Paul Weinberg

editor from the

IT IS SAD to have to note that every attempt at establishing a jazz event falls flat on its face. I usually celebrate whenever I attend the opening of a new jazz venue and soon after my hangover is over, I mourn, because it has shut down. During the past two years there was never a weekend without a Contemporary Jazz Collectors afternoon event. These were outdoor events held on Sunday afternoons, mainly in the townships. Why are there fewer and fewer of them? Where have all these events gone? Should I rather ask why has all the sponsorship evaporated?

The most successful jazz event was held at Okwethu Pleasure Resort just outside Natalspruit on March 8. The turnout was good, the music - phenomenal, especially from the Jazz Moods and Loading Zone. (Julian Bahula was a great disappointment.) This proved to me that there is still a demand for these occasions.

It is difficult to find exclusivity when it comes to sponsoring and support for the Contemporary Jazz Collectors events. The purpose of these events, as I have understood them, was to support jazz. This would be achieved through sharing internationally and locally pressed records and compact discs, staging live concerts and to share jazz news. The concept developed to some kind of "stokvel" where guys would save up to buy each other sound systems, records and international jazz magazines.

IN THE PAST there was a boom in sponsorship for these afternoons and since the beginning of 1992 jazz is left with only one CJC event hosted by Southern Comfort. What has happened to the rest? Is the competition too tough, was the wrong product allocated to jazz, was the sponsorship for the wrong reason, that is foisting a "dead brand" to the black market?

Whatever the problem, jazz needs backing and the communities need the money. Southern Comfort donated its proceeds to Child Welfare and recently to the Katilehong Arts Centre. Should the organisers then not get together to form one body? Such a body could see to it that these events are staged at least once a month. Specific venues nationally could be used to give an assortment of musicians an opportunity to display their worth, which would, in turn, benefit communities.

In this way musos can share ideas and notes which would help them avoid repetitiveness. Sponsors could benefit by way of loyalty to their product nationally as jazz enthusiasts are not confined to townships only. Jazzophiles love music first, then the product.

Hopefully this will enable jazz to live on long after my hangover.

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blue notes

compiled by tebogo alexander

DOCTOR IBRAHIM: When Abdullah Ibrahim accepts an honorary doctorate in music from the University of Natal next month, he will become this country's first jazz musician to receive the honour. Though awarded the doctorate last year, the pianist/composer/arranger could not attend the ceremony. Besides acknowledging Ibrahim's musical contribution, the university is also using the award as an "opportunity to associate itself with South Africa move towards a post-apartheid era, symbolised by the return of Ibrahim and many other exiles".

GRAMMY HISTORY?: Saxophonist Barney Rachabane may have made history as the first South African jazz musician to perform live at a Grammy Award presentation when he performed with the Paul Simon group. Other South Africans appearing in the Simon band alongside Rachabane are guitarist Ray Phiri and keyboardist Tony Cedras. The musicians are presently in the country on a short break from a hectic touring schedule.

MOTHE FOR MMABANA: Ernest Mothe has, as of the beginning of March, joined the teaching staff of Bop's Mbabana Cultural Centre. Regarded as South Africa's foremost upright bassist, Mothe will be teaching bass in the jazz section of the Centre's music programme. Mothe will be joining pianist Denzil Weale and guitarist extraordinaire Allen Kwela.

AND MASEKELA FOR NATAL: Two months ago this column hinted that Hugh Masekela might join Natal University's Centre for Jazz and Popular Music. Masekela's position as co-director at the Centre has been confirmed. According to Kathy Brubeck he will join the institution in August. He becomes the first director to be appointed from outside the University. Part of Masekela's brief is indigenous music, projects. He will, of course, also teach trumpet.

MIKE ROSSI BACK?: Still on the Centre for Jazz and Popular Music, Florida-based saxophonist Mike Rossi may join the faculty to teach saxo-

phone. The arrival of Rossi, who married a South African after spending some months teaching sax at the Centre back in 1989, is "not a 100 percent" confirmed.

NU JAZZ FOR GERMANY: The NU Jazz connection has been invited to a Baden Wurttembergische Hochschultage jazz education meet in Germany this May. The group, comprising students and staff members of the Centre for Jazz and Popular Music, will exchange ideas with musicians and students from Spain, France, Italy, Belgium, the Netherlands, Poland and St. Petersburg. Should sufficient funds be raised, the group may tour other jazz institutions in Germany. Contributions to funding for the band's tour should be discussed with Kathy Brubeck at (031) 8163385.

MOSIKIDIQUITS: Long-time manager of Sakhile and Bayete, Simon Mosikidi, has quit music management. One of the few black music managers working in Johannesburg, Mosikidi leaves to pursue agency work and theatre and music production. He still acts as an agent for the two bands. Mosikidi hopes this will leave him freer to working other bands as well. He is already acting as an agent for Zimbabwe's Southern Freeway.

EASTWOOD HONOURED: Actor/director Clint Eastwood has been inducted into the Lionel Hampton-Chevron Jazz Festival Hall of Fame. Eastwood's local popularity may have come from the action-packed *Dirty Harry* movies, but internationally he is a respected lover of jazz. He won the Golden Globe for best director for his work *Bird*, the 1988 film on sax legend Charlie Parker, portrayed by Forest Whitaker. Of the two films - the other being the 1987 Marc Huraux semi-documentary, *Bird Now* - Eastwood's *Bird* is considered the better.

NEW DURBAN VENUE: The Drostdy-hof Cellar has become the newest jazz platform in the coastal city following a gap in the NAPAC schedule. The venue kicked off with The Red

Hot and Cool Music Festival during the first weeks of this month, featuring acts like new Durban outfit Giant Steps, Chris Merz's Jazz Counterculture, Zim Ngqawana, Darius Brubeck & The NU Jazz Connection who are fresh from a successful US stint, to name a few.

BRIEF GUGULETHU VENUE: Three weeks following its opening, Gugulethu's Sunday jazz gigs at the Yellow Door have been "temporarily" closed, pending negotiations to keep it alive. The resident band, Vuya, played until end February, but its owner has decided concentrate on the more lucrative disco music. The Cape Town township's jazz appreciation association is in the process of looking for another venue should they fail to convince the owner that he should stick with jazz.

MAKHALEMELE TO RECORD: Saxophonist Mike Makhalemele is expected to go into the studio soon for his second album with Tusk Records. Johannesburg producer Ian Oswin will be working with Makhalemele on the project, due out at the end of the year. With the 1990 recording of *Thabang*, Makhalemele became the first and only South African jazz artist to record with Tusk. The album, dedicated to his grandson (and namesake), has also seen international release with the American company, Atlantic. Watch this space for more on the Makhalemele project.

NONSTARTER: Pianist Jabu Nkosi failed to perform his last set at a Sunday night gig in Hillbrow's Cotton Pub late last month. His reasons are unknown, but according to Two Tone sources, it had something to do with a parched throat and an unsteady gait.

'ROUND MIDNIGHT

If you have a listing for the month of April in *'Round Midnight*, your national live jazz guide, details should be phoned in (011 836-2151) - or faxed (011 838-5901) as soon as confirmed, as the available space is limited.

JOHANNESBURG

FLY BY NIGHT: Now performing at Kippie's until March 28 (Tuesdays to Saturdays). Doors open early, and the show begins at 9pm sharp, lasting till 1am. The entrance fee is R8 on weekdays and R12 on weekends. Next on the bill is Janito (March 31 to April 4), followed by Sophie Mngcina and Sibongile Khumalo. For further details contact Grace Mokoena (011 832-1641).

N2: Cape contemporary jazz trio N2 performs nightly for the next three months at Hillbrow's Café de Sol.

DURBAN

ABDULLAH IBRAHIM will perform at 8pm on April 7 at the University of Durban's Howard College Theatre, in aid of the Ronnie Madonsela Jazz Scholarship. Contact Glynis Malcolm-Smith at the Centre for Jazz & Popular Music (031 816-3385) for tickets.

DUKE & EZRA NGCUKANA: March 19 - 23 at the University of Durban-Westville, Natal University and the Rainbow. The brothers will be playing with a combination of musicians from Durban's Centre for Jazz and Popular Music.

PRETORIA

CLASSIC JAZZ MASTERS: March 27 sees this traditional New Orleans Dixieland-style jazz band performing at the Theatre Rendezvous as part of the monthly Jazz For You programme featuring local musicians. The band consists of Jake Presely (trom), Bob Wade (clar/flug), Roy Burrows (sax), Aggie Rolfs (trom/sax), Stan Jones (p), Peter Coester (db) and David Mills (d). Call Therese (012 322-1665)

BOPHUTHATSWANA

PAT MATSHIKIZA: The pianist will be performing in the Mbabana Cultural Centre's Jazz in Foyer on Saturday, March 21, at 7.30pm. Matshikiza will be backed by Ernest Mothe (b), Duke Makasi (s) and Siphon Mtshali (d). For further details call Pam Meong at (0140) 24-100/9.

CAPE TOWN

UCT COLLEGE BIG BAND: Catch this big band at the Kirstenbosch's Summer Sunset Concert Series on Sunday March 22 (17h00 - 18h00). Their repertoire classic swing, bebop and latin styles as well locally inspired Afro/jazz and rock fusion. Contact Sue Ross at (021-7621166) for further information.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

DEAR MADAM

I feel compelled to write to you after the immense pleasure I have found in reading your new jazz magazine. The articles and features are interesting and informative (esp. Blue Notes), and more than anything else, a novelty. It is wonderful to have a magazine focusing on jazz and jazz musicians. The most encouraging aspect to me is that most of the articles feature well-known and respected jazz musicians and they are all interviewed and researched in South Africa. That goes to show how rich we are in musical talent and also how underexposed we

have been to live music of the calibre of Hugh Masekela, Hotep, Gilbert Matthews, Michael Brecker, etc.

Having been to many live jazz performances by local artists (mostly at the Base and Rosies, I might add), I cannot wait for more of our self-exiled musicians to return home. I also think that *Two Tone* is now the ideal medium of exposure for these musicians, and hereby wish you all the success in the future.

Needless to say, I am also very interested and eager to obtain a copy of the *Connoisseur Jazz Collection* cassettes offered by your magazine. I am a high school teacher in Mitchell's Plain and

hope to use the above collection as well as your magazine to expose our students to a cultural history of which they are largely unaware.

Finally, a comment on the article "Women in Jazz", at least the first Jazz magazine has a female editor!

J. Galant (Cape Town)

DEAR MR SONY

Who is this "Andrew Tracy", this reactionary straw man you have set up simply to shoot down in your article "What a wonderful world" in *Two*

Tone Vol. 1, No. 3? It is certainly not me. And I do not mean simply that you have spelled my name wrong.

If you see me as someone standing in the way of the progress of music I should like to know where you gained this impression, or is it just folklore?

I resent your using my name as a handy symbol to knock down casually. You probably have no notion whatsoever of what I or ILAM stand for.

Andrew Tracey

(Director, International Library of African Music.)

sax appeal a post mortem

Phuthuma F Nhleko gives his impressions of the recent Sax Appeal ...The Journey Continues concert at Sun City's Superbowl



SAX APPEAL...Mike Makhalemele, Ezra Ngcukana, Duke Makasi and Vee Sabongo.

THE AIR of excitement was only subdued by the dwarfing size of the Superbowl. Its enormous size did not enhance the feeling of "togetherness" among the crowd, who had great expectations after weeks of intensive advertising.

By and large, they were not disappointed. The tight arrangement and professionalism of the first rendition left no doubt that the performance had been well rehearsed.

The line-up of tenor sax players was quite overpowering - so much so that the individual players did not get a chance to stretch out. I for one, would have loved to have heard more of Chris Merz. I found his playing to be forceful, stimulating and mature.

The solo period for each player was limited, but Winston Mankunku Ngozi and Rene McLean had a fair opportunity to express themselves.

Though the arrangement of Yakal'inkomo was fantastic, Mankunku did not bellow the way he did on that classic recording: I guess it would be expecting a bit much from him almost twenty years later.

In general, there was a lack of personal style in most of the playing from the sax line-up - with the exception of Barney Rachabane and Morris Goldberg. Barney's distinctively sounds like Barney at all times.

"SAX APPEAL" became "guitar appeal" when Jimmy Dlodlu was given the opportunity to display his wares. There's no doubt that he has plenty of potential. He managed to get us excited at the slightest opportunity.

His solos would end abruptly, as though he lacked confidence on how well he had actually played. I guess even Wayne Shorter does that after decades in the business. It's called being shy.

I was a bit disappointed in Hotep Idris Galeta's playing. There was nothing wrong technically, but it just sounded so "schooled". I was hoping he would freak out just a wee bit.

Still, he accompanied the solo's and filled space as best as one could have expected.

Overall Victor Ntoni did a superb job. Arranging for nineteen musicians and nineteen egos must be quite a challenge. On the whole it was quite balanced, including the wide spectrum of compositions. It must have been quite frustrating for the sax players who were itching to burst out, but couldn't because of the tight arrangement.



gillespie

in hospital instead of superbowl

Though illness has prevented **Dizzy Gillespie** from performing at Sun City alongside Miriam Makeba next week, the trumpeter's doctors expect him to be up and about again soon - and he may still tour the country later this year

LESS THAN 24 hours after it was confirmed that Dizzy Gillespie would arrive for a performance at Sun City alongside Miriam Makeba, news came through that the trumpeter had been hospitalised.

According to a Sun International statement, Gillespie was to undergo "surgery to relieve an abdominal obstruction" on Thursday last week - the same day a press conference was scheduled to be held to announce the trumpeter's arrival.

Had he not been taken ill, Gillespie would have performed at Sun City's Superbowl from March 27 to 29.

Sun International's entertainment director Hazel Feldman received a call just after midnight from Gillespie's management informing her of the unfortunate circumstances.

"We are very upset and concerned for Dizzy's health and we wish him a speedy recovery," she says. "Subject to the time of his recovery, we would obviously like to reschedule the double bill of Dizzy and Miriam to later this year. If not, we will definitely headline Makeba in the Superbowl in 1992."

Though Dizzy is 74, his personal manager told Sun International that his doctors foresaw no problems with the operation and expect him to have fully recovered from surgery within six to eight weeks. Should he recover soon enough, it is very likely that he may perform on South African soil by the end of April.

Feldman told *Two Tone* that she would be able to reschedule him in the first half of the year, but it may be difficult in the second half. "But when he is well and able to come to South Africa, we definitely would try and accommodate him in our programme."

IN AN EARLIER interview with the Pan Africanist Congress, Fitzroy Ngcukana suggested that there would be pressure on Gillespie if he did perform at Sun City. *Two Tone* has heard from sources that Gillespie does not want to create a controversy similar to that created by Paul Simon's *Born at the Right Time* tour.

"We wouldn't go ahead without SAMA's approval," said Feldman.

She said her company would promote Gillespie's Superbowl concerts while Sol Pienaar would handle the other concerts that were to be held around the country.

In an earlier statement, Sun International listed the band as Ignacio Berrao (drums), Ed Cherry (guitar), Giovanni Hidalgo (percussions), John Lee (bass), David Sanchez (sax), Charlie Sepulveda (trumpet) and Steve Turre (trombone).

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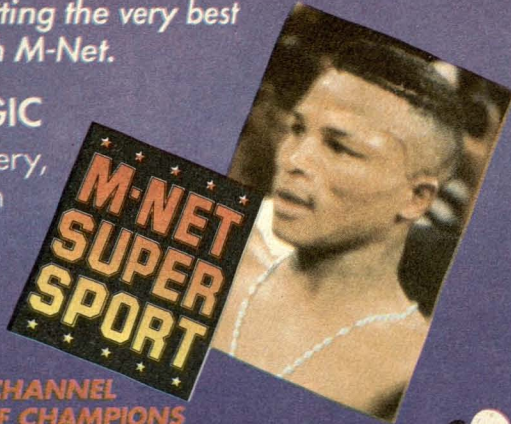


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chris - the brother I loved

With his imagination and his fingers, **Chris McGregor** created a rich legacy of music, infused with the complex rhythms and harmonies of Africa. **TONY MCGREGOR** remembers his brother, the jazz giant who died in 1990

The Blue Notes... Chris McGregor with Dudu Pukwana, Mongezi Feza and Sammy Maritz (standing)

(Pic: DAVID GOLDBLATT)

FROM a young boy running over the rolling hills of the Transkei, quickly picking up the rhythm and melody happening all around him, to the owner of a peaceful farm in a beautiful valley in the South-West of France - this is the story of Chris McGregor, the brother I loved.

In between lay the years of study, the years of listening and learning, which took him from the lecture halls of the College of Music in Cape Town to the shebeens and beer halls of Langa, Nyanga, Soweto, and countless places between. Then on to the jazz clubs, cafés and eventually the concert halls of Europe.

And always listening, picking up the rhythm, the melody, the harmony of whatever was happening around him.

One of my favourite memories of Chris is of the time I arrived at the Moulin de la Madone (his farm in France) on my first visit to Europe in 1979. I was suffering from deep culture shock, not to mention the effects of a gruelling three-week tour of Germany and Switzerland with a party of journalists from South Africa. I had left the party the day before in Geneva and had flown to Paris, then taken the train first to Bourdeaux and then Tonneins. There I found a taxi driver who agreed to take me to the Moulin. I had no idea where it was. I was exhausted and felt lost.

After a drive of about forty minutes through

rolling green hills, not unlike those of the Transkei, we arrived at a rambling, rather ramshackle building. "Le Moulin," the driver announced tersely, and I got out of the car just as Chris came out to greet me, arms outstretched, long grey hair and beard flowing, and that deep, loving voice: "Hey, Anthony!"

We spent some time talking, getting my things sorted out, walking around the farm. Maxine, Chris's wonderful wife, was out driving with her sister who was also visiting, so Chris and I had some hours on our own.

At supertime Chris asked what I fancied for the evening meal. "How about omelettes *au berbes sauvages*?" he asked.

As we walked together Chris picked leaves from a variety of wild plants next to the road and in the fields.

Back in the kitchen - an amazing room with onions and garlic hanging next to windows garlanded with spider's webs, posters on the walls and a grand piano in the corner - eggs were broken into a large pan and mixed with the leaves he had picked.

We ate the best omelettes I have ever tasted with thick chunks of bread - a far cry from the super-refined, homogenised food I had been eating for three weeks.

For me this episode epitomises some of Chris' most wonderful qualities - his connectedness to the environment around him and his ability to create a tasty and nutritious meal from what was at hand - be it a meal for the palate or a meal for the ears. He took what he found and then transformed it with his imagination and skilled, strong fingers.

HIS IMAGINATION and fingers created a rich legacy of music which has been an inspiration to many musicians and a source of joy and sometimes wonder to many thousands of music lovers in Africa and Europe.

Chris's roots, through all the years in Europe, remained firmly in Africa. Through all his music the complex rhythms and harmonies of Africa, both rural and urban, pulsate and shimmer like a heat haze over the veld, weaving patterns of

light and shade like the blades of grass blown by the wind - now in unison, now in contrary motion, but never still, always full of energy and life.

I think it is no accident that he always seemed most at home musically with a rhythm section with similar African roots. During his last, most creative years he was urged on by the dynamism of drummer Gilbert Matthews and bassist Ernest Shololo Mothe. During the early Blue Note years, the time of often desperate struggle, it was Louis Tebogo Moholo on drums and Johnny Mbizo Dyani on bass who provided solid support and a foundation for the sometimes wild flights of creation. Louis and Johnny also formed the core of the first Brotherhood of Breath big band - as Gilbert and Ernest did in the last, great incarnation of the band.

We are fortunate that much of Chris's music still exists on record. From the three exciting tracks on the 1963 Moroka-Jabavu Jazz Festival album to the 1989 Brotherhood of Breath with Archie Shepp concert in France, Chris' genius as arranger, leader and pianist can still be heard and, within the limitations of recording technology, experienced.

After the 1963 Moroka-Jabavu Jazz Festival Chris put together a big band, his first, for a three-week period, with sponsorship from the Festival sponsors. This band made a recording - Jazz, The African Sound - which was remarkable, not only for the quality of arrangements, the exciting musicians featured and the great compositions played, but also for the recording quality.

Featured on the album were established greats like Kippie Morolong Moeketsi and then up-and-coming young musos like Barney Rachabane, Bra Duds Pukwana, and the 17-year-old trumpet wizard Mongezi Feza - who nearly blew them all away!

The album showcased Chris's arrangements of two songs by Dollar Brand (Abdullah Ibrahim), two by Kippie and two of his own compositions.

This gem of an album has been unavailable for many years, but is soon to be re-released by Gallo Music Publishers.

IN 1964 CHRIS left for Europe with the Blue Notes, a band made up of people he enjoyed playing with, many of whom had been on the big band album of the previous year.

The group consisted of Dudu Pukwana on alto, Nikele Moyake on tenor, Mongezi Feza on trumpet and Louis Moholo on drums, Mbizo Dyani on bass and Chris. Ronnie Beer, another tenor player, joined the group in 1965.

In 1968 Chris's first album recorded outside South Africa was released on the Polydor label. It was called *Very Urgent* and featured the same musicians - with the exception of Nikele Moyake, who had died tragically.

On this album the Blue Notes showed their mastery of the freer form of jazz then in vogue in Britain and Europe, as well as their deep African roots.

The song *Don't Stir the Beehive* harks back powerfully to a Transkei evening with herders whistling and calling to each other, snatches of song and the random rhythms of insects in the thorn trees. Listening to this track I can almost smell the cooking fires and see the sun setting behind the hills in a dusty purple and orange haze. I certainly feel the longing for home that pervades the track.

In all the recordings Chris made - whether with the Blue Notes, the Brotherhood of Breath, or with other musicians such as District Six (Brian Abrahams' wonderful group) and Courtney Pine - this rootedness in Africa is apparent.

BUT MORE THAN the great musician, I miss the great person, a giant both physically and intellectually. I wish that his many recordings (I know of about 14 in total) were more readily available to his brothers and sisters back home. But even more I wish he could have experienced the amazing flowering of music, the music to which he devoted his life - both here, in this country he loved so dearly, and internationally.

It seems so much like a vindication of all he strove for.



back in her own backyard

A chance meeting in a Soweto backyard put **Letta Mbulu** on the stage as a 13-year-old singer. Her magic voice did the rest, writes **TEBOGO ALEXANDER**

WALKING through a dusty Soweto street one evening, band manager James Mabena heard an unbelievably angelic voice. It was a 13-year-old girl singing, breasts barely the size of gumbis (the large marbles valued by neighbourhood boys). Mabena crossed the street to ask her mother if she could be part of his band.

At first the mother was reluctant. She was a religious woman and had heard many bad things about the entertainment world. But Mabena patiently persisted - and in the end the mother agreed, with conditions attached.

The youthful singer joined Mabena's Swanky Spots, who went on to win first prize in a Union of South African Artists talent contest at the DOCC that year. For the young girl greater things were to come: first Alfred Herbert's *African Jazz and Variety show*, then *King Kong*, then on to a career in America.

