

WVWB

Vrye Weekblad

N° 172

30 APRIL-7 MEI 1992

R2,20 (BTW INGESLUIT)

István Szabó, 29

Dead Again, 32
Boutan Fink, 28

Hoe populêr is FW de Klerk - en hoekom?

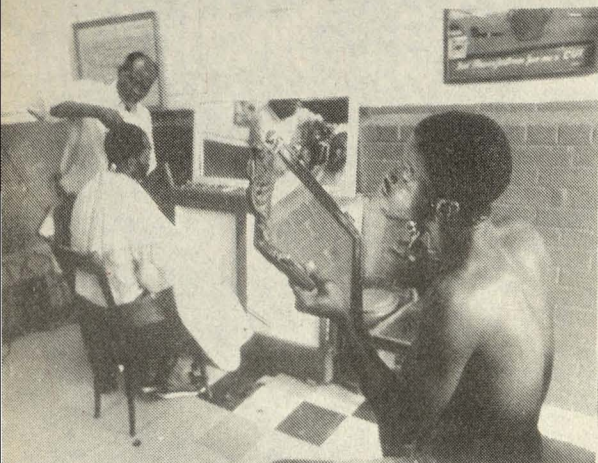
VWB-onderzoek!
Dit gaan rof in SA se
psigiatriese inrigtings

Private armies:
Who is, who isn't and why?

Nataniël oor
Blydschap Joubert

Paul C Venter
praat oor Konings

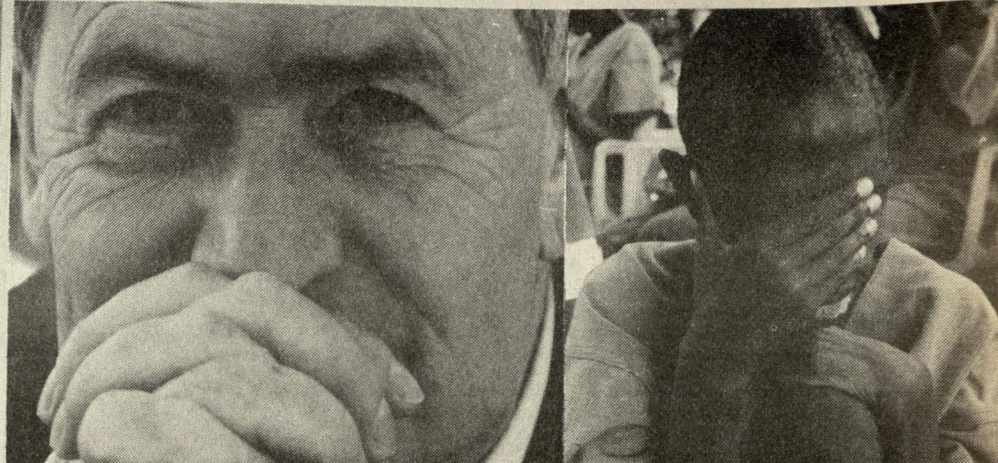




Besoek die Mai Mai-mark saam met Esmá Anderson - 14



Ons voorbladillustrasie was oorspronklik 'n advertensie vir *Mister Cool Suits* wat in *Esquire* (Junie 1958) verskyn het



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inhoud N° 172

spesiale ondersoek 9 - ina van der linde ondersoek die stand van psigiatriese inrigtings in suid-afrika en haar bevindings is ontstellend.

aktueel - briewe van ons lesers. **5** - hoe gewild is fw de klerk onder swart en bruin gemeenskappe? **7** - private armies: ivor powell talks to pallo jordan, and pearlie joubert talks to humphrey ndlovu. **8** - hennie serfontein wonders if codesa two will be a leap into the future.

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so sê hulle

"Hy is so konserwatief, jy kan met hom ploeg."

KOOS VAN DER MERWE, KP-leier, oor die adjunk-leier van die KP, dr Ferdi Hartzenberg, nadat Van der Merwe vroeër dié week uit die KP geskop is.

"Politicians are not lovers."

WINNIE MANDELA on her separation from her husband, ANC President Nelson Mandela.

"He was in a position of trust, he had power and influence and he abused it." The state prosecutor in the Trust Feed case, **ANTHONY IRONS**, on former station commander Brian Mitchell. The state asked for the death sentence for Mitchell.

"Klassifiseer ek nie nou vir 'n afslagbuskaartjie of so iets nie?"
PIK BOTHA op sy 60e verjaardag.

"Some of the callers sounded a bit hysterical, but they seemed to be of sound mind."

SERGEANT WAYNE SHAW of Toukley in Australia after callers phoned in about a very large UFO.

"Suid-Afrikaners kan dit nie meer bekostig om siek te word nie."

Die Minister van Gesondheid, **RINA VENTER**, oor die styging van 55 persent van 1989 tot 1990 in siekefondse-uitbetalings aan private hospitale.

"My dreams have become puny with the reality my life has become."
The former Philippine first lady, **IMELDA MARCOS**.

"Toe ek die werke maak, was niks verder van my gedagtes as wellus nie." Die kunstenaar **NEVILLE HICKMANN**, wie se kunswerke glo te "fallies" was vir die kunstvereniging van Hermanus en Onrusrivier.

"All I want to do is rebuild my life."

CARLOS, a 30-year-old MPLA soldier waiting to be demobilized after spending almost half his life at war.

"Ek's 'n goeie waterwyser. Maar ek waag dit nooit om te boor waar die stokkie wys nie. Netnou is daar nie water nie - en dan verloor ek my talent."
WILLIE VAN DER MERWE, LP vir Meyerton, tydens 'n debat oor watersake.



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het jy geweet?

Die son se gemiddelde oppervlaktemperatuur is 10 000 grade F. Die temperatuur aan die binnekant van die son is sowat 35 000 000 grade F. Die son is 400 000 keer helderder (in ligsterkte) as die volmaan en gee die aarde 6 miljoen keer meer lig as al die ander sterre tesame. Maar in werklikheid is die meeste sterre wat in 'n helder nag te sien is, baie helderder as die son. Die son se lig bereik die aarde binne 499.012 sekondes - 'n raps oor die agt minute.

Tussen 1957 en 1986 was daar 14 ernstige kernrampe ter wêreld. Die eerste was op 7 Oktober 1957 by die Windscale plutoniumproduksie-reaktor noord van Liverpool in Engeland. 'n Brand het uitgebreek en radioaktiewe stowwe is wyd oor die platteland versprei. In 1983 het die Britse regering bevind dat 39 mense dood is weens kanker wat deur dié ramp veroorsaak is. Die laaste groot kernramp was by Tsjernobil in Rusland, waar 'n reaktor in duie gestort en radio-aktiewe wolke oor 'n groot deel van Europa veroorsaak het.

vrydagoggend

met
max
du
preez



moeilike vrae, deurmekaar antwoorde

MENSE dink soms joernaliste weet meer van die land, sy mense en sy politiek as "gewone" mense.

En meestal voel ons joernaliste gevelei daardeur, en dan maak ons sommer of ons meer weet.

Heelwat mense het al om 'n braaivleisvuur of 'n koppie koffie vir my gevra wat ek dink gaan gebeur in Suid-Afrika. Baie basiese vrae, maar vrae wat in heelwat mense se koppe broei. En die antwoorde moet kort en eenvoudig wees, anders verloor die vraers belangstelling.

Vrae soos: Kan Suid-Afrika en sy mense 'n demokrasie hanteer, of gaan een vorm van oorheersing met 'n ander vervang word? Kan die ANC-leierskap 'n land suksesvol regeer? Gaan die geweld ooit stop, of is dit maar deel van die swart kultuur? Kan ons ekonomie werk?

Nou ja, laat ek maar weer maak of ek meer weet en só daarop probeer antwoord:

Ja, 'n volwaardige demokrasie is haalbaar in Suid-Afrika, al is die pad daarheen kronkelend en klipperig.

As ons 'n grondwetlike skikking kan bereik, soos nou deur Kodesa wel blyk die geval te wees; as die oorgang stadium na meerderheidsregering nie onnodig lank uitgerek word of té bloedig is nie; as die hoofspelers in die middelgroep nie te veel van hul steun gaan verloor nie; en as ons 'n groei-ekonomie - en 'n meer regverdige en deernisvolle ekonomie - kan bewerkstellig; sal ons binnekort 'n werkbare demokrasie hê.

DIEDEFACto koalisie tussen die NP en die ANC, wat binnekort sal oorgaan in 'n regeringskoalisie, is die beste ding wat kon gebeur het en ons moet net hoop en bid dit word nie verongeluk deur die felheid van die verkiesingstryd wat in der waarheid reeds begin het nie.

Ons probleem lê nie by die groot blok gewone mense in die middel nie, dit lê by die ekstreme en by die politici.

Die kans dat regse geweldpleging die demokrasie-trein kan laat ontspoor, is in dié stadium gering. Daar was nooit genoeg ontbering en haat onder blankes om 'n volskaalse Noord-Ierse of Lebanon-situasie moontlik te maak nie - daar gaan hoogstens 'n paar dosyn wit terroriste wees.

Die geweldpleging tussen die ondersteuners van die verskillende politieke bewegings soos Inkatha, die ANC en PAC is 'n groter bekommernis. Die wortels daarvan lê baie diep in apartheid, armoede en ontworteling. Boonop is daar nog die bykomende faktore soos etnisiteit, verstedeliking, die lae geloofwaardigheidsvlakke van die polisie en weermag, die rol van *agent provocateur* wat so lank deur die veiligheidsmagte gespeel is en die destabiliserende invloed van snelle verandering.

MAAR VERAL IS daar die intense stryd om die mag tussen veral die ANC en Inkatha wat aan die wortel van die geweld lê. Hier lê 'n Catch 22. Aan die een kant kan 'n snelle demokratiese toets dié magstryd beëindig, maar hoe kan 'n mens 'n regverdige verkiesing in 'n township hou waar die bloed daagliks vloei? En as Inkatha net 'n paar persent van die steun kry, soos verwag word, sal hulle nie dán juis in opstand kom nie?

'n Mens kan maar net hoop dat die polisie en weermag 'n nuwe, pro-aktiewe rol sal speel as daar eers 'n oorgangsregering is en dat die gemeenskappe dan meer vertroue in hulle sal hê. Suid-Afrika het darem ook weens sy verlede 'n baie hoë kapasiteit om voort te gaan selfs terwyl daar wydverspreide geweldpleging is.

Maar die belangrikste faktor wat 'n demokrasie moontlik of onmoontlik sal maak, is groei in die ekonomie en die bestuur daarvan. Grootsoepse armoede en die frustrasie van hoër verwagtinge kan die demokratiese proses erg ondermyn. Die gesondheid van die ekonomie gaan in 'n groot mate afhang van eksterne faktore soos die wêreldwye resessie en buitelandse beleggings.

Die ANC se jongste voorstelle oor die ekonomie is bemoedigend, want dit weerspieël 'n groter begrip vir die ekonomiese werklikhede.

En dan is daar natuurlik die biljoene wat bespaar kan word as die reusagtige burokrasieë van Pretoria en die tuislande ingrypend verklein word en die weermag - nou dat ons nie meer vyande het nie - afgeskaal word tot 'n klein professionele mag.

DIE ANC HET ongetwyfeld leiers wat in enige kabinet ter wêreld kan dien - mense soos Cyril Ramaphosa, Thabo Mbeki, Pallo Jordan, Mohammed Valli Moosa, Terror Lekota, Mac Maharaj en ander. Daar is dus nie 'n tekort aan talent en leierskap nie.

Maar daar is 'n voortslepende "bevrydingsmentaliteit" in die ANC wat deur die PAC, Azapo en jong stedelike aktiviste aangeblaas word wat niks goeds vir 'n demokratiese, oop en verdraagsame gemeenskap voorspel nie.

Aan die ander kant het ons 'n lewendige en onafhanklike pers, 'n gerespekteerde en ingeburgerde regstelsel, kerke met 'n sterk stem en groot invloed, 'n magtige private sektor en 'n groot invloed van die kant van die Weste en die res van die internasionale gemeenskap.

Dit behoort te sorg dat Suid-Afrika nooit weer terugval in 'n diktatorskap of outokrasie nie.

En ons het 'n land vol mense wat, nou dat hulle vryheid begin smaak, nie maklik weer onderwerp gaan word nie.

'n barmhartige samaritaan

(Miss) AM Baardman of Groblersdal writes:

Our newspapers are always full of tales of violence and injustice and justifiably so, as these things are happening and need to be exposed.

Yet there are many events of a different kind also taking place, but they seldom merit a place in the news; events where kindness, love and harmony are experienced. The enclosed story has been a source of encouragement to us who have heard it from those concerned. I ask you to publish it to give evidence that there is much goodness around that is being experienced by ordinary people in everyday life.

Op die middag van 18 Desember 1991 was Johan Adendorff, 'n opleidingsbestuurder van Lebowa se Landboukoöperasie, op reis van sy kantoor in Nebo na Groblersdal toe hy skielik deur 'n hartaanval oorval is.

Hy het van die hoofpad afgedraai en stilgehou, waar sy toestand versleg het.

Klaas Mmtong, 'n plaaslike inwoner van die gebied, het verby gery en besef alles is nie pluis nie. Hy het omgedraai en ondersoek gaan instel. Hy het onmiddellik besef Adendorff het hulp nodig. Hy het sy eie motor in ander mense se sorg gelaat, in die siek man se motor gespring en met hom Groblersdal toe gejaag.

Op wonderbaarlike wyse kon Adendorff vir Mmtong verduidelik hoe om by sy huis te kom, waar sy vrou, met die hulp van Mmtong, hom dadelik hospitaal toe gebring het. Van daar is Adendorff per ambulans na Pretoria oorgeplaas waar mediese personeel na hom omgesien het.

Klaas Mmtong, nou 'n vriend van die Adendorff-familie, was ongetwyfeld die Barmhartige Samaritaan wat deur sy vinnige en onbaatsugtige optrede die lewe van 'n vreemdeling gered het.

sickly sweet christian

Hilary Brits of Berea writes:

I want to reply to the letter "Gays is ook mense" (VWB 3-9 April).

I am a young, Black lesbian and not Christian. Therefore I face far more discrimination than you. Sure. But what gives you the right to be so patronizing? There are thousands of gay women and lesbians who are neither pseudo-men, butch or stereotypical in any way. Hoekom moet jy eers "aangenaam verras" wees om menslike waarde te herken? Hoekom moet ons vir jôu please?

Gays is net so promiscuous soos straights. Net soos straight mense, het hulle óf langdurige verhoudings óf kort verhoudings. Look at the statistics for straight divorces in South Africa alone. It makes me sick to read this contradictory Christian argument. Adultery should be a punishable sin according to their bible. Yet hulle hoer en rumoer laat dit so gons. Hulle here vergewe mos almal.

Nog 'n ding meisie, pas jy op vir Aids. Jy's nie immune nie! There's nothing wrong with being heterosexual. We love you just the way you are. Maak nie saak wáár sit jy wát nie.

Jou opvoeding was nie verlig nie. Dis net sickly sweet Christian.

waar's die sub?

Johan Dreyer van Melville skryf:

In reaksie op die brief van "It Works For Me" van Linden (VWB 3 - 9 April), oor Klara Viljee. Eerstens die swak taalgebruik in die brief:

Sulke gemengde taal word nou vir

eens en altyd te dik vir 'n daalder. Waarom dan nie maar in Engels skryf nie, as jy geforseerde Engelse woorde en frases in elke sin moet indruk, selfs waar die ooreenstemmende Afrikaans meer gepas sou wees of beter op die oor val? Of waar die Afrikaanse woord uit minder lettergrepe as die Engels bestaan? Kyk en oordeel self:

Narrow escape - naelskraapse ontvlugting
fate worse than death - lot erger as die dood

gebtjack - gekaap, ontvoer
altens - vreemde wesens
at last ge-arrive - eindelijk gearriveer
ftnch - oogknip

troubled soul - gekwelde siel
evergrowing population of deeply harrowed souls - groeiende bevolking van diep gekwelde siele
contempt - minagting
discard - wegdoen
disregard - ontken
reverence - ontsag
benefit - voordeel

en so aan ad infinitum. Praat hierdie beskuilnaamde persoon werklik so? Indien wel, siestog aan al sy/haar gesinslede, kennisse en vriende. Dis 'n erg kreupele uitdrukkingsvermoë. Ek wens VWB wil ook nie dié tipe onding aanmoedig nie. Het julle nie 'n sub-redakteur wat kan vertaal nie?

Wat die meriete van die flik betref, reken ek dat dit 'n massiewe mislukking is as gevolg van die ongeloofwaardigheid daarvan wat spruit uit die poging tot "Europeesheid". En dink Andrea was miskien net te taktvol om dit so hardop te stel.

Ek betwyfel dus die kritiese vermoëns sowel as die taalbevoegdheid van "Dit werk vir my (sic) van Linden". Gaan leer eers om 'n brief in een taal te skryf voordat jy jou onvermoë en paragiale misplaaste loyaliteit so ten toon stel.

pasop vir europa

Neo-Roomse Gevaar van Bellevue skryf:

Na aanleiding van u onlangse hoofartikel oor onder andere Jiri Dienstbier, minister van Buitelandse Sake van Tsjeggo-Slowakye (VWB 3-9 April), die volgende:

Wat u teëgekom het en wat u so ontstel het, is 'n geweldige haatreksie teen kommunisme wat besig is om in Europa te ontwikkel. Namate die mense bykom na al die omwentelinge van die afgelope paar jaar, hoe meer begin hulle besef dat 'n hele generasie deur 'n valse ideologie as slawe uitgebuit is.

Nog 'n element wat midde-in die stryd om Europa se siel staan, is die anti-Amerikanisme (onder links en regs) en waaronder die Pous en sy kerk ook tel.

Die ideologie wat eindelijk in Europa gaan heers, sal sekerlik nie die "vrye mark"-ideologie wees nie. Veel eerder die "Christelike" ideologie wat die enigste samebindende faktor is om al daardie streeks-, regionale en nasionale belange en jaloesieë te bowe te kom.

Het u al daaraan gedink hoe magtig en gevaarlik 'n Europese supermoondheid gaan wees? Dit sal die gehardste leftie met 'n traan in die oog laat verlang na die goeie ou dae van Amerikaanse imperialisme.

Die slegte nuus is dat Amerika en Engeland nooit weer volkome gaan herstel van die resessie wat tans hul ekonomieë belemmer nie, terwyl die Europese moondheid van nou af net al vinniger en sterker en ryker gaan word. (Brief verkort - Red)

codesa a toxic waste

Dok Glamsbeek of Helderkruln writes:

The South African society is a group of unequal beings organised to meet common needs, but this society must exist of individuals with equal opportunity to make a fool or a genius of himself.

Codesa is a typical example of a few elite trying to build a paradise in which our society has no faith and will during the course of history be put on par with the Statue of Liberty, Woman's Lib, the Marseillaise, Democracy, Unionism, Nationalism and Communism, all grotesque reminders of man's impossible dream: equality. These examples do however represent the natural law of equal opportunity for all.

Inequality of being, equality of opportunity, enlightened despotism and the "pecking" order are all natural laws applicable to any society of man and mammal. In the not too distant future, man, like in Aids, will reap the fruits of humiliation handed out by nature itself for transgressing its natural laws.

While a simple amoeba has a capacity to learn, our leaders have not got that capacity, that it is a part of nature and its laws has been able to create a just society as is the case with all mammalian societies - except man.

The Alexandra violence in particular and the global violence in general once again reinforce that inequality of groups and individuals must be regarded as normal.

Aborting competition is injustice and injustice occurs when worth fails of recognition and the unworthy go rewarded. In terms of nature injustice is maladaptive, it is opportunity suppressed not just by doctrines such as totalitarianism and equalitarianism but religion as well.

Only when Codesa accepts differences in race and culture as normal and respect those differences will South Africa become a dignified nation, which at present has not risen above the shadow of an ape.

Indeed, a human life is not worth a farthing and don't blame apartheid, which in nature is a common but unwritten law, but Codesa and man's dogmatic past. Many more dead bodies will pave and light up our roads and townships before respect, despite of differences is accomplished.

In Codesa that honour is expressed in "one settler one bullet" or "one yes-voting milk cow for ten parasites" or "one Zulu for one Xhosa".

What a toxic waste.

(Letter shortened - Editor)

eiendom-mafia

Pieter Classen van Hatfield skryf:

Is dit moontlik dat die eiendomsmark so vieslik beheer kan word deur 'n klomp skelms en kroeks. Ja, die mafia het ons, en hier is sy naam, eiendomsagent.

Ek het dié week uitgegaan en desperaat probeer om 'n woonstel te huur. Sal u my glo as ek sê dat die goedkoopste eenkamer (bachelor) woonstel beskikbaar deur die "agente" R400 per maand is? Nou, as in ag geneem word dat dieselfde woonstelle R200 per maand gekos het twee jaar terug, dan kan u sien dat 'n inflasiekoers van 50 persent per jaar besig is om ons te kap. Maar, as u die pryse van die woonstelle te koop sien, dan is dit duidelik dat die spesifieke mark met nie meer as R10 000 op die kapitaalbedrag van R25 000 gestyg het nie.

Nou moet ons vra, wat het tussenin gebeur dat die pryse so gestyg het? Die antwoord: Die Mafia!

Ja, eindomsagente het alle besigheid opperaap en nou naai hulle ons.

Die beste van alles is die lelike houding wat hulle teen ons arme plebians openbaar as ons durf waag om 'n regverdige transaksie te wil probeer bekom. Die sondebokke hier was Valiant-eiendomme, Huurkor en Metro Prop, terwyl EG Chapman my die meeste gehelp het met 'n aangename boodskappie om maar net elke dag te skakel en te hoor van nuut beskikbare woonstelle.

Laastens moet ek net sê op 'n toekomstige antwoord van die "mafiousous", ek het Sunnyside en Arkadia self ordentlik deurgestap en daar staan baie woonstelle oop. So, julle bedonder die verhuurder sowal as die huurder met julle monopolie in die mark en ons hande is afgekap.

Skryf aan:

Vrye Weekblad Briewe, Posbus 177, Newtown 2113.

essay: hoe gewild is fw de klerk - en hoekom?

die draer van goeie nuus is altyd

(Foto: Sylvia Moresche)



populêr

'n Sterk ondersteuner van Groot Apartheid met sy paswette, gedwonge verskuiwngs, afsonderlike woonbuurte en al, en so kort gelede as drie jaar nog die groot voorstander van die Eie Sake-droom. Watter kans het só 'n man om ooit deur die slagoffers van apartheid as hul leier gesien te word? Nul, moet 'n mens seker logies gesproke sê. En tog suggereer meningspeilings - en demonstrasies soos onlangs in Mitchellsplein en by Moria - dat Staatspresident FW de Klerk naas Nelson Mandela die gewildste leier in die swart en bruin gemeenskappe is. **MAX DU PREEZ** bekyk dié fenomeen

TOE FW de Klerk in Februarie 1989 tot hoofleier van die Nasionale Party verkies is, was daar konsensus dat hy in die verdeling van verlig en verkramp in die wit politiek oorveldigend neutraal was - só neutraal dat hy eintlik vaal, karakterloos en visieloos voorgekom het. Nou nie juis 'n stem vir verandering in die kabinette van Vorster en Botha nie. Twee en 'n half jaar later kyk 'n mens terug en wonder: dit was óf 'n heeltemal verkeerde persepsie, óf die man is 'n verkleurmannetjie, óf die vaal Nasionalis het 'n leier, 'n staatsman en 'n visionêr geword toe die groot oomblik aanbreek. Miskien is al drie 'n bietjie waar.

En hierin lê seker 'n groot deel van die antwoord op die vraag waarom soveel swartmense De Klerk as 'n soort bevryder sien: hy word nie gesien as do-gooder met 'n bloederige gewete nie, hy word gesien as 'n Afrikaner-leier, amper Afrika-leier, wat teen groot risiko vir homself in sy eie constituency 'n situasie van groot onreg omgedraai het en 'n bevrydingsproses aan die gang gesit het.

De Klerk kom nie oor as 'n opportunist of slinkse politikus nie, maar as 'n mens sy laaste paar jaar in oënskou neem, ontstaan daar 'n sterk vermoede dat hy minstens 'n slim en vindingryke politikus is. 'n Teflon-politikus soos ons nog nie hier ter lande gesien het nie, want niks sit aan hom vas nie.

Dwarsdeur die era van destabilisering, moordbendes, die BSB en noodtoestande

was hy 'n lojale lid van die kabinet. As staatspresident het van dié goed op die lappe begin kom en het die veiligheidsmagte nare dinge aangevang. (Onthou Inkatha-gate?) De Klerk het hom nooit daadwerklik hiervan gedistansieer nie; nog nooit daadwerklik daarteen opgetree nie. Magnus Malan en Adriaan Vlok het al die pyn hiervoor gevat en het die openbare simbole van onderdrukking en brutaliteit geword. De Klerk het nog altyd stilletjies eenkant sy hande in onskuld gewas.

MAAR DIT HET gewerk. Want in die gemoedere van waarskynlik miljoene Suid-Afrikaners staan De Klerk nie gelyk aan geweld, polisie-brutaliteit en onderdrukking nie.

Hy het sy afstand van die sekurokrate en die veiligheidsmagte gehou sonder om hulle te vervreem of hok te slaan.

Dit geld ook ander fasette van regering soos die ekonomie. Nie 'n krieseltjie van byvoorbeeld die BTW-konflik het aan De Klerk vasgesit nie; Barend du Plessis het al die pyn gevat.

Om die waarheid te sê, De Klerk het selfs 'n persepsie van afstand tussen hom en die Nasionale Party bewerkstellig. Die party het 'n slegte geskiedenis en 'n slegte naam, die party bestaan ook uit leiers en ondersteuners wat nie as hervormers nie, maar eerder steeds as dikgewrig-rassiste gesien word.

Ook daarom dat die meningspeilings

wys dat De Klerk heelwat gewilder is as die Nasionale Party.

Uiteindelik het De Klerk dus suiwer die Draer van Goeie Nuus geword.

DIE GROOT TOESPRAAK op 2 Februarie 1990 was nie die kabinet s'n nie, dit was nie die NP s'n nie, dit was FW de Klerk se toespraak. En dit het die Nuwe Suid-Afrika ingelui.

De Klerk en sy masjinerie, met heelwat hulp van die SAUK en ál die koerante, het die persepsie aangehelp dat sy Nuwe Suid-Afrika-inisiatief uit sy eie visie en grootsheid gekom het, en dat dit met die ANC, die gewapende stryd, binnelandse druk en opstand en sanksies niks te make gehad het nie.

Min gewone mense dink vandag daaraan dat die sneeubal van die Nuwe Suid-Afrika eintlik deur PW Botha weens taktiese en strategiese redes aan die rol gesit is. Weens sy styl, persoonlikheid en omstandighede het Botha die grootste deel van sy termyn daaraan bestee om dié sneeubal te stuit. De Klerk het besef dit is onstuitbaar, en het sy kragte eerder daaraan gewy om die sneeubal in 'n rigting te stuur wat hom pas.

Die werklikheid is dat De Klerk nie veel ander opsies gehad het as om te liberaliseer, leiers en bewegings vry te maak en onderhandelinge te begin nie.

Wat darem ook waar is, is dat De Klerk dit met heelwat meer grasie, styl, spoed en oortuiging gedoen het as wat PW

Botha dit ooit sou kon doen.

Die groot verskil tussen die style van Botha en De Klerk tel natuurlik ook heelwat in De Klerk se guns. (Amper 'n soort good cop/bad cop soort van truuk?) Botha was die vingerswaaiende boelie en diktator; De Klerk die demokrat en humanis met die glimlaggie. Die kontras tussen hom en die gehate Botha is só groot dat 'n mens nie kan help om van De Klerk te hou nie.

MISKIEN IS DAAR selfs tekens hier van die ou menslike sindroom van 'n ou vyand wat ophou om 'n vyand te wees wat dan outomaties sommer 'n goeie vriend word.

Mandela se herhaalde openbare komplimente vir die De Klerk - dat hy 'n man van integriteit is - het De Klerk se beeld onder swart Suid-Afrikaners natuurlik heelwat aangehelp.

De Klerk en Mandela se openbare gemoedelikheid en vennootskap het ironies genoeg ook heelwat van Mandela se gewildheid op De Klerk laat afvryf. Mandela se gewildheid het intussen weens die geweld, die Winnie-drama en die ANC se praktiese probleme 'n effe getaan, terwyl De Klerk self nie 'n voet verkeerd gesit het nie en waarskynlik net op sy beeld voortgebou het.

De Klerk se gewildheid en aanvaarding

na bladsy 6

hoe gewild is fw werklik?



Metamorfose... FW en gesin met sy eerste verkiesingsveldtog in 1972

MARKINOR het in April 1990 aan 1 500 swart respondente in metropolitaanse gebiede gevra: Watter een persoon behoort Suid-Afrika te lei?

Nelson Mandela het 58 persent van die nominasies gekry, FW de Klerk 22 persent, die PAC se Zeph Mothopeng 2 persent en Mangosuthu Buthelezi 1 persent.

In Julie 1990 het die Institute of Black Research in 'n pelling in alle gebiede buite die tuisland bevind dat De Klerk 24 persent van alle steun teenoor Mandela se 42 persent het as 'n voorgestelde eerste minister.

Integrated Marketing Research Surveys het in Augustus 1990 bevind dat 11 persent van stedelike swartmense De Klerk verkies as "genuine representative of black opinion" teenoor Mandela se 44 persent en Buthelezi se 5 persent.

Die Raad vir Geesteswetenskaplike Navorsing (RGN) het in Februarie 1991 aan 1 922 respondente gevra wie hulle sou verkies om Suid-Afrika te lei. De Klerk het 25 swart steun gekry, 51 persent wit steun, 66 persent bruin steun en 48 persent Indiër-steun, teenoor Mandela se 44 persent swart, geen wit of bruin steun nie en 5 persent Indiër-steun. Buthelezi het 2 persent swart en 5 persent wit en geen bruin of Indiër-steun gekry.

In verdere telefoniese peilings van 888 swartmense, 412 witmense, 441 bruinmense en 441 Indiërs in Julie 1991 het die RGN bevind dat 39 persent van die respondente De Klerk as leier van Suid-Afrika sou verkies teenoor Mandela se 21,7 persent en Buthelezi se 1 persent.

RESEARCH SURVEYS vra sedert einde 1989 onderaan elke meningsvraelys 'n vraag of mense 'n positiewe persepsie van De Klerk het.

In Mei 1991 het 91 persent van Kleurlingvroue gesê hulle is positief oor De Klerk. In dieselfde opname het 69 persent swart mans in stede ja gesê. In Augustus 1991 het 60 persent stedelike swart mans gesê hulle reageer positief.

In Januarie vanjaar het 54 persent van swart stedelike vroue gesê hulle het 'n positiewe persepsie van De Klerk, met net 51 persent Zoeloes. Swart mans se steun in Maart vanjaar was 55 persent in die stede, met 'n groei onder Zoeloes tot 59 persent.

van bladsy 5

in Afrika en die res van die wêreld en natuurlik ook die wye steun wat hy van alle koerante, die radio en TV geniet, is ook nie te versmaai nie.

'n Mens moet ook nie die effek onderskat van De Klerk as simbool van stabiliteit in 'n tyd van geweld en onrus nie. Desperate mense, soos baie township-inwoners weens die heersende omstandighede is, soek gewoonlik wanhopig na 'n simbool van vastigheid.

Dit sal my nie verbaas as De Klerk in 'n moontlike verkiesing vir 'n president die oorweldigende

meerderheid bruin en Indiër-stemme kry nie.

Richard van der Ross, lid van die DP se Nasionale Raad en een van die mees gerespekteerde bruin leiers, meen dat die ANC wyd in die bruin gemeenskap as 'n swart, taalvreemde en stamgebonde party beskou word en dat die persepsie van geweld en gebrek aan Christelike waardes swaar teen die party tel.

Van der Ross voeg by: "Bloed is tog maar dikker as water."

En dan is daar natuurlik die siniese onder ons wat op die sindroom wys dat bevryde slawe maar altyd 'n verering en lojaliteit jeens hul gewese meesters het...

now comes the crunch

Will Codesa Two be a leap into the future - or will the negotiation process remain bogged down in disagreement? **HENNIE SERFONTEIN** assesses the situation

A **VERY** senior ANC member put it in a nutshell this week: "With Codesa dithering on the brink of agreement, the negotiation process has now reached a crucial point. It has the choice of moving decisively into the future - or we just keep on skirmishing."

Next week - with only eleven days to go to Codesa Two on May 15 and 16 - the moment of truth will finally arrive, not only for Codesa but in particular for the NP Government.

On Monday Working Group 2, 3 and 4 will be presented with revised working documents on the issues of a constitution-making body, an interim government and the TBVC states.

The 19 partners involved in Codesa have reported the latest changes to the final working documents back to their principals - the party or government leaders - whose approval is crucial if the present stalemates on these issues are to be resolved in time for Codesa Two.

The crucial question is: Is the Government now finally ready to surrender its legal political power, or some of it, and to genuinely share power with its Codesa partners from the beginning of the transitional phase?

THERE ARE SOME indications that the Government would want to delay the beginning of the real powersharing process as long as possible, so long as it does not appear too obvious that it is unreasonably dragging its feet.

In a press briefing ten days ago Dr Gerrit Viljoen, the Minister of Constitutional Development, was adamant that in the so-called Phase One of the interim/transitional government, there could be no real powersharing until there have been elections. He also insisted that such a government could not be formally instituted unless the level of violence has "abated".

Equally important, in a clear dig at the ANC, Viljoen complained about "certain parties at Codesa" which raised "unreasonable" expectations about what could be agreed before Codesa Two.

Highly significant, therefore, was the high-profile meeting on Monday this week between State President FW de Klerk and Mangosuthu Buthelezi of KwaZulu, Lucas Mangope of Bophuthatswana and Oupa Qgozo of the Ciskei.

De Klerk apparently fully endorsed their bitter complaints about the "overhasty pace of Codesa which was threatening the political process". They said that most groups at Codesa were not given sufficient time to discuss the issues with their constituencies or the wider public.

ADD TO THIS the remarks made to me by three Government/NP delegates this week. The first said: "We will still have a Codesa Two, Three, Four and Five until next year." The second: "We will not budge an inch on the things we insist upon." The third: "The changes of substantial agreement before Codesa Two are virtually nil, but perhaps there is agreement on Phase One of the interim government."

This is in sharp contrast to the position of the ANC and its allies, who want most of the important decisions to have been taken by the time of Codesa Two.

Are there chances of a breakthrough in the three working groups on Monday?

A very exciting development is the proposals in the one-page working document presented last Monday by the steering committee to Working Group Two on a constitution-making body and an interim government. A brilliant piece of work, it involves a compromise synthesis of the essential ANC and Government proposals, especially accommodating the problems of minorities to allay fears of groups such as the NP and the IFP. There will be an elected parliament, which will also draft a constitution, and an interim executive.

The initial individual reaction by the delegates of all 19 parties was that it was a practical compromise acceptable to them, but that their principals would finally have to approve.

BUT BY TUESDAY the warning bells were ringing already. In response to the faxed document, Buthelezi is said to have informed the IFP delegation that he totally rejected any election for a constitution-making body. (This is in line with IFP policy and also with the tough stand he took in Monday's meeting with de Klerk.)

Other delegations now say that this is a crucial test for the Government. Will it be prepared to endorse and back this working document against the bitter opposition of its political ally, the IFP?

Similarly, the Technical Committee of Working Group Three has submitted a five-page working document on Phase One of the Interim Transitional Government. It too involves a compromise of ANC and Government proposals, with a multi-party transitional executive council known as TEC appointed by the State President at the recommendation of Codesa.

There will be five sub-councils responsible for Defence, Law and Order, Regional and Local Government, Finance and Foreign Affairs. This transitional executive structure will have cabinet status, and its decisions will be binding on and implemented by the Government.

However, the issue of the exact relationship between these TEC bodies and the existing Executive must still be worked out. The one crucial question is still unresolved: Will these bodies take decisions by "total consensus" (unanimity) as demanded by the Government, or by "substantial consensus", as demanded by the ANC?

Working Group Four has requested the rapporteurs of a working document to redraft its proposals on the TBVC states, as it was allegedly too biased in favour of the ANC, according to the Government camp.

At issue is an ANC proposal that the Government restores citizenship to residents of the TBVC states - enabling them to vote and take part in the transition immediately, while reincorporation remains an issue to be dealt with separately. The Government/NP alliance wants referenda in each state and the ANC camp simply wants a law passed by parliament.

private armies

the war of words continues



Even to the most phlegmatic observers of South African politics it must be apparent that the violence in the townships is rapidly spinning out of any kind of control. Increasingly the government's contention is that the solution to the problem is the banning of all private armies. Specifically they are referring to the ANC's military wing, Umkhonto we Sizwe, whose legitimacy was guaranteed inside South Africa - but subject to a ceasefire undertaking - by the agreements entered into between themselves and the ANC in the Pretoria and Groote Schuur Minutes.