That was 34 years ago.

Today Letta Mbulu is back in her own backyard - and her first album recorded in South Africa, *Not Yet Uburu*, has just hit the streets.

SQUEEZED IN BETWEEN day-long interviewing sessions at the Roots Records offices in Randburg, I meet Mbulu and her husband and artistic companion, Katsi Caiphus Semanya - a warm, delightful couple. Mbulu bubbles, often referring questions to Semanya, sitting quietly beside her.

How would Letta Mbulu describe Letta Mbulu? I start off. Without hesitation she replies: "She's hard to define, but she's a simple artist. Anything that appeals to her, touches her spirit."

She thanks her musical family for the jewel of a singing voice that she is blessed with. Her grandfather was a great singer in the church choir, and passed this talent on to his daughters.

She recalls her mother's voice with pride: "This woman could sing! She had a voice like an angel which would just blow me away. Yes, I lived in exciting times."

I mention a jazz ballad I recently heard, *Lily's*

Blues, which she recorded in those early years. She did a lot of American standards in those days, she says. "I was influenced by Sarah Vaughan, for whom I had great respect. And Dorothy Masuka, Dolly Rathebe, Miriam Makeba..." The names come out like a roll call of Fifties singers.

Working with all these names in the *African Jazz and Variety* production, her "eyes were bugged out", she recalls.

But "Lily's Blues" - from the 1962 musical *Back in Your Own Backyard*, conceptualised by Ben Satch Masinga and Victor Ndlazilwana - is nothing like Mbulu's music today. Over the years she has moved away from the American influence to a highly ethnic approach.

IT WAS THIS ethnicity in their music that attracted America's film and record industry to the couple. For her performance on the soundtrack of the Alex Hailey TV series *Roots*, Mbulu received an Emmy Award.

Her screen credits include *A Warm December* and *The Color Purple*, while her vinyl credits include Michael Jackson's *Liberian Girl*.

Now the couple, who returned to South Africa a year ago, are back to stay - with many projects to follow *Not Yet Uburu*, they promise.

Discussing the songs on *Not Yet Uburu* in relation to her return home, Mbulu's voice is tinged with sadness. As the title of the album suggests, the couple believe this country is still a long way from a new South Africa.

There was poverty before she left the country, Mbulu says, but it has become much worse. She tries to address this poverty in some of her songs.

"I also sing about trivial things, like dirty old men who use nice cars to lure young girls."

The musicians featured on *Not Yet Uburu* include Condry Ziqubu, Siphso Gumede, Themba Mkhize, Bakithi Khumalo, Menyatso Mathole, Lawrence Matshiza, Khaya Mahlangu, with some vocals by Stella Khumalo, Zamo Mbutho, Marilyn Nokwe and the children of the Alexduma Choir.

a love story

A ticket to America was a ticket to a life-long love between **Letta Mbulu** and **Caiphus Semanya**

THE love story of Caiphus Semanya and Letta Mbulu is a very special one - a story of teenage love, respect and a life-long friendship.

Recalling how he became intrigued with the young beauty during the 1959 national tour of the musical *King Kong*, Caiphus says his interest in Letta may have been mere "youthful curiosity". It was not the first time he had noticed her. "I saw her at her home one day when we went to pick up her brother Popeye, who was a close friend of mine. I told myself I'm going to chase this one." But neither Caiphus nor Letta expected their relationship to develop into what it did. A few years later, in 1964, Caiphus toured America with the musical *Sponono*. The "ill-fated" show lasted only three months. When the production headed home, Caiphus decided to remain in the US.

"I saw my future in music - but seeing how frustrated the older musicians I used to hang out with were by the South African situation, I realised I didn't want to suffer the same fate."

BEFORE HIS DEPARTURE he had promised to send for his new family - Letta and their baby son. She would have gone with him, he believes, had she not been involved in a national tour of another musical, *Back In Your Own Backyard*. Laughing, the couple recall how Letta's family never believed he'd send for her. They found it hard to believe that Caiphus - then only 24 - would be able to afford to send a ticket from America. But he did.

That first December in America, Letta recalls, she experienced the most miserable Christmas of her life. "It was terrible. I hated this white Christmas, not to mention America. If it wasn't for Katsi, life would have been unbearable."

Since then Caiphus and Letta have had three more sons - all of whom have permanently returned home with them.

LETTA MBULU'S DISCOGRAPHY:

LETTA NATURALLY (FANTASY)

LETTA FREE SOUL (CAPITOL)

LETTA MBULU SINGS (CAPITOL)

MUSIC IN THE AIR (A&M)

LETTA (A&M)

AN EVENING WITH BELAFONTE AND LETTA MBULU IN TORONTO (RCA)

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BONGI TEBOGO NALEDI gets to the Cape Festival and discovers jazz cooking in some corners, but generally nothing has changed

THERE'S a sad scene in Bertrand Tavernier's classic jazz movie *'Round Midnight*. Dexter Gordon - playing himself with overtones of Bud Powell - arrives back in the States after the novel experience of France, where he was respected for his music. His agent dumps him in a bug-ridden hotel (rent, food and laundry deductible from his pay).

Gig fees are low, agent's percentage, high. There's no respect. And around the corner lurks the merchant, offering to take the pain away - for a price. Dex shakes his head wearily. "SOS" he drawls "Same old shit"

And jazz musos - and those of us who hang around the fringes, writing about it - have that experience all the time. However glitzy the new venue, however loud the fanfares for the next festival, however big the promises your manager makes, you just have to listen carefully to hear that "same old shit" symphony.

So it should be no surprise to learn that just about everyone I spoke to outside the Mother City's centre asked the same question about the Cape Festival. "Festival?" they said. "What festival?"

The football player in Athlone was more explicit. "The trouble with this Cape Festival is that it's got nothing to do with the people of the Cape. Every year we get these promises of community involvement. But there are no events in the townships. Nothing." Or the Rasta on Shortmarket: "It's a festival for commercial interests, not for people's music."

The organisers would probably argue that giving community projects like MAPP (Music Action for People's Power) and Jazzart space to perform in the city centre demonstrates community concern. The more churlish of us might call a few square yards of open-air stage once a year, tokenism. And we might look a little askance at the R50 a head offered to buskers and bands alike to perform in the streets. Particularly out of a festival budget of around R600 000. It's a straight labour rights issue. Either the labourer is worthy of his hire - or forget it.

BUT ENOUGH OF the struggle for music. What kinds of music are emerging from the struggle this year in Cape Town?

Saturday night at The Base, a huge cavern of a place on Shortmarket with pool tables at the back and a big dancefloor out front. The Base is a late joint, and Zimbabwean visitors Southern Freeway are fitting in a few frames before midnight. All except the lead guitarist, who's

quietly getting hooked on Pacman. The DJ is busy creating a world music vibe with Thomas Mafumo on the turntable.

When Freeway starts, the dancing falters. This is, after all, something slightly different: mbaqanga base line set across guitars that commute between jit, rumba and Zulu jive; triplet drum patterns that can roar into jazz solos; acapella male vocal harmonies in pure Ndebele style that suddenly lift off into impure, danceable African pop; guitar and sax solos that move from structured to syncopated to free and back. And the dancing doesn't falter for long - by halfway through the first set, the floor is full and moving. Then Sis' Thandeka Ngoni gives them *Ntyilo Ntyilo* - and the band has their hearts, as well as their feet.

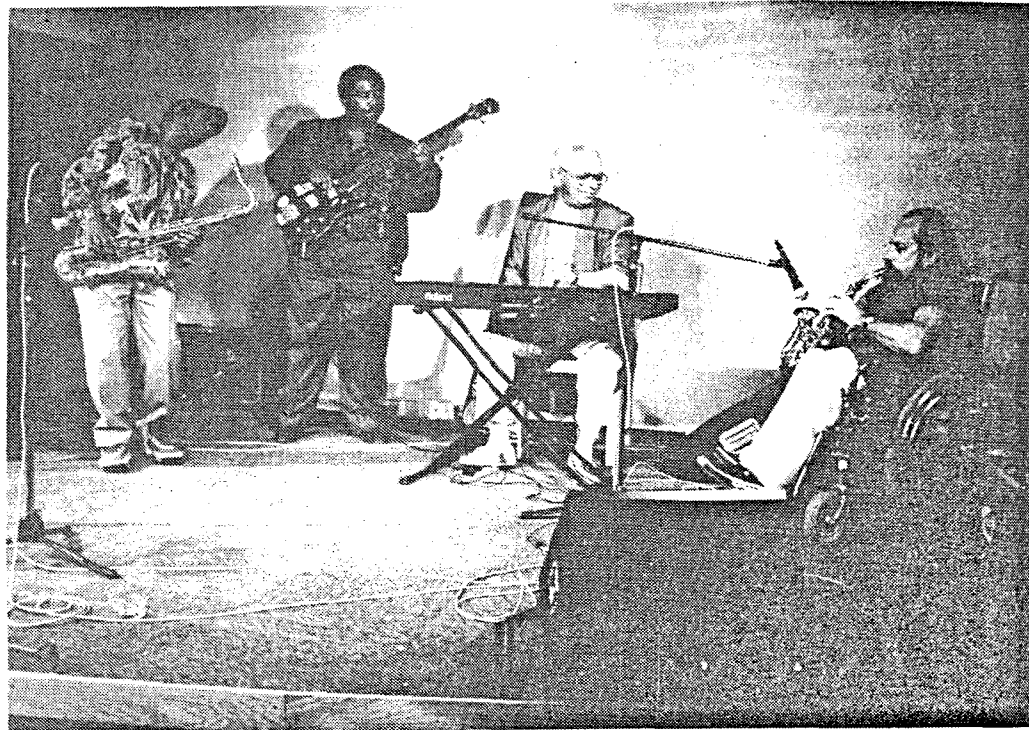
I get into the usual argument about is it jazz. Sure it is: our jazz, composed and improvised out of the melodic, rhythmic and harmonic patterns of this region. Don Albert, listening to Hugh Masekela at Sun City the other month dismissed it as music which ought to be confined to the shebeens. So (to quote Miles) what? After all, Bourbon Street (where US jazz was born) was hardly a location of seminaries and tea dances, either. The people don't get given concert halls; they seize them.

SUNDAY NIGHT at Birdland in Athlone. It's hardly prepossessing from the outside, surrounded by a peeling wall proclaiming: Bricks For Sale. Inside, the universal jazz club decor, big, grainy blow-ups of photos of Diz, Bird, Billie, the Duke and the Count and yet another contender for the title of the world's smallest stage.

The band is the Errol Dyers Trio: the rhythm section that usually supports Robbie Jansen, proving in his absence (Robbie is displaying his *Sax Appeal* at Sun City) that they are equally fine musicians on their own. The music is the usual mix for a place like this: jazz standards like *Autumn Leaves* and pop standards like Elton John's *Funny*.

But the standards are leavened by some of bassist Steve Erasmus' originals, including *Home Ground* and *Hotmots' Tea Party*, both of which play around with the rhythm patterns in a very subversive way. As in the music of the San, everybody becomes a rhythm player - not just precision drum technician Jack Momphe and manic percussionist Hilton Schilder, but guitar and bass too.

Legend has it that the gentle Khoisan at the Cape came out to greet Diaz playing five flutes



at once; it's this polyrhythmic heritage that Erasmus describes his compositions as reclaiming. But maybe if he'd heard this stuff, Diaz would have backed his fleet off out to sea again. Gentle, it is not.

Errol Dyers is quite a remarkable guitarist: out of Africa, though Hendrix and now somewhere completely else. You'll get some idea if you think of a Fred Frith - but one who never lets his audience lose sight of a tune's rhythmic or melodic patterns.

After the gig there's much angry discussion on the mean deals musicians are still getting. Why isn't the liquor industry putting more cash into music, Momphe wants to know - "After all, we attract people to the clubs, we keep them happily dancing, and getting thirsty, and buying booze. But when you compare what the liquor industry spends on music, compared with what they make on account of music..."

MONDAY MORNING on St George's Mall and it's the Mapp quintet, Future Stars. When I heard them, the line-up was Derek Maguma on trumpet, Luyala Ntete and Allan Gqomo on saxes, Hendrik Burger on keyboards, David Mayekana on guitar, Peter Ndlala on bass and Windsor Nqabeni on drums. Their repertoire draws heavily on the Abdullah Ibrahim and Hugh Masekela songbooks, but the solos are all their own, and while there's an initial shyness about coming forward - particularly from Mayekana - every

soloist has something engaging to say. As the diffidence fades, you don't need to remember they're a student band, just stand in the sunshine and enjoy. If this is typical of what Mapp is teaching, it's doing good things for the future of jazz.

As he packs up, Maguma is less harsh than many about the Cape Festival. "I'd say it's definitely better now than some years ago. There are more opportunities for local musicians. But still, if you compare it with the way the Grahamstown Festival has really opened up, it's nothing like a people's cultural festival yet."

There's a bitter wind blowing up in the afternoon as imported attraction TP Roots of Africa tune their instruments on the open-air stage. They're a Zairean outfit playing soukous, rumba and kwasa-kwasa dancing, which involves disengaging the lower vertebrae and undulating the hips and all points south. But the bitter Cape wind wins. TP do better later in the week when the sun is shining. And they're an entertaining, competent outfit. But, truth to tell, they're typical rather than exceptional among Zairean bands; if this country hadn't been so culturally deprived of contact with music to the North, the festival organisers might have known that and not hyped them so much. Now if they'd engaged Zaiko Langa Langa, or Papa Wemba...

TO GET TO HEAR Mankunku at the new Rosies on Tuesday night I have to sit through a coupe of

hours of a German saxophonist blowing some exceedingly long notes on some quite pretty tunes. His technique is superb, astounding, but he doesn't swing or improvise much. (Later, in a jam session, he does both so brilliantly that I wonder what the point of his earlier performance was.)

The new Rosies on the Waterfront is a lovely airy space with some of the nicest acoustics I've ever come across in a jazz club, a good-sized stage and (take a gold star, management) a great backstage area for the artists. It also boasts a famous chef who used to cook for Elton John.

It's a pity one can't be so complementary about the highly decorative audience, who talked relentlessly through everything and, when promised a jam session featuring Tony Schilder, Ezra Ngcukana, Mankunku Ngozi, Spenser Mbadu and Maciek Schiebal, drifted off without a glimmer of recognition behind their eyes. Just as well. If they'd talked through that, the few dozen of us fundis who were left would have committed serious violence on their persons.

Rhythm and piano picked up Green Dolphin Street from the background tape, then Bra Ezra came in, exploring all the spaces in the theme, followed by Mankunku who, like Dex, knows how to let a tune breathe. Then Misty, and a bunch of other bebop standards. Schilder's a much less well-mannered pianist than he sometimes comes across on record, and together with Schiebal - who has the kind of style that drives a tune along rather than riding lightly on top of it - the rhythm provided an energetic foil for two masterly, laid-back saxes. (Laid-back, of course, is only how it sounds. The phrase doesn't pay half enough tribute to the immense physical and intellectual energy that goes into making it sound like that.)

Then Klaus Kreuzeder came back on stage, Bra Ezra moved off, and the rest of the night belonged to the German and Mankunku. This is now one a.m. and we might be starting to look for coffee when the two of them blow us wide awake and away with a tight, thoroughly swinging version of *Birds Au Privave*. You should have been there, I was.

LATER the next day, I'm talking to Mapp's director, Duke Ngcukana, about what a knockout it is hearing Mankunku live. For me, it's the first time, so I'm raving a bit "...the man's amazing, world class. Why don't we hear more of him?"

Duke's wry. So many South African musicians are world-class, he points out. What they need is some promotional energy behind them. "Look at ... (he names another well-known player) The man's a wimp! If he didn't have that wife..."

We all laugh - but he's right. Good, honest, skilled promotion is still largely lacking here. And I remember, sadly, Rashid Lombard telling me that the economics of the new Rosies won't allow jazz every night of the week. "Audiences want variety." There'll be cabaret, maybe some world music. But whatever happens during the rest of the week - and some of it may still be jazz - Sundays will be dedicated to jazz exclusively, he pledges. Which regrettably makes its programming not too different from many other clubs, although it's a nicer space run by nicer people. Oh dear, SOS.

And then I remember Mankunku's solo on *Au Privave* soaring up to the ceiling and out into the waterfront sky. I remember the quick, Dolphyish progression he chose as he brought the tune back home. Even if life is 99 percent SOS, it's the one percent that makes it worth living.

the jazz years

Gallo archivist **Rob Allingham** looked into recordings by the company since its inception in 1926. This is an edited version of the paper, focusing on the jazz recordings to come out of Gallo and its subsidiaries.



the 1950s

are remembered today as the great age of South African jazz. The 1960s and beyond as the era of its decline. The real story is somewhat more complex, partially because the definition of what exactly jazz was and wasn't changed over time.

Of all the major vocalists of the era, perhaps Dolly Rathebe and Ben Satch Masinga (who recorded for Trutone) could be considered fairly straightforward jazz singers. The styles of others included certain jazz elements but these were combined with indigenous influences as well as Afro-American rhythm and blues to produce an original mixture which would come to be called mbaqanga.

Many instrumental combinations played what was referred to as jazz, but their style owed as much to South African sources as American swing.

The Harlem Swingsters recorded for Troubadour and along with the Merry Blackbirds and the original Jazz Maniacs were one of the country's most important bands in the formative years. Many of their compositions - *Majuba* and *E Qonce*, for example, became local standards and from its ranks came such well-known players as trumpeter Gray Mbau, pianist Gideon Nxumalo, saxophonists Michael Xaba and Ntemi Piliso.

Ntemi later joined his brother Shadrack (on trumpet) to record as the Alexandra All Stars for the Tropik label while doing numerous "underground" sessions for Troubadour using different pseudonyms.

(In the days before the royalty system, many musicians found moonlighting irresistible regardless of whether or not they were under contract to one label.)

Wilson - 'King Force' Silgee recorded for Gallotone as King Force's Jazz Forces and also as the reformed Jazz Maniacs. Eric Nomvete's Havana Swingsters from East London recorded for Trutone's Quality label while producer Strike Vilakazi formed small session groups to play his compositions. (One of these, Little Jazz, later became the melodic basis for *Mama Thembu's Wedding* from *Ipi Tombi*.)

THEN, LATER IN the 'Fifties, a new strain of jazz began to appear which contained a greater American influence. The Father Huddleston Band featuring a young Hugh Masekela on trumpet and Jonas Gwangwa on trombone, made a few sides for Gallotone.

The Jazz Dazzlers, also on Gallotone, combined Kippie Moeketsi on alto sax with Mackay Davashe on tenor plus Gwigwi Mrvebi on clarinet and Darkie Slinger on trombone. (Much of this line-up would soon provide the instrumental backing for *King Kong*.)

But the real milestone occurred in 1959 when visiting American pianist John Mehegan assembled a session group featuring Masekela, Moeketsi and Gwangwa. They recorded the very first African jazz LP's, appropriately titled *Jazz in African, Volumes One* (reviewed in this issue) and *Two*, which were released by Continental, a Gallo subsidiary.

These two volumes are included in the reissue *African Heritage* series released by Teal Trutone a few days ago.

The Jazz Epistles session followed with virtually the same personnel save for the substitution of pianist Dollar Brand for Mehegan, then a solo LP by Brand, a live recording of the 1962 Cold Castle Jazz Festival and Chris McGregor's jazz, *The African Sound* in 1963 (also reviewed) - all Gallo releases.

THAT, UNFORTUNATELY was the end of the line for this particular strain of Americanised local jazz. Many of the musicians who played it were leaving the country because of the increasingly repressive political situation. Recording opportunities dried up for those that remain like Moeketsi.

It has been suggested that all-powerful producers deliberately by-passed "real" jazzmen because they were too independent and rebellious but perhaps the reasons were more economic.

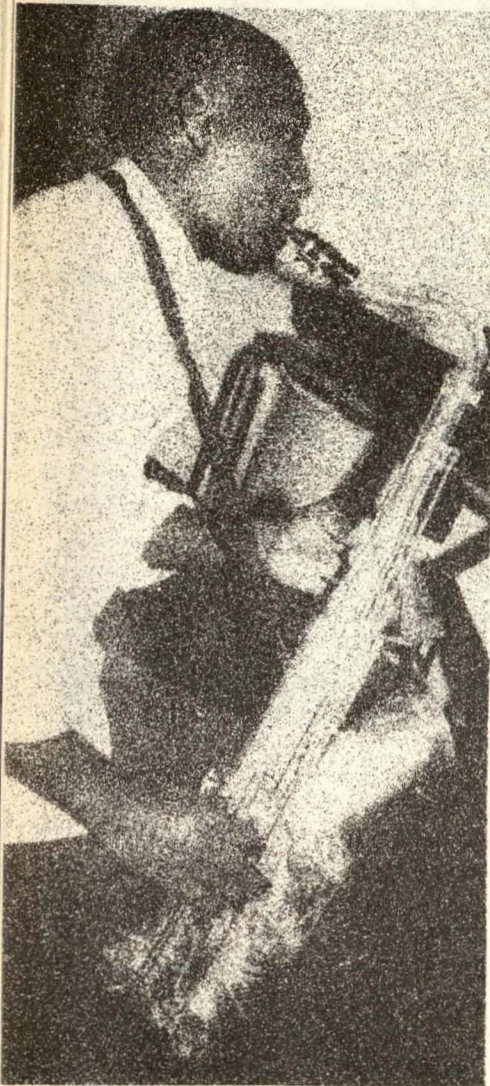
Trutone's sole long-playing entry into the hardcore jazz field was Gideon Nxumalo's *Jazz Fantasia* - another of the reissued albums making up the *African Heritage* label. The initial pressing order of this classic called for a mere 350 copies and it is unlikely that a further run was ever required, not figures which inspired repetitions of the experiment.

But in fact, jazz was far from dead in South Africa. The 'Sixties were the heyday of The Elite Swingsters, Teal's first big local recording success. After conquering the popular African Jazz market with their classic *Phalafala* in 1958, the band turned out hit after hit, sustaining a popularity which spanned the transition from 78s to microgrooves.

Jazz of the indigenous variety - good time music with heavy mbaqanga component - would continue to enjoy a large audience until local soul and Afro-American imports finally diminished its popularity with township youth in the late 1970s.

up and coming

SAZI DLAMINI speaks to Mfana Mlambo - the first recipient of the Phil Harber Scholarship, which was established in memory of Durban jazz saxophonist Phil Harber, who died last year.



HARD AT WORK... student saxophonist Mfana Mlambo of Durban's Centre for Jazz is first recipient of Phil Harber Scholarship for Jazz while leading new outfit Giant Steps.

MFANA MLAMBO, a third year B Mus student of the Centre for Jazz and Popular Music, was hard at practice on the tenor sax when I arrived:

Q: Congratulations on your receiving the Phil Harber Scholarship. This is the first time the scholarship has been awarded. How do you feel about being its first recipient?

A: Yah! I'm very relieved and very happy for myself. I knew Phil personally. There are actually a lot of music students who need financial assistance and it would be great if the scholarship could assist more than one student.

Q: Can you tell me how you got started, your first musical experience?

A: It was in primary school. I played the bugle in the cadet band throughout primary school. My family kept an assortment of music records, but I found myself being drawn closer to jazz largely because of my grandmother, who loved jazz. I spent many a spare moment listening to Buck Clayton, Duke Ellington,

Stanley Turrentine, John Coltrane, Charlie Parker, you name it.

Q: And when did you start studying music?

A: After matriculation in 1984. I started at the Market Theatre in Johannesburg. This is where I got more than a glimpse of the life of musicians, its challenges and its great moments. In 1986 I enrolled at the Federated Union for Black Artists (Fuba) and took guitar lessons. In the same year I bought an old soprano saxophone - thinking it was a clarinet - and took lessons with Victor Damoyi, a clarinetist from Emndeni, in Soweto, who at the time was teaching at Fuba.

In order to audition for formal music studies, I sat for the Royal Music School's exams, having to switch to tenor saxophone because there were no graded soprano sax exams. After getting Grade VII in tenor sax I enrolled at the University of Natal at the beginning of 1989, with the help of the Ronnie Madonsela Scholarship Fund and the director of the Centre, Darius Brubeck.

Q: Do you play in a band?

A: Yes. In 1990, together with fellow jazz students we formed a group called Inside Out - winning second prize in the Face to Face Durban Arts Music Competition. Last year I started hanging out with Neil Gonsalves, a senior jazz piano student, and the idea was born to form a new band. This is how my present outfit, Giant Steps, got started.

Q: How's it shaping up?

A: Well, Giant Steps is really more of a learning institution for all concerned, sharing responsibilities like transportation and gig-hunting. The guys are all very dedicated and I am confident that great things lie ahead.

Q: Coming back to your studies, how do you cope?

A: I find studying jazz very demanding. Just learning to speak the language of jazz is a very slow process that only develops with time. It requires a lot of patience. When I first picked up the saxophone I thought I would be playing like Coltrane in a year. But, within a few lessons, it became clear that one needs more than a few years of quality guidance to really be placed on the track.

Q: Are you saying it is impossible to teach oneself saxophone?

A: No! No! All I'm saying is that it is important to have a solid musical background both in theory and technique before a musician can go up on stage and play something significant.

Q: Are you pleased with the progress you're making?

A: Very much so. With every session I have with Chris Merz, my saxophone instructor, I tell myself afterwards that I wouldn't mind studying with him for the rest of life.

Q: His method must be very effective then?

A: Oh ja! Chris never imposes a style on his students. He tries hard to guide everyone along the way that suits them. Being an excellent performer himself, the student

is, likewise, encouraged to pursue a balanced approach.

Q: What do you think it takes to be a successful musician?

A: I'm not sure what it takes - but it's a lot. In music one never stops learning, even after graduating with a degree or diploma. Maybe that's when one really starts learning.

Q: What are your hopes for the future?

A: I'd like to see more appreciation by our society of all music that is worth listening to, including the neo-traditional forms like maskanda. For too long superficial music has been daily imposed on us by the airwaves.

JAZZ PLATFORM

jazz as a key to culture

Why not establish a jazz radio station to stimulate the cultural reawakening of our society? proposes **PHUTHUMA F NHLEKO**

SINCE FEBRUARY 2, 1990, political and cultural activities have increased at a breath-taking pace. While consensus may not be reached on the real significance and substance of these developments, one would be hard-pressed to deny that legislation pertinent to these events is in a state of flux. In the area of culture and art, opportunities which may have been impossible only two years ago are now available to those who have the initiative and foresight.

The controversial findings and recommendations of the Viljoen Commission - set up to review the legislation affecting broadcasting licences - do not overshadow the Government's welcomed move towards "freeing the air waves". Deregulated broadcasting would have an enormous impact on the advancement of education, culture and art.

In the "Old South Africa", all the radio stations are essentially commercially based. Furthermore, these stations tend to promote ethnocentric values and cultural interests that are palatable to Western culture.

This is also true for radio stations that broadcast in the dominant South African black languages. The consequences of this policy is the indoctrination of millions of South Africans with biased historical and cultural perspective. The black youth in particular tend to be the victims of this policy.

The foundation on which the "lost generation" will be rehabilitated should be firmly based in the youth's self-respect and self-worth. Such values can only emanate from a clear knowledge of one's history culture and achievements as a people. Truth lies in the old cliché: You must know where you come from to know where you are going.

BLACK YOUTH in South Africa have been systematically denied this knowledge over the last 43 years. The consequence of this deprivation are painfully apparent to all. In future the state will provide formal education to address the unequal education systems of the past. That is the state's duty.

It is equally important, however, that non-governmental and non-political bodies should commit themselves to repairing the cultural damage suffered by the youth through the legacy of apartheid.

We need a medium which will contribute, in whatever manner, to addressing African history, culture and art. To this end, let's look into the possibility of establishing a non-profit jazz radio station in the PWV area.

Why should jazz be the station's primary theme? There are very good reasons:

- The station must have a musical theme which will keep the youth sufficiently interested to want to listen to educational programmes filling the slots between music programmes;
- Jazz is a black idiom which has a long history that is inextricably linked to the history of African peoples, abroad and here at home. This linkage provides a broad base for the exploration of the history of African people as a whole;
- The combination of jazz, African history and culture has proved to be very successful. Many black American colleagues and universities have for many years operated 24-hour radio stations that have adopted such a combination;
- The renaissance of jazz as an internationally-accepted art form is self-evident in light of the wave of re-issues of old recordings. This renaissance is also supported by the formation of new jazz groups by young musicians worldwide. In the PWV area, for instance, there has been an increase in jazz venues, concerts, restaurants and media interest on the subject.

I therefore propose that a steering committee should be formed, comprising of interested parties, to explore the viability of establishing a non-profit distributing jazz radio station in the PWV area. This station would be a conduit for cultural advancement, the exploration of African history and music, and other informal education of benefit to the youth.

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reviews

Something old, something new: Fitzgerald and McFerrin

RICHARD HASLOP reviews CD releases you can and can't afford to miss

ONE OF THE happiest consequences of the CD revolution has been the number of jazz and blues compilations and re-issues that have suddenly become available, often at decent prices. Thus, for example, the admirable Roots Record Company has recently put out a series of five compact discs on the Fantasy label, entitled *The Jazz Masters Collection* and featuring, in no particular order, Miles Davis, Wes Montgomery, Ella Fitzgerald, Oscar Peterson and the Modern Jazz Quartet.

1992 is the fortieth anniversary of the formation of the Modern Jazz Quartet, the pre-eminent exponents of so-called Third Stream music, which combines the improvisational flair of jazz with the stricter structures of European classical music. The MJQ's contribution to the series is drawn largely from two of the group's finest mid-'50s albums, *Django* and *Concorde*, and this is where the boppish flights of vibraharpist Milt Jackson and the more compositional approach of pianist John Lewis, which sometimes proved to be uneasy bedfellows, worked best together. *Django* itself, a tribute to the gypsy guitarist, remains a small masterpiece while *Ralph's New Blues* proves that the group could swing in a looser context.

Ella Fitzgerald and Oscar Peterson are among the most enduringly popular of jazz artists and, even if they have both sometimes been accused of too safely flirting with a mainstream audience, neither has ever been less than a marvellous technician and consummate professional. Consequently, both of these collections, Peterson's largely drawn from the '80s and Fitzgerald's from a decade earlier, are always of high quality even if there's not all that much to challenge the more demanding listener.

LIKE FELLOW guitarist George Benson, Wes Montgomery was eventually steered away from jazz and towards a far more commercially successful career in MOR pop. During the very early '60s, however, when these tracks were recorded, he was very much a jazz player. His fluent lines and well-rounded ideas are featured here in a number of small groups, including one which paired former Miles Davis sidemen Wynton Kelly, Paul Chambers and Jimmy Cobb with one-time fastest tenor in the West, Johnny Griffin. A lovely guitar/organ version of 'Round Midnight is a highlight while other classic tunes here include excellent takes on *Body and Soul*, Sonny Rollins's *Airegin* and the Harold Land led *Klactoveedsedstene*. If the only Montgomery you've heard is the more popular stuff like *Day In The Life* or *Down Here On The Ground*, you should get this.

Best of the bunch, though, and not for the first time either, is the Miles Davis set, which opens with *Dig* from the 1951 sessions with Sonny Rollins and closes with *Wierd Blues* from another Rollins collaboration five years later. By this time, of course, Rollins was well and truly an emerging star and the take was recorded at the last session before the famous Davis dates which produced *Workin'*, *Steamin'*, *Cookin'* and *Relaxin'* with John Coltrane and the trumpeter's first classic quintet.

The recordings from which these tracks were taken might not be among Miles's best known - with the possible exception of *Walkin'* and *Bags' Groove*, with Thelonious Monk and three members of the MJQ, recording as the Modern Jazz Giants. They do reveal, however, that he already pretty much perfectly understood the dynamics of small group playing.

TWO RECENT Pacific Jazz releases are *Freedom Sound*, the first album by the Jazz Crusaders, who went on to fame and fortune after dropping jazz from their name and, some will tell you, from their repertoire and *The Artistry of Pepper*, spotlighting the man who wanted

to, and may well have, become the greatest white jazzman - which is a bit like calling Allan Donald the fastest white bowler in the world.

Freedom Sound, recorded in 1961, reveals nearly lifelong Crusaders Wilton Felder, Joe Sample and Stix Hooper already veering towards the soul, R&B and funk-drenched music that they were to make their own. The smoothness of their later recordings had yet to creep in and there is still a hard edge to the sound, which will be a relief to many for whom the modern Crusaders are just too slick.

Despite having lived the archetypal hard life, Art Pepper contrived to be a brilliant musician and the tracks on *The Artistry of Pepper*, recorded in 1956 and 1957, shortly after one of his frequent periods of incarceration, contain plenty of his stylistic fluency and marvellous tone. Equally at home with fast boppish lines and bruised balladry, he was particularly adept at extracting the very essence from standards. If you can get past *What Is This Thing Called Love?* and *A Foggy Day* without buying this disc, you may have no heart at all.

Buying Christmas albums in March may be a tad unseasonal but *Yule Struttin': A Blue Note Christmas* is worth listening to at any time of the year. The choice of elderly recordings by Chet Baker and Count Basie is somewhat at odds with the generally modern nature of the selection, but a Dexter Gordon track from 1980, played in inimitable style, fits rather snugly.

The standouts, though, are by Blue Note's modern generation, from young alto giant Bobby Watson's *Vaunting Chimes* (actually *Jingle Bells*) to tenorist Rick Margitza's fearsome and just about recognizable *Little Drummer Boy*, via John Scofield and Joey Calderazzo. Perhaps most interesting of all is Benny Green's interpretation of a recently rediscovered Monk composition entitled *A Merrier Christmas*.

TWO OF THE finest recent modern jazz releases have been *Kenny Kirkland* by the brilliant young pianist, and Joe Lovano's *Landmarks*, which is finally bringing the tenorist long overdue attention.

Kirkland, who is already something of a media figure - in limited jazz terms, anyway - having played in rock star Sting's band, has a ferocious technique, good compositional sense and an excellent choice of material. Stylistically he ranges from quiet reflection - *Midnight Silence* displays a wonderfully delicate touch - to the tumbling, angular attack of Mr JC and Ornette Coleman's *When Will The Blues Leave*. He treats the work of the composers with sensitivity but no undue reverence, stamping his authority on Bud Powell's *Celia* and Monk's *Criss Cross* without treading all over them.

The elegantly cool *Steepian Faith* suggests that Kirkland, too, may yet become a composer of the highest order.

That Joe Lovano may have the most gorgeously distinctive tone of all the modern tenor players has become increasingly clear to those who have listened to his work in the Paul Motian and John Scofield groups. *Landmarks* is a triumphant announcement that his writing is a match for his instrumental ability and his choice of sidemen as perceptive as his playing.

Melodic, yet intensely inventive, Lovano always keeps his eye on the big picture, never allowing virtuoso flights to obscure the overall needs of the task at hand, nor burying imagination for the sake of "the sound". Lovano's experience with guitarists Scofield and Bill Frisell stands him in good stead here as John Abercrombie proves to be an outstanding foil. This is one you shouldn't miss.

RELEASES YOU could easily afford to miss include The Don Albert Band and *Fly With Me* by Blackie Sibisi and Step Ahead. In a dis-

claimer on the CD insert, the Don Albert Band advises us that "this album wasn't made with the intention of trying to change the direction of jazz, or to even try and educate the listener." That much is obvious from the wooden performances and the unimaginative choice of material. Still, Albert himself has a decent tone and the CD will probably sell well at gigs.

There's nothing at all wrong with Blackie Sibisi's playing, and there are several nice touches here, but *Fly With Me*'s arrangements and production are fitted with a uniform sheen which seems intended to purge the recording of every last vestige of excitement. Next to this, Earl Klugh would seem raunchy.

Potentially the most intriguing of this month's batch is *Play* by Bobby McFerrin and Chick Corea. Recorded live during June 1990, it features the astonishing wordless vocals of Ol'Motomouth accompanied only by Corea's lithe pianistics on a selection of standards (*Autumn Leaves* and *'Round Midnight*), well-known jazz compositions by Kenny Dorham and Ornette Coleman, a McFerrin-Corea original and Chick's own much loved *Spain*.

McFerrin's improvised excursions are often completely astonishing, both in sound and virtuosity, and taken in small doses will leave you more than somewhat amazed at the almost limitless capabilities of the human voice. All in one hit, though, *Play* is perhaps too much of a good thing and I couldn't help feeling that gimmickry was creeping in for no other purpose than to stroke a response out of the live audience. Still, when it works, it works extremely well.

records

CHRIS MCGREGOR & THE CASTLE LAGER BIG BAND Jazz, The African Sound (TEL Teal Trutone)
Saxes: Dudu Pukwana (lead), Barney Rachabane (2nd), Nick Moyake (ten), Mi Ngcukana (bs), Kippie Moeketsi (as/cl). Trombones: Bob Tizzard (lead), Blyth Mbitjana, Willie Nettie. Trumpets: Dennis Mpale (lead), Ebbie Creswell, Mongezi Feza, Noel Jones; Sammy Maritz (b); Early Mabuza (d), Chris McGregor (p).

THIS album, a result of the 1963 Cold Castle National Festival, is undoubtedly one of the best jazz recordings to come out of this country. And for the period, *Jazz, The African Sound* is a fine product. But carrying the recording is the musicianship McGregor put together, comprising the finest of young and old.

As McGregor points out on the album, one can imagine the difficulty of finding compositions for these outstanding musicians to work from. The six tracks on the album are *Switch*, *Kippie*, *I Remember Billy*, *Eclipse at Dawn*, *Now and Early Bird*.

The wonderful *Switch* is one of Moeketsi's works and McGregor uses the tune to showcase his alto in the wonderful solo.

Then there's the composition *Kippie*: by Abdullah Ibrahim "to express the way he feels about Kippie". Kippie has a wonderful warmth and sadness to it that somehow expresses the life of its namesake, the most original South African musicians. Moeketsi himself adds his statement to the tune with his clarinet solo. The other Ibrahim composition is *Eclipse at Dawn*, reminiscent of the swinging big band brass sound. And of course Early Mabuza's drumming showcase on *Early Bird*, as Mabuza was called.

This is a masterpiece that must be used to judge the quality of South African jazz by. The recording is part of a Jazz Heritage series under Gallo's sister Teal Trutone label.

Tebogo Alexander

JAZZ IN AFRICA, VOLUME I (TEL 2304 Teal Trutone)
Chris Joseph and John Mehegan (p), Kippie Moeketsi (alt), Jonas Gwangwa (tr), Hugh Masekela (tru), Ray Shange (p.wh), Claude Shange (b), Gene Latimore (d).

ORIGINALLY recorded on September 8, 1959, the *Jazz in Africa* album is historic as the first local jam session specifically for recordings. LCBTM has strong tones of Mehegan's piano, with a little more swing to it than the previous RM. The style of the pre-Jazz Epistles, Father Huddleston's Band graduates, Masekela and Gwangwa make for pleasurable listening. Listen to easy ballade *Yesterdays*, for Gwangwa's soft, but masterly, handling of his instrument.

Body and Soul, a Moeketsi composition, is a moving ballade that somehow embodies the musician's later pain. Oh, but how the alto comes to life in the tune. As Mehegan wrote on the over notes "he (Kippie) plays the tune rather treating it like a virtuoso tour de force. Bom out of a jam session, *Old Devil's Moon* has strong march influences.

Then there's the Kwela-inflected penny-whistle under Ray Shange's control it's a delight, considering too that it comes out of the confines of the largely straight jazz sound of Comic Ray. The (somewhat too) short introductory *Venda* (?) song accompanied by marimbas fails to fit into the context of the rest of the recording, the result is irritating.

Tebogo Alexander.

books

DRUMMING AT THE EDGE OF MAGIC: A JOURNEY INTO THE SPIRIT OF PERCUSSION
By: Mickey Hart with Jay Stevens
Harper Collins Publishers, 1990
263 Pages

"In the beginning was noise. And noise begat rhythm. And rhythm begat everything else. This is the kind of cosmology that a drummer can live with."

This book is a voluminous compilation of the "power and the spiritual nature" of drumming. Previous literature written on drums has mainly been concerned with the technical aspects of the rhythmic rudiments of drumming.

Hart's book is a discourse of a drummer's "Magic Ride" into the metaphysical realms of noise, sound and rhythm. His odyssey into the nature of percussion involved the collaboration of master drummers in the documentation of this book. These associations include the African drummer Babatunde Olatunji, "a much respected elder statesman of percussions and guide in the complex languages of African polyrhythms and sounds. Other master drummers discussed in this book include Brazilian percussionist Airto Moreira, the great Nubian drummer, Hamza el Din, and Indian rhythm master Alla Rakha and his son Zakir Haussain.

This book is enlightening reading for serious students of drums and percussions, professional drummers, musicians, music educators and all ranges of music enthusiasts. Jay Stevens, the author of *Storming Heaven: LSD and the American Dream*, has done a superb and masterful job of editing this vast subject. The writing style is thoroughly delightful and loaded with subliminal humorous tidbits in the life and times of a "backbeat" rock drummer.

Jim Harris

video

HOW I'D LOVE TO FEEL FREE
Director: Jimmy Matthews
Film Resource Unit

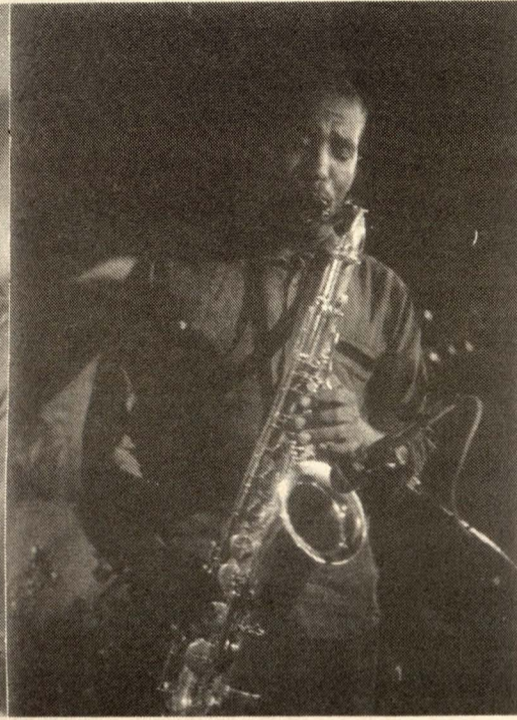
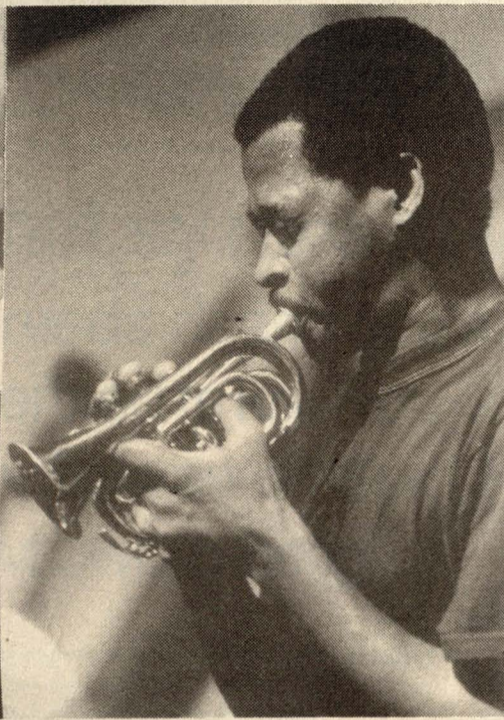
This is a video about South African music - dating back to the shebeens in the heydays of Sophiatown - looking at the effects forced removals had on the music in the early 50's. *How I'd Love to Feel Free* features music and interviews with Thandi Klaasen, African Jazz Pioneers' Ntami Piliso, the Soul Brothers, Robbie Jansen, Ntsikane's Samuel Tikili and Peto's David Mayekana.

What stands out in this video is the unchanged state of musicians in this country. A clip of Kippie Moeketsi's funeral can also be seen together with an interview with his sister, Miriam Kather. The video title is aptly taken from lyrics from a Robbie Jansen song: *How I'd love to feel free in my land/ Eat the fruits of the trees where I stand*. Although this video makes for interesting archival material, I wish it would have been approached more professionally.

Shado Twala

jazz stew

RAFS MAYET relishes the musical munchies at the Cellar's recent Red Hot and cool Festival



TAKE A LITTLE rock, add a touch of reggae, a handful or two of jazz, a dash of folk music and a few dollops of acoustic guitar. Mix well in a not-too-large container and what do you get? An eclectic musical feast.

The Red Hot and Cool Festival at the Drosty-Hof Cellar provided Durban's music lovers with just such a spread of musical munchies. Kicking off with three acoustic guitarists, Steve Newman, Tony Cox and Syd Kitchen certainly left the audience (like Oliver) asking for more. With all three being accomplished and innovative musicians, they more than satisfied the tastes of all present with a dazzling display of technique and interplay, coaxing all manner of sounds from their instruments.

Steve Newman stroked, scratched, rubbed, plucked, picked and bent an array of effects and sounds from his guitar. Tony Cox showed just what an echo pedal should be used for, while Syd Kitchen - no slouch in the guitar stakes himself - threw in a few vocals to make for a memorable evening. Dave Marks recorded it all, so hopefully one will be able to mull over the many delectable moments that were offered that night. (*Friday Night in San Francisco* with John McClaughlin, Al Di Meola and Paco de Lucia comes to mind as a similar venture).