In recent months, the argument has been bolstered by a growing body of evidence, made much of by police and political spokespeople as well as the mainstream media, to the effect that the ANC is integrally involved in the death and destruction currently gripping the townships. What it all adds up to is the implication - as yet unproved but still widely current - that MK is being deployed in an aggressive role in the township war.

In the face of all this the ANC insists it has not violated any agreement with the government. It maintains that MK has not been mobilised in the township violence. It points accusing fingers at the security forces and demands the right to self defence in the face of a security system that either fails to provide protection or actively conspires in the killing of its members.

Equally and with some justification, it wants to dub the SADF and the SAP as constituting a private army in the service of the government.

Meanwhile the security forces appear so pathetically incapable of either disarming the hostels or controlling their militarism that it is hard to believe that they are really trying. Their zeal in investigating ANC related incidents appears far from matched by their enthusiasm to act against what can only be thought of as IFP private armies. For its part Inkatha leaders are on record as demanding even more by way of private army than the well-armed and highly mobilised impis in the hostels. Certainly the IFP shows no signs of demilitarisation.

This week, interviewing senior representatives of the ANC and IFP, Vrye Weekblad tries to get a little closer to the issues underlying the private armies debate.

'If you want to see a private army, look at the SADF'

The allegations that Umkhonto we Sizwe is involved in township violence is part of a psychological war being waged by the government in an attempt to illegalise MK, says ANC Information chief Pallo Jordan in an interview with IVOR POWELL

THERE appears to be a mounting campaign on the part of the government and its allies to label the ANC's military wing, Umkhonto we Sizwe (MK) as a "private army" and in this way to demand that it be closed down, disarmed, disbanded. What are your views on these moves?

It has been one of the government's objectives for some time to either illegalise MK or to render it inoperable. At the DF Malan meeting last year it was suggested that the ANC, while retaining MK in camps etc, should disarm them and have them engaged in agriculture.

But not having been able to get MK rendered inoperable in that fashion, they now want to do it by declaring it illegal. The government wants to purchase legitimacy for the South African Defence Force (SADF) by default.

Its purpose in doing that is of course first of all to compel the ANC into a position where it repudiates MK, thereby conceding the legitimacy of the SADF.

The government does not want to accept that there are multiplicities of military formations inside the country of which the SADF is merely one and that all these have to contribute to the creation of a new South African defence force.

Secondly, I think they would like to carry into the future the traditions of the SADF, its esprit de corps, etc. These to us

are unacceptable traditions. What I think one has to grapple with in the present times is a transition from an authoritarian racist structure to one which is democratic, and that does require a great deal of major surgery.

There appears to have been a shift in the government's approach to the status of MK in recent months. During the period of the Groote Schuur and Pretoria Minutes, a basic agreement was reached that MK, while it would observe a ceasefire, would not be required to disarm. What has happened since then?

The Groote Schuur and Pretoria Minutes have been honoured more in the breach than in the observance on the side of the government. For instance the question of political prisoners: there are still political prisoners in jail even now. So it is not surprising that there are now other aspects of the Groote Schuur agreement that the government wants to violate as well.

And the shift to habitually referring to MK as a private army?

The argument about private armies is cant... ash in the mouth. The SADF as presently constituted is closer to being a private army than MK could ever be. Private armies were set up during the Middle Ages by barons and feudal lords

THE interview with Pallo Jordan was conducted before the news broke of the arrest of two ranking ANC officials in Sebokeng, allegedly heavily armed and in possession of items of police uniform. Police statements have also connected the incident with the death on Sunday of another ANC member, killed after allegedly opening fire on a police vehicle, thus creating the perception that these were potential cop-killers - though there no evidence has been presented that there was any connection between the two incidents.

At least in the version put out by the police - which stresses that one of the two arrested men had received extensive military training in Swaziland - the incident would appear to endorse the contention of MK involvement in the township violence and therefore add to the growing clamour for the dissolution of MK.

Jordan was not available to comment on the incident before going to press, but senior ANC DIP spokesperson Saki Macozoma was prepared to "categorically state that the two men were not acting on MK or ANC instructions.

"You have to draw a distinction between self-defence units and MK. We insisted when the self-defence units were formed in the townships that MK be kept out of them. The self-defence units function autonomously, and though they may include people with a military background - who because of their experience in military matters will almost inevitably rise to leadership positions - they are in no way extensions of MK or ANC structures. Some actually include former SADF members, but you wouldn't think of calling them SADF structures."

as a bulwark to protect their privileges and the prerogatives they enjoyed in an explicitly inequitable political arrangement. Apartheid is also an explicitly inequitable political arrangement and that is what the SADF was set up to defend. So both in character and in terms of the role it has played, the SADF has functioned as a private army.

But I think that people can see for themselves... SADF Battalion 32, what they were doing in Phola Park. If that was

reported about British troops in the Falklands, the commanders of those troops would have been put on trial as war criminals.

There is a growing perception though that MK is becoming directly involved in the township violence, and it is on this basis that renewed calls are being made for its dissolution.

NA BLADSY 8

Inkatha

wil ook 'n leeu in die bos hê

Die minister van binnelandse sake van KwaZulu, Steven Sithebe, het verlede naweek tydens 'n Inkatha-byeenkoms in Natal gesê geweld in Suid-Afrika sal slegs ophou indien Inkatha - soos die ANC en PAC - sy eie militêre vleuel op die been bring.

PEARLIE JOUBERT het **Humphrey Ndlovu**, die streeksekretaris van Inkatha, uitgevra oor private leërs

Steven Sithebe sê Inkatha wil 'n private leër hê om geweld te stop...

Ons wil nie 'n private leër hê nie. Maar as daar 'n leeu in die bos is wat brul en brul en sy vyande doodmaak, dan het mens nóg 'n leeu nodig om óók in die bos te brul eerder as wat daar net een leeu is. 'n Mag het nóg 'n mag nodig; 'n weermag nóg 'n weermag en 'n private leër nog 'n private leër.

Maar Sithebe het dan juis gesê 'n Inkatha-leër moet gestig word om geweld te stop. Hoe kan nóg 'n private leër geweld beëindig?

Aangesien MK net aanhou om die teenstanders van die ANC uit te moor, sal dit beter wees om 'n Inkatha-leër te stig. Ons moet na maniere kyk om ons mense te beskerm, maar ons glo private leërs is juis die oorsaak van die geweld.

Ek verstaan nie - julle wil nie, maar julle wil...

Dit lyk of die regering nie sterk genoeg is om die verskillende private leërs in Suid-Afrika te verbied nie. Nou vra gewone Inkatha-ondersteuners vir ons hoekom ons toelaat dat hulle deur MK vermoor word. Sithebe se uitspraak oor Bambatha Bateljon (die voorgestelde naam vir Inkatha se leër) is gemaak omdat Inkatha-lede óók iemand wil hê wat hulle beskerm.

Beteken dit dat Sithebe, as Inkatha-lid, gelieg het?

Nee. Sithebe het gepraat weens die druk wat mense op grassroots-vlak op Inkatha plaas. Maar Sithebe se uitspraak was sy eie - dit was nie 'n amptelike Inkatha-uitlating nie. Daar is geen formele planne om 'n leër te stig nie.

Daar is getuigenis dat die KwaZulu-polisie (KZP) niks anders as 'n Inkatha-leër is nie.

Om dit te sê, is soos om te sê dat die hele SA polisie die NP ondersteun. Dit is net nie waar nie. Dit is net die mense wat teen Inkatha gekant is wat sê dat die KZP 'n Inkathagesinde mag is. Die KZP is 'n polisiemag wat ál die mense van Suid-Afrika beskerm en nie net Inkatha-lede nie. Die KZP is opgelei om onbevooroordeelde wet en orde toe te pas.

Indien die Bambatha Bateljon gestig word, hoe sal dit as 'n Inkatha-leër werk?

Ek kan nie praat oor iets wat nie bestaan nie. Maar onthou die regering dop om duidelikheid te gee oor die toekoms van private leërs. Indien 'n Inkatha-leër wél tot stand kom, sal dit wees omdat ons daartoe gedwing word deur die regering se weiering om teen MK op te tree.

Sou die instelling van 'n private leër nie net tot méér geweld lei nie?

Ek gaan nou die spyker op die kop slaan: Indien die ANC vandag besluit die geweld moet stop, sal dit onmiddellik stop. Inkathalede - anders as die ANC - is geweldig gedissiplineerd.

Maar hoe gaan nóg 'n leër die geweld stop?

Ek dink nie Sithebe behoort te gesê het dat Inkatha 'n private leër op die been moet bring nie. Maar wat van Harry Gwala se oorlogspraatjies? Om vir MK in ons midde toe te laat is soos om 'n groot boelie toe te laat wat almal terroriseer. Indien Inkatha wél 'n weermag in die lewe roep, sal dit nie net Inkathalede beskerm nie, maar alle Suid-Afrikanners.

Dit is sekerlik die rol van die SAP - én, volgens u, ook dié van die KZP...

Indien die SAP hul rol goed vervul het, sou soveel mense nie gesterf het nie.

Wat gaan Inkatha doen oor al sy lede wat reeds bewapen is?

Daar sou nie soveel geweld en probleme gewees het indien Inkathalede bewapen was nie. Hoekom dink jy dra Inkathalede stokke en kieries? Dit is omdat hulle nie wapens het nie. Hoekom sal ek my tyd mors en 'n stok dra as ek 'n wapen het?

Die hele drama rondom tradisionele wapens is dus nonsens? Inkatha dring net aan om dit te dra omdat hulle nie gewere het nie?

Nee. Ek is 'n man daarom moet ek 'n stok dra - dit is waar. Maar as Inkatha, soos die ANC, wapens in die hande kan kry, dan sal ek nooit weer by jou kom huil oor die geweld nie. Dan sal ons die ANC-aanvalle op Inkatha uitsorteer.



Pello Jordan... "MK was not created to fight hostel dwellers." (Photograph: Sylvia Moresche)

VAN BLADSY 7

MK was not created to fight hostel dwellers, it was created in the context of an authoritarian repressive racist regime using armed might to hold the people of South Africa down. MK was created to fight that. But the objectives for which MK was created have not yet been attained. We still have an apartheid government, it still has a massive military capacity which it uses at will to repress our people. Until that changes there is no question of the dissolution of MK.

But there have been a number of allegations of MK operatives being involved in the violence.

There is a whole range of psychological-war tactics the government is trying to use at this time. There was an incident a few weeks ago when part of the Transvaal leadership of the IFP tried to claim they had evidence that MK was planning to attack Zulu residents, attack hostels, attack houses of IFP leaders, etc. But when the matter was brought to the Goldstone Commission it turned out they had nothing, the report was that some one had heard from some one else that the cleaning lady had picked up the information in a place they couldn't identify from a person, but they couldn't remember his name... that kind of thing. Self-evidently nonsense.

Then the week after that one Colonel Gouws of the SAP claimed that he had an intelligence report that a meeting of MK took place here (in Shell House) at which was discussed attacks on the IFP, etc, etc, etc.

Now we don't believe it's just a coincidence that Colonel Gouws made these allegations a week after the IFP came up with its allegations. Nor is it a co-incident that in the same week that Gouws was testifying to the Goldstone Commission allegations were made of a shipment of weapons out of Mozambique and the SAP claimed these weapons were destined for MK.

You have all this psychological warfare being waged at various levels; the intention is to give the impression that the ANC is behind the violence.

This is taking place in a context where compelling evidence has been mounting since last year of government involvement in fuelling the violence, and the involvement of various agencies of government, specifically SADF military intelligence. In addition to all that you've just had the Trust Feeds verdict about the involvement of the police and the connivance and conspiracy of the IFP to give the IFP control over particular areas. It is in the context of all that that this propaganda campaign is being mounted to give the impression that even if the IFP and the government are involved in the violence, the ANC is equally responsible.

The reality is that the government cannot with any conviction point to MK engaging in any activities contrary to the spirit of the Pretoria agreement.

Are you saying then that MK as an organisation is not involved at whatever level in the township violence?

It would be foolhardy to deploy MK against hostel dwellers. What would that do? It would merely fuel the violence, it would confirm in the minds of many people who have been reluctantly compelled into acts of violence that this was the route to take. It would also play into the hands of those who want to use this violence as provocation to push the ANC into taking up arms against whoever. That would open the way to massive retaliation by the government. It would also undermine the situation we have been working towards where it is possible to have normal political activity in the country.

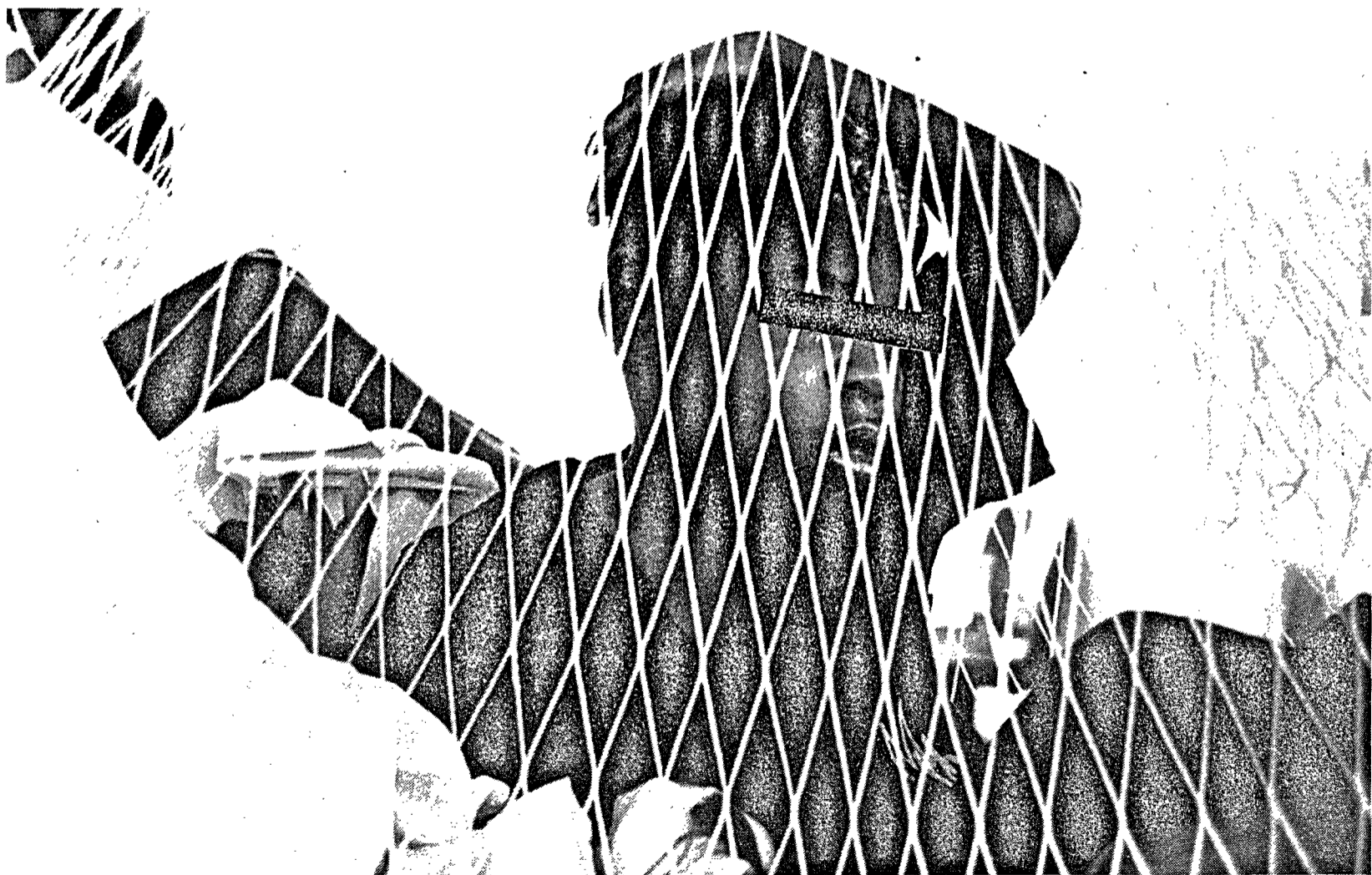
psigiatriese inrigtings: 'n spesiale VWB-ondersoek

As dit waar is dat 'n land se peil van beskaafdheid gemeet kan word aan hoe daar vir psigiatriese pasiënte gesorg word, dan kom Suid-Afrika primitief voor. **INA VAN DER LINDE** het die laaste paar weke van die hospitale vir geestelik versteurdes besoek en met talle psigiaters, administrateurs en verpleegpersoneel gesels. "My oorweldigende gevoel was dat ek nooit in een van dié plekke wil beland nie," sê sy



'nie geskik vir menslike bewoning nie'

"As 'n gesondheidsinspekteur hier kom, sal ons die plek moet sluit," sê die hoofpsigiaters van Sterkfontein oor die toestande waarin sommige geestelik versteurde pasiënte gehuisves word. Die mediese personeel aan provinsiale inrigtings soos dié by Sterkfontein, Weskoppies en Westfort sit met die hande in die hare oor die gebrek aan geld, personeel en behoorlike geriewe - selfs die "mees basiese" geriewe. Intussen gebruik van die pasiënte maar dwelmmiddels om van hul omgewing te vergeet.



Mnr X is die laaste 17 jaar 'n pasiënt by die psigiatriese hospitaal Sterkfontein buite Krugersdorp. Hy is 'n skisofreen wat vir die res van sy lewe hier versorg moet word. Met die verdwyning van apartheid uit gesondheidsorg, is hy vroeër vanjaar saam met 'n paar ander wittes oorgeplaas na 'n saal met swart chroniese pasiënte.

'n Familielid van mnr X bel VWB hoogs ontsteld: die saal is in 'n haglike

toestand, sy broer loop tot watter tyd van die dag in pajamas rond, en word nie gereeld geskeer nie. Sestig mense moet vyf storte (en een bad) gebruik. Die storte is heeltemal oop en daar is geen privaatheid nie. Die eetsaal bestaan uit 'n buitegebou, sonder 'n plafon en sonder deure, met openinge tussen die dak en die mure. Die tafels is sementblaaie wat afkeep van ouderdom. Die vloere is growwe sement en agter die tafels loop

die skottelgoedwater in 'n rioolsloot af. Die mure se verf dop af, dit ruik na urine in die toilette, en bedags moet die pasiënte in 'n oop vierkant deurbring, sonder 'n enkele boom of skadukol om hulle teen die somerhitte van by die 30 grade en hoër te beskerm.

Mnr X se vel is rou gebrand. (Skisofreniese pasiënte neem 'n middel, phenothiazime, wat hul velle baie sonsensitief maak. Veral wit pasiënte moet

teen die son beskerm word).

Snags word die pasiënte toegesluit in slaapsale waar daar een toilet vir 30 mense is, en geen drinkwater nie. Boonop span die swart pasiënte saam teen die paar wittes en slaan hulle goed dik. Mnr X huil elke keer as hulle hom besoek, vertel die familielid.

na bladsy 10

ondersoek

NA 'N BESOEK aan Sterkfontein kan VWB mnr X se storie bevestig. 'n Slagspreuk in die voorportaal van die berugte saal 15 sê alles: "If you can keep a cool head in this chaos, you are not doing your job."

Van die 18 sale by Sterkfontein is drie in 'n skokkende toestand. Elke "saal" bestaan uit 'n afsonderlike gebou, met verskillende slaapsale, was-geriewe en 'n eetsaal. 'n Saal huisves tussen 60 en 100 pasiënte - en ná verskeie gesprekke met verpleegpersoneel en psigiaters by die ander twee psigiatrisie hospitale van die Transvaalse Provinsiale Administrasie (TPA), blyk dit dat nie net Sterkfontein met dié probleem sit nie, maar ook Weskoppies in Pretoria, en Westfort, buite Pretoria, waar hoofsaaklik swart forensiese pasiënte (wat misdade gepleeg het) gehou word.

Klagtes oor 'n ernstige tekort aan verpleegpersoneel, veral snags, aanrandings, swak geriewe, en 'n algemene agteruitgang van psigiatrisie sorg word by al die hospitale gehoor. By al die hospitale word arbeidsterapie aangebied, maar pasiënte neem nie nookwendig deel nie, in teenstelling met 'n private inrigting soos Millsite waar verpleegpersoneel intensief opgelei word om pasiënte te stimuleer en besig te hou.

NOG 'N STORIE, dié van mej D. 'n Suster het haar verhaal as "taamlik akkuraat" bevestig. Sy is al 15 jaar hier. Haar probleem is chemiese afhanklikheid van verslawende middels, en kwaaie aanpassingsversteurings. As sy geld het, koop sy etomine ('n skedule 5 antidepressant en kalmeermiddel) by van die swart personeel of die tuinier teen 50 sent per pil.

Partykeer koop sy akineton ('n skedule 1 anti-gholinergiese middel wat onder andere vir Parkinsons se siekte en spastisiteit voorgeskryf word). Dit kos 25 sent en koop 'n halfuur se gevoel van sorgeloosheid.

Dagga kan mens teen R2,50 vir 'n vuurhoutjiedosie vol koop. Heeltemal 'n billike prys.

Dan is daar van die pasiënte wat op Nobese gaan, 'n eetlusdemper, vir 13 sent. Asma-tablette help weervir 'n ekstra bietjie woema.

Mej D is eenkeer vir "straf" na 'n swart saal gestuur. Wederstrewiges word eers deur die susters, en daarna deur die swart pasiënte bygekom, onder aanmoediging van die susters. (Onthou die voorval 'n tyd gelede toe personeel daarvan aangekla is dat hulle pasiënte met besemstokke slaan?)

"Dit is maar hoe die susters pasiënte in toom hou," sê mej D. Man, maar die fasiliteite is bad. Die storte is sommer sulke oop hokkies. Geen privaatheid nie. Daar is baie siek mense daar en dan mors hulle op die toiletsitplekke - jig, ek het eendag daarin gaan sit!

"Hulle kos is glad nie sleg nie. Hulle kry baie lewer, en lewer is goed vir 'n mens, jy weet. Ek gee nie om dat swart en wit gemeng word nie, maar dan moet daar net beter kontrole wees oor die personeel.

"Die dokters het my al afgeskryf. Ek sien net nou en dan een as ek vra. Ek sien nooit 'n psigiater of 'n sielkundige nie. Niemand gee ons ooit arbeidsterapie nie. Ek hou myself maar besig. Die plek is nou my huis, maar ek sal nooit my drugs hier kan stop nie, dis te maklik om dit in die hande te kry. Dis soos 'n magneet wat my trek. Ek dink ek wil 'n Christen word, maar ek kan nie myself dit noem nie omdat ek 'n drug-probleem het.

"Hoekom is dit so sleg hier? Omdat die mense almal soort van apaties is. Die mense is almal net beroepsmense, hulle

volg 'n loopbaan en gee nie regtig vir ons om nie. Daar is 'n paar uitsonderinge, egte mense, maar die res is net hier om hulle geldjies aan die einde van die maand te kry."

HIER EN BY WESTFORT word gekla oor totale apatie, en word gesê dat die streng hiërargiese stelsel veroorsaak dat enige nuwe voorstel van onder af afgeskiet word vir ingeval dit meer werk meebring. Daar is geen arbeidsterapie vir chronies siek mense nie. Dit word aan die verpleegsters oorgelaat om hulle besig te hou, en dié doen niks.

Wanneer dié bewerings aan dr Paul van den Bergh, hoofdirekteur: hospitalisasie van die TPA, genoem word, sê hy dat hy nie op vae bewerings soos dié kan reageer nie, maar dat dit beslis nie die TPA se beleid is dat middels soos dié beskikbaar is nie. Hy weet nie van klagtes dat middels gesteel word by Weskoppies nie, en meen dit kan net sowel van buite af kom.

"Baie van die pasiënte van Weskoppies kan kom en gaan," sê hy. "Dit is feitlik onmoontlik om kontrole oor almal te hou" - wat heeltemal waar is as mens die wyd uitgestrekte terrein rondom Weskoppies sien.

Van den Bergh sê hy is beïndruk deur die arbeidsterapie-program wat by die hospitale aangebied word.

Dis duidelik dat daar spanning tussen die TPA en die personeel van verskeie van die psigiatrisie hospitale bestaan. Hospitaal-personeel hou die TPA verantwoordelik vir die gebrek aan geld wat na hulle kant toe kom. En dit lyk nie of die TPA binne die volgende paar jaar veel aan die situasie gaan doen nie.

DIE TPA HET EERS toestemming geweier dat ons die sale in Sterkfontein mag sien. Nadat beswaar aangeteken is, is verlof verleen, maar ons is nie toegelaat om foto's te neem nie.

Dr Magriet Retief, senior mediese superintendant van Sterkfontein, sowel as die hoofpsigiater, dr Michael Ewart-Smith, het nie doekies omgedraai nie. Dit gaan by hulle veral oor die swak toestand van sommige sale. Minstens drie van die vroeëre swart sale is "nie geskik is vir menslike bewoning nie", en daar is verskeie ander wat ook herstel moet word.

Hulle bestempel die sale as "beneede die minimumstandaard wat enige redelike mens as bevredigend sou beskou".

En dis nie net vandat die sale geïntegreer is dat die stryd om beter geriewe gevoer word nie. Wit pasiënte se familie het net meer invloed en daarom kom die klagtes nou na vore.

"Ons probeer al jare lank om die sale te laat opknip. Hier is korrespondensie in my lêers hieroor sedert 1971, maar niks is nog hieraan gedoen nie," sê Retief.

Sy bevestig dat van die wit pasiënte aangerand is. "Maar ons het gou besef dat ons nie net twee of drie na 'n swart saal kan skuif nie, maar ten minste 'n hele groep witmense moet skuif. Op die oomblik gaan dit heeltemal goed in dié opsig."

EWART-SMITH sê: "Vyf en sewentig persent van ons pasiënte is swart, wat die landsbevolking weerspieël. Daar sal dus altyd meer swart as wit pasiënte wees, behalwe as ons teruggaan na aparte sale vir wit en swart. Ek vind nie dat pasiënte kla omdat hulle gemeng word nie, maar dis die familieledede wat bitterlik kla.

"Ek sou ook gekla het as van my familie in een van die swak sale opgeneem moes word - en ek sou heeltemal driftig daaroor

geraak het. Ek glo nie die sale voldoen aan basiese gesondheidsvereistes nie. As 'n gesondheidsinspekteur hier kom, sal ons die plek moet sluit."

Wat sou hy beskou as minimumstandaarde? "Ons sê nie dat ons iets wil hê wat met die beste in Europa vergelyk nie. Ons weet daar is kinders 'n klipgooi hiervandaan wat doodgaan aan wanvoeding. Ons weet daar is prioriteite, maar ons vra net vir die basiese vereistes soos behoorlike sanitasie, ordentlike slaap- en eet-geriewe."

"In 'n saal van 77 gevaarlike psigote is daar net een veiligheids wag wat homself elke nag in sy kantoor toesluit en hoop en bid dat die nag omgaan."

Ewart-Smith en Retief raak aan 'n ander probleem: "Die inrigting is oorvol van mense wat nie hier hoort nie. Die hospitaal is bedoel vir 'n sekere tipe chroniese pasiënt, naamlik mense wat voortdurend psigiatrisie toesig nodig het. Ons maak hier voorsiening vir pasiënte wat nie by ander hospitale behandel kan word nie, vir ernstig versteurde, nie-responsiewe psigiatrisie pasiënte van oor die hele Wes-Rand, Oos-Rand en Johannesburg.

"Dis die tipe wat nie verstaan dat hulle siek is nie, nie met behandeling wil saamwerk nie, wat veg en weerstand bied. Ons het die geriewe om pasiënte teen hulle wil te behandel. Ons het toesluit-geriewe om die pasiënt teen homself te beskerm.

"Wat nou gebeur, is dat van ons beddens gevul word deur pasiënte wat ons meen nie hier hoort nie. Dis hoofsaaklik geriatrisie pasiënte (mense met ouderdom-verwante siektes) wat hier weggegooi word, mense wat wag om dood te gaan. Daar is niks wat ons vir hulle op psigiatrisie gebied kan doen nie."

DAAR IS MINSTENS 67 sulke gevalle by Sterkfontein. Die probleem is: as hulle eers gesertifiseer is, kan die hospitaal nie van hulle ontslae raak nie want daar is nêrens waarheen hulle kan gaan nie.

Ewart-Smith verwys na die algemene tekort aan inrigtings wat sulke mense kan versorg. Dit geld nie net geriatrisie pasiënte nie, maar ook verstandelik-vertraagdes, kreupeles, en mense wat in ongelukke breinskade opgedoen het.

Gevra oor die aard van psigiatrisie sorg, sê hy: "Vir waar ons is, is ons standaard van psigiatrie in pas met die modernste ter wêreld. Ons kla nie oor die beskikbaarheid van medisyne of behandeling as sulks nie."

Daar is egter 'n tekort aan opgeleide personeel, veral snags. Manlike verpleërs wil nie daar werk nie. "Niemand wil onder dié omstandighede werk nie. Dit geld dokters, verpleegsters, arbeidsterapeute, ens."

By Weskoppies word sekere van die swakste sale op die oomblik herbou. Ook hier is wit pasiënte wat na swart sale oorgeplaas is, aangerand.

BY WESTFORT IS die situasie selfs hagliker. Die hospitaal is al in 1897 gebou en sedertdien nog nooit weer ordentlik herstel nie. Hier word hoofsaaklik swart staatspresident-pasiënte, ofte wel forensiese pasiënte, gehuisves. Meer as 800 van hulle. Volgens 'n psigiater wat vroeër vanjaar daar weg is, en nou privaat praktiseer, is die toilette baie primitief, daar is geen privaatheid nie, en wasgeriewe

is heeltemal onvoldoende.

Vyf jaar gelede het van die psigiaters 'n brief aan die TPA geskryf om te sê daar is nie wasbakke waar die dokters hul hande kan was nie. Intussen lê daar wasbakke in die stoorkamers van Westfort. Dié is toe ingesit - maar nooit met die watertoevoer verbind nie. Daar is ook nie warm water nie, omdat die inrigting nie geisers kan bekostig nie, is gesê. Op 'n dag ontdek hy 'n klomp geisers in die stoorkamer. Dié is toe wel ingesit - maar was steeds nie met die watertoevoer

verbind toe hy daar weg is nie.

Die psigiater sê daar is snags in 'n saal van 77 pasiënte - gevaarlike psigotiese gevalle - een veiligheids wag. Die outjie sluit homself toe in sy kantoor en hoop en bid dat die nag omgaan.

VAN DEN BERGH van die TPA gee toe daar is 'n probleem met swak geriewe in psigiatrisie sorg. Maar hy wys daarop dat die TPA 'n ernstige agterstand by die Departement van Gesondheid geërf het. Sedert die TPA in 1988 die psigiatrisie hospitale by dié departement oorgeneem het, is R6,8 miljoen aan Weskoppies, R3,13 miljoen aan Sterkfontein en R294 000 aan Westfort spandeer.

Hy hoop die toestande in die ander sale sal mettertyd opgegradeer kan word, maar kan nie sê wanneer nie. "Hoewel die pasiënte in minder ideale omstandighede gehuisves word, kry hulle ten minste darem die voordeel van behandeling.

"Ek dink nie daar is enige statistiese bewyse dat daar 'n verhoogde graad van infeksie in daardie sale voorkom nie. Die psigiatrisie sorg is nog steeds puik. Dit mag miskien sleg lyk, maar daar was nog geen uitbraak van siektes nie. Baie van die pasiënte het miskien geestelike afwykings, maar hulle is nie fisiek siek nie. Hulle is moontlik fisiek baie sterker as baie ander."

Wat dan van die uitbraak van tifus 'n tyd gelede by Weskoppies? Hierop sê Van den Bergh: "Tifus kan by enige plek in die land uitbreek en dis nie te sê dis as gevolg van onhygiëniese toestande nie. Dit kan wees as gevolg van 'n pasiënt wat soontoe kom en reeds die siekte het as hy opgeneem word. Daar word deurgaans goeie toesig gehou."

DAT ERNSTIG versteurde mense mekaar aanrand, is ook niks vreemds nie, sê hy. Daar was 'n paar gevalle tussen rasse-groepe toe met integrasie begin is, maar dit is nou uitgestryk. Hy besef daar is 'n tekort aan veiligheids personeel en opgeleide verpleegpersoneel, en daar is pogings om dit reg te stel. Geld bly egter die hoofprobleem.

Soos prof George Hart, hoof van psigiatrie aan Wits, en dr Ewart-Smith, glo Van den Bergh die rigting waarheen psigiatrisie sorg in die land moet beweë, is dat inrigtingsorg nie verder moet uitbrei nie, maar dat al meer psigiatrisie gevalle as buite-pasiënte behandel word, of in akute gevalle in 'n gewone hospitaal of in 'n gemeenskapskliniek vir psigiatrie opgeneem word. Akute pasiënte moet opgeneem word, behandel word en in die gemeenskap teruggeplaas word.

troos teen 'n wins

Om die organisasie Lifecare se psigiatriese inrigtings te besoek, ruk aan 'n mens se hart - maar dit lyk of die hulpeloses hier beter versorg word as in die staatsinrigtings, skryf INA VAN DER LINDE

IN Transvaal, soos in die ander provinsies, is daar twee soorte inrigtings vir langtermyn psigiatriese pasiënte. Daar is die provinsiale psigiatriese hospitale waar akute, korttermyn-pasiënte oopgeneem word, sowel as chroniese en forensiese pasiënte. Dan is daar die Lifecare-inrigtings vir chroniese pasiënte, 'n private maatskappy met 'n winsmotief wat 'n dagtarief van die staat ontvang om pasiënte te versorg.

Lifecare het sowat 9 200 chroniese psigiatriese pasiënte landwyd (tuislande inkluis), waarvan sowat 5 500 in Transvaal is. Dit is almal pasiënte wat nie as gevaarlik of aggressief beskou word nie, maar wat permanente versorging nodig het.

Presies hoeveel psigiatriese pasiënte in staats hospitale landwyd is, kon nie vasgestel word nie, omdat die hospitale deur die afsonderlike provinsiale administrasies bestuur word. In Transvaal is sowat 6 000 psigiatriese pasiënte verlede jaar in psigiatriese inrigtings versorg - 3 400 in Weskoppies in Pretoria, 804 by Westfort buite Pretoria (hoofsaaklik swart forensiese pasiënte) en 1 768 by Sterkfontein buite Krugersdorp.

Die Lifecare-groep se psigiatriese inrigtings het vroeër bekend gestaan as die Smith Mitchell-inrigtings. Oor dié inrigtings, wat in 1963 deur die staat genader is om teen dagtariewe psigiatriese pasiënte vir die staat te versorg, was daar groot agterdog.

VAN DIE KRITIEK was dat die organisasie - vroeër bekend as Smith Mitchell Inrigtings - gegroei het tot 'n finansiële reus uit geld wat van die staat ontvang is. "Millions out of madness", was die opskrif van 'n artikel in die Sunday Times in die vroeë sewentigerjare hieroor.

Die artikel beweer wit private ondernemings maak gesonde winste uit swart sielsiekes. Bedrae van miljoene rande is deur die staat betaal om "menslike pakhuis" op te rig wat net toesig oor psigiatriese pasiënte hou, sonder dat enige pogings aangewend word om hulle te rehabiliteer. Daar was nie inwonende psigiaters nie, en vir "arbeidsterapie" moes hulle in landerye en tuine werk, die geboue help oprig waarin hulle woon, en self die matte weef waarop hulle slaap.

Daar is beweer dat die minimum onkoste aan pasiënte bestee word, terwyl dit in belang van die maatskappy is dat elke "bed" tot elke prys gevul word. In een so 'n inrigting, is beweer, was daar 250 pasiënte. 'n "Bed" het bestaan uit 'n mat en komberse op 'n sementvloer. Wat eens 'n tydelike maatreef was om die

druk op staats hospitale te verlig, het 'n permanente, uitbreidende en ongesonde toekoms vir gesondheidsorg in Suid-Afrika geword.

Prof Jan Robbertze, destyds president van die SA Nasionale Raad van Geestesgesondheid, het in 'n referaat kritiek uitgespreek op die geheimsinnigheid wat die inrigtings omhul. Hy het gesê: "(Ons) ken slegs die naam van die beheerde maatskappy waarvoor daar baie fluisterveldtogte rondgaan oor wie aandeelhouer en direkteur in sommige van die organisasie se maatskappye sou wees. Dis 'n organisasie waarvoor die Wet op Geestesgesondheid so aangepas is dat dit 'n oortreding geword het om foto's of sketse van psigiatriese inrigtings te publiseer en om inligting te publiseer wat nie deur die joernalis bevestig kan word nie.

"Hierdie inrigtings vorm 'n swart hoofstuk in ons land se geskiedenis van social engineering en dit het ná 25 jaar se geheimsinnigheid hoog tyd geword dat 'n kommissie soos die Harmse-kommissie ondersoek instel na wie diegene is wat winste maak uit ons 'aparheidsprivatisering' van psigiatriese dienste."

Hy het ook beweer dat die organisasie so magtig geword het dat dit die stert geword het wat die hond swaai op die gebied van psigiatriese dienslewering.