The next course was provided by Mike Smith and his band Baleka. They've just released their first album *Factory Floors* and proved why they are so popular with university audiences by playing a blend of rock and reggae.

THE ZIM NGQAWANA QUINTET showed why they

are regarded as one of finest outfits to come out of Durban. Zim, being the inventive and prolific composer that he is, took the small but appreciative audience through two sets of pure listening pleasure.

Displaying his virtuosity on the flute, soprano and alto saxophones, he played tribute to his musical guru Abdullah Ibrahim by including three of his songs sprinkled amongst his own compositions. Lawrence Sale from the NAPAC Jazz Quartet, sat in on drums for Wake Mahlobo and showed sensitivity for the music beyond his years. Dumisani Shange, son of guitarist Sandile, played some fine solos and showed promise of things to come, while Concorde Nkabinde on bass impressed all with some nimble fretwork during his solo's.

On Tuesday night it was the turn of Jazz Counterculture to mesmerize all with an impressive performance, of tightly arranged compositions. This quintet, consisting of senior students, Lex Futshane on bass and Feya Faku on trumpet, lecturers Chris Merz on saxophones and Melvyn Peters on piano along with Vincent Pavitt on drums, gave a display of excellent musicianship. Playing tightly arranged compositions they surprised all with their sometimes complex music. Vince Pavitt revelled in the freedom of the songs and whipped up a storm with his playing. Despite him being the only unschooled musician amongst them, he more than held his own and left no doubt as to why he is a well-respected musician in the Durban area.

Next up was Plagal Cadence - this trio of guitarists Nibs, Abe and Fuzzy - who have

expanded to include bass and drums in their line-up, and have established a sizable following with their unique brand of folk rock.

On Thursday we were treated to the mainstream sounds of Giant Steps, a newly formed group based at the University of Natal's Centre for Jazz and Popular Music. Although they've only been together a few weeks, they displayed unusual maturity in handling the mostly mainstream and bebop standards that made up the programme.

Neil Gonsalves on piano was most impressive with his thoughtful solos, especially on the Thelonious Monk song *'Round Midnight*. Mfana Mlambo on tenor sax led the way with some hard-blowing, straight-ahead playing whilst Sazi Dhlamini sizzled on guitar. Mike Chetty on drums, although coming from a *langarm*-dance band background, was flexible enough to keep everything cooking and Mandla Zikalala on bass gave glimpses of great things to come. (Keep your eye on this young man as he is capable of laying down some mean licks with his bubbling, burping style of playing. He's off to join Hotep Galeta in Cape Town soon.) The band also played their own version of *Meadowlands* and an unusual arrangement of Miriam Makeba's *Pata Pata*.

Although still pretty rough, they have the potential to develop into a tight combination and will certainly be a most welcome addition to the rather small Durban jazz scene.

Friday night came The Surf City Big Beat Combo, a very popular group who've been pulling them in at the Winston Hotel over the last

few months. Saturday night saw Mike Smith and Baleka back once more to thrill the crowd. And on Sunday night the NU Jazz Connection dished up a delicious concoction. This eight piece, with George Ellis guesting on drums, played songs with a distinctly South African flavour (maybe one can call them South African standards) like *Mannenbergh*, *Yakbal'nkomo*, Cyril Magubane's *Amabuto* as well as some original tunes.

This excellent group served up some stunning fare and justified their invitation to a tour of Germany later this year.

AND THE CHEFS who put together this musical menu? Patrick Hyland and Ivan Cronin must certainly be commended for their efforts and good tests in organising such varied and juicy musical dishes. They work at NAPAC and having seen the two-week gap in the usual supper theatre programme at the Cellar, took it.

The Cellar is an under-used venue, but could be developed into an excellent venue for jazz and other types of music, since it is situated in the centre of town and could easily fill the gap between the Rainbow and the Moon Hotel. Whilst the whole festival was fairly well patronised it was frustrating to see the small and erratic jazz audiences that came to see what was on offer. One can only hope that this won't deter or disillusion these two entrepreneurs from organising similar ventures in the future. Red Hot and Cool... yeah, definitely more than fast food for the ears.

CERTAIN DISCOVERIES ONLY

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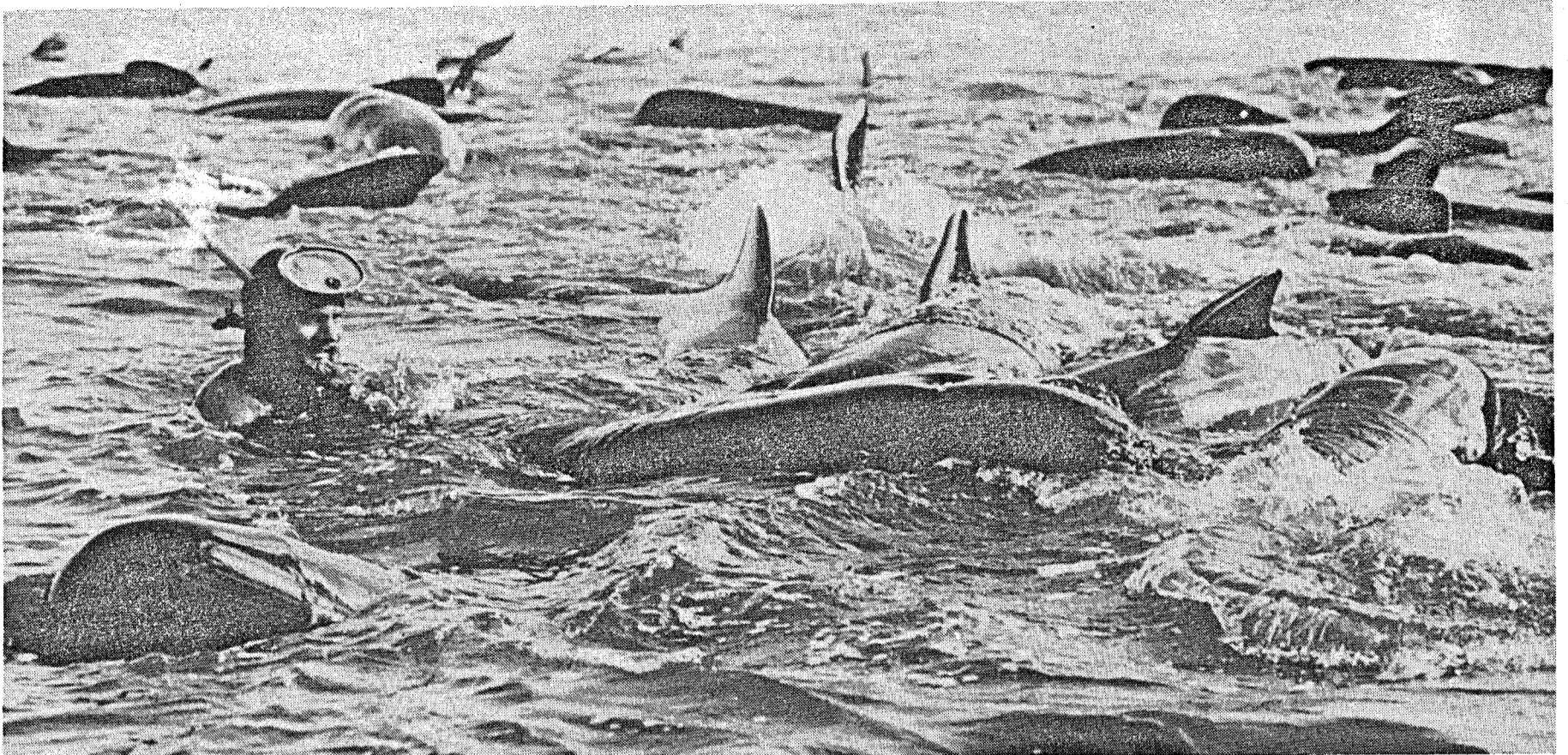
LIKE KREST GINGER ALE.

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IT'S THE ADULT TASTE.



PENTA 796



Nieu-Seelandse duikers probeer 'n skool van 300 gestrande loodswalvisse red. (Foto: AFP)

nieu-seeland het sy mes in vir japanse walvisjagters

Nieu-Seeland het reeds daarin geslaag om die gebruik van dryfnette in sy eie seegebied verbied te kry. Nou is die land besorg oor die diepsee en veral omdat Japan, Taiwan en Suid-Korea steeds dryfnette gebruik én walvisse jag. **MICHAEL FIELD** berig

WELLINGTON - Nieu-Seeland, wat die Asiërs met hul dryfnette uit die suidelike Stille Oseaan gedwing het, is besig om 'n internasionale veldtog op die been te bring om "vernietigende visvangpraktjke" in die diepsee te beëindig, sê die minister van buitelandse sake, Don McKinnon.

Hy het gewaarsku dat Nieu-Seeland ook druk gaan uitoefen om walvisjag in die suidsee te beëindig.

MacKinnon het Nieu-Seeland se internasionale bewaringsagenda uitgespel in 'n toespraak voor dié land se Instituut vir Internasionale Aangeleenthede. Dié toespraak het gesentreer om wat hy beskou as die belangrikste gebiede vir Nieu-Seeland se betrokkenheid by die Verenigde Volke se Konferensie oor die Omgewing en Ontwikkeling (Unced) wat in Junie gehou gaan word.

McKinnon sê hy het twee oogmerke.

"Ons wil 'n graad van internasionale aanvaarding vir 'n stel beginsels in diepseebestuur van visbronne daarstel, asook die noodsaak tuisbring vir die verdere beskerming van walvisse," sê hy.

Nieu-Seeland het in 1980 'n veldtog teen Japan, Taiwan en Suid-Korea begin om dié lande te dwing om dryfnetvisvangs in die suidsee te beëindig.

Die Wellingtonse Konvensie het gevolg, en alle lande in die suidsee, insluitende Frankryk, Amerika en Engeland, het die konvensie onderteken en dryfnette verbied.

McKinnon sê visvangs in die diepsee bedreig visgetalle asook 'n hele paar bedreigde spesies.

"Dit kan nie langer geduld word nie," sê hy.

Nieu-Seeland, saammet Kanada en Chile,

beskou dit nou as hul verantwoordelikheid om die diepsee onder die VVO se Seekonvensiewet te beskerm.

McKinnon sê Unced is die eerste stap in die proses om lande te kry om saam te werk: "Dit gaan 'n rukke neem om lande, insluitende dié wie se vissersvloete ver van die huis opereer, van ons standpunt te oortuig."

'n Volgehoue poging sal aangewend moet word, omdat Nieu-Seeland en ander suidseelande afhanklik is van die see.

Nieu-Seeland was teleurgesteld dat die Internasionale Walviskommissie verlede jaar ingestem het om konsessies aan Japan toe te staan vir die kommersiële jag van walvisse, sê McKinnon.

"Dit kan tot die algehele uitwissing van sekere walvisspesies - soos die Minkewalvis - in die suidsee, waar Japan die walvisse jag, lei. Ons wil dit niesien gebeur nie," sê hy.

McKinnon sê Nieu-Seeland gaan nou probeer om druk toe te pas dat dié konsessies gestaak word.

Nieu-Seeland is ook betrokke by bosbou, osoonvernietiging en die belange van inboorlinge binne Unced, sê hy. Die regering se beleid is gegrond op praktiese en pragmatiese fondamente.

McKinnon sê sy land sal veral 'n bydrae kan lewer oor hul ondervinding in die aanplant van bome vir kommersiële hout eerder as die kap van natuurlike woude.

Nieu-Seeland se belangstelling in die osoonlaag is gegrond op die feit dat "ons 'n buitengewone hoë voorkoms van velkanker" in die land het.

"Ons preek nie vir mense nie. Ons help waar ons kan," sê hy. - AFP

besoedeling dwing stad tot stilstand

MEXIKO STAD - Stadsamptenare het dié week beveel dat industrieë toemaak, skole sluit en gewaarsku dat inwoners nie na buite moet gaan nie omdat besoedeling uiters gevaarlike vlakke bereik het.

Osoonbesoedeling - 'n vorm van suurstof wat 'n gevaarlike elektriese lading stil-stil in die lug ontlaa - het dié week ingrypend gestyg tot 390 punte op die stad se 500-punt lugbesoedelingskaal.

Enige lesing naby die 400-punt kerf op die besoedelingskaal word as uiters gevaarlik beskou vir mense, veral kinders en oumense wat die meeste aan respiratoriese probleme ly.

In reaksie op dié besoedelingsvlak het Mexiko Stad se amptenare beveel dat daar oorgegaan moet word na fase twee van hulle omgewingsnoodplan.

Die fase behels dat die hoogs-besoedelende industrieë soos sement- en vermaatskappye hul produksie met 75 persent verminder, en 'n verdere 75 ander maatskappye moet hul produksie met 50 persent verminder. Slegs die helfte van die regering se voertuie mag gebruik word.

Die skole is ook Dinsdag gesluit.

Die regering het ook waarskuwings tot die bevolking gerig om nie hul huise te verlaat nie, hul motors van die paaie af te hou en toe te sien dat hul kinders nie buite speel nie. - AFP

chernobyl-vleis steeds nutteloos

MOSKOU - Toetse het bewys daar is gevaarlike hoë vlakke van radio-aktiwiteit in altesame 1 300 ton vleis vanuit die gebied naby Chernobyl, ses jaar nadat die wêreld se ergste kernramp daar plaasgevind het.

'n Totaal van 400 ton vleis is reeds vernietig en 'n verdere 920 ton word teen die einde van Junie vernietig, volgens berigte in die Belo-Russiese pers.

Boere in die gebied het volgens berigte ook reeds begin om gekontameneerde diere te begrawe, en loop sodoende die gevaar om riviere en mere te kontameneer.

Volgens die Belo-Russiese regering se Chernobyl-komitee is geen gekontameneerde vleis verkoop nie, en is dié gebiede waar radio-aktiewe materiaal begrawe is, beveilig. - AFP

blue spots and vinegar

Travelling in Japan, one meets many stereotypes who have identical counterparts in South Africa. Yet Nippon, an impenetrable island that has never been invaded, will remind you you are one of the Gaikokojin - "the people out there", writes LAURIE ACKERMAN



japan,

the land of samurai and raw fish. The place of little people and staccato chatter, with earthquakes underfoot and eruptions overhead. Strangely, at bottom, it's not that foreign. In some ways we are very alike. They have stereotypes who have identical counterparts in South Africa.

Look for them on the subways. You will hear the too loud voices of schoolboys horseplaying. They are sleek and balance the train ride without strap-hanging. Standing apart from them is one of their peers, plump and bespectacled. He has to grab for support at every jolt. He is always bumping into grey haired businessman - they look as if they could easily have stepped off a curb in Johannesburg.

The Down Syndrome children look the same. Their stare is furious, and their breathing heavy; their eyes happily pick out objects with patience, one at a time.

The train conductors, like all train conductors, are glum-smug. They have "secret knowledge". They know the comings and goings of trains by heart. In the corner sits a girl. She may be thinking of rush hour with its many hands. In walk a pair of overdressed and made-up women. They have brown streaks in their hair. They discuss which "onsons" (hot springs) are "in" and "how darling" the new sumo wrestler is.

THESE SUBWAYS are used by a people whose eyes are all brown. Yet they reflect as much as green or blue eyes do, the dullness of industrial life. They anticipate going home. There is a place for each of them that has familiar symbols and objects that have worth and shared meaning. In the quietness of rush hour, quick and eerie, there is only the clack and tread and heavy swish of wheels. The mass, overcoated and black-haired, rocks tightly together. Each body is lost to its neighbour. Each thinks of work or lovers, and tomorrow.

The trains start to empty. Left behind is a tough looking farmer, lost and angry. He has come on bandy legs to visit city relatives. Now the night people arrive.

The sun has set in the west for Japan, as it will across the world a little later that day. Nippon waits for darkness to start her intrigue. Some mysteries will be revealed. This will be done so that "Gaijins" (foreigners) will know how little they know. It will be done bit by bit until day breaks.

The sun will rise so far out in the east that any further will be west. Foreigners will rub their eyes. Japan will never look the same again.

HOW ONE COMES to realize these differences is often funny. Sometimes it's a chance encounter with a girl. Her hands describe for you her hobby: traditional Japanese flower arranging.

Oh! I see. That's nice. Crysanthemums? The flowers? Yes I know them.

"Oh yes! I like to eat them too!"

Huh?

"Yes, they belly good with vinega."

What!

Did you know that all Mongoloid people are born with a blue spot on their back? It disappears at the age of eight or nine. This is an interesting fact, if you are a foreigner.

So you are born with a blue spot. Interesting.

"Huh?"

You know, the one on your back, when you're a baby.

"I know WHICH one."

Well...?

"Well what?"

Tell me more. It's interesting.

"It's interesting? Why?"

Why? Why? Well, for one, we Gaijins don't have it.

"What?"

OUR DIFFERENCES are also more than skin deep. There are swells that rush deeply in a nation's character. This has its own music. The Japanese hear their's at night.

They love the moon.

It shows in the way they build their temples. Cool and dark they are sanctuaries turned inward. Their walls protect the night within from the day without.

We love the sun. Braaivleis, beach... And could it be otherwise? African light is special. Once seen it is never forgotten. The sparkle of highveld afternoon. Smooth swirls of light that rise and loop. It brings life to the leaves and grass.

Then lazily it lies down with dusk. Our ear understands this music. It is like the wild animals and thorn trees.

The blue light of the moon has a voice for the Japanese. In the autumn month of September there is "otsukimi", full moon festival. They gather outdoors. They eat rice cakes and drink rice wine. Mothers will tell the story of the two rabbits hammering rice cakes to their children wondering about the craters they can see on the face of the moon.

In *The Seed and the Sower* (which became the movie *Merry Christmas Mr Lawrence*), Laurens van der Post writes of his experiences as a Japanese POW. The inmates of the camp all feared full moon. It affected Hara, the Japanese sergeant in charge of camp discipline. He was a simple man, ignorant, loyal and brutal.

"Seven days, three days before and three days after and on the day of the full moon itself, were always our days of greatest danger with Hara. Most of his beatings and all his killings took place then. But once the beating was over and the moon waning, he would be for him, extraordinarily generous to us." (p 15)

That happened in 1945. Today they will simply draw in their breath sharply. This makes a characteristically Japanese "Huh!" sound of surprise or wonderment. They will look at the moon. They may stop their car to get a better view.

MUCH OF WHAT the Japanese are is because of what Japan is. An impenetrable island. Except for Okinawa in the far South, no beach-head has been made on the main islands, ever. The last serious attempt was that of Kubla Khan's fleet in the 13th century. They were defeated by the "Kamikaze", the divine winds of the gods. These are the hurricanes that sweep the Sea of Japan, the stretch of water that separates Japan from Russia and mainland China.

Japan has been isolated, almost completely, for most of its life. Its people are both secure and insecure. They have deep feelings of ambivalence towards everything foreign. They have neither the need nor the desire to explain themselves. One may think of it as a national naivetè. This serenity can be infuriating - especially if you are an American automobile worker.

Xenophobia is a strong drink with a long hangover.

Things have been changing though. Japan started evolving from her self-inflicted apartheid in the Meiji Restoration Period of the 18th century. Then came the post-war years with all their dramatic changes. In the last decade, what started as an evolution, became a revolution. Today years of amassed curiosity need to be satisfied. What is the world outside like? The world of the "Gaikokojin", "the people out there". The foreigners which we were and still are. One's very physique is a constant reminder of this.

AND IF ONE FORGETS, Nippon will remind you. It may be during a drive in the countryside. Or at a sumo wrestling match. An earthquake, or Japanese food. It may be vinegar and Crysanthemums or blue spots. Whatever, it will be unexpected and unexpectedly rude in this polite country.

"East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet", wrote Rudyard Kipling. Yes! agreed a chorus of Gaijins.

"In Nagasaki, I was pleased to see that business was at a low ebb. The Japanese should stay away from business," wrote the same Rudyard Kipling. This time the choir was still.

(Laurie Ackerman is 'n regsgeleerde wat vir 'n tyd in Japan woon)

russiese pers in die knyp

Die Russiese pers, soos ander ekonomiese sektore in dié land, moes noodgedwonge aanpas by die brutale en dikwels oneweredige hervormingsproses wat in Januarie begin het. Selfs die ou mondstuk van die Kommuniste Party, Pravda, trek noustrop, skryf **BERNARD ESTRADÉ**

MOSKOU - Akteurs, met reuse-potlode in pleks van gewere aan hul skouers, het opgeruk na wat bestempel word as die toekoms in die gewese Sowjet-Unie: burgeroorlog.

Dié skets deur joernaliste van die gewese Sowjet-koerant *Izvestia*, is luid toegejuig deur die uitgekose gehoor, insluitende die Russiese vise-president, Alexander Rutskoy, en die minister van inligting, Mikhail Poltoranin, wat byeengekom het om dié koerant se 75e verjaardag te vier.

Maar op dieselfde dag dat gaste die skouspelagtige houtbeslaande sale van *Izvestia* volgepak het, het die eens trotse mondstuk van die Kommuniste Party, Pravda, aangekondig hy gaan publikasie staak tot verdere kennisgewing.

Oorlewing is ter sprake, maar sommige Russiese koerante vaar ietwat beter as ander.

Die eerste verjaardagviering van *Nezavissimaya Gazeta*, die liefling van die Russiese intelligentsia en simbool van vryheid in wat eens een van die wêreld se strengste beheerde pers was, is twee weke gelede deeglik gevier - 1 200 vars oesters is spesiaal vir dié okkasie uit Parys ingevoer. Van Mikhail Gorbatsjof tot die Russiese modeontwerpers het dié geleentheid bygewoon.

PRAVDA, 'N SLAGOFFER VAN SOWEL sy eie verlede as die naakte werklikhede van 'n markgerigte ekonomie, trek egter nie alleen noustrop nie. *Trud*, eens die amptelike mondstuk van die kommunistiese vakbonde, loop ook gevaar om toe te maak en *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, die gewese stem van die Russiese jeug, het dié week aangekondig dat hy sy drukoplaag met 90 persent verklein.

Die Russiese radiodiens het berig dat *Komsomolskaya Pravda* slegs 1,5 miljoen kopieë gaan druk, vergeleke met 13 miljoen in die verlede. Die radio haal dié publikasie se bestuur aan wat sê die styging in die pryse van papier, die drukpers en verspreiding noop hulle om hul drukoplaag te verklein as hulle nog enigins wil bly voortbestaan.

Die pers, soos ander ekonomiese sektore in Rusland, moes noodgedwonge aanpas by die brutale en dikwels oneweredige hervormingsproses wat in Januarie begin het.

Dit behels 'n seshoudige styging in die prys van koerantpapier, wat ondanks die hervormings steeds indirek deur die ministerie van inligting gemonopoliseer word.

Verspreiding- en telefoonnetwerke is ook steeds in die hande van burokrate uit die kommunistiese era.