INDIETYD het die Amerikaanse Psigiatriese Vereniging die inrigtings besoek, en 'n baie kritiese verslag oor die aard van die psigiatriese sorg uitgebring. Dieselfde groep het in 1989 weer besoek afgelê by die inrigtings, en was dié keer baie meer positief.

Ses jaar gelede is die naam van Smith Mitchell verander na Lifecare. VWB het een van die inrigtings, Millsite, by Randburg, besoek en met die besturende direkteur van die Lifecare-groep, M Malkin, en die besturende direkteur van Spesiale Gesondheidsdienste, Andries Cronjé, 'n onderhoud gevoer.

Lifecare het 27 inrigtings landwyd, met 14 500 beddens. Voorsiening word gemaak vir geriatriese, psigiatriese en TB-pasiënte, asook vir verstandelik vertraagdes, babas en jong kinders met fisieke afwykings soos waterhofies en kleinhoofdiges.

Met die besoek aan Millsite, 'n uitgestrekte terrein naby Randburg wat hoofsaaklik bestaan uit ou myngeboue wat in verskillende sale omgeskep is, was dit duidelik dat die inrigting aansienlike verbeterings ondergaan het sedert genoemde artikels verskyn het.



BY MILLSITE word sowat 3 000 mense versorg, almal swart. Die sale en wasgeriewe is netjies en skoon, ingerig met beddens en komberse vir elke pasiënt, en die algemene toestand van die sale was aansienlik beter as die staat se psigiatriese hospitale. Wat verder beïndruk het, is die intensiewe arbeidsterapeutiese en fisioterapeutiese programme wat vir elke afsonderlike groep uitgewerk is.

Met die besoek byvoorbeeld aan die afdeling waar chroniese pasiënte met die swakste prognose gehou word, was daar die oggend verpleegpersoneel wat hulle deurentyd besig gehou het deur sing en handeklap. Musiek is feitlik die enigste aktiwiteit wat hulle nog prikkel. 'n Uitputtende taak, omdat die pasiënte - wat wissel van geriatriese pasiënte tot skisofrene en epileptici - bittermin belangstel in hul omgewing, baie swak gemotiveerd is en in die meeste opsigte heeltemal afhanklik is van hulp.

Die drie deelydse arbeidsterapeute het 17 assistente opgelei wat by die Mediese en Tandheelkundige Raad geregistreer is. Hulle lei weer verpleegpersoneel op om die programme wat hulle uitwerk, uit te voer. Met verskillende besoeke aan soortgelyke pasiënte in staatsinrigtings was die kontras opvallend. (Sien artikel hiernaas).

Ons was by ook by die rehabilitasiesaal

waar pasiënte gehou word wat onafhanklik funksioneer (die sogenaamde A-groep), by 'n Paaskonsert vir die B- en C-groep (met Pilatus, Jesus, en selfs Romeinse soldate) en by die afdeling vir fisiek en verstandelik kwaai gestremde kinders. Ook hier was die algemene indruk dat die pasiënte goed versorg word, dat hulle besig gehou word, en dat moeite gedoen word om hul lewenskwaliteit te verbeter.

Nou is dit natuurlik moeilik om op grond van 'n besoek aan een inrigting - waarop ons vergesel is deur die skakelbeampte, die area-verpleegdiensbestuurder en die hoofarbeidsterapeut - uitsprake oor al die inrigtings te maak. Terselfdertyd sou dit baie moeilik wees om dié tipe vertoning met pasiënte wat skaars vatbaar is vir enige vorm van suggestie, spesiaal vir een oggend te reël. Daarvoor was almal te doelgerig en te georganiseerd.

TYDENS DIE ONDERHOUD met Cronjé en Malkin, in 'n mooi drieverdieping-gebou in Randburg, het hulle onder meer erken dat hul sorg in die vroeër jare nadat hulle staatspasiënte begin inneem het, nie op standaard was nie. Sê Cronjé: "Ons het begin met 'n tarief van 89 sent per pasiënt... Dit is onregverdig om te sê dat

na bladsy 12

van bladsy 11

ons daaruit miljoene kon maak. Ons kon nie op 89 sent vyfstergeboue oprig nie en het ou myngeboue gebruik. Intussen het ons 20 nuwe hospitale gebou. Die ou geboue is nou 'n klein gedeelte van 38 hospitale wat ons bedryf, insluitende die privaat klinieke en gemeenskapshospitale."

Die inrigtings is mettertyd verbeter, daar is begin met behoorlike arbeidsterapeutiese programme en hulle is deesdae oop vir enigeen om te kom kyk.

Gevra oor die tariewe wat die staat nou aan Lifecare betaal, wou Malkin hom nie uitlaat nie. Dié inligting is "vertroulik", sê hy. Ook dr Paul van den Bergh van die TPA wou nie sê wat aan Lifecare betaal word nie. Psigiatrisiese hospitale kos die staat egter minder as gemeenskapshospitale, sê hy.

Lifecare het nou "versadigingspunt" bereik vir die aantal chroniese pasiënte wat versorg kan word. Die ontslag uit die hospitale is gering en wissel tussen twee tot vier persent. Dit lyk ook nie of daar verdere staatsgeld is om die geriewe uit te brei nie.

Waarom is die Lifecare-inrigtings nog nie geïntegreer nie? Cronjé sê: "Dit is hoe dit histories ontwikkel het. Persoonlik het ons nie probleme met integrasie nie, en in ons private klinieke meng ons lankal. Daar was al versoeke dat ons wit fisiek-gestremde kinders inneem, maar die familieledede is teësinning."

Op die vraag oor winsgrense en direkteure, sê Malkin: "Ons is 'n behoorlik geregistreerde maatskappy en oop vir ondersoek deur enigeen. Ons maak nie winste bekend nie, maar enigeen kan by die registrateur van maatskappye gaan kyk wie in ons direksie sit. Dit is meestal sakemanne en medici. Niemand van die staat of die TPA dien in ons direksie nie."

'n Besoek aan so 'n inrigting is 'n skok vir 'n mens se gestel. 'n Leerlingverpleegster wat in die kindersaal vir erg fisiek en verstandelik gestremdes werk, vertel dat sy die eerste paar dae net wou weghardloop. "Ek het nie geweet daar is sulke mense nie," sê sy.

• Dat 'n groep mense kans sien om die uitgeworpenes van die gemeenskap te versorg, al is dit met 'n winsmotief, is iets waarvoor mens dankbaar moet wees - veral as hulle dit beter as die staat doen. Dat sulke inrigtings (en maatskappye) te alle tye toeganklik moet wees vir ondersoek, behoort 'n onvervreembare reg te wees, want net so kan wanpraktyke voorkom word. Blykbaar het Lifecare dit besef.



toe ontplof die drukpot

Die ontsnapping van 'n groot groep gevaarlike pasiënte uit Valkenburg vroeër vanjaar was 'n simptoom van die haglike omstandighede wat in dergelike inrigtings heers weens 'n tekort aan geld en personeel.

CHRISTELLE TERREBLANCHE doen verslag

'N **CHRONIESE** tekort aan ruimte, personeel, geriewe en geld. Voortgesette inkortings in die begrotings van inrigtings vir geestelik versteurdes. Die vermeende ineenstorting van die gesondheidsbeleid. Dit is enkele van die redes wat aangevoer is vir die opskudding vroeër vanjaar toe 'n groot groep staatspasiënte en aangeklaagdes onder waarneming uit die maksimum veiligheid-eenheid van Valkenburg in Kaapstad ontsnap het. Buiten twee is almal weer in bewaring.

Die voorval het groot media-sensasie uitgelok - wat verhinder het dat die kollig op die probleem agter die voorval geval het, meen personele van die inrigting, wat hulle werk in gevaar gestel het deur 'n media-verklaring uit te reik.

Die pasiënte in Saal 20 is 'n klein persentasie van die mense wat aan Valkenburg behandel word en kenners meen dat hulle na regte nie daar behoort te wees nie. Verder word gemeen dat die tekort aan geld veral die pasiënte raak en dat dit dokters en verpleërs se etiese plig is om in opstand te kom teen omstandighede wat teen-produktief is.

Een van die personele vertel wat gebeur het

"Saal 20 is basies 'n maksimum veiligheid-eenheid. Dit het 'n buite-muur met lemmetjie-draad bo-op. Daar is veronderstel om 'n veiligheidswag aan diens te wees. As jy klop, word een deur oopgesluit om jou in te laat. Sodra daardie deur toegesluit is, word 'n ander oopgemaak en jy word in die binnehof ingeneem.

"Die saal is 'n geslote eenheid langs die binnehof. Basies was daar die aand net vier verpleegsters aan diens vir 90 mense. Daar behoort minstens 10 te wees. Die saal is nie veronderstel om meer as 65 mense te huisves nie. In die laaste drie jaar was daar soms tot 120 mense daarin.

"Die betrokke aand was 'n dokter aan diens wat baie pligsgetrou later as gewoonlik gewerk het. Hulle het aandete gehad en die dokter sê hy kon spanning voel opbou, maar kon nie sy vinger daarop lê nie.

"Wanneer 'n dokter 'n pasiënt in die saal self wil sien, gaan 'n verpleër deur die draadhek en bring hom uit na die dokter se kantoor, binne 'n geslote gebou, binne 'n geslote muur. Vir 'n hospitaal is dit baie hoë sekuriteit.

"Blykbaar het een van die verpleërs agtergekome iets is aan die gang en gesê hy gaan in om die pasiënte uit te sorteer. Daar is aantygings van aanrandings deur personeel soos in tronke, maar dit kan

nie bewys word nie. Al die verpleërs is nie voldoende opgelei nie.

"En die dokter sê toe moenie ingaan nie. Maar hy het ingegaan en die hek toegesluit agter hom. Een van die pasiënte het hom bespring en 'n lepel wat hulle op 'n klip skerp gemaak het, in die verpleër se neus opgedruk tot dit by sy voorkop uitgekome het.

"Die verpleër het begin skree en die dokter het aan die ander verpleër saam met hom gesê om die sleutel te kry en hulle uit te laat. Die ander verpleër was te ontsteld en wou nie oopmaak nie.

"Uiteindelik het die dokter hom uitgekry en noodhulp toegepas en gevra dat die mense heeltemal losgelaat word. Hy het gevra dat die polisie gebel word.

"Ek dink hy het besef dit was soos 'n drukpot wat jare lank stoom opgebou het, en dat dit op die punt was om te ontplof. Nie alleen was daar heeltemal te min verpleegpersoneel nie, maar ook geen sekuriteit daardie dag nie. Gewoonlik moet twee mense van Maitland se polisie kantoor aan diens wees - een buite by die ingang en een binne die saal.

"Die dokter het vir die eerste sekuriteitspersoon gaan sê om die hek oop te sluit, maar een van die skoonmakers was aan diens. Sy wou nie oopsluit nie.

"Teen dié tyd het die pasiënte deurgebreek en hom teen die muur vasgedruk. Hulle

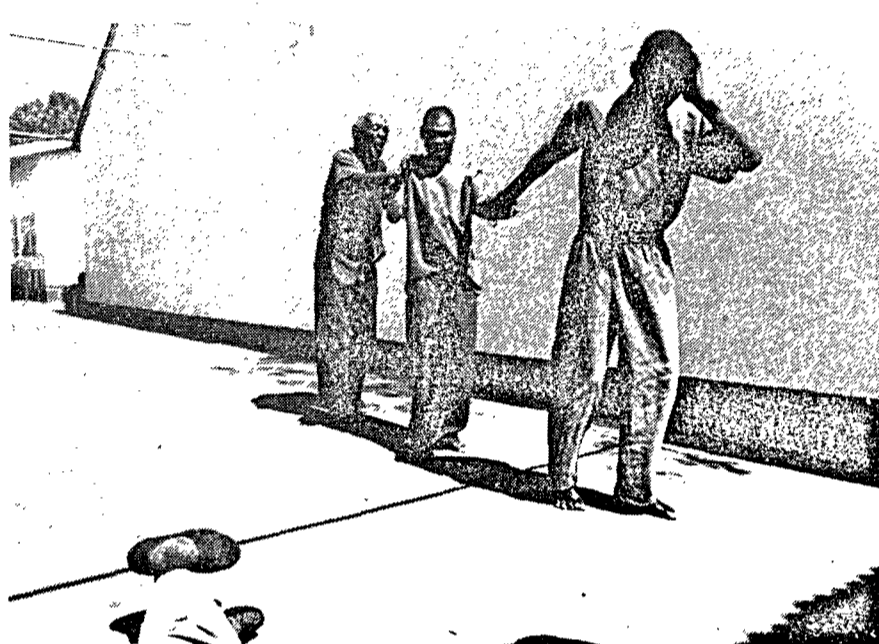
het sy ribbes en sy bril gebreek. Uiteindelik het hy hulle oortuig dat hy nie die laaste uitgang se sleutel het nie. Die pasiënte het 'n venster gebreek en ontsnap."

Die dokter kon geen saak maak nie, omdat hy nie deur werkersversekering gedek word nie en R60 000 nodig sou hê om 'n saak te beveg.

Op grond van dié gebeure het mediese personeel aan Valkenburg besluit om 'n persmededeling oor die toestand by die hospitaal uit te reik. In die verklaring spreek 24 jong dokters hulle hul "uiterste woede uit met die relevante owerhede wat toegegee het dat hulle bewus was van die ontoereikende geriewe en ernstige personeeltekorte, maar niks gedoen het om die saak reg te stel nie."

Hulle het ook hul teenkanting uitgespreek teen die manier waarop die media die saak hanteer het.

'n Psigiatrisie kenner, prof Frances Ames, het intussen in die media gesê dit is 'n "ernstige fout" om 'n maksimum veiligheid-eenheid soos Saal 20 binne die terrein van Valkenburg te plaas. Die



Al die foto's is by Millsite, net buite Randburg, deur PAUL WEINBERG van Southlight geneem.



gebou is ontwerp om deel van Pollsmoor Gevangenis uit te maak.

Dringende optrede is aangemoedig en na die voorval is 22 vakante verpleegposte by Valkenburg gevul en 'n private veiligheidsmaatskappy gehuur om

veiligheid te verseker.

Sommige kenners meen dat psigiatrie op grond van die gesondheidsbeleid van voorkeur aan primêre dienste nie as prioriteit beskou word nie en gevolglik geen doel meer dien nie.



"Dokter" Simon Zwene sit voor die winkel van 'n kruiedokter-kollega.

van slangvelle *tot* moeder maria by die **mai mai**



Is jy dors? Wil jy jou hare laat sny? Of soek jy 'n trom om 'n vrugbaarheidsritueel mee uit voer, of 'n stoppie dagga, of miskien 'n stoel of 'n lobola-kis, of 'n tradisionele beesvel om om jou lyf te draai? Dan is die **Mai Mai Mark** in Johannesburg die regte plek, skryf **ESMA ANDERSON**

DIERE-VELLE, plantwortels, kaal boepens-kindertjies, trousseau-kiste, hangkaste, kombuisstoele, kleremakers, tradisionele drag, haarkappers, sorghumbier, sambokke, kruie en daggawalms: dit is die Mai Mai Mark op die hoek van Anderson- en Albertstraat in Johannesburg.

Die eerste wat jy raaksien, is die Mai Mai Beer Depot, 'n soort biersaal wat selfs op 'n stil dag stampvol klante is. Die

reuk van sorghumbier hang in die lug - moenie dink daar's enigiets anders op die menu nie. Jy sal moet settle vir sorghumbier in wit plastiekbottels met rooi letters: "Leopard Scoop".

Die sentrum lyk maar vaal en droewig, met die kaal baksteenwinkeltjies so eenvormig aan die buitekant. Die deure is roesbruin geverf, met enkele uitsonderings: op sommige is swart kruise geverf.

"Wat beteken die kruise?" vra ek 'n ou mama. "Niks besonders nie," sê sy, "dit beteken niks nie." Maar ek bly nuuskierig. "Los haar, sy is seker bang," sê my kollega Lucky Khuzwayo, en verduidelik: die kruise beteken dié winkels word deur 'n spesiale soort muti teen die uitwerking van slegte muti of bose geeste beskerm.

"Amper soos die Israeliete hulle huise se deure met bloed geverf het om die

doodsengel weg te hou?"

"Ja," sê Lucky en glimlag.

ONS KUIER IN KRUIEDOKTER Daphney Nkosi se winkel. Sy vertel hoekom haar medisyne - veral dié vir malheid, beenpyne en maagsere - beter is as die middels wat mediese dokters voorskryf.

"As ek iemand gesond maak, bly hulle gesond. As hulle dokter toe gaan, kry hulle 'n inspuiting - maar ná 'n paar

maande is die pyn maar wéér daar. Ek gebruik my medisyne al 15 jaar lank," sê Nkosi. "Ek het nog nooit iemand dood of siek gemaak nie. My medisyne werk altyd."

Ek wil haar vra hoekom sy juis 'n kruiedokter geword het, maar sy val my in die rede: "Ek weet wat jy wil vra. Jy wil weet hoekom ek my hiermee besig hou en my van die Bybel vertel. Dis mos wat julle almal wil kom doen."

"Natuurlik glo ek in die Bybel. Jou God en die God van die sangomas is dieselfde een. Gee my die Bybel en ek wys vir jou die plekke waar hulle van sangomas en muti praat."

"Daar is slegte muti ook. Net soos God vir Jesus én Satan gemaak het, is daar goeie en slegte muti. Dit kom van dieselfde plek af. As ek sleg is en met slegte geeste praat, sal ek slegte en bese muti maak," sê Nkosi.

Eindelik kry ek 'n woordjie in: hoe het sy 'n kruiedokter geword?

"Dis die geeste. Ek het baie siek geword. Niemand kon my gesond maak nie. Uiteindelik is ek na 'n kruiedokter. Maar ek het ook, soos julle, gedink dis 'n klomp nonsens," sê sy.

"Maar toe maak hulle my gesond en sê ek moet 'n kruiedokter word. Ek het geen keuse gehad nie, die geeste het my beveel. Nou is ek al 15 jaar lank een en my man ook. Hy het twee jaar voor my 'n kruiedokter geword."

Sy stop haar geel besigheidskartaar met die woorde "Intando Ya Baphansi" in swierige letters in my hand. "Bel my as jy siek is of iemand ken wat siek is."

Die muti-winkels lyk baie dieselfde, hoewel sommige 'n mens meer gerus laat voel omdat alles veilig in bottels verpak is en daar nie te veel dreigende velle, skelette en gedroogde karkasse rondhang nie. Veral die slangvelle is aardig. Lucky en die kruiedokters lag lekker vir my grillerigheid.