KOERANTE MOET VOORTDUREND hul pryse aanpas en hulle het intekening heeltemal laat vaar omdat dit onmoontlik is om intekengelde vas te stel as pryse met 125 persent in drie maande styg.

Intussen het pryservormings meer as die helfte van die koerantlesers onder die broodlyn gedwing.

Sekere koerantbestuurders kla ook dat die Russiese regering nie daarin slaag om sy afstand van die media te hou nie.

Die *Rostiskaya Gazeta*, wat die amptelike stem van die Russiese regering geword het, het 'n deel van Pravda se kantoorruimte ingeneem.

Die bestuurder van 'n radiostasie, wat anoniem wil bly, sê die regering gee die beste radiofrekwensies aan politieke bewegings wat die regering steun.

Andrei Vinogradov, die hoof van 'n nuusagentskap wat op 'n tyd deur die Russiese regering ondersteun is en wat nie meer die geval is nie, sê: "Strukture wat op 'n federale vlak laat vaar is, is besig om weer tevoorskyn te kom op die vlak van die Russiese staat."

Dié moeilike tye noop talle koerante om buitelandse befondsing te soek. Sô vestig *Nezavissimaya Gazeta* sy hoop op sy sirkulasie van 30 000 in Engeland, en *Izvestia* het onlangs 'n ooreenkoms met die Hearst-uitgewersgroep aangegaan om 'n gelyktydige weeklikse uitgawe in Engeland en Amerika uit te gee. - AFP

skamerige skoonhede lig die some

Die Arabiese gemeenskap in Israel het nie juis erg aan skoonheidswedstryde nie. Tog het 'n paar meisies dit die laaste paar jaar begin waag om in al hoe korter rokies (maar nog nie baikostuums nie) voor die beoordelaars te paradeer, skryf **SAMMY KETZ**

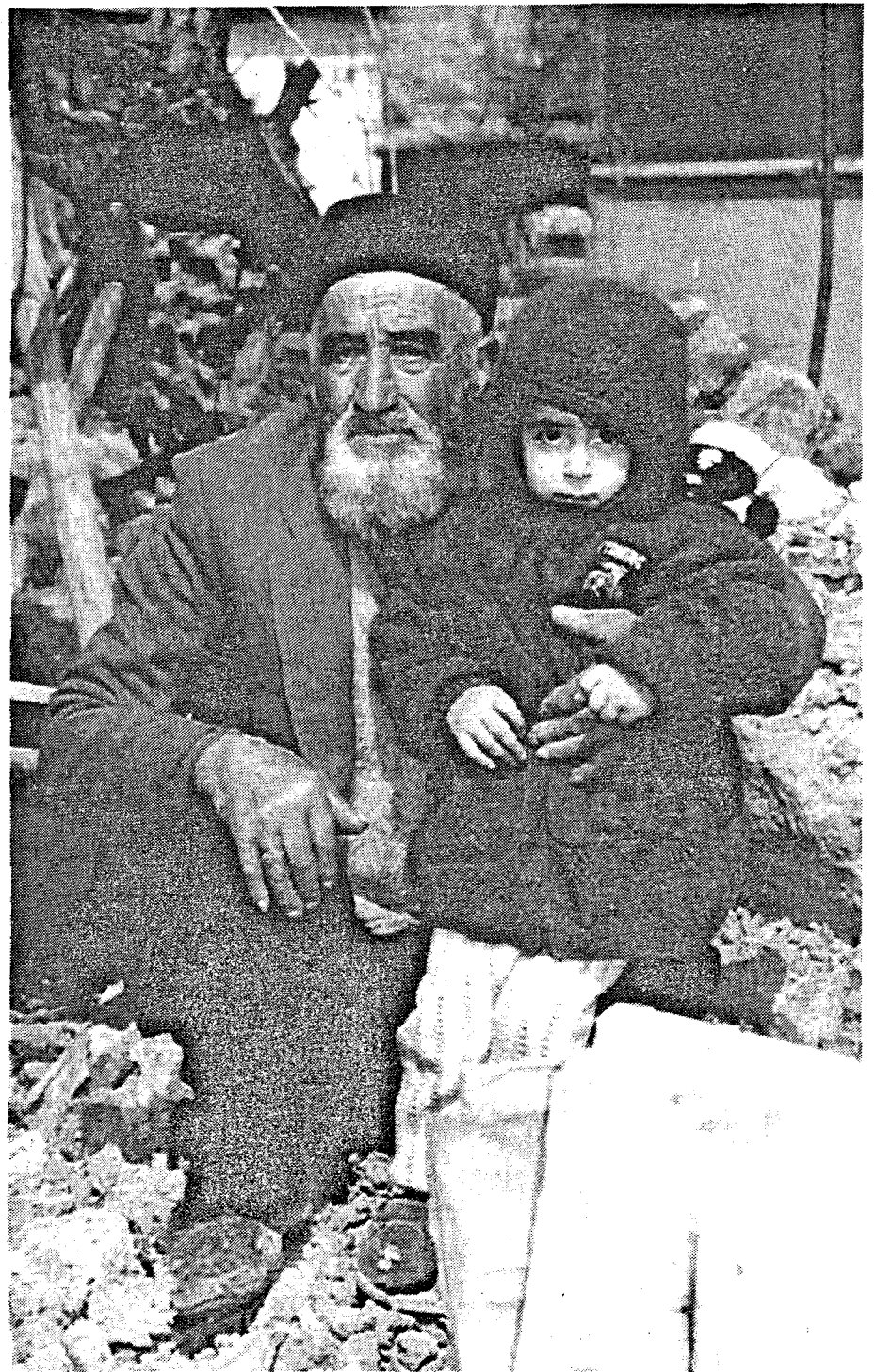
JERUSALEM - In mini-rokies, maar nederig het die 12 finaliste in die Mej Israeliese Arabier-schoonheidswedstryd vandeeweek skaam-skaam gedans voor die beoordelaars - vier vroue en drie mans - in die Seven Arches Hotel.

Die meisies - tussen 15 en 18 jaar oud, Christene sowel as Moslems - is gekies uit 54 deelnemers aan die vyf jaar oue wedstryd, wat fundamentalistiese Moslems omkramp.

Die jong skoonhede, wat nie afgeskrik is deur die kritiek nie, paradeer weer môre (Saterdag) voor 'n verwagte gehoor van 400 in 'n openbare saal in Nasaret, waar die winner gekroon sal word.

"Ek neem aan die wedstryd deel omdat ek van skoonheid en kuns hou en versot is op dans," sê die 17-jarige Jumana Gargura, wat vanjaar haar hoërskoolopleiding in Galilea in Noord-Israel voltooi.

"Ek weet baie mans sal met my wil trou



ERZIMCAN, Turkye - 'n Bejaarde Turk en sy kleindogter voor die ruïnes van hul huis in die ooste van Turkye. Honderde mense is dood en duisende beseer in dié aardbewing (Foto: AP)

as ek 'n skoonheidskoningin word, maar ek wil nie trou voor ek 25 is nie. Ek wil eers my studie voltooi."

Gargura, wat sielkunde wil studeer aan die Universiteit van Haifa, sê hoewel haar ouers haar aangemoedig het om deel te neem, is 'n hele paar van haar bure ontvrede daarvoor.

DIE ORGANISEERDER van die wedstryd is Samer Azzam, die eienaar van 'n klerewinkel naby Nasaret. Hy het in 1986 die Mej Galilea-schoonheidswedstryd begin, wat twee jaar later die Mej Israeliese Arabier-wedstryd geword het.

"Eers was die ouers maar lugtig en die deelnemers het hulle byna in die geheim kom inskryf. Vandag moedig die ouers egter hul dogters aan en elke deelnemer moet haar ouers se toestemming kry."

Hy gee egter toe dat daar nie juis groot ondersteuning vir die wedstryd is in die Arabiese gemeenskap van 750 000 mense in Israel nie. "Ek is al per brief en per telefoon gedreig, maar ek is nog nooit aangeval nie. Ons wedstryd is reg en die publiek kan self daarvoor oordeel."

Hy's net jammer daarvoor dat die organiseerders van die Mej Israel-wedstryd tot dusver geweier het om Mej Israeliese Arabier as 'n finalis in hul wedstryd op te neem.

"Hulle wil hê sy moet saam met 3 000 Israeliese Jode aan die keuring vooraf

onderwerp word, maar dan sal sy maar 'n skrale kans staan om ooit die eindronde te haal," sê Azzam.

Delila Jawer, Mej Israeliese Arabier 1989 en nou 'n regstudent aan die Universiteit van Haifa, is daarvan oortuig "n Arabier sal nooit Mej Israel word nie, want dis 'n Joodse staat en 'n Jodin sal altyd wen. Selfs al stuur ons die heel mooiste meisie sal sy nooit beter vaar as tweede nie."

Violetta Battat, redakteur van 'n Arabiese vrouetydskrif en een van twee Jode onder die beoordelaars, stem nie saam nie. "Ek is seker 'n Arabiese vrou sal eendag nog Mej Israel wees. Sy sal egter aan dieselfde wedstryde as Joodse meisies moet deelneem - wat sal beteken dat sy in 'n baaibroek sal moet optree."

Laila Ayoub, redakteur van die weekblad *Koul Al-Arab* in Nasaret en die borg van die Mej Israeliese Arabier-wedstryd, sê: "Die taboes begin stadigaan verkruimel. Vyf jaar gelede was die deelnemers se roksome onder die knie. Nou dra hulle mini-rokke."

Die eienaar van die Seven Arches sê een been van die wedstryd is vanjaar vir die eerste keer in Jerusalem gehou. "Miskien hou hulle eendag skoonheidswedstryde in die (deur Israel) besette gebiede (die Wesoeer en die Gaza-strook)," sê hy.

"Maar dit sal wees om Mej Palestina te kies," sê 'n jong man met 'n glimlag. - AFP

los die politiek vir die skurke

sê TIM SANDHAM in sy sportrubriek

NA meer as 30 jaar van sportboikotte is Suid-Afrika nie veel wyser nie. Soos mense wat self as kinders mishandel is, hul eie kinders in later jare op hulle beurt mishandel, tree die selfaangewese liberales op teenoor diegene wat hulle as verkramp beskou.

Al die jare het ons almal gepleit dat politiek en sport apart gehou moet word. Tog is sport die eerste stok waarna gegryp is om politieke opponente mee te dreig tydens die afgelope referendum. Die regsies het die afwesigheid van die landsvlag en die Springbok-embleem gebruik om te illustreer hoe maklik daar toegelaat is dat ons van ons erfenis en simbole ontnem is. Die linkses het die deurbrake op internasionale sportdeelname gebruik om te toon hoe wonderlik en suksesvol die onderhandelingspolitiek is.

Dis ironies dat iemand soos Jannie Breedts, wie se potensiaal as gevolg van die politiek nooit op internasionale vlak gerealiseer is nie, hom sal ophou met propaganda vir die ja-stem in die Sondagkoerante. Doen wat jy beste doen, Jannie. Rugby is 'n gentleman

se sport, los die politiek vir die skurke.

Vir die jonger geslag wat nou vir die eerste keer sport buite isolasie beleef, word die volle impak van die sportboikot nou eers gevoel. Die welslae van die krieketspan in Australië het ons oor streeks- en kultuurgrense saamgesnoer. Vir die eerste keer het baie mense - met uiteenlopende belangstellings en agtergronde - nasionale trots en teleurstelling ervaar soos die krieketspan gewen en verloor het. Niemand raak op naastenby dieselfde skaal so opgewonde wanneer 'n groep Suid-Afrikaanse sakelui 'n transaksie van 'n R1 biljoen met Duitsland beklink nie.

Dis juis hoekom sport so 'n ideale wapen is om in die politiek aan te wend. Dis erg om te weet dat ekonomiese sanksies die waarde van jou rand gaan verlaag, maar dis gewoon onregverdig om jou pret én jou nasionale trots op 'n Saterdagmiddag ook te ontnem. Die kriekettoer het bewys dat die spelers ewe goed speel sonder die vlag, die Springbok en die groen en goud én dat die ondersteuners ewe begaan is oor die sukses wat daarsonder behaal is.

Die afgelope weke se geskarrel om middernagtelik die span se wel en wee te volg en die vooruitsig van nog toere, rugbytoetse en Olimpiese deelname laat 'n mens wonder hoe ons so lank daarsonder klaar gekom het, hoekom ons so lank geneem het om aan die verander te kom.

M-Net, die SAUK en krieket

Die beroep van die Verenigde Krieketraad van Suid-Afrika op M-Net om die SAUK toe te laat om die half-eindstryd en die eindstryd van die Wêreldbeker uit te saai, is edel en waarskynlik met goeie bedoelings gedoen. Dit is egter ook baie sentimenteel. Die stelling dat dié geskiedkundige momente in Suid-Afrikaanse krieket na die wydste moontlike gehoor deur middel van die SAUK uitgedra moet word sodat krieket onder die have-nots ook bevorder kan word, is misplaas. Radio eerder as TV is die algemeen beskikbare medium in Suid-Afrika. Sover het die SAUK nog baie min moeite gedoen om deurlopende regstreekse radio-kommentaar van die krieket te lewer.

M-Net wat ook - met skerp sakevernuf - die uitsaaieregte vir die toer na Indië bekom het, is verlede jaar ook deur die SAUK gekaap en dié wedstryde is deur hulle uitgesaai. Die vryemarkstelsel en ondernemingsgees wat deur al die ja-stem faksies - die Krieketraad inkluis - so hoog op prys gestel is, word deur dié soort optrede ondermyn.

Elke keer dat 'n nasionale span nou 'n "geskiedkundige" wedstryd speel, kan iemand 'n beroep op M-Net doen om die massas tog asseblief die kans te gee om ook hulle land te ondersteun.

Gaan die Krieketraad gratis kaartjies vir die toetse teen Indië later vanjaar uitdeel sodat die onbevoorreedes die geleentheid kry om krieket vir 'n slag eerstehands te ervaar? Ek dink nie so nie.

Lindenberg se kans sal kom

So tussen die waansin van die referendum en die opwinding van die krieketgebeure in Australië deur, het die eerste Formule 1-kragbootren van die seisoen verlede week in Durban plaasgevind. Kragbootrenne is 'n sport wat as gevolg van die hoë koste daaraan verbonde deur 'n klein groepie mense beoefen word. Uiteraard is dit ook nie werklik 'n toeskouersport nie. Die feit is, die sport se voorste deelnemers was hier en die Grand Prix het plaasgevind.

Ongelukkig kon Suid-Afrika se Peter Lindenberg slegs in die agtste plek inskuif met die Italianer Bocca wat met die louere wegstap. Die Suid-Afrikaner oorheers die plaaslike kragboottoneel al so lank dat dit vir baie ondersteuners 'n teleurstelling was toe hy Saterdag relatief swak vaar.

Dit is egter duidelik dat sy boot nog nie honderd persent op standaard is nie. Soos Jody Scheckter het Lindenberg tuis nog nie die erkenning gekry wat hom toekom nie. Hoewel hy nog nie 'n wêreldkampioenkap gewen het nie, het hy die afgelope paar seisoene internasionaal baie goed gevaar en is gereeld bo aan die punteleer.

Hoewel hy nie die podium voor sy tuisskare kon bereik nie, is dit waarskynlik net 'n kwessie van tyd voordat hy weer sy stempel op die Formule 1-reeks afdruk.

dié soort sensuur maak my bang

sê ELZABÉ ZIETSMAN in ons weeklikse geselsrubriek

EK is van nature nie 'n bang mens nie. Daarmee wil ek nie voorgee dat ek vir niks bang is nie. Intendeel, daar is heeltemal genoeg goeters en goggas wat my hare orent laat staan. Veral as dit plekke en situasies is waaraan ek nie gewoond is nie, nie verstaan nie of as dit so 'n bietjie buite my verwysingsraamwerk val.

Los my alleen, laat in die nag, langs 'n kampvuur in Oos-Transvaal met al daai snaakse, vreemde veldgeluide, en my vel begin sommer baie gou 'n nuwe tekstuur aanneem - hoendervleis in 'n hoë graad. Hoe moet ek nou die verskil ken tussen 'n bosbok se blaf en iets wat my dalk kan rondsloop of opvreet?

Op tuisgronde is dit heeltemal 'n ander storie. Dan is ek gewoonlik te prakties om my verbeelding kans te gee om die hasepad te vat. Kwalifiseer: Snaakse geluide, laat in die nag, is heel moontlik net 'n hond wat nagmerries kry in die kombuis. Ek gaan ook wragtag nie laat in die nag by 'n rooi verkeerslig sit en wag en iemand die kans gee om 'n AK-47 teen my kop te druk nie - ek kyk links en regs en ry.

EN NOU SKIELIK, op die tyepe ouderdom van 31, kom ek te staan voor 'n ding wat my nie net bang maak nie, maar sommer baie bang. INDIREKTE SENSUUR.

Om by 'n punt te begin: Ek en my musikale regisseur het besluit om 'n show te skryf waarin ek van my ou liedjies van jare gelede kan sing. Nie omdat ons 'n dringende behoefte gehad het om dit weer te doen nie, maar omdat daar altyd iemand is wat backstage na 'n show kom sê: Oulike vertoning, maar hoekom het julle nie "Skipskop" gedoen nie?

Dis maklik om dié vraag te beantwoord - omdat Sonja et al dit nou sing - maar dis so vervelig om die vraag elke aand te moet beantwoord. Dus, ons skryf 'n show waarin ek "Skipskop" weer kan sing.

En siende omtrent al wat leef en beef in die Afrikaanse musiekbedryf sedertdien al "Skipskop" gesing het, skryf ons 'n skets oor die hoë bome om dit vooraf te gaan.

Die karakter wat die skets doen ('n kruis tussen Casper de Vries en Tannie Stienie) word toe in *Huisgenoot/You* aangehaal.

Nou kyk, 'n ding wat 'n mens op 'n verhoog sê, klink een manier, maar as jy hom op 'n stuk papier gaan lees, is die kans baie groot dat hy vir jou op 'n ander manier gaan klink.

EK KLIM OP 'N TELEFOON van Kaapstad af en bel almal wat betrokke is by die aanhaling en verduidelik dat dit buite konteks aangehaal is en groot askies.

Die meeste van hulle aanvaar dit ook so en sê, nee, maar dit is reg, ons verstaan en baie dankie dat jy gebel en verduidelik het.

Behalwe een.

Dié spesifieke sangeres van gewilde Afrikaanse liedjies, vir wie ek 'n boodskap op haar masjien gelos het, bel nooit terug nie. 'n Dag of wat later kry ek 'n oproep van haar ouers af. Hulle dring daarop aan dat ek apologie in *Huisgenoot* aanteken - wat ek heeltemal bereid is om te doen, indien die apologie só bewoord word dat ek verskoning vra vir die feit dat ek buite konteks aangehaal is en nie vir wat ek sê nie. Onaanvaarbaar!

Ek ontvang 'n faks van advokate in Pretoria met die bewoording van die apologie soos hulle dit geplaas wil hê. Ek probeer nog keer, maar dit gaan deur en word net so geplaas, omdat lesers van *Huisgenoot* kwansuis beswaar gemaak het.

As gevolg van hulle woordkeuse word ek gedwing om my show te verander en erger nog, van die kunstenaars wat réeds my apologie aanvaar het, word weer by die storie ingesleep.

Teen dié tyd is ek al lekker gatvol vir al die heen en weer gebellery, fakse en sommer die hele boksemdaais.

EK MEEN NOU MAAR net te sê, wat as drie sekondes in 'n show begin het, is nou so uit verband geruk dat joernaliste in my nek blaas om 'n storie daarvoor te kan skryf.

Toe gesels ek maar met iemand, vertel hom wat gebeur het en hoe ek nou eintlik daarvoor voel. 'n Paar foto's word geneem - Blonde bee-hive pruik en al - en hopelik is dit nou klaar en verby.

Maar nee, nog is het einde niet!

Dit is weer 'n gebellery en 'n gedit en 'n gedat en, sonder enige verduideliking aan my óf die betrokke joernalis, verskyn die artikel doodeenvoudig net nie.

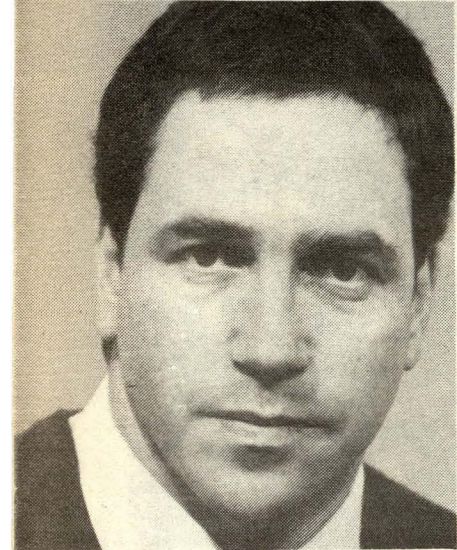
In dié stadium moet die leser sy eie gevolgtrekkings begin maak want ek sê nou niks meer nie. Of liever, ek het nog so een of twee goed te sê wat die leser kan help om sy eie gevolgtrekkings te maak.