Baie van die winkels verkoop tradisionele drag en die winkeliers haal graag met groot trots foto-albums uit van uitgedosde klante. "Witmense koop ook van ons klere," vertel een winkelier en wys na 'n foto van 'n blonde meisie met tradisionele drag aan. Hier kry jy alles van helderkleurige skyf-orbelle tot heesvelrompe, kwassies om vlieë mee weg te jaag, gevlegte wol-stringe met krale wat sangomas om hulle kop dra, "headgear", skilde, sambokke, stokke en tromme.

Ondanks gerugte dat die Mai Mai 'n tradisionele "wapenfabriek" geword het, sien ons net stokke en skilde. Daar's g'n panga, spies of assegai in sig nie.

"BESIGHEID IS STADIG. Ons sukkel," som een winkelier almal se klagtes op. Die winkeltjies is maar almal stil.

Van die winkeliers is Swazi's, Sjangaans en Sotho's, maar die meeste is Zoeloes. Juis dáárom vermy veral Xhosa-mense die Mai Mai, vertel Colin Rantao, een van die opsigters vir die Johannesburgse Stadsraad, aan wie die Mai Mai behoort.

Hy sê sommige van die winkeliers se huurgeld is tot drie maande agterstallig omdat hulle dit eenvoudig nie meer kan bekostig nie. "Die meeste mense is bang om hierheen te kom. Hulle dink almal dis Inkatha-gebied dié en dat hulle doodgemaak gaan word."

'n Hele kolonie katte bewoon die Mai Mai. Sommige van hulle word glo geslag om tradisionele kopbande te maak.

"Is dié katvelle?" vra ek 'n winkelier. Op Zoeloe verduidelik hy aan Lucky watter soort velle dit is. 'n Grys vel lyk baie suspisies, maar die winkelier lag en sê dis nie 'n katvel nie, maar 'n aap s'n en ek voel bietjie soos een. Maar my agterdog gaan lê nie heeltemal nie.

DIE MAI MAI WORD oorwegend deur swartmense besoek wat na spesifieke tradisionele stukke of medisyne soek, maar dan is daar natuurlik die taxi-passassiers wat hier kom bier drink of hulle hare by een van die twee barbiers laat sny.

Dié winkels roep beelde uit ou rolprente op: niks fancy nie, 'n paar stoele, 'n spieël en drie haarknippers, mans wat rondsit en gesels met doeke om hul skouers. Sommige skeer hulself, ander word "gegroom" deur die barbier.

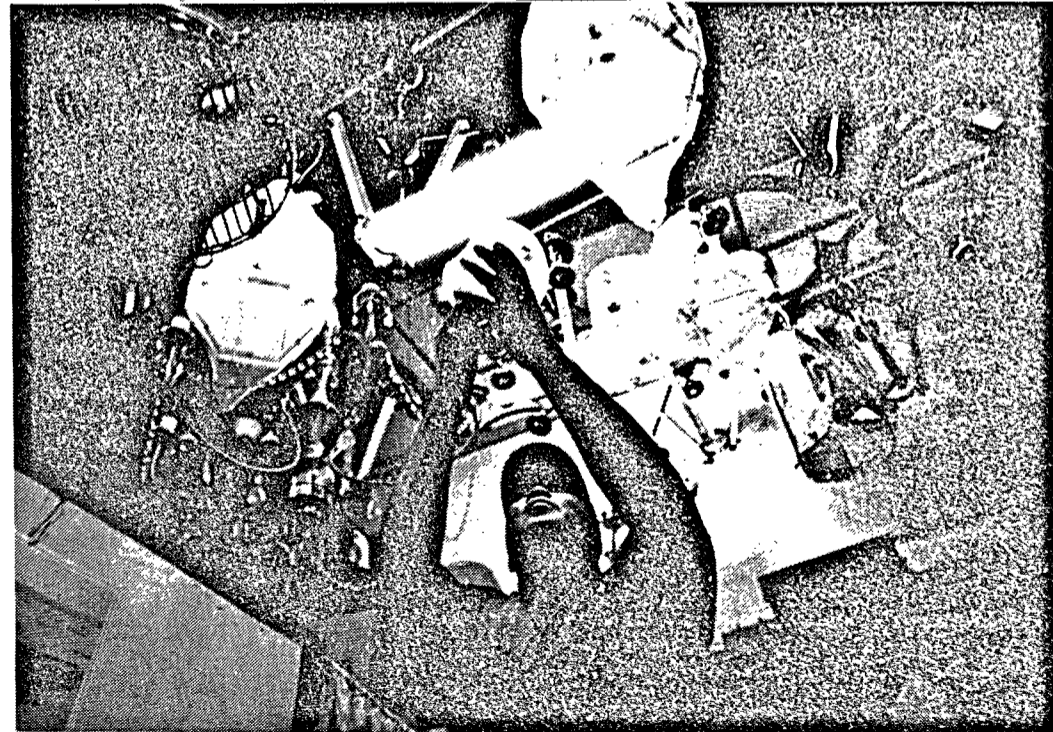
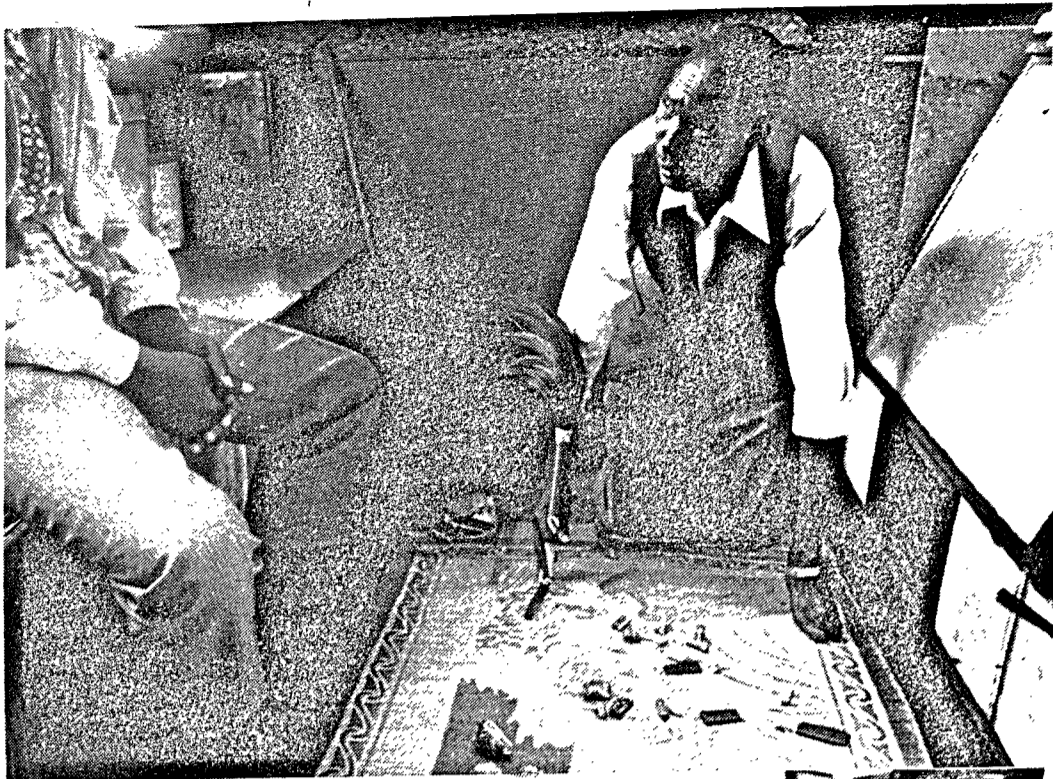
Die meubelmakers is half versteek aan die agterkant van die kompleks, maar hier ontdek 'n mens ongelooflike winskopies. Kombuis- of eetkamerstoele word kompleet met sitplek-oortreksel teen R40 verkoop.

'n Paar mans hamer groot kiste aanmekaar wat lyk soos outydse trousseaukiste. In 'n winkel om die draai, die "showroom", sien ons die finale produk: rooi en swart geverf, met oordrewe blinkgoue afwerkings. Die kiste het drie insetsels aan die voorkant - 'n voorstelling van Moeder Maria en die baba Jesus (soos dié wat op straathoeke verkoop word) met twee spieëls aan weerskante. Dié kiste is kitsch verby en, as 'n mens se humorsin dit toelaat, baie mooi. Ek het myself daar en dan voorgeneem om een te koop.

Dié kiste word in tradisionele troues gebruik en is 'n mengsel van die tradisionele lobola- en die Westerse bruidskat-tradisie. Die bruid se broer koop die kis en sy moet dit vul met haar klere en besittings, asook geskenke vir haar skoonfamilie - meestal komberse en gevlegde grasmatties.

DIE MAI MAI is nie 'n mark vir Westerse toeriste op soek na mooi aandenkings wat die donker kontinent meer toeganklik uitbeeld nie. Dit is 'n ware Afrika-mark, wat nie beteken die Westerse invloed is nie daar nie, dit is net geïntegreer. As jy op soek is na fraai beeldjies en maskers - soos dié waarvan die strate van Hillbrow deesdae letterlik oorloop - moet jy Mai Mai vermy.

Maar as jy dors is, of jou hare wil laat sny, of 'n trom soek om 'n vrugbaarheidsritueel mee uit voer, of 'n stoppie dagga, of miskien 'n stoel of 'n lobola-kis, of 'n tradisionele beesvel om om jou lyf te draai, dan is die Mai Mai die regte plek.



(Foto's: GRAEME WILLIAMS - Southlight)

HEEL BO: Steven Nzimande, een van die talle tradisionele dokters by Mai Mai, vertel aan 'n pasiënt wat die dolosse oor sy gesondheid te sê het

MIDDEL: Een van Mai Mai se twee barbiers.

BO: Mathews Sokhulu maak self die lampskerms en kandelare wat hy verkoop.

brolloks & bittergal



HENNIE SERFONTEIN

het sy oor op die grond

koos, jou bliksem!

NA Maandagaand se vertoning op Agenda is Koos van der Merwe Brolloks se Man van die Week.

Met sulke regses kan die res van Suid-Afrika mos besigheid praat.

Ferdi en Andries maak karikature van die Afrikaner. Hulle is rassisties en reaksionêr. Die KP het geen plan en geen visie nie, en lei Afrikaners in 'n doodloopstraat in. Die Afrikaner is nie 'n bekrompe, kleinlike en agterlike wese nie, hy/sy is 'n moderne mens wat met sy mede-Suid-Afrikaners en die res van die wêreld met trots wil saampraat. So sê Koos. En so 'n bek moet jêem kry.

Dit is jammer Koos kon dit nie oor sy hart kry om 'n groot genoeg sprong te maak om ook te aanvaar dat ons almal die land saam deel nie. Brolloks het Koos eendag by die swart tydskrif Tribute se gespreksforum sien optree, en weet hy het geen probleem om gemaklik met swartmense te kommunikeer nie. Maar nou ja.

Ten minste is Koos se voorstel vir 'n volkstaat een wat gerus by Kodesa ter tafel gelê kan word. Want, in sy eie woorde, voorvereistes daarvoor is geen rassisme of gedwonge verskuiwings nie.

Brolloks sal geld daarop sit dat dit die begin van die einde van die Ferdi's en Andriesse se "Wit Suid-Afrika"-pypdroom is. (Ferdi is so verkrampt jy kan met hom ploeg, sê Koos.) Die storie wat Brolloks van die KP-grassroots af hoor, is dat Koos Maandagaand die harte van tienduizende KP's gesteel het.

roelfie vir leier

SO STIL-STIL het daar 'n man in die Nasionale Party opgang gemaak, en toe Bittergal dié week sy oë uitvee, hoor hy dié man is nou die sterkste kandidaat om Transvaalse leier van die party te word - wat hom natuurlik een van die heel magtigstes in die party sal maak.

Sy naam is Meyer. Roelf Meyer.

Die ander kandidaat is glo Leon Wessels, maar daar is nog te veel verkramptes in die party vir sy progressiewe idees.

Maar dit is goed om te sien dat die Jong Turke van 'n jaar of vyf gelede nou die party begin oorvat.

dis nice, barend

DIE VREESLIKE lof wat nou skielik postuum aan Barend du Plessis toegeswaai word, laat Brolloks dink aan die storie van die twee swanger vroue wat in die kraaminrigting sit en wag om teater toe te gaan, 'n ryk vrou en 'n arm vrou.

Is dit jou eerste kind, vra die arm vrou. Nee, ek het al drie, sê die ryk vrou. Met my eerste het my man vir my 'n Mercedes sports gekoop. Dis nice, sê die arm vrou. Ja, sê die ryk vrou, en met my tweede het hy vir my 'n vakansiehuis aan die Suidkus gekoop. Haai, dis nice, sê die arm vrou. Hmm, sê die ryk vrou, en met die derde het hy vir my 'n wêreldreis gekoop. Sjoie, dis nice, sê die arm vrou.

En is dit jou eerste, vra die ryk vrou. Nee, sê die arm vrou, ek het al een. En wat het jou man vir jou gekoop met die eerste, vra die ryk vrou. Niks nie, sê die arm vrou, maar hy het my na 'n finishing school gestuur.

'n Finishing school, vra die ryk vrou. Nou watse soort geskenk is dit? Wat het jy daar geleer?

Wel, sê die arm vrou, hulle het my geleer om te sê "dis nice" pleks van "ag kak man".

stompies

VWB het heelwat reaksie gekry op die koerantplakkaat van 'n week of drie gelede wat gelui het "Die ANC kannie Winnie."

Maar Bittergal kan nou onthul dat daar eintlik 'n ander plakkaat was wat geskryf was, maar op die laaste oomblik in die belang van goeie smaak en sensitiwiteit afgekeur is.

Dit het gelees: "Nog Stompies in die Asvat?"

Ouch. En sies.

arme allan

DIE LIEWE Allan Boesak het nie net probleme met die vroue in sy lewe nie. Nou is hy ook in die knyp met sy party.

Die ANC-grootkoppe in Johannesburg is glo ontevrede met Boesak se Wes-Kaapse leierskap van die beweging omdat die ANC daar glo net agteruitgaan. Hy is, so hoor Brolloks, reeds daarvoor aangespreek.

'n Voorbeeld van hoe sterk hulle daarvoor voel, was toe die SAUK vroeg in Maart vir Boesak genader het om die dag met die referendum-uitslag op TV te verskyn om kommentaar te lewer. Toe die ANC in Johannesburg dit hoor, het hulle onmiddellik die SAUK gevra om die uitnodiging terug te trek, want hulle wou nie vir Boesak op TV hê nie.

Vasbyt, Allan.

egskeiding: 'n broertjie dood

WIMPIE DE KLERK, oud-redakteur en nou professor in die kommunikasiekunde aan die Randse Afrikaanse Universiteit, is toe die jongste slagoffer van die argaïese beleid van die Afrikaner Broederbond (AB) waarvolgens die lidmaatskap van 'n geskeide lid outomaties opgehef word.

In een van die onlangse maandelikse omsendbriewe is lede "met leedwese" in kennis gestel dat hy nie meer lid is nie.

FW de Klerk het probeer om die NP die 21e eeu binne te lei, maar die AB leef blykbaar nog in die Victoriaanse era van die 19e eeu. Wat verwag mens dan anders van 'n eksklusiewe wit organisasie wat nog steeds weier om vroue toe te laat?

bosch word onthou

WYLE DAVID BOSCH, teoloog van internasionale formaat, sal veral om een rede waarskynlik nooit vergeet word nie.

Bosch was een van die eerste jong predikante, nadat hy in die jare vyftig gepromoveer het, wat apartheid op teologiese gronde bevestig het. En hy was daarom nooit vir die geheime Afrikaner Broederbond aanvaarbaar nie.

Die prys vir sy verset teen apartheid betaal hy in die middel-sestigerjare. Hy word flagrant oor die hoof gesien vir die professoraat in sendingwetenskappe aan die teologiese fakulteit van die Universiteit van Pretoria, al was hy verreweg die besgekwalifiseerde kandidaat. Dis sekerlik nie verbasend dat die pos aan Carl Boshoff, 'n destydse opkomende "ster" in die Broederbond toegeken is nie - al het hy selfs geen doktorsgraad gehad nie. Want veral die AB-beheerde NGK sou in daardie jare die skoonseun van Verwoerd nie verwerp ten gunste van 'n anti-Broederbonder nie.

Bosch se lewe sou hy wy aan die opbou van die teologiese fakulteit van Unisa, 'n fakulteit wat vry was van Broederbond-oorheersing.

Hy is maar een van die AB se slagoffers deur die jare, 'n voorbeeld van 'n uitnemende Afrikaner van integriteit wat aan bande gelê moes word omdat hy nie 'n klakkelose naprater was nie.

viljoen en die broeders

DIE algemene siening is gewoonlik dat Gerrit Viljoen, minister van Grondwetlike Sake en oud-AB-voorsitter, 'n uiters noue vertrouensalliansie het met Pieter de Lange, die huidige AB-voorsitter. Die rede vir die stelling is blykbaar dat De Lange vir Viljoen opgevolg het as rektor van die RAU en later ook AB-voorsitter geword het toe hy Carel Boshoff, Viljoen se opvolger, opgevolg het.

Maar in der waarheid is die werklikheid ietwat anders. Dis bekend dat Viljoen krities is oor die AB se onvermoë om hom tot dusver by snel veranderende omstandighede aan te pas.

So het hy reeds in Oktober 1990 openlik aan die Kaapse NP-kongres gesê hy maan dat die AB "'n werklike probleem met sy eksklusiewe lidmaatskap het".

'n AB-bron sê ook dit is betekenisvol dat Viljoen by daardie geleentheid, na aanleiding van bespiegeling oor AB-planne, gesê het dat die "NP nie vir die AB moet wag om met voorstelle te kom nie. Die NP as 'n party moet begin om die leiding met nuwe planne te neem en om self aksies te onderneem."

Trouens, ek verstaan dat die AB se grondwetlike planne wat destyds uitgeleek het in die eerste instansie nie van die AB self afkomstig was nie, maar deur nie-AB-lede en oud-akademici in Viljoen se kantoor opgestel is en sodoende die weg na die AB gevind het.

volkstaat nie meer 'n grap

TOT HEEL onlangs nog is daar hardop gelag as van voorstelle vir 'n volkstaat gepraat word. Dit is om praktiese, ekonomiese en ander redes as 'n vergesogte droom beskryf.

Maar rondom die konsep van 'n volkstaat is daar nou in kringe van die ANC tot by die NP 'n herwaardering. Dit beteken nie dat daar in dié gelede nou geglo word dat die idee ernstig opgeneem moet word nie. Daar is 'n groeiende besef dat dit dwaas sou wees om nie die opregtheid van die ondersteuners daarvan ernstig op te neem nie. Hulle moet die volle geleentheid gebied word om hul saak by Kodesa te stel, want dit sou futiel en gevaarlik wees om dié mense, van wie baie nee gestem het, die gevoel te laat kry dat daar geen grondwetlike opsies vir hulle oor is nie.

Die besprekings Saterdag op die Tukkies-kampus oor die volkstaat is 'n manifestasie van die nuwe benadering. Mense soos Mac Maharaj van die ANC, Tertius Delport, adjunk-minister van Grondwetlike Ontwikkeling, en Carel Boshoff gaan dit toespreek.

R2 00 (VAT INCLUDED)

TWO ONE

SOUTH AFRICA'S FIRST JAZZ MAGAZINE

“auntie dotty”

Dollar: the jazz-doctor

Interviews

Rene MacLean,
Dorothy Masuka,
Jack van Poll and
Safari Sound Band
from Kenya

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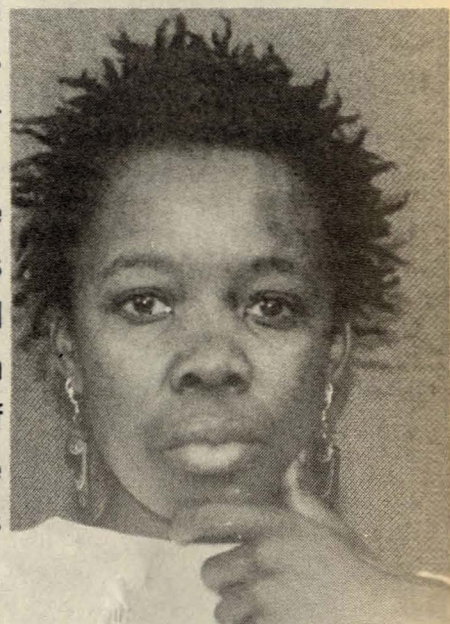
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Two Tone has, in the last four issues, tried to look at the state of jazz in this country. We picked as many brains as possible, young and old - male and female and nothing seems to have changed much, over the years, according to the views expressed to us. Musicians are still not making money, advertisers and the corporate world still believe jazz does not sell and does not have an audience in this country. In this issue Two Tone speaks to people in the recording industry to hear their opinion.

Hopefully a look on the positive side will help change things. While the moaning and pointing of fingers is going on, there are attempts to create an awareness and lift the standard of jazz in this country. For some reason or other, if you listen to your radio, quite a number of commercials use jazz music in the background and more restaurants are using jazz bands now for Sunday lunches than ever before.



I'M SMILING all the way to my sound system as a whole lot of jazz musos are either in the studio or have just finished "getting it down for good". There are also re-releases of archaic material from the '50s. Now isn't that a pleasure? One will not only depend on live gigs, but will also have the opportunity of listening to one's favourite (local) music in the comfort of your own home. That will be a refreshing change, as you previously depended on places like Kippies to get a localised injection for the soul.

Actually, this is not all I am smiling about. There is also talk about a 24-hour jazz radio station in the PWV area, on FM nogal! Now that's something. It would be interesting to find out more details about that. More interesting for me, though, is to find out how many of us would listen throughout the day? It would be nice to hear from you on this one.

More exciting news is that now you can subscribe to Two Tone. Apart from the convenience of a copy being delivered on your doorstep, you also have the opportunity of accumulating a great jazz collection from our give-aways. Should you have missed some of our back-copies - now is the time to get them as we have a limited number.

Happy reading!

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T W O T O N E

blue^{note}

compiled by tebogo alexander

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Is there a cure for it?

I admit
I am hooked.
Hopelessly, motherlessly addicted.
My mind and body crave it.
I plan, conspire, plot and scheme to get more and more of it.
I cannot imagine life without it.
I lust after it.
It is passion, sweetness, love and pain.
It assuages my loneliness, gives me comfort, solace and peace.
It talks to me, tells me stories, recites poetry.
It makes me want to dance.
It sets me free.
It takes me on journeys to wild and exotic places.
It makes me frantic with joy.
It teaches me rhythm and harmony and how to survive.
It reminds me to improvise, to add style, to be always fresh and creative.
It has a big heart, dispensing lavishly its charms and wiles.
It is self sufficient.
Nothing can destroy it - no political, religious or social dogma can touch it.
It is a rich impenetrable fortress chronicling the times,
Living on and on forever.
It is a genius
Bedevilling the capricious masters of war and money.
It makes me laugh a deep belly laugh.
It is always there for me.
I will never leave it.
Only death can do us part.
And when I die, I want it to hover about me in my last passage -
To serenade me to the great beyond
It is my blackness - my pride.
IT IS JAZZ - and if there is a cure for it, I don't want it.

HATIM

MARK MURPHY HERE?: Plans are underway to have American jazz pianist and vocalist, Mark Murphy, to work on a vocal summit this July in South Africa.

For further details, read the Jack van Poll story (page 6).

JAM SESSION: By the first weekend of Sibongile Khumalo's performance at Kippie's word had gotten 'round fast. Come Saturday night, the place was buzzing. First to join her was trumpeter Brian Thusi scattling, this time, in what could be the Louis Armstrong-tone. She then called on Belgian pianist Jack van Poll to do 'Come With Me' and 'Willow' - that's when Thusi pumped his trumpet and hornman Rene MacLean joined in to set the house on fire. It was Bongie's and Rene's first experience on stage together and boy, did they enjoy it? What a night and what a performance! It can only happen at Kippie's.

SAMA ELECTIONS: At Sama's first annual general meeting since its formation, the membership, in a moment of leniency, gave the body's executive time to get its house in order. This is before they get called again in July to elect, another first, a new executive, if they so wish. The present executive includes Victor Ntoni, Rashid Lanie, Jenny Fergusson, Condry Ziqubu, Ray Phiri among others. Another executive, Johnny Clegg, is believed to want out of Sama as he is now member of the British musicians union.

ON THE RECORD: Leading Zone, are among numerous jazz outfits going into the studio for recording this July, after a hectic touring schedule which includes Uganda with Miriam Makeba. Also recording are Rene MacLean; his Durban-based countryman Chris Merz with his Natal University band - Jazz Counterculture. Jack van Poll has just completed his first South African recording with Roots records and we can expect to hear a Morris Goldberg/Pops Mohammed album soon from SMG. In the last issue of Two Tone we mentioned that Mike Makhalemela would be in the studio soon - well, he is and guess what? Hotep 'Idris' Galeta has been invited to add his piano on this recording. Sounds great already to me!

MUSIC RESEARCH: The Federated Union of Black Artists has developed a research unit, focusing on the South African arts. The idea of this unit, launched mid-year '91, is intended to provide an Afrocentric content for the community arts centre's curriculum. Researchers working in the unit include musicians Sibongile Khumalo (researching choral music) and Nomsa Molobya (contemporary).

McGREGOR BIOGRAPHY: Maxine McGregor, the France-based wife of the late Transkei-born pianist/composer Chris is in the process of writing a book on Chris and the band that he left South Africa with, Blue Notes. Should the book get published, it will relieve the drought of jazz literature in this country. According to Tony McGregor, Maxine was the Blue Notes' manager for a while, and is writing more out of "reminiscence" of those old days. Watch this space for the release date.

LOUIS MOHOLO HOME: Still on The Blue Notes, the quintet's former drummer Louis Moholo, now based in Europe was recently in the country on a flying visit. Although he'd primarily come to visit his aging mother, Moholo told Two Tone that he had also come to "check the scene" as he was considering bringing his ensemble, Viva la Black, to the country towards the end of the year. Moholo is the last surviving member of The Blue Notes which featured Chris McGregor (piano), Johnny Dyani (bass), Mongezi Feza (trumpet) and Dudu Pukwana (sax). The quintet left for London in the mid-Sixties, and later became the powerful South Africa ensemble that rocked Europe for the past two and a half decades - Brotherhood of Breath.

FUBA VOICES FOR CANADA?: Following news of Natal University's NU Connection, Federated Union of Black Artists student band, Fuba Voices, have been invited for the 1992 International Kathaumix Choral festival in Canada - all depending on whether they can raise travel expenses in time for the June event. Sophie Mngcina, who together with Sibongile Khumalo will accompany the students, said the trip includes a tour of key Canadian towns, before dashing off to catch the Sheffield Festival in London later that month. Fund-raising concerts are on the cards, all donations can be referred to Mngcina at Fuba, (011) 834 7125.

UMBONGO: Formed to pay tribute to the music of Victor Ndizilwana, Umbongo came into the scene with a memorable performance at Kippie's and went on to win the R25 000 first prize in the Gilbey's Music for Africa. Now a year later, the band is still around and sort of semi-active, though only the core comprising OF bassist Glen Mafoko and hornmen Prince Lengoase and Vivian

WITS BIG BAND: The introduction of a Light Music course at the beginning of the year has enabled the University of the Witwatersrand to form a big band reminiscent of the Swing era. Running this new course is former Blood, Sweat & Tears hornman Bruce Cassidy. Interested musicians may attend rehearsals on a Monday evening at Room 20 at the School of Music on the campus.

DEAR SHADO

This song was written when I learned of Kippie's death. It has gathered dust ever since.

Your recent article on Kippies at the Market prompted me to dust it off. Please publish it as a tribute not only to Kippie but also to all the African jazzists who have entertained me since my early teens in the fifties.

If anyone out there thinks a tune can be put to this as a token to commemorate Kippie's death (10 years next year) he or she is most welcome to contact me at tel: (011) 837-1851 a/h.

A D VAN RENSBURG (VREDEDORP)

SONG FOR KIPPIE (On learning of his death)

Your city isn't dead
yet
No No No No
your city isn't dead
yet
late at night
or early morn'
whichever way you want it
your city isn't dead
yet.

Cars are making love
to tarmac streets
with squealing tyres
late night hoppers
shop for tricks
in illegal haunts

No No No No
your city isn't dead
yet

late at night
or early morn
whichever way you want it
your city isn't dead
yet

Your sax still hovers
'round neon lights
shady deals in parks
calls in the dawn
dispelling blues
of wintry nights

No No No No
your city isn't dead
yet
late at night
or early morn
whichever way you want it
your city isn't dead
yet

'ROUND MIDNIGHT

If you have a listing for 'Round Midnite, your national live jazz guide, call in with your details at (011 836-2151) - or fax (011 838-5901) as soon as confirmed.

JOHANNESBURG

Sibongile Khumalo: Bongie has been performing at Kippie's for the past few weeks, but for those who haven't been, do so before the 3rd of May. Bongie is backed by Themba Khoza (g), Victor Masondo (b), Siphon Mshali (drums) and Paul Hamner (p). Entrance on weekdays is R10 and weekends R12. For more information call Anna Mabisela on (011) 832-1641.

Jennifer Ferguson: Before jetting off to Australia where her latest album will be released, catch this lady in concert at the Black Sun from 5th of May for one week only. Concert starts at 22:00. (011) 487-1494/5

No Place to Hide - The Duo: Estelle Kokot & John Rautenbach are doing a first for jazz in this country. Watch them perform a double-bass and voice concert every Friday and Saturday night at the Black Sun starting at midnight. Entrance is FREE, so go along and enjoy. Enquiries (011) 487-1494.

George Lee: After a successful run at the jazz hot-spot Kippies, internationally-acclaimed George Lee and his band, Anansi, have performed at a number of venues in and out of town. Their recent performance being at NuWorld (Shareworld) for the Contemporary Jazz Collector's afternoon. Now, you can enjoy

their performances every Friday at the Angus Steak Ranch on Jeppe street. Anansi 1992 has local musicians Carlton Malete on drums, Jacob Bodibe on bass and Timmy Selota on guitar.

Safari Sound Band: Arthur Goldstuck, in the January '92 edition of Billboard Magazine described this band as "the hottest commercial prospect in East Africa". You have the opportunity to hear them perform their "chakacha" sounds from Kenya at Cafe do Sol throughout the month of May. For further details call (011) 725-2194/ 290620.

DURBAN

Bayethe: This afro-jazz outfit is taking their music to the coast. Go along and 'toyi-toyi' to their hit-song "Zabalaza" at the Rainbow on the 1st and 3rd of May. If you miss them there, then you can join them at Le

Plaza on the 2nd of May.

CAPE TOWN

A Rosie's Exclusive: One of Cape Town's top pianist returns home for a limited series of concerts at Rosie's And All That Jazz. Entertainer from the Garden Court - Mmabatho Sun, EBRAHIM (CHRIS) SCHILDER, will whet the diner's appetite with his special blend of melodies. Schilder has worked with many well-known artists such as Adam Wade, Ray Charles, John Paul Young, Brook Benton, Frankie Vaughn and Selena Jones. See him on April 30th and May 5th, 6th and 7th for solo-performances. On May 3rd he will perform with Winston 'Mankunku' Ngozi.

Also at Rosie's during week-days you can listen to Horizon featuring the dynamic Dezi Anders on saxophone and vocals; 2-Express with Zane Adams and the jazz-fusion band Fast Lane.

mapp's firmly on the music map

Musicians that might never have become musicians are starting to emerge in Cape Town ... thanks to the two-year-old Mapp Jazz Academy in Cape Town. **BONGI 'TEBOGO' NALEDI** visits the academy that puts a music education within reach of the Western Cape's township youth



Mapp's second-year students ensemble. (Pic: Rashid Lombard)



Duke Ngcukana. (Pic: Rashid Lombard)

CAPETOWN'S Mapp (Music Action for People's Power) Jazz Academy produced the first batch of graduates from its two-year diploma course in mid-March.

Mapp started its life as a grassroots cultural organisation involving jazz talents like Robbie Jansen, the many-branched Ngcukana family and music photographer Rashid Lombard. And among Mapp's many ambitions was to provide music schooling for the Western Cape's township youth. But there were no classrooms, no instruments, no resources...

What there was, was the Joseph Stone Auditorium. The Joseph Stone, on Klipfontein Road, Athlone, officially "belonged" to the Eoan Group - in the 1930s, when it was founded, South Africa's only opera group. But Eoan was funded by the apartheid state as an exclusively "coloured" operation - effectively this meant that the only theatre within reach of black Capetonians was closed to them. And, not surprisingly, politically aware audiences stayed away, until the boycott had cut its audiences to an uneconomic handful.

But in late 1989, Eoan reached an agreement with Mapp and broke away from state patronage. The theatre and its network of rehearsal and music rooms were available for the people - and in 1990, the Mapp Academy was born.

IT'S NO ORDINARY music school. It admits all comers, assessing them as they learn, rather than in advance - very necessary, when most black aspirants will have had no chance of music tuition before they hit

Mapp's portals. Formally admitted full-time students - whose numbers are determined by the classroom space and teaching resources available - receive R200 a term in subsistence allowance. But many of them take a sizeable chunk of that in advance, to purchase an instrument.

The "squatters" - who haven't made it on to the lists, but are determined to attend anyway - get no such allowances. A few instruments are available on loan, but leaners using these have to rehearse on the school premises.

Musical co-ordinator Duke Ngcukana presides over a staff comprising professional musicians like brass player Paul du Preez, bassist Spencer Mbadu, visiting Netherlands pianist Fred Kuit and others, including UCT music degree students. And there are frequent workshops presented by other visiting musicians, including returned exiles like Hugh Masekela and Morris Goldberg and regional musicians like members of Zimbabwe's Southern Freeway.

But there still aren't enough classrooms, teachers or resources to cope with the demand for music education from the region's young people.

"It's impossible," says Ngcukana, "to do justice to all the talent out there with the resources we have."

MAPP'S IMMEDIATE GOAL when it opened was simply to expose the community to music. "In free countries," Ngcukana says, "music and art are part of the school curriculum. In this way, young people are

exposed to art and can listen to music in an intelligent manner. In South Africa, children, especially township kids, are not exposed to this and are hammered with disco and TV."

Now Mapp is well into its medium-term objective: to prepare its students as professional performers. Mapp student ensembles have gigged at local clubs and events and have been well-reviewed.

And although jazz is the main strand in the tuition, it's not seen as an exclusive theme. Through their interest in jazz, students are introduced to music theory which they can apply across a wide range of musics. Traditional music, and in particular marimba classes are very popular. Mapp broke new ground by introducing audiences to a musical form which Ngcukana dubbed *chorimba*, in which he combined the resources of the Mapp marimba ensemble, jazz performers, and the Langa Adult Choir.

This involved marimba players having to take on board the Western harmonies and styles which have shaped much choral music. But Ngcukana doesn't see *chorimba* as a one-way merger. "We hope to tour other African countries to learn to use African music in a more creative way. Our main objective is that African music should be concert music and not be seen as only incidental. People should sit down and listen to it".

Mapp runs a outreach programme which takes teachers and music students out to teach instrumental skills to township children on Saturday mornings. The organi-

sation has also given pianos to a number of township schools and has taken part in a large number of community fundraising events. And the fundraising also goes both ways - last October, British rock group U2 announced that 50 per cent of royalties from their record sales in South Africa would be donated to Mapp, with the other 50 per cent going to Sama.

Mapp's long-term goal is to establish a course which will be accepted as university entrance qualification for training in music. Individual students have already used Mapp as a stepping-stone to university, but in general "because music isn't offered as a subject in the black school system, no-one has the skills to study further," says Ngcukana. "In 1991, the University of the Western Cape had only one black student in its music department. So there's a great need."

The two-year jazz curriculum devised by Fred Kuit, with its first-year emphasis on theory and technique, and its second year of intensive ensemble performance, looks like a giant step down the road to that goal. Although resources are still short, and Joseph Stone's space is now crammed to bursting-point with aspirant musicians, their teachers and their gear, the spirit to expand and progress is strong.

Cape jazzmen have already stirred the soul of the country without the benefit of institutions like Mapp: *Mannenbergh*, *Mankunku*, the list could fill a page. With a school now geared to net and bring up all that talent into the daylight, there's no saying what fresh heights the region's culture will now reach.



Rene MacLean
(Pic: RALPH COUDYZER)

gathering the family

There's light at the end of the recording industry tunnel, writes **TEBOGO ALEXANDER** after speaking to hornman Rene MacLean about his new production company and its first upcoming recording

A CLOUD OF DEPRESSION hangs over the the local recording industry, or so one is led to believe. But overshadowing this despondent atmosphere are low key developments that, collectively, could have far-reaching effects on the future of South African creative music and more specifically, jazz.

One such positive development is the formation of a production company by hornman Rene MacLean and Los Angeles producer KD Kagel - presently in the country working on the first album to be released by the company.

"As a result of the cultural boycott and other related factors, South African musicians are very group orientated," points out MacLean, initiator and former director of Bophuthatswana's Mmabana Cultural Centre jazz programme.

"Not that they intended to be so," adds Kagel, "as this has been more of a sort of unconscious internalisation."

Says MacLean: "Given the limited numbers of performance venues and scope for

marketing there's a need for artists to interact more across group lines between local musicians, and artists from outside the country who may be visiting in the near future."