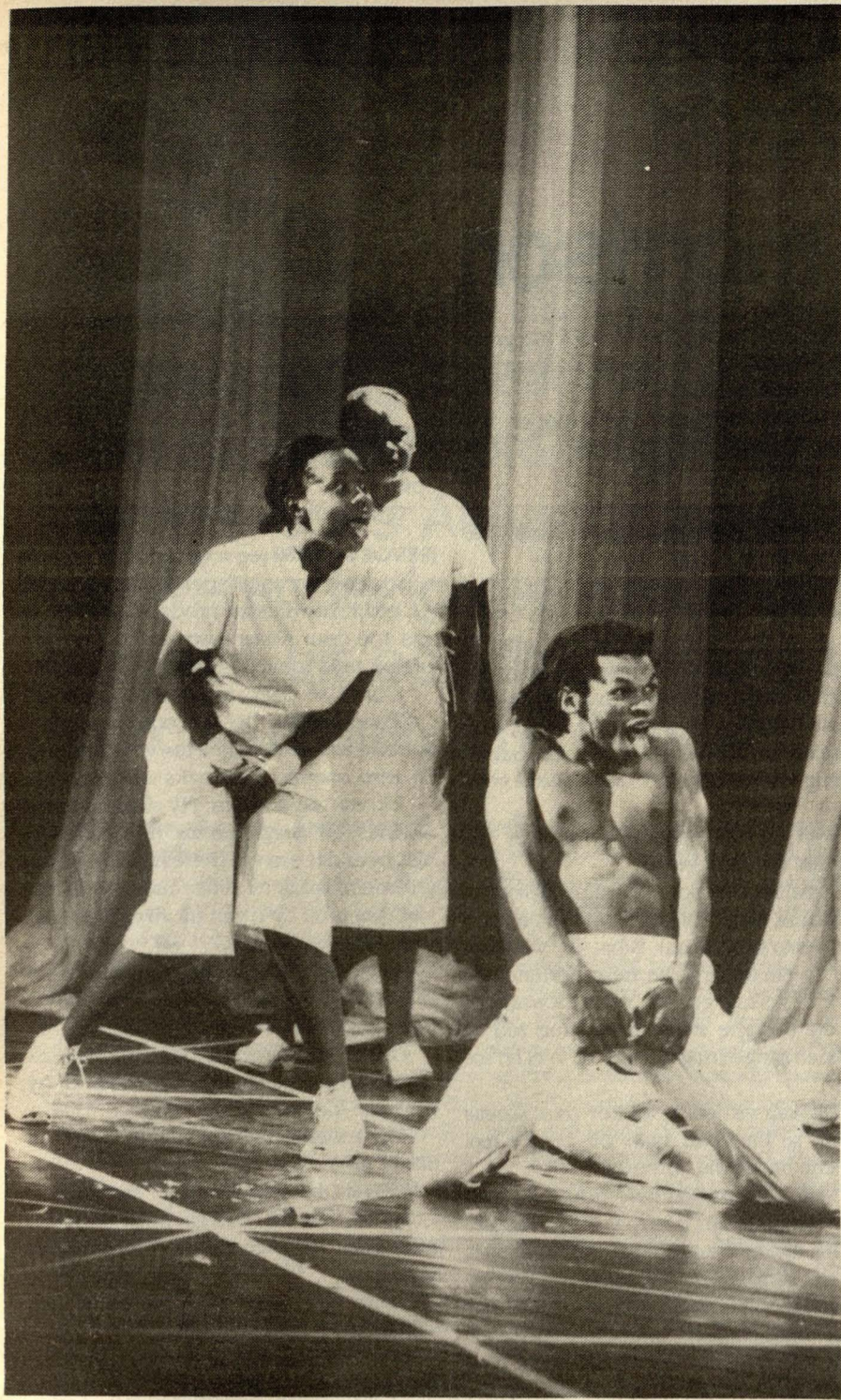
Die betrokke joernalis het al by 'n vorige geleentheid 'n effense probleem met "Pa" gehad.

'n Ander joernalis, wat vir dieselfde publikasie skryf, is deur "Pa" Mediaraad toe geneem, omdat sy 'n minder gunstige resensie oor een van "Dogter" se plate geskryf het.

Omdat ek eersrangse kennis van verskeie ander gevalle het en omdat ek, deur omstandighede, bang geword het vir "Pa" se mag en invloed, gaan ek volstaan.

Vryheid van spraak, waar is jy nou!





Antigone in aksie: lede van De Nieuw Amsterdam Theatergroep

'n stimulerende inspuiting

ANTIGONE

Deur Bertolt Brecht
De Nieuw Amsterdam Theatergroep
Regisseur: Rufus Collins
VWB se Breek af die Mure-fee

HENNING VILJOEN

VWB se aanbieding van *Antigone* met De Nieuw Amsterdam Theatergroep het my met gemengde gevoelens gelaat - gestimuleer deur die opwinding van 'n besoekende Nederlandse teatergroep, as eerste werklike sigbare teken dat die kulturele boikot begin krummel. Ek was verbaas dat ek bykans geen probleme met die Nederlands ondervind het nie. Ek is ook gefassineer deur die regisseur Rufus Collins se oorplasing van die antieke handeling na 'n psigiatriese saal waardeur Kreon, Antigone, Ismene en Tiresias as pasiënte getipeer word wat volgens die programnotas versteurd geraak het as gevolg van hulle mislukte pogings om hulle by die samelewing aan te pas.

Ongelukkig was ek aan die ander kant ook gefrustreerd omdat ek met die beste wil ter wêreld nie die kloutjie-by-die-oor kon kry om die rasionaal te ontdek vir die verskuiving van die dramatiese handeling nie. Behalwe vir gestileerde bewegings

van die spelers wat die verloop in die psigiatriese hospitaal suggereer, bly die grondteks onveranderd en kon ek niks uit die teks ontdek wat die verplasing regverdig nie - behalwe as 'n regisseursfoefie (tensy daar iets in die Nederlandse teks is wat my ontgaan het!)

WAT DIE PRODUKSIE self betref, is daar baie wat my beïndruk het in die minimalistiese benadering van die funksionele stelontwerpe van Dorette Gilling en kostuums van Joanne Becker. Die toneelspeleers van deurgaans baie oortuigend, maar ek is wel geïrriteer deur die swak stemplasing van Gerda Havertong as Kreon. Afgesien daarvan dat haar stem telkens deurslaan, was haar teksduiding meestal onverstaanbaar en het sy my nie oortuig as 'n paranoïede magsugtige lesbiër nie.

Die indrukwekkendste aspek van die produksie is die treffende aanwending van die koor in 'n gesonge madrigaalstyl (gekomponeer deur The Chain Gang), wat die impak van die koor se kommentaar aksentueer.

Afgesien van bepaalde bedenkinge oor die opvoering hoop ek dat ons binnekort nog sulke stimulerende kulturele inspuitings sal kry.

* Henning Viljoen is professor in die sielkunde aan Unisa

a matter of changing people's minds

Rufus Collins, artistic director of De Nieuw Amsterdam Theater group, who visited South Africa as part of VWB's Breaking the Barriers Festival, left the country confused and plagued by confounded expectations. He told **ANDREA VINASSA**, before his departure, that he would be back

"**ONE COMES FROM** abroad, especially if one has worked for the cause against apartheid, with very clear ideas - black and white prescriptions and when one arrives those prescriptions seem to vanish and you are faced with the enormity of the problem, and with the humanity of the people.

"I was surprised by the humanity. I was surprised by the lack of tension on the streets. It seems more intense from abroad. I thought there would be many, many more police.

"I didn't know anything about the place around the Market Theatre, the nature of the Market. I didn't know about it being one of the first integrated areas. I knew that the streets became deserted at night, but not as completely as I have seen... I did not realise the beauty of the children.

"I felt very much at home here and I feel that I could be here, because I think that I have something to contribute. I feel my days in Amsterdam are numbered because I will not bow down and let people tell me what I think black people should have.

"The papers have said that Rufus Collins must leave as artistic director of De Nieuw Amsterdam because 'he does too much'. What they are saying is that I am not training actors to be little Dutchmen, I am training them to be themselves and that is anathema now. I spoke to John [Kani] and I really would like to come back and work here.

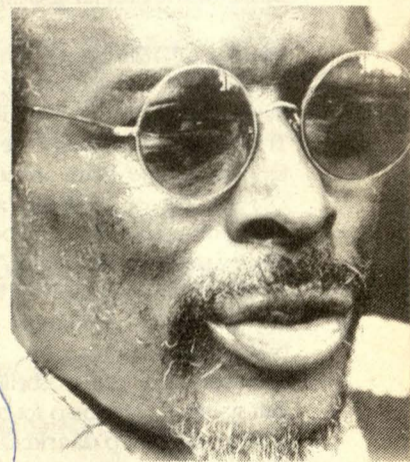
"What is happening here is vital. I am not really wanting to make theatre about theatre. Of course I want to be technically proficient... but I want to make theatre that is vital to the people and shows that it is necessary. And that is what the Market is doing."

COLLINS WAS, however, dubious about the "necessity" of Mbongeni Ngema's *Sarafina* (which he saw in London and which is presently enjoying its re-run at the Market now). "I thought the singing was wonderful, the plot was a little weak, but the commercially viable aspects of *Sarafina*... the girls in very short skirts were disturbing. All those people like to see little girls in very short skirts throwing their legs above their heads so you can see their panties. And I thought: 'There's that picture of the nigger again'.

"Someone asked me what disturbed me. I said: 'The use of my people'.

"We talked to the ANC who, in their very calm way, set out an idea which they cannot formulate until they have to make those decisions with the people. We talked to the PAC, we talked to students and we talked to children.

"You begin to realise that this is going to take, not a series of years, but a series of generations, to change. You wonder if the energy will still be here in the long change because it's not a matter of the vote, it's a matter of changing people's minds."



brecht
would have loved it

CHARL BLIGNAUT gives his views on the DNA's production of *Antigone*...

BRECHT WOULD HAVE thoroughly enjoyed DNA's staging of his *Antigone*. Set in a delapidated shed behind the Market Theatre, the makeshift playing area was powerfully framed and divided by white curtains, revealing bare walls and lighting fixtures. On stage was a group of actors equipped with little other than bodies and voices. In front of them, director Rufus Collins, seated at a desk reading, in a voice like a rasta Othello, a brief synopsis of each scene.

For Collins (as with Brecht) *Antigone* comes to symbolise a struggle for basic human rights: she demands the right to determine her own actions and to make her own judgments, whilst the patriarchal Kreon scorns any challenge to conven-

tional structures.

The most striking feature of *Antigone* was the ensemble work presented by a clearly dedicated team of professionals. It is rare to see this level of ensemble performance in South Africa. Trained singing voices, energetic and controlled movement, impeccable timing and absolute concentration produced an intensity of performance which didn't once waver.

THE IMPORTANCE OF the chorus in *Antigone* was given a whole new perspective and was a delight to watch when the Dutch became to tiresome to follow.

The intensity allowed Collins to exploit the rich imagery bred from setting the play in a mental institution (a microcosm not far from the tradition of *Marat/Sade*), providing a frame of insanity in which a group of characters battle to come to terms with a society intolerant of their right to self-expression.

The setting also justified the extremes of the psychotic qualities of his approach, forging a strong link with the melodrama of classical Greek tragedy as it does with Brechtian discourse. The playing area became a mental cell in which catharsis was only a controlled scream away.

Antigone was an appropriate and demanding choice, and provided an evening of new theatrical experience for a South African audience.

dalk praat ons eendag japannees

Prof Hein Eersel, afgetrede taalkundige van Suriname, digter en oud-politikus, was as deel van *Vrye Weekblad* se **Breek af die Mure-fee**s in Suid-Afrika. Hy word wêreldwyd erken as 'n kenner van die kreolisering van tale, soos Afrikaans, en het 'n reeks lesings aan universiteite hier geleweren deelgeneem aan debatte oor die taal. **CHRISTELLE TERREBLANCHE** vra hom uit oor die parallelle tussen Sranantongo, die Surinaamse kreoolse dialek, en Afrikaans.

Hoe het die stryd om Sranantongo in Suriname verloop?

Dit is oorspronklik 'n soort Neger-Engels genoem en is 'n kind van Engels en Portugees en ook van Afrika-tale. Dit het 'n paar Nederlandse woorde, maar het heeltemal niks met die Nederlandse kultuur en taal te make nie. Teen die 18e eeu was dit in Suriname 'n algemene taal.

Stegman het in die 18e eeu 'n boek geskryf oor sy ekspedisie na Suriname. In 1872 het hy daar gaan veg teen die "revolting Negroes" en verlief geraak op 'n slavin. Hy skryf toe 'n boek in die kreoolse taal van die land, wat so "genteel" was en wat nog. Hy skryf dat iedereen die kreoolse taal praat, ook die blanke.

In 1876 is 'n wet afgekondig dat iedereen skool toe moet gaan en dat Nederlands die verpligte taal sal wees. Toe het die kreoolse taal effe begin agteruitgaan. Met die Tweede Wêreldoorlog het die opkomende nasionalisme ook 'n nuwe belangstelling in die taal meegebring.

Ek self was van 'n groep wat in die vyftigerjare in Holland studeer het en saam met die groep het ons toe verder begin opkom vir die taal.

Wat is die stand van aanvaarding nou? Mag kinders ook in Sranantongo op skool onderrig word?

Ja. Maar die amptelike taal is Nederlands, ook vir skoolopleiding. Vroeër is gesê kinders kan net in 'n beroep slaag as hulle goed Nederlands kan praat, maar nou word dié propaganda nie meer so ernstig opgeneem nie.

U was ook minister van onderwys in Nederland?

Ja, daar was 'n krisis en ek was 'n jaar lank minister in 'n tegnokratiese kabinet. (Suriname is sedert onafhanklikwording in 1975 deur 'n militêre staatsgreep ontstig). Ek was 35 jaar lank in Suriname ná my studies in Holland, en was lektor aan die Universiteit, ook vise-rector. Maar ek was ook 'n politieke figuur toe dit moes.

Word die kreoolse tale, soos Sranantongo en Afrikaans, genoegsaam deur linguïsteas ware en moderne tale erken? En hoe sien hul toekoms daar uit?

Natuurlik is dit moderne tale. Oor hul toekoms moet ek wyd praat. Waar ook al mense ontmoet, ontstaan nuwe tale. In die verre verlede, omstreeks die geboorte van Christus, toe die Romeine deur die wêreld

trek, het jy ook 'n ontmoeting van allerlei volke gekry. Nuwe tale het ontstaan. Sommige van die nuwe tale ontstaan, word 'n tydjie gebruik en -woeps, verdwyn dan weer.

Sommige bly langer bestaan, sommige word gestandaardiseer en word amptelike tale. Die taal van die Romeine kom in kontak met dié van die Galliërs in Frankryk - en Frans ontstaan. Frans was 'n kreooltaal.

Vyf honderd jaar gelede het opnuut 'n groot beweging deur die wêreld gegaan. Die Wes-Europese tale kom in kontak met tale in Amerika, Afrika en Asië - 'n enorme ontmoeting van volke en tale, waaruit nuwe tale ontstaan. Sommige van die nuwe tale het reeds verdwyn soos drie Nederlandse tale in die Karibiese gebied - Neger-Hollands, wat in die 18e eeu wyd gepraat is deur alle groepe. Daar was ook Barbies-Dutch en Esikibo-Dutch. Al drie het uitgesterf. Die laaste spreker van Neger-Hollands is verlede jaar oorlede.

(Hy lees 'n voorbeeld van Neger-Hollands. Dit klink baie soos Afrikaans.)

Waarom het Sranantongo dan bly voortbestaan?

Dit is altyd moeilik. Daar is in die Karibiese gebied drie nuwe tale wat gaan oorleef - Papiamentu op die eilande Curaçao en Aruba, Haïtiaans op dié eiland, en Sranantongo.

Bale mense is erg besorg oor die voortbestaan van Afrikaans. Hoe sien u die toekoms?

Ek is nie seker nie, maar baie tale val weg onder druk van ander tale. Ek dink Engels is erg dominant in Suid-Afrika. Maar as die mense Afrikaans wil bly praat, sal dit bly.

Ek maak soms grappe en het aan studente in Pretoria gesê: As jy oor 500 jaar na Suid-Afrika terugkom, kan dit dalk wees dat jy geen Engels of Afrikaans meer praat nie, maar Japannees. Want jy ry in 'n Japanse motor, jy speel karate en judo, jy kyk op 'n Seiko-horlosie. Maar miskien is dit 'n grap.

Dink u die verskillende Afrikaanse dialekte van die volksmond kan met die standaard-Afrikaans versoen word?

Ek het nog nie genoeg te wete gekom van Afrikaans se probleme nie. Maar 'n standaard-taal is 'n bietjie van 'n boeketaal, weg van die volk. Julle sou dus 'n nuwe Afrikaanse beweging moet kry - "Praat so als het volk" (Praat soos die mense praat)

- en die taal moet dan gestandaardiseer word. Vandag het ek van Achmat Davids (taalkenner van die Bo-Kaapse Afrikaans) gehoor hoeveel van die woorde van die Moslemse Afrikaanssprekendes nie amptelik aanvaar word nie. Nou, jy mag nooit 'n amptelike taal hê wat verwyderd is van wat die mense praat nie. 'n Taal is altyd van die volk en daarom sal 'n amptelike taal na die volk toe moet gaan.

Wanneer 'n lewende taal gestandaardiseer word op só 'n manier dat dit nader aan die moedertaal (Nederlands in die geval van Afrikaans) kom, word dit post-kreools genoem. Ek sou sê Afrikaans is in 'n post-kreoolse stadium.

Bale mense meen Hollands word nou met uitsterwing bedreig in Europa, weens die Europese Gemeenskap se dominante tale. Stem u saam?

Ja, hulle glo daar sal maar vier tale in Europa oorbly - Russies, Frans, Spaans en Duits - en dat die ander kan uitsterf. Maar ek kan nie in 'n kristalbal sien nie. Dit kan uitsterf en dit is om 't ewe.

Kyk, 'n kultuur so geweldig groot soos die Griekse kultuur en dié van die Kelte - dit is weg, bestaan nie meer nie.

U sê dat 'n taal net sowel kan uitsterf, maar u was 'n groot kampvegter vir Sranantongo. Is dit nie 'n teenstrydigheid nie?

Solank iemand 'n taal wil bly praat, word dit gepraat. Maar ek het nie gesê hoe tale verdwyn nie, want dit weet ek nie. Dit kan net sowel wees dat oor 500 jaar die hele Suid-Afrika Afrikaans kan praat.

In Suid-Afrika glo die taalvaders dat taal en kultuur dieselfde ding is; dat die kultuur van Afrikaanssprekendes saam met die taal kan uitsterf. Hoe sien u dit?

Ek glo nie taal en kultuur is onlosmaaklik nie. Dit lyk soms so, maar ek kan die Surinaamse kultuur net so goed in Nederlands uitdruk. So kan die kultuur van die Afrikaners - die Christendom, die Gereformeerde Kerk en dié soort dinge - bes moontlik ook in Zoeloe uitgedruk word.

cosaw-kursus vir kortverhaalskrywers

DIE Wes-Kaaplandse tak van die Congress of South African Writers beoog 'n

kursus in die skryf van kortverhale. Dié kursus is daarop gemik om die vaardighede van aspirant-kortverhaalskrywers te ontwikkel. Die kursus word in twee dele verdeel en word oor twee agtereenvolgende naweke aangebied.

Die eerste deel van die kursus sal groepestetika, tegniek en medium definieer. In dié deel sal die klem op groepsdeelname en -werk val.

Die tweede deel sal konsentreer op die individuele skrywer as kritikus en skrywer.

Elke skrywer se eie werk sal deel van die praktiese aspekte van die kursus uitmaak. Aan die einde van elke dag sal die kursusgangers deur 'n gasspreker

toegesprek word oor 'n literêre onderwerp van toepassing op die kursus. Net

twalf deelnemers word toegelaat om maksimum betrokkenheid en aandag te

verseker. Die kursus, wat in April aangebied word, word deur Joan Baker en Keith

Adams geleë. Vir verdere inligting skakel Geraldine Engelman by (021) 696-8405,

of skryf aan Die Streekskoördineerder, COSAW, Posbus 418, Athlone 7764.

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Voorgestelde bou/daarstelling van plek van onthaal - Disko Kennis geskied hiermee, ooreenkomstig klousule 16 van bogemelde Skema, dat ek, die ondergetekende, voornemens is om by die Stadsraad, Randburg aansoek te doen om vergunning tot bogemelde gebruik op 876/8/80 Ferndale geleë te Pretoriaaan 333, Ferndale. Besonderhede van dié aansoek is gedurende kantoorure te Pretoriaaan 333, Ferndale ter insae.
Enigiemand wat beswaar daarteen wil opper dat dié aansoek toegestaan word, moet sy beswaar, en die redes daarvoor, nie later nie as 24/02/92 skriftelik by die Stadsklerk, Randburg, en die ondergetekende indien. D Magnusson, Cosmosrylaan 27, Gallo Manor, Sandton.

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Grahamstad - (0461) 26067 Rudi (h) of gaan na die Metodistekerk,

Pritchardstraat 79 op Dinsdae vanaf 4:30nm tot 7:00nm.

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EVENTS/GEBEURE

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Smuts Huis-museum, Irene.

Is jy op soek na iets anders of voel jy lus om net in 'n rustige atmosfeer te kuier. Besoek ons die tweede Saterdag van elke maand vanaf 9vm - 2nm. Vir verdere besonderhede skakel (021) 667-1659.

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Ons tyd het aangebreek

Die jaar 1988 was 'n donker een vir Suid-Afrika: vasgevang in die brutale bewind van PW Botha en 'n streng Noodtoestand. Op 4 November dié jaar het 'n nuwe publikasie die lig gesien wat dié nasionale swartgalligheid uitgelag en uitgedaag het: *Vrye Weekblad*, die eerste Afrikaanse koerant wat hom vir 'n volwaardige demokrasie en 'n oop, nie-rassige gemeenskap beywer het. ("Die Nuwe Stem vir 'n Nuwe Suid-Afrika", het ons ons self toe al genoem - meer as twee jaar voor die FW de Klerk-weergawe daarvan populêr geword het.)

Miskien was ons ons tyd 'n bietjie vooruit. Maar ons het bly vaskleef aan ons beginsels en ons reguit styl, en vandag kan ons met trots en met reg sê: Ons tyd het aangebreek.

Geen denkende Afrikaanssprekende - regs, links of op die draad - kan regtig meer sonder die prikkeling, inligting en vermaak van die nuwe *Vrye Weekblad* klaarkom nie.

En hier is nou 'n laaste geleentheid om dit goedkoop in die hande te kry, want ons verkoopprys styg binnekort.

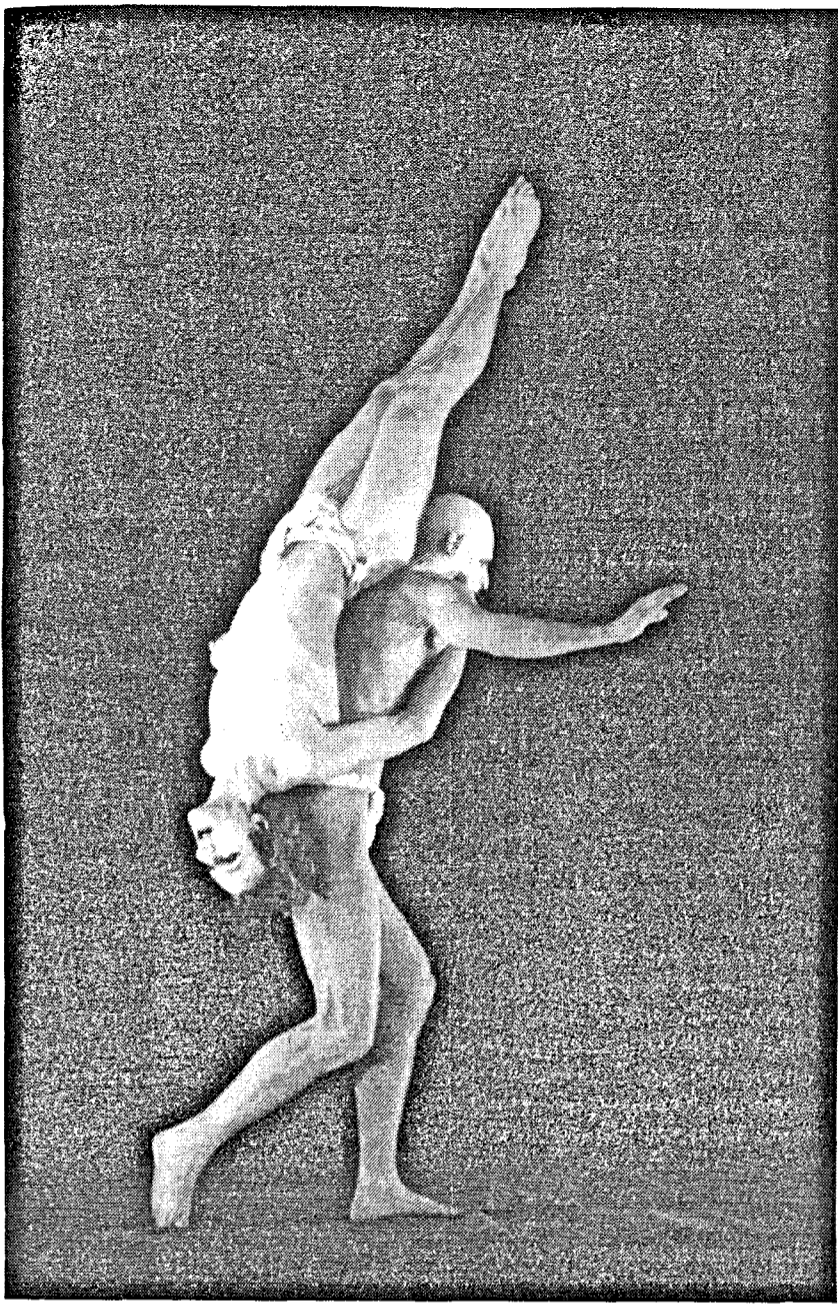
Teken in op *Vrye Weekblad* vir net R110 per jaar, of probeer dit net vir ses maande teen R60 (BTW en aflewering ingesluit). Vul dié vorm vandag nog in en stuur met 'n tjek of poswissel aan:

VWB Verspreiding, Posbus 177, Newtown 2113

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Christopher Goetsch (left) and Bogdan Novak (right) in *The Spiral*

so many possibilities

South African mime artist Christopher Goetsch is back home briefly to stage *The Spiral* at the Oude Libertas Amphitheatre in Stellenbosch. **ARNOLD BLUMER** reports

MOVEMENT IS FAR more sincere and challenging than acting with words, says Paris-based mime artist Christopher Goetsch whose *The Spiral* premieres in Stellenbosch, moves to the Windybrow Theatre in Johannesburg for a short run and then travels to Mexico and Southeast Asia.

Born in the Eastern Cape and a graduate of Rhodes University's Drama department, Goetsch became a mime artist by chance: movement teacher Gary Gordon sidetracked him and he found mime to be a "truer form of acting". One is required to search deep within yourself to find that feeling that would lead to a word, then capture the feeling, spreading it through the body, letting the body tissue absorb it, he explains. Words limit you. With one movement in body language you can say much more than you can with hundreds of words.

As his teacher Marcel Marceau used to say: When you do something in mime it must be something you cannot talk about, something you can only show.

Tracing the master-pupil relationship between Etienne Decroux, Jean-Louis Barrault and Marceau I asked him whether he sees himself continuing the line. With a modest, embarrassed smile he answers: "It would be nice to think so."

Although mime is an artform which has developed in Europe, what Goetsch and his partner, the Polish Bogdan Novak, are doing cannot be labelled Eurocentric, because they have "Africanised" it. And because mime transcends language, it goes straight to the heart.

The relevance of *The Spiral* lies in the juxtaposition of fear and aspiration, the tension between the desire to love and the desire to destroy.

Since Goetsch loves teaching, I asked him whether he would like to start his own mime school in South Africa. "Oh, that would be great. In South Africa there are so many possibilities. In Europe so many things have been done already, it's almost as if the pipes are clogged, whereas here there are a lot of pipes and there's a lot of liquid to flow through them."

Stand-up comic Irene Stephanou is performing her latest routine, *Is Every Sperm Sacred*, at the Laager Theatre at the Market, for one week only. Originated within the stand-up comedy group, *Off the Beat*, the show takes its name from the Monty Python song, *Every Sperm is Sacred*. The run starts tonight. *The Cape Times's* Karen Rutter described it as "... a very funny female perspective of things biological and political."

lekker, maar die formule begin wys

NATANIEL IN PARADISE

By After Dark, Queenstraat, Pretoria

CHARL BLIGNAUT

BLOSSOM BESTER is gatvol - want sy's 'n goeie vrou en almal op die dorp kom kuier en sy maak die huis skoon en dien die gemeenskap en almal sê fokken dankie en ewe skielik is sy in 'n midlife crisis.

Een oggend vergiftig sy die spanjoelhond met 'n Rattex-omelet wat vir haar man Blerts bedoel was en die blender val haar aan en sy beland in 'n koma. Nou begin Blossom net die waarheid sien.

Nataniël lewer sy gewone snaakse en roerende liedjies met sy gewone goeie backing en sy gewone oorspronklike outfits. Daar verskyn sy offbeat karakters en alter egos - Doughnut Smit en haar walglike seun Ventertjie; Shadow McGee, 'n model wat jodel en wie se hare uitval; Joyce wat in 'n boetiek werk en Ouboet wat verskriklik suffer; Blydskap Joubert (van punk tot verpleegster) en Blossom se oorle seun Blaps Bester wat nou in die Garden of Truth soldate se toonnaels verf. Soos gewoonlik is die stories oorspronklik, dikwels skreusnaaks en elkeen, soos die liedjies, het 'n pit van iets baie eerliks.

Nataniël is 'n uitstekende kunstenaar, maar *Paradise* is 'n teleurstelling omdat die formule nou eintlik te duidelik begin word, die aanbieding is nie so afgerond soos altyd nie en die klank by After Dark was ongelukkig veels te hard op die oor.

the surgeon's heart starts to beat

FILM: THE DOCTOR

With William Hurt, Christine Lahti, Mandy Patinkin, Elizabeth Perkins

VICTOR STRUGO

THE theme of depersonalisation received extensive and varied cinematographic exposure during the 80s in films like *1984* and *Brazil*. Predictably, the medical profession had to receive the same treatment.

The Doctor is based on the novel, *Taste of My Own Medicine*, by Ed Rosenbaum, MD. In the title role, William Hurt portrays Jack McKee, a San Francisco cardiothoracic surgeon whose career is as successful as his flippancy is irreverent.

Already the mesmerising opening sequence identifies him as a dedicated and super-confident practitioner of his skill who does not concern himself with the humanity of his patients. "You've got to get in there, cut, and get out again," he tells his interns on a ward round. You do them a greater service by excelling at the job than by worrying about them.

All fine so far. But conventional doctor-and-patient roles are upturned in McKee's world when his cancer is diagnosed. He learns the stark loneliness of personal vulnerability, which is magnified by exposure to a dose of his own professional attitude.

The film develops into a personal odyssey of awakening - or rather re-awakening - of humanity in a self-made robot. From

an unenviable first-hand vantage point, he sees the suffering inherent in radiation therapy and witnesses the solidarity that grows among cancer victims. His hard and painful journey takes him through fear, frustration and ultimately friendship before the fetters of long-encrusted habits are broken and the surgeon's heart starts to beat like the new ones he transplants into his patients.

AS USUAL, HURT turns in an eminently plausible performance. He manages to impart McKee's brash wit as a natural coping mechanism for a professional with a weighty burden of responsibility rather than as intrinsic callousness.

Mercifully sparing us the current fashion for schmaltzyswansongs, Elizabeth Perkins plays June, the dying tumour patient whose rare strength and selflessness in a hopeless situation releases McKee's own dormant life-force. From her he learns that although detachment may be a useful technique in some situations, real experience comes from being personally involved in one's own life and in sharing with others. Only then (as in the case of his strained marriage) does he learn to accept the support of someone stronger or healthier than himself in his time of need.

The cast also includes a pair of adroitly counterpointed cameo parts by Wendy Crewson as McKee's callous physician and Adam Arkin as the formerly scorned colleague to whom a wiser McKee entrusts his surgical care.

The oppressive subject of terminal illness is lightened by the doctor's mordant wit, carried off with benign bonhomie by Hurt. Humour, both verbal and musical, plays a pivotal role but its effect evolves in tandem with his personal unfolding.

The universal preoccupation with health accounts for the success of medical novels by the likes of Frank G Slaughter and guarantees audiences for a good medical drama on the screen.

Excellent direction, aided by imaginative photography and subtle costume-language make for worthwhile viewing. Credible characters, set against a well-depicted medical backdrop, make *The Doctor* succeed in addressing a sensitive issue with dignity and empathy. Plus a generous dollop of the sort of benevolent humour that allows one to witness tragedy with compassion and to accept reality without despair.



the time of the outsiders

"I never liked that mean little banner that said 'South Africa - Undefeated 1970 - 1992' but maybe they knew something we didn't," says **MARK BEARE**

THE hard fought victory over India in a rain affected game in Adelaide last weekend placed South Africa, to everyone's surprise, in the semi-finals of the World Cup competition.

As the results of Wednesday's games ran counter to form, the full semi-final line up is New Zealand vs Pakistan in Auckland and South Africa vs England in Sydney on Saturday and Sunday respectively. It is difficult to see a more beneficial draw from a South African standpoint.

To date the South African side has been a revelation. In particular the main line bowling has been highly impressive, looking the most likely attack in the competition to change the result of a game. While others have been tighter and more disciplined none have looked as capable of ripping through a line up. The absence of a true fifth bowler continues, however, to plague the side.

The match against England was the clearest instance of this, the three overs delivered by the makeshift trio costing a critical 31 runs and effectively turning the match. But there is more to this; the pressure on the other four never eases, no matter what stage of the game, as they are constantly carrying a passenger. The batting has been held together by a magnificent series of performances by Peter Kirsten. A natural ball player, he has adapted quickly to the constraints of the game and has been arguably the most important contributor to the side's unexpected success, with an outstanding average of just under 80.

ANDREW HUDSON HAS ALSO improved dramatically and it seems that, almost by accident, the perfect opening pair has been discovered. To a large extent the younger batsmen have not featured; while this is disappointing it has been somewhat inevitable in the way in which the games have developed. This issue notwithstanding, it is Wessels and Kuiper, heroes of the Indian tour, who have been most problematic. A central error in reading Kuiper has been not to take into account the fact that he has, since losing the Western Province captaincy in 1989, endeavoured to bat more responsibly. The net effect of this is that he plays today like a five day batsman, not a one day hitter. His dismissals have been primarily to shots played with little commitment and less discipline, the kind of shots which are made by a player forced to play against his natural game. The more pressure is on him to perform like the Kuiper of old the less we are likely to see results.

Wessels is another matter. It has been said of him that he is incapable of addressing the unexpected. Thus, while the Australian victory was resolutely his, it was a



Geoff Dakin, South African Cricket Administrator, talks to Kepler Wessels during training this week at Adelaide Oval. (Photo: AP)

game under his control from the start. Where the onus has been on him to improvise a response, be it at the crease or in the field, he has been tentative and unimaginative. The implications of this are disturbing and it is still unclear if he has the mental toughness to captain well in the test match arena.

THE OPPOSITION TO BE FACED present a daunting challenge. The English side is among the most professional ever to play the one day game. Their list of injuries is alarming, though with eight players - Pringle, Lewis, Gooch, Lamb, de Freitas, Reeve, Botham and Fairbrother - showing varying signs of wear and tear. That said, the batting line up is nothing short of spectacular with six exceptional players, all capable of turning a match within a handful of overs. Gooch, despite his advancing years, has looked nothing short of magnificent in recent matches. He is a powerful striker of the ball, strong on both sides of the wicket, and his captaincy has led to an assurance and consistency which can only be worrying to the opposition.

Botham, even at 36, ranks as a world class all rounder. He is an awesome hitter, never more so than when driving straight down the ground.

Smith has proved himself over a number of seasons to be a fine player of fast bowling and a great cutter and puller.

Hick, after a very unsteady start in international competition, is maturing and there are few who are more attractive or aggressive in the game. If he has a weakness it is that he is too quick to move onto

the front foot - a glimmer of hope for the South African pace attack. Add to this the talents of Lamb, Stewart and/or Fairbrother and it is a herculean task to take on this line up. It is in terms of bowling that the opportunities really arise for South Africa in that injuries have a greater impact on the act of bowling. If one takes into account the ailments of de Freitas, Lewis, Reeve, Pringle and Botham the attack will be functioning at half pace.

ALTHOUGH THE SYDNEY WICKET has taken spin it is not really a spinners' track so the English are unlikely to play both Tufnell and Illingworth, particularly as Hick may have to be drafted in should anyone break down. Which means that a significant number of the overs will be bowled by the unfit. One should be wary, however, of complacency.

On a good day the English attack looks like nothing more than a good county side's worth of medium pacers, all pitching up and moving the ball a bit both ways - the point about the one day game is that it is won by such attacks. A note of caution having been sounded it must be said that if South Africa can field first and restrict England to a total of just over 200 we will be in with a more than fair chance.

The other semi-final must favour New Zealand. The Auckland wicket is alarmingly slow and has been distinguished only by how poorly it has been played for the most part.

The New Zealand bowling is deeply ordinary, certainly more so than the English; they are, however, accurate and they

work well with a slow track where the ball does not come onto the bat and the batsman have to take the risk of forcing the pace themselves. Given the nature of the pitch the form of Mark Greatbatch for New Zealand will have a critical bearing on the outcome. His extraordinary attacking approach has been the celebratory event of the tournament, his shots - heavily reliant on the lower hand - having more to do with golfing technique than that of cricket. He has, on several occasions, demoralised his opponents within the first five overs of the New Zealand innings.

The stylish and correct support of Jones and Crowe has served to consolidate these outstanding starts. New Zealand deserve their moment in the sun and it is hard to see the Pakistanis stopping them on the way through. The Pakistani batting has seemed inexperienced and indecisive and they will look to the ageing magician, Javed Miandad, if they are to make a big score. Waqar Younis' injury has severely curtailed their bowling though in Auckland Mushtaq is more likely to find success than Wasim Akram.

SOUTH AFRICA COULD not have wished for a better situation than the one which faces them. A battered English side, chastened by their Zimbabwean defeat, on the fine Sydney pitch and the prospect of a New Zealand side, suspect on hard pitches, in the final in Melbourne on Wednesday. While the team has performed exceptionally to have come this far the odds must be shortening on their being able to follow through all the way.

if love be the food of music...

Composer, choreographer, playwright, actor, producer and all-round success story, Mbongeni Ngema, is staging a re-run of his hit musical, *Sarafina*, at the Market Theatre. **ANDREA VINASSA** braved the lion's den

SOUTH AFRICA'S most eligible married man, Mbongeni Ngema, had been warned about me: I was a journalist who asked Difficult Questions and I had a tendency to intellectualise, he was told.

Armed to the teeth with all the urban legends surrounding Ngema, I knew I had to keep my feminist wits about me, lest I became the first white member of his harem. (Apparently I do qualify, at least in the leg department.)

Ngema answered the Difficult Questions like a person with nothing to hide: affably and with disarming candour. He has been criticised for removing school-going children from their education and giving them a glimpse of New York stardom - only to wrest them from the limelight.

Ngema insists that there should be enough work for the remarkably talented 300 (and growing) singers, dancers and actors now attached to Committed Artists and who "hang out" in the derelict factory behind the Market Theatre. Ngema has plans to get the school registered with the DET. Not only are theatrical and musical skills taught, but, he claims, subjects like maths and science. Whether this is the case or not, I would hazard a guess that the children are learning a whole lot more than they would be in a township school... and they're a whole lot safer.

It's too good to be true: Ngema is a traditionalist, a passionate Zulu (not in the narrow tribalist sense propagated by apartheid, he insists), patriotic in the wider sense, an avowed democrat, a fervent non-racialist - most of his songs sound like advertising jingles for the ANC - and completely open about his personal life.

HE HAS INCURRED the wrath of women for his traditional view of marriage. He has three wives - but, he answers, his father had two wives and his grandfather had four. "If the criticism comes from men, it's envy. To tell you the truth, there is not one man out there who would not like to have more than one wife. They may not be outspoken about it, but it's a fact of life. If it comes from women, I can understand. I don't mind criticism. And if it is positive, I take it.

"I have very strong views about my life. I also believe in the individual's freedom, that people should do what they want to do. If it hurts someone along the way, then it's wrong. If you are my wife and you cannot get along with it, you should not be part of it. I can't hold onto you and say you have to, because you have your own rights. I don't think I should suffer because the world thinks this is how it should be done. I'll only live once.

"In the eyes of many I am a terrible person because I have three wives. But I have travelled a lot and I have finally discovered that I am right in doing what I want to do. So many people are hypocrites and don't say what they practice. I have friends who have more than three wives, but they don't call them wives. They call them girlfriends. They are called the other women.

"I am a very sentimental person. Besides the fact that I was born in a rural area, grew up there and it is hard for me to reject that, because it is part of my life, I believe that I should give a woman that I love other than my wife dignity. And to make her a wife gives her dignity."

Ngema feels it is possible and reasonable to love more than one person. And he plays open cards with all of them...

HIS NEWEST WIFE, Leleti Khumalo, created the role of *Sarafina* and also plays the title role in the film. "I have known her since she was a kid. I used to run workshops in Kwa-Mashu and she was one of forty kids. She was this one kid who behaved like an adult. I always wanted to do something with her. Finally, when I was thinking about *Sarafina*, I thought, that's the one."

Sarafina - The Movie, directed by Darrell Roodt, is on the main festival at Cannes this year, but Ngema is not sold on Hollywood. "It takes too long."

Why did he not choose a black American director?

"They don't know shit.

"When other producers [the BBC and a French company] wanted to bring a foreign director, I fought with Anant [Singh] against that. They said, but Darrell has no credibility. I said, but I didn't have credibility.

And Darrell knows shit?

"Darrell has lived in this country. He's a Boere boy. He



Mbongeni Ngema

has mixed with black people in the streets and in the townships. He has the rhythm. There is a certain rhythm to South African life. South Africa has a vibe like New York City. There is a vibe in the streets of New York that you won't find anywhere in the world except in the townships."

The *Sarafina* re-run is as a result of requests from his fans in the townships: "*Sarafina* has become like a cult. It's like soccer - if Kaizer Chiefs are not playing, soccer is dull. The soccer leagues always try to find ways of involving them, even in friendly games.

"This company is supposed to be *Sarafina* I, but because the kids have grown, I had to bring in some from *Township Fever* - most of the cast is from *Township Fever*, so that changes it, because they have a different talent, there are more lead vocalists. Musically it has given me the opportunity to do some nice arrangements. This is the best cast of *Sarafina*, because *Township Fever* had 21 months of training.

"I cast from everywhere, but the funniest thing is that if you are doing a musical you end up getting more Durban people. Because Zulus are better singers. It sounds like a tribalistic statement, but it's true. It's like, Sothos are better soccerites (players). Xhosas are great boxers."

NGEMA HAS BEEN ACCUSED of favouring Zulus in his productions. Open auditions in Johannesburg in which he did not know the origins of the participants put paid to the rumours of favouritism, but when he finally asked his troupe where they are from, he found that 80 percent are from Natal.

"This is not a statement of defence, but a statement of acknowledgment. If you look at the history of music in this country, Natal produced the choral groups and Zulu dancers. People who sell many records are Zulus - Ladysmith Black Mambazo, the Soul Brothers, Mahlatini and the Mohatella Queens... of course, Johnny Clegg, Sipho MCGunu and Juluka.

He has decided to concentrate on composing music for Committed Artists and let theatre take a back seat: "My first love is music. South Africa has a lot to offer, particularly in music. We are going to shock the world. We will produce incredible stars... if they are trained correctly."

In the pipeline is an anniversary production of *Woza Albert!* with the original cast, and a play for Whoopi Goldberg and a South African actress to premiere here.

Ngema is as surprised as I am that he was not asked to mount the opening production for the revamped Johannesburg Civic Theatre. He has been told (by Pieter Toerien) that there would not be enough time for him to produce and direct his mega dance and music show - the first half would be about the old South Africa and the second half would highlight a mixed cast of white, Indian, black and coloured children because "They are the future."

Ja ja ja vir die SAUK

sê HENNIE SERFONTEIN

DIE SAUK moet geluk gewens word met die skitterende en omvattende wyse waarop hulle Woensdag oor TV1 die uitslae van die referendum op 'n deurlopende wyse tot om 3nm aangebied het.

Tot in daardie stadium was die uitslae in 13 van die 15 streke aangekondig en van alle kante ontleed, bekyk en omgedraai deur marknavorsers, politici en die SAUK se politieke joernaliste.

Daar is ook kop gehou toe die aankondigings nie volgens skedule verloop het nie, met allerhande verdragings wat meegebring het dat teen 3nm - twee uur ná die beplandte tyd - twee streke se uitslae nog uitstaande was.

Dit was ook heel gepas dat Staatspresident FW de Klerk aan die einde van sy indrukwekkende toespraak op die trappe van Tuynhuys, op onortodokse wyse die uitslag van die Durban-streek in die hand gestop is om aan te kondig - dié streek waar die persentasie ja-stemme die hoogste in die land was (85 persent).

Die heel laaste uitslag, dié van die Roodepoort-streek, is op ewe onortodokse wyse deur Barend du Plessis, die minister van Finansies, tydens sy begrotingstoespraak aangekondig.

Met Marietta Kruger en Adriaan Steed, die twee professionele ankerpersone in Johannesburg; Lester Venter en Clarence Keyter as politieke korrespondente, van vroegdag reeds op hul voete, buite die saal waar die aankondiging in Kaapstad gedoen is; en Freek Robinson met die politici Karen Andrew (DP), Pieter Mulder (KP) en Stoffel van der Merwe (NP), en verteenwoordigers in elk van die 15 streke, het sake flink en vlot verloop.

Dirk Laurie se statistiese ontledings in Johannesburg was blitsvinnig, eenvoudig, verstaanbaar, en met droë humor aangebied. Maar Laurie Schlemmer, briljante marknavorsers en ontleder wat hy is, is miskien goed vir 'n akademiese lesingsaal, maar darem te droog vir lewendige TV-besprekings.

Aan die negatiewe kant het Venter en Keyter darem te objektief probeer bly, miskien vanweë skerp regse kritiek teen die SAUK se objektiwiteit. 'n Paneel met ook ander koerantjoernaliste sou beter gewerk het. Helen Suzman en Frederik van Zyl Slabbert kon ook meer en beter gebruik word. Albei het 'n vlymskerp verstand, gee deurlopend kommentaar en is kort en bondig.

Die grootste leerme is dat daar geen insette deur swartmense was nie - behalwe 'n onderhoud met Nelson Mandela toe alles verby was. Spontane reaksies van swart- en witmense sou dinge nog lewendiger maak het.

Die impromptu bydraes van liedjieskrywer Nic Taylor was skitterend. Trouens hy was die ster van die referendumprogram. Enkele minute na 'n uitslag het hy 'n gepaste liedjie aanmekaar getimmer en gesing - lig en humoristies, maar ook met die nodige politieke waarheid - soos ná die George-uitslag: "In die land van die Groot Krokodil, see the power of the peoples' will"

H O O G T E P U N T E :

* Woensdagaand om 9nm begin die mini-reeks **Pancho Barnes** wat handel oor die avonture van die eerste vroulike toets-vlieënier. Valerie Bertinelli speel die naamrol in dié reeks op CCV-TV.

* Saterdag se prent op TV1 is Neil Simon se **The Cheap Detective**, wat die draak steek met die speur-genre van die jare veertig. Peter Falk, Marsha Mason, Dom De Louise en Ann-Margret speel die hoofrolle in dié komedie.

* Sondag 4nm word die regisseur Mieder Oliviere se profiel van die digter TT Cloete op TV1 vir die tweede keer gebeeldsaai. **Die Heelal in 'n Taalkristal** handel oor alle aspekte van Cloete se lewe en werk.

* **My Liewe Vriend**, 'n Franse reeks gegrond op Guy de Maupassant se roman *Bel Ami* - dit handel oor 'n armoedige casanova - begin Maandag om 11nm op TV1.

vryekeuse films



In *A Thousand Pieces of Gold* Rosalind Chao plays a Chinese woman whose father sells her to a marriage broker. She ends up in America during the Gold Rush.

- ***** VOORTREFLIK
- **** STERK AANBEVEEL
- *** SIEN GERUS
- ** SO-SO
- * VERMY AS JY NUGTER IS

ROLPRENTE SONDER STERRE IS NOG NIE BEOORDEEL NIE
HIERDIE IS NIE 'N VERGELYKENDE SKAAL NIE; DIT IS ONMOONTLIK OM ROLPRENTE IN VERSKILLENDE GENRES MET MEKAAR TE VERGELYK

A THOUSAND PIECES OF GOLD

In Chinese culture the expression *A Thousand Pieces of Gold* is a father's term of endearment for a daughter. Ironically, the spirited Lulu (Rosalind Chao) is such a daughter until her destitute father sells her to a marriage broker who sends her to America. Based on a true story and directed by San Francisco Bay area's Nancy Kelly and produced by Kenji Yamamoto.

THE TAKING OF BEVERLY HILLS

A truck crashes, toxic chemicals escape, a city is evacuated and suddenly every multimillion dollar home, glossy store and exclusive business establishment in Beverly Hills is empty and defenceless against an army of high-tech thieves. With Ken Wahl. Directed by Sidney Furie who has not made anything worth mentioning except *The Lady Sings the Blues*.

RHAPSODY IN AUGUST

Hierdie is Akira Kurosawa se dertigste rolprent. Dit handel oor die somervakansie van die 80-jarige Kane en haar kleinkinders in Hawaii. Liriese herinneringe, angswekkende herinneringe...

IRON MAZE

Die Amerikaners leer deesdae die Japane taal aan en die Japane kolonialisering van Hollywood is alreeds duidelik. In 1940 het staalwerkers in die fabriek van Pennsylvania wapens gemaak om die Japanners mee te verslaan... vandag is dit 'n ander storie. Iron Maze is die verhaal van 'n Japane entrepreneur, sy Amerikaanse vrou en 'n werklose staalwerker. Oliver Stone is een van die

vervaardigers van die riller.

HOMICIDE

David Mamet se jongste rolprent is 'n dubbelsinnige polisie-drama met Joe Mantegna as 'n Joodse cop wie se "onderdrukte etniese agtergrond" (ja, só sê die persboek) daartoe lei dat hy 'n taamlik ambivalente verhouding met misdaad het. Die paranoia van die "veelrassige, stedelike" lewe word ondersoek. Dit handel oor anti-Semitismisme.

FATHER OF THE BRIDE

Diane Keaton is die ma van die bruid en almal weet hoe gaan dit met brullofte... veral in movies. Mal Martin Short is die koördineerder, Steve Martin is die pa van die bruid, Kimberly Williams is die bruid.

*** BUGSY

Gaap, gaap, gaap. Rampokkers was verlede jaarse onderwerp. Warren Beatty se liefdeslewe was die vorige eeu se onderwerp. AV

A PAPER WEDDING

'n Komedie oor 'n uitgeweke Suid-Amerikaanse aktivis in Kanada wat gedwing word om te trou met 'n Kanadese inboorling om 'n paspoort te kry. Mense wat dit gesien het, sê dit is heelwat beter as *Green Card*, wat oor dieselfde onderwerp handel. Met Genevieve Bujold en Manuel Aranguiz.

*** SOAP DISH

Facile, but fun. Whoopi Goldberg plays a scriptwriter, the only real person amongst a collection of vamps, aging soap queens and seedy actors. It's a silly sendup of what goes on behind the scenes of an American daytime soap opera. If you need something which won't tax you... Kevin Kline is mildly funny. AV

** QUEENS LOGIC

One of those irritating movies about *The Nines* Man in which sensitive men confess their weaknesses, cry and wonder whether they should marry the tarts they are engaged to. Covers the same territory as *The Fisher King*, but not nearly as comprehensively. AV

*** THE DOCTOR

William Hurt gets a taste of his own medicine in this drama about a respected San Francisco surgeon who gets cancer. He once was an evil yuppie... now he's a nice guy. AV

THE BUTCHER'S WIFE

A decidedly blonde Demi Moore stars alongside Jeff Daniels in this tale of a Greenwich Village butcher who returns from a fishing trip with a clairvoyant wife... and it's not Whoopi Goldberg.

PURE LUCK

'n Aksie-komedie met Martin Short (hy speel die wêreld se ongelukkigste rekeningkundige) en Danny Glover ('n konservatiewe polisieman). Mense sê hulle is die nuwe Laurel and Hardy. Dis 'n liefdesverhaal met regie deur Nadia Tass, 'n Griekse regisseur wat in Australië woon en wat haar Amerikaanse debuut maak.

** (*) SHAKING THE TREE

'n Goedgemaakte, maar minder belangrike prent oor die wel en weë van 'n vriendekring na die tradisie van *Class of '62* of *Small Circle of Friends*; 'n "praat-prent" soos sex, lies and videotape, maar sonder om enige diep snitte te maak na die aard van seksuele en sosiale moraliteit soos laasgenoemde. Duane Clark se rolprent gee 'n bra konserwatiewe, simplistiese ou kykie op dié sake, bv: wat is die oplossing vir die botsing tussen getrouheid in die liefde en die drang na 'n one night stand met iemand anders? Antwoord: staan op en loop net voor jy dit doen. Vir mense wat bevestiging soek vir goeie opvattinge uit hul kinderdae, sonder om die boom enigsins te skud. En dit sloer gans te veel in die begin. CHARL-PIERRE NAUDÉ.

LONELY IN AMERICA

'n Drama oor die wel en weë van immigrante in Amerika.

THE PIANIST

As jy die voorprent gesien het, weet jy waarskynlik waaroor die prent gaan. Dis 'n erotiese fantasie wathandel oor die verhouding van tweetienderjarige susters met 'n "eksotiese" Japane pianis - gegroond op Ann Ireland se roman *A Certain Mr Takahashi*. Die Kanadese regisseur Claude Gagnon - hy het 'n Japane vrou - het die regie behartig. Die hoofrol word gespeel deur Eiji Okuda, 'n Japane rolprentster.

SHINING THROUGH

Dis 1940 en Linda Voss, 'n half-Joodse working girl van Queens, New York, doen 'n dapper ding: sy bied aan om as agent vir die Amerikaners in Duitsland op te tree. Sy word gespeel deur Melanie Griffiths, wat ook dapper is om haar loopbaan op die spel te plaas deur in 'n romantiese drama oor die Tweede Wêreldoorlog te speel.

*** FRANKIE AND JOHNNY

Waarom is Hollywood so fantasieus? Omdat Michelle Pfeiffer en Al Pacino (met sakke onder hulle oë) kan maak of hul armoedige lede van die New York-werkersklas is en hulle dan na hulle apartments-on-Central-Park kan onttrek. Dis nogal vreemd om te sien hoe twee bekende movie-sterre gewone mense speel... en hulle is oortuigend, hoor. Dié is 'n liefdesverhaal met 'n gelukkige einde oor gewone mense. Dis goed geskryf deur die dramaturg Terrence McNally en Garry Marshall slaag daarin om New York regtig seedy en onaangenaam te maak. Buiten 'n paar comy oomblikke (soos dié soen voor die blommetrok), roer Frankie and Johnny. ANDREA VINASSA

** THE PRINCE OF TIDES

Ou bitterbek moet al weer 'n soetsappige prent afskryf: Barbra Streisand het 'n belangrike onderwerp (die verhouding tussen 'n psigiater en haar pasiënt) getrivialiseer. Nick Nolte red die prent met kragtige spel (hy werk egter só hard om 'n emosioneel gestremde man uit te beeld dat hy eintlik heel gesond voorkom). Streisand se spel is aaklig en haar regie amateuragtig. AV

**** THE LONG WALK HOME

Groot omwentelings begin dikwels met beuselagtige gebeure: die Burgerregte-beweging had sy begin met die Montgomery-busboikot in die Alabama van 1955. Dis 'n ragfyn uitbeelding van rassisme en hoe dit in die alledaagse lewe daar uitsien. Die onsigbare,

beleefde dade van rassisme wat in dié prent verbeeld word, vertel meer daaroor as enige protes-statement of ideologiese traktaat. Hierdie is sonder twyfel Whoopi Goldberg se beste rol en haar treffendste prent sedert *The Color Purple* - dis nou die soort boeiende, minimalistiese spel (endié van Michelle Pfeiffer in *Frankie and Johnny*) wat ek vir 'n Oscar sou benoem. AV

**** BOYZ 'N THE HOOD

Die 24-jarige John Singleton is meer van 'n formule-filmmaker as grootboetie Spike Lee, maar dit doen geensins afbreuk aan die emosionele krag van dié "cautionary tale" oor die sinloosheid van geweld nie. Dié prent is 'n eerlike ontleding van die etiologie van geweld in verarmde swart gemeenskappe in Los Angeles. Die onderwerp van manlikheid, verloopte vaders en verlore seuns word openhartig aangepak en beeld 'n swart gemeenskap in sy eie terme uit - en nie in vergelyking met die wit gemeenskap nie. Jy word ook nie die hele tyd daaraan herinner dat jy na 'n "swart" prent kyk nie, en Singleton is ook nie bang om voor vroue te huil nie. 'n Seldsame prent. AV

HARLEY DAVIDSON AND THE MARLBORO MAN

Mickey Rourke met sy nuwe tande. Nog 'n ondersoek van die siel van die cowboy waarvan Rourke so baie hou. Sy smaak raak egter al hoe erger.

*** DIE STORIE VAN KLARA VILJEE

Katinka Heyns is sonder twyfel 'n goeie filmmaker, maar sy het 'n swakheid vir blonde dogtertjies in wit rokkes... dws sy pak 'n gewichtige saak aan en dan oor-romantiseer sy hom. Die hoofemas en gebruik van simboliek stem nogal ooreen met 'n prent soos *Babette's Feast* - 'n vrou se soeke na persoonlike vervulling en haar morele oorwinning. Hierdie is 'n kitsch, soetsappige prent met talle ongeloofwaardige onderdele. Daar word deurgaans gepoog om die insinkings in die draaiboek met moeie kamerawerk te verdoes. Die toneelspel - veral van Regardt van den Berg en Anna-Mart van der Merwe - is egter uit die boonste rakke. AV

**** JFK

Oliver Stone se omstrede prent oor die sluipmoord op die president van Amerika is 'n voorbeeld van hoe om propaganda te pleeg sonder dat jou gehoor weet jy doen dit. Sy argument - dat die Kennedy-sluipmoord eintlik 'n militêre-industriële coup d'etat was - word oortuigend uitgebeeld, maar 'n mens is nooit seker hoe betroubaar die inligting, wat hy as "feite" voorgee, is nie. Hy gebruik CNN-taktieke om sy teorie te bewys en verdedig sy metodes só: "The importance of a historical episode is not just its factual content, but its emotional and ethical significance." AV

*** OBJECT OF BEAUTY

Slim, snaaks en vol ironiese kwinkslae oor twee verlore yuppies wie se lewens in duie stort wanneer hul Henry Moore-bronsbeeld gesteel word. *Object of Beauty* is 'n lekker klug. Jake (John Malkovich) en Tina (Andie McDowell) is gestrand in 'n duur Londense hotel, Jake se sake-ondernemings het lelik skeefgeloop. AV

DECEIVED

Hemel, die yuppies kry swaar. Goldie Hawn speel 'n vrou met 'n liefdevolle man, 'n suksesvolle werk in die kunstewêreld en 'n pragtige dogter. Skielik besef sy iets skort - wanneer haar man vermoor word, ontdek sy 'n klomp skokkende waarhede. 'n Psigo-riller.

** SHATTERED

Greta Scacchi voeg nog 'n villain by haar versameling karakters. *Shattered* is 'n taamlik spanningsvolle ontvlugtingsprent oor 'n man wat aan geheueverlies ná 'n byna noodlottige ongeluk. Dis in die klas van 'n prent soos *Jagged Edge* en *A Kiss Before Dying*, 'n middelmatige riller waarvan die sukses afhang van die gehoor se vermoë om enigiets te glo wat die regisseur en die draaiboekskrywer opdis. AV

dead end for scorsese

ANDREA VINASSA mourns the commercialisation of a maverick

CAPE FEAR, the movie all fanatical Scorsese-philes have been waiting for... the movie we hoped would knock the spots off *Bugsy* and *Prince of Tides* in the Oscars. Alas, *Cape Fear* is Scorsese's fourteenth (budget \$34 million) and most disappointing film to date. It is the first fruit of a commercial and all too comfortable six-year deal with Universal Pictures.

Scorsese, respected as one of America's most uncompromising directors, seems to have sold out at the first opportunity with a very humdrum psychological thriller with a Terminator-like Robert de Niro at its epicentre.

Cape Fear is by no means a bad film. But the attempt to turn the pointless plot into a narrative of substance is rather like trying to polish a turd. Despite Scorsese's often original direction, some judicious cinematography and particularly breathtaking editing, *Cape Fear* has nowhere to go. Scorsese scores in the visual department, having filmed in anamorphic Panavision (wide screen), and used his regular editor, Thelma Schoonmaker. Constricted by the unimaginative story - it takes its cues from the 1962 movie - Scorsese is unable to truly deconstruct a genre, in this case the suspense film, and remake it in his own image.

Scorsese had the original script rewritten as a drama of sexual guilt and punishment in which he shifted the focus to the emotional pathology of the family, with Lange suffering from the aftereffects of Nolte's infidelity and Nolte trying to deal with his daughter's emerging sexuality. The scenes which deal directly with these issues are riveting, enhanced as they are by the performances of Jessica Lange, Nick Nolte (who plays dreary De Niro off the screen) and sensual newcomer Juliette Lewis. Unfortunately, the screenplay works itself into a narrative cul de sac, leaving Scorsese somewhat at sea, so to speak. And, much like Brian de Palma's *Casualties of War*, *Cape Fear* sets out as a critique of American values, violence and abuse, and ends up wallowing in them.



Jessica Lange

INTERESTINGLY, this is one of few Scorsese films to take credence of women, their desires and insecurities. The scenes which involve women are the only ones with real depth: take the mesmeric scene in which De Niro "seduces" Lange and Nolte's teenage daughter, the scenes in which Lange tries to make contact with her daughter, and the scene in which Lange and Nolte discuss their crumbling marriage.

Robert de Niro is horribly miscast as the Bible-punching psychopath who comes back to terrorise his attorney. De Niro, the quintessential New Yorker, cuts an incongruous figure as the crackpot from Miami - it's difficult to locate (or to believe) this cigar-chewing character in a Hawaiian shirt who quotes arbitrarily from the Bible. De Niro merely reprises (his role) in *Taxi Driver* and slaps on an unconvincing Southern accent. The psycho becomes an irritating intrusion, because Scorsese manages to interest us in how Lange and Nolte will resolve their problems and then takes us off into a tedious battle with destiny and the elements. So did Nick and Jessica get it together, will someone tell me?

The most despicable aspect of the enterprise is the way in which Scorsese employs the standard fright gimmickry found in the *Amityville Horrors*, the *Murder on Elm Streets* and the *Psychos*. (At one point the psycho bites a piece out of a rape victim's cheek and it sort of goes scrunch, like a Hamburger commercial. Gimme a break.) The (dead) end of the film is taken up by a monumental fight in which De Niro keeps coming back even after he has been whacked on the head several times, set alight and nearly drowned.

Cape Fear is much like a jazzed-up version of any other horror movie you care to mention.

contemporary classics

Internationally acclaimed South African composer Kevin Volans is a participant in an evening of contemporary classical music at the Newtown Galleries (in the Market Theatre precinct) on Sunday night. Volans will be joined by John Coulter and Martin Scherzinger. The concert is free and kicks off at 7pm.

fynproe

NETTIE PIKEUR

GEEN PLEK VIR LEEDVERMAAK IN KOS maar wie is nou onder 'n kalkoen uitgebroei?

DIE enigste politieke kosgrappie wat die Pikeurs ken (dis nou behalwe Lapa Munnik se ongure opmerking destyds oor leef van R20 'n week), is dat politikers in 'n verkiesingsveldtog geel word van al die kerrie wat hulle op vergaderings moet eet.

Ek meen Oom Andries en sy trawante is na dese goudgeel, maar ons Pikeurs glo leedvermaak is 'n Germaniese euwel, en al val jou minister van verdediging hoeveel keer van sy perd af, is hy nog steeds op 'n bord boerekos geregtig.

Dié woorde word geskryf op die historiese oomblikke van ja-stemme oral oor die radio, maar eet moet ons eet. Vriendin Ansa is hier vir lunch, en sy neem sowaar nie geneë met 'n stukkie bruin brood en 'n lepel grondboontjebotter nie, hoewel prof Harry Softel van Wits sê dis die goedkoopste en gesondste kos in die wêreld.

Dus maak ek vir haar 'n delikate sousie by pasta wat ek netnou maar gaan koop het by die signora in Seepunt, plus 'n sampioenslaai en tamaties met die heel laaste van die basiliekruid. Ons eet met ore geplak teen die radio'tjie, en luister na die piedeliepiep-piep-piep van verkiesingsuitslae.

Hier is dus perfekte kos vir 'n verkiesing, hetsy referendum of die ander een. Vergeet van kerrie. Gaan koop jou pasta of maak dit self (not this Pikeur, ek smag na 'n pastamasjien, maar diste duur), en slaan dan die sous hier onder aanmekaar. Dit kan staan vir 'n uur of twee.

Maar eers maak jy 'n sampioenslaai vir starters. Dis doodmaklik, jy sny 'n pak sampioene in die lengte deur (sus Mapula sê nooit in die breedte, wat de hel maak dit saak?) en gooi in 'n mooi bak drie uur voor julle eet. Maak 'n hele koppievol vinaigrette met baie kruiet, peper en suurlemoen (en natuurlik olyfolie as jy kan), en meng dit deeglik deur die sampioene. Die slaai moet drie uur staan. Onthou van genoeg sout.

GROEN PASTASOUS

Braai in 'n swaar pan een groot lepel botter met drie fyngekapt preie, mooi skoonmaak en sonder grit. Voeg by ses middelslag zucchini, ook fyngesny. Terwyl die lot saggies sis, gaan pluk watter kruiet jy ook al laatsomer het (myne was marjolein, tiemie en 'n draadje of twee grasuie), kap fyn en gooi dit ook in die pan, met natuurlik sout en peper.

Laat mooi deurbraai, sonder brand, en gooi dan 'n hele groot pot suuroom daaroor. Draai die hitte dadelik af, skuif die pan eenkant toe en nou kan dit wag tot net voor julle eet.

Kook jou pasta volgens instruksies, giet in 'n blitswarm bak met 'n klont botter, en gooi jou groen sous oor.

My suuroom het laaskeer geskif en ek het vreeslik om verskoning gevra. Maar Ansa was soos altyd bedard en prakties oor die ramp. Dit smaak dieselfde, het sy gesê, en as jy my nie vertel het nie, het ek nie geweet van die skif nie. Dis nogal 'n waar woord. Ons worry oor skif. Most people couldn't care a damn.

POTGEBRAAIDE LAMBOUD

Dis nou die boerekos vir die verloorders, duur en sissend. Maak diep kepe in 'n stewige lamsboud en druk kerries knoffel en blaartjies roosmaryn daarin. Vryf die boud met olyfolie, sout en peper hom, en plaas in 'n groot swart pot gesmeer met olie.

Maak jou oond warm tot 180 grade, en braai eers die boud in 'n groot swart pot bo-op die stouf vir 30 minute tot mooi bruin.

Haal die boud uit, en voeg by die pansappe 1 gekapte ui, 1 gekapte seldery, 4 gekapte wortels en kruiet na smaak. (Een lepel droë tiemie is piekfyn.)

Voeg by 1 blik geskilde heel tamaties, met 'n koppie witwyn. Plaas die boud terug in die pot, maak toe met foelie en die deksel van die pot, en plaas in die middel van die oond. Bak vir ten minste 2 uur, maak seker die boud kook nie droog nie, en draai dit om as jy kan. Gooi water of wyn in die pot as dit te droog lyk.

Wanneer die boud gaar is (steek 'n lang skerpe mes tot op die been in, en as dit sag is, you got it), haal dit uit die pot, laat sit vir 'n kwartier of so om ferm te word, en bedien dan met dieselfde skerpe mes en 'n groot lepel om die groente uit die pot op te skep.

Rys, natuurlik, of groot gebluste aartappels. En as jy gelukkig is, gekookte kwepers.

Vir poeding hoop ek Eugene kry die groen jellie en vla wat sy voorland is. Leedvermaak word gestraf, mies Pikeur, hou jou in.

market theatre

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AT THE MARKET, BREE STREET, NEWTOWN

*Some of our biggest reasons
for believing in big business
are some of our smallest.*

If our children are to inherit a country worth inheriting, a financially strong country, big business becomes more important than ever before.

For one thing, like other small countries with big business, it is big business that enables South Africa to compete in the international markets and be a big earner of foreign exchange.

For another, it is big business that provides a stable base from which medium and small business can grow and expand on



A few of the business leaders of tomorrow at play.

a scale significant enough to become major contributors to the wealth- and job-creation processes of the new South Africa. . . .

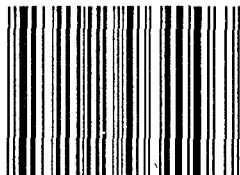
And that is really what a healthy economy is all about, a mix of big, medium and small businesses operating internationally and internally off a strong, competitive base.

Big business and the South African economy. Inseparable if the new South Africa is to have an economy worthy of generations to come.



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