The upcoming recording aims to achieve just this.

Says Kagel about the album: "The original plan was to use musicians working with Rene during his recent Kippies' gig. As the band was still tight from the gig, it was hoped that they'd spend just three days in the studio."

Unfortunately, this didn't happen as one musician quit on the first day.

According to Kagel, obviously bubbling over with excitement about the project, it has since turned out to be a sort of family gathering. He believes that by the end of the recording they will have used over 30 of the most talented musicians in the country.

Masakela, drummer Lulu Gontsana, pianists Rashid Lanie and Moss Molelekwa;

guitarists Bheki Khoza, Johnny Chonco, Lawrence Matshiza and Jimmy Dlodlu; bassists Victor Masondo and Bakithi Khumalo are just some of the artists used.

As yet unnamed, the project is co-produced by MacLean, Kagel, Hugh Masekela and Victor Ntoni - whose contribution Kagel says was "like God".

Kagel, with that typical, unrelenting American humour, says his production contribution "is pulling faces from the booth, which Rene can understand".

Two thirds of the album have been completed; work on it had to be halted due to time constraints. But work resumed just before Easter. On completion, it will be mixed in the US.

Arriving here for the first time this March, KD - as Kagel often introduces himself - is in South Africa specifically to work on the recording. He says the production company was formed to introduce areas of South African music to the international market, as well as distributing locally.

"The aim is to make productions of an international quality," he says, explaining that "the Western market is very sophisticated in terms of quality. Its quality is very developed, for good or for worse. Music has to be heard at a certain level, otherwise they will not listen."

Kagel tells of an incident in a rural area in India some years back, when he heard traditional music previously untouched by Western influences. His mind was "blown" by the chants he heard. And the lesson? "On another level this is still happening here."

Some four years ago Kagel started a company, Living Proof Records, specifically to record "the older generation of jazz musicians who no longer have a say". He has since worked with American giants like Freddie Redd, Billy Higgins, the Brecker Brothers, Richie Beirach and George Coleman.

The label he releases under is called Triloka which means three worlds, he explains, those worlds being The Masters (or Living Proof) Series; The Inheritance Series for the next generation of musicians following - bebop, and finally the One World Music Series - this project, which he calls "a joyful synthesis, a meeting of different musics".

EXPLAINING THE IMPORTANCE of making the album here as opposed to New York, MacLean says he would not have got the same feeling musically, not to mention that his relationship with local musicians has made him want to try and expose their talent.

"Exiles, and visiting musicians mustn't arrive here with any expectations of the scene resembling the one they come from, largely because of South Africa's isolation. They must be sensitive to the people around them, the local musicians, if they want to get the best out them," he cautions.

It is for this reason, adds Kagel, that this record must not be judged as anything but a South African record.

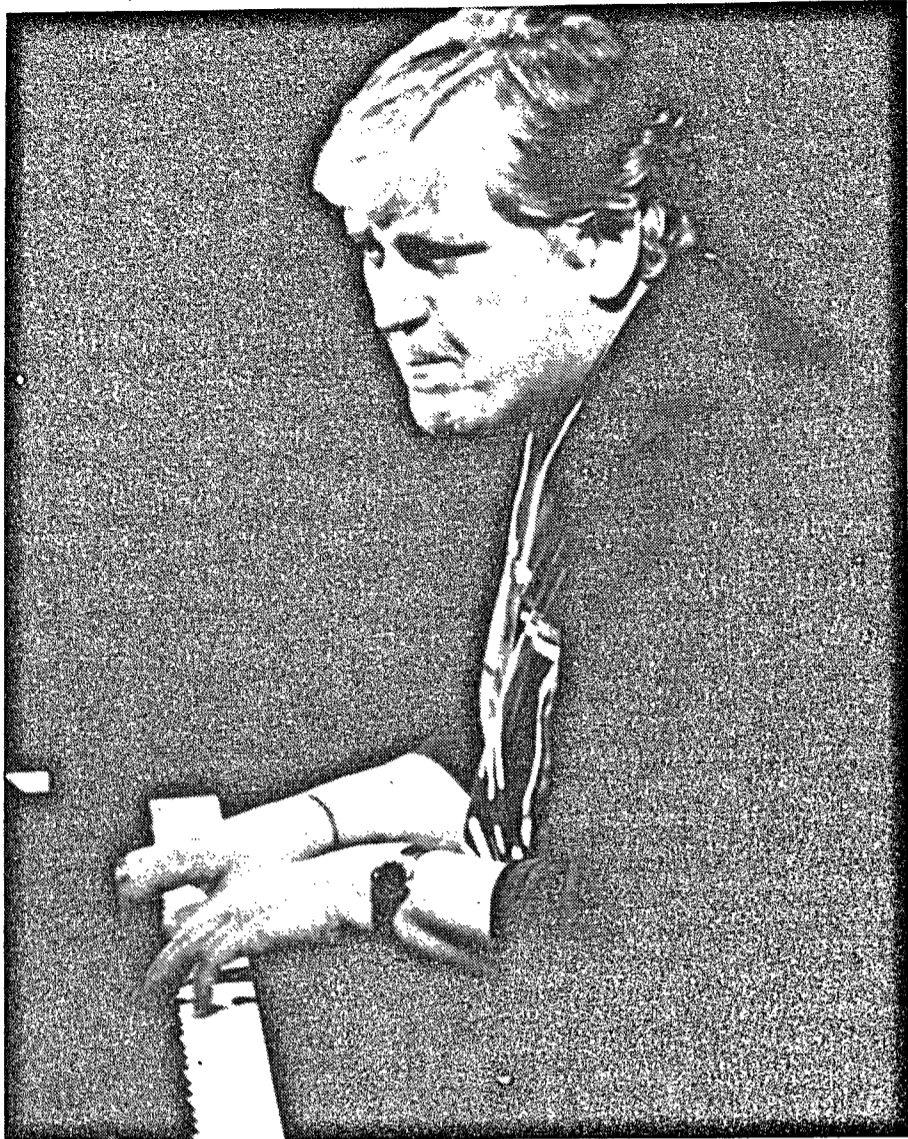
"If you're talking jazz in this country, the repertoire which exists is that which younger musicians inherited from the musicians of the 'Fifties," MacLean observes. "There needs to be a lot more creative energy from these younger musicians. Energy-wise, musicians can become very complacent. Artists have to challenge themselves, try to outdo themselves."

The objective of the company is to provide this creative outlet for local artists, says MacLean, whose relationship with the region began eight years ago with a Lesotho performance with Masekela and Miriam Makeba.

An outstanding musician in his own right, MacLean left the Mmabana Cultural Centre two years ago to work on Rights of Passage, with his father, Jackie MacLean. The album also features local pianist Idris Hotep Galeta.

Commenting on his departure from Mmabana, MacLean says what he's doing now is no different from what he was doing there.

"I'm committed to my music, and to that of others. This country has become my second home. It is part of my life, and I'm not here as a visitor."



a feeling for the groove

If you want to be an international music star, keep returning to the roots - or you'll end up going too far out, says Belgian pianist Jack van Poll. **TEBOGO ALEXANDER** interviews him

SOUTH AFRICAN jazz vocalists may finally get the international attention they deserve if negotiations for a "vocal summit" in July featuring American jazz vocalist/pianist Mark Murphy succeed, says Belgian pianist Jack van Poll.

Speaking to *Two Tone* from Bryanston's Leading Edge recording studios just before completing a recording, van Poll said the proposed event would "feature ten of the best jazz vocalists, irrespective of colour".

Discussions are currently underway between van Poll's agent, Studio V, and

the South African Musician's Alliance to bring Murphy to this country in July for the "voice summit".

Murphy will arrive without a band and the main component of the "summit" will be a big workshop. At this stage no details are available, as "there are still other people with whom we have to negotiate". Van Poll has already met with Wally Serote, the African National Congress' cultural representative.

"Already, there's an incredible amount of interest from the (local) industry, who are likely to sponsor the whole event," he

said. Van Poll returned to South Africa early this month to complete the recording project he had begun in March. Half of the proceeds will go to Sama.

"There's a lot of talent in this country, and this talent has to be given the opportunity to develop," he says. "It's good that things are opening up for this country, but unfortunately there are not enough opportunities, nor venues for this talent. For these artists to grow, they need instruments and venues."

WHO WOULD KNOW better about this talent than van Poll, who first arrived in the country way back in '54, as a 20-year-old, to visit his mother who lived in Pretoria.

One day, after being heard by a worker in the yard, he says, "the guy came up to me and said: 'Baas, you must come with me tonight.'" That night saw the start to van Poll's initiation into a township jazz scene he will always hold dear in his memory.

Recalling those jam sessions, he says: "There was not much one could do on Sundays in those days, except maybe go to the NGK church. So I started spending my afternoons in the township. It was the only place I could go to - it was happening."

He recalls jamming with Kippie Moeketsi in Alexandra and Soweto, and a number of times with Mankunku Ngozi.

Van Poll visited South Africa again in 1960, "just before Miriam Makeba left for London".

HIS RESPECT for South African jazz goes beyond his long relationship with the country: he digs the similarities in attitude towards jazz history. "I started listening to the Birds (Parker) of bebop. The Charlie Parkers and Dizzy Gillespies were my first experience. This was back in '45," says van Poll, who boasts that he can play all bebop tunes.

"I'm a straight-ahead bebop man," he says. He's not interested in other forms: like "this fusion thing of guys like Chick Corea and Herbie Hancock".

He holds similar views about ragtime and Dixieland: "I don't believe in guys playing this so-called jazz. They are clowns."

"The roots of jazz lie in bebop. If a musician wants to be an international musician, he must keep going back to the roots - or he'll end up going too far out.

"And the funny thing with South African musicians is, they never started with Dixieland, but with modern jazz, with bebop," he notes with admiration.

When he became professional, after selling the Royal Van Poll company seven years ago, he started working with the Lionel Hampton Big Band. These recent years have allowed him to explore and concentrate on his musical career.

He has since played with many musicians, including DeeDee Bridgewater, with whom he toured New York, France, Italy and Switzerland. Most recently he toured with Oliver Jackson at the JVC Jazz festival. He has also worked with the late tenor saxman Arnett Cobb, Clark Terry, Ben Webster, Johnny Griffin and Gillespie himself.

"**YOU MAY NOTICE** I've mentioned only black

artists. And it's not because you're here but I've this natural feeling for the groove. My best compliment came from Dizzy, who after hearing me at a New York festival, said: 'I had to look twice to see if you're black or white. Man, you got the groove.'

"I won't say every black musician has the groove - because Sidney Poitier can't dance."

Van Poll refuses to play what he calls white jazz, like that played by Bill Evans.

He found himself unable to record on his own Belgium-based label, September, because "I was also the producer, and I would sometimes fill in on piano" - so much so he now refuses to play on his own label, which has 12 albums from world-acclaimed jazz acts, among them Barry Harris.

Since he first met a South African contingent - comprising *Two Tone's* Shado Twala, jazz writer Don Albert and vocalist Estelle Kokot - in Belgium on a jazz tour, he has expressed interest in playing and recording here.

Along with international performances in this country, Jack van Poll held a workshop at Cape Town's Music Action for People's Power (Mapp) run by Duke Ngcukana of the horn-playing Cape family, for whom he has nothing but high praise. "I was very, very impressed with what Duke was doing in that neighbourhood."

SO IMPRESSED is van Poll by Mapp that in planned upcoming trips to the country, he is considering hosting a two-week jazz clinic. He also intends to do something about the instrument shortage by bringing instruments, obtained from music sponsoring companies like Yamaha, for the institution.

In Johannesburg, a smaller workshop at Dorkay House was held.

Van Poll says Europe is the gateway for American musicians to come to South Africa because it is a cheaper route than flying direct from the United States.

"I play with many musicians and know their schedules. Being in Europe they can easily fly from anywhere to Johannesburg. I've been doing similar things for the Eastern Bloc countries who did not have Western currency to pay musicians with.

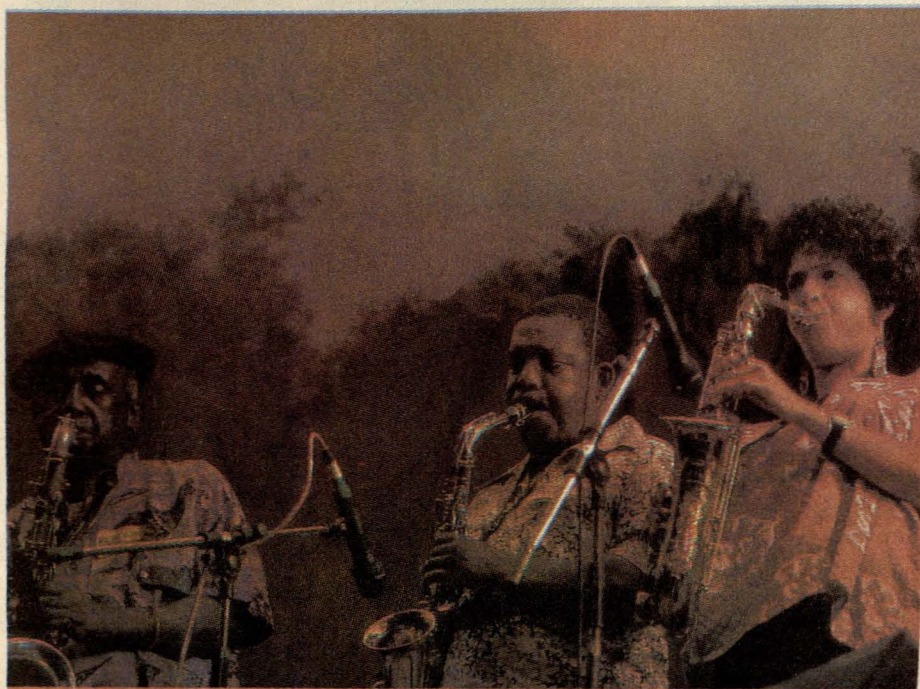
"To get people over here you have to pay them," he points out. "But include a stipulation that they do free clinics for which they'd normally charge. This should work - many musicians are aware of the standstill in the development of South African talent, so they won't mind. For instance, there must be a number of schools that could raise money for someone like Johnny Griffin to come as he charges something in the region of 2000 pounds."

And his impressions of the South African music scene? "I find Cape Town better. And I may be mistaken, but I think Mapp is one of the better organised musicians' institutions in this country, no? Maybe this is due to their monetary links with the EC and Scandinavian countries."

A number of things have impressed van Poll about this country. Among them is the wealth of good tenormen, and bass players. "Where are the white jazzmen? The one white musician I think you've got is (guitarist) Johnny Fourie."

it's time to jazz up the industry

Tried buying some local jazz lately? CHRIS VICK has - and found that getting your hands on anything indigenous and modern is a bit like looking for a left-handed saxophone.



A FEW years ago, some bright spark in the music industry coined the phrase "local is lekker". The slogan drove bubblegummers like Brenda Fassie and Chicco to the top. It helped Hotline and PJ Powers fill stadiums around the country, and even seemed to boost country and western singers, with their funny cowboy boots, fringes and stetsons.

Only one problem: no-one told the music industry that when it comes to local music, jazz is *also lekker*.

So for years, South African jazz musicians played for themselves and their small groups of dedicated followers. Old timers in spats, aunties in berets - people who knew the aisles at Kohinoor better than their own townships.

If you wanted jazz records in the 70s and 80s, it seemed, you had one choice: Head west, young man, to the music of the United States. And an entire generation of South Africans grew up on a diet of Coltrane, Monk and Marsalis.

SMALL MARKET

"The local jazz market is small. It's always been that way, and will probably stay that way," says Gallo Records' Beth Aronson, who handles major acts like the African Jazz Pioneers and the Elite Swingsters.

"Whenever a record company is approached about a jazz act, they have to ask the question: 'Is it going to sell?' And in most cases, the answer is no. The market is too small."

But how small is small? According to sources in the industry, jazz recordings account for between 5 and 8 per cent of national sales. That's only one in every 20 records sold. "Releasing local jazz is not easy," says Aronson. "Because it's a specialised market, and often quite elitist, you're not looking at huge sales. You're talking slow rotation."

Aronson cites the latest African Jazz Pioneers album, *Live at Montreaux*, as an example. Although the Pioneers are probably one of the biggest jazz acts in the country, and a huge hit in Europe, the album is hardly moving.

"But we look at our work with jazz acts as an investment," she says. "You spend money now, and see the rewards in three, four years' time."

Gallo has "invested" heavily in the Pioneers - paying for a recent trip to France, and helping to tie up a promotional trip to Japan while the Pioneers were in Australia.

"They really seem to be bending over backwards," says Pioneers trombonist Jasper Cooke. "It's different to what we're used to. Until recently, you couldn't expect much from record companies."

An example of this was the effort involved in clinching the deal for the Pioneers' debut album in 1990.

"Gallo needed a lot of persuasion," says Cooke. "If it wasn't for the drive and persuasiveness of key individuals who assisted the band, we might not have succeeded."

MARKETING'S THE KEY

If the local jazz market is small, are record companies doing enough to promote local acts and increase the size of the market?

Gallo's Aronson feels they are, but points out that the recession has done little for record sales.

"Things are really bleak," she says. "1991 was one of the worst years for the music industry. Even festivals have been affected - musicians who used to attract crowds of 20 000 to 30 000 now attract crowds of 1 000."

"Obviously this affects all forms of music, not just jazz. But the added problem with jazz is the 'niched' market. A lot of students like jazz, for example - but how

many of them can afford to buy records, tapes or CDs?"

And what do musicians think? Cooke says he has "no quarrel" with Gallo, "because I have nothing to measure them against."

"We get a lot of exposure, in local magazines and newspapers. The record company seem to know what they're doing. But it obviously works for them, too - the more we sell, the more money they make. Whenever local record companies think they're going to get good sales, they get off their backsides."

"But think about this: when we were in Australia recently, a Japanese label set up photo sessions and a gig at a Japanese nightclub. We produced a strong video, really jacked up, and played to about 230 media people in Japan. The intention was obviously to make sure we were 'known'."

"All this is in preparation for our tour of Japan in August. Lots of promotional work. The Japanese company is confident of 100 000 sales - and obviously their effort pays off."

BLAME THE MUSOS, TOO

Cooke admits that record companies aren't the only ones responsible for the lack of local recorded jazz - musicians also have themselves to blame.

"We've lagged behind in getting organised, and dealing professionally with lawyers and record companies around contracts," he says.

"Some of the older musicians are sceptical of record companies. Musicians like Ntemi (Pillso, leader of Pioneers) feel they have been ripped off for the last 30 or 40 years. They've had problems with contracts, with recording rights ... all sorts of skulduggery. And that leaves a really shit taste in your mouth."

Added to this were the conditions under which jazz musicians had to perform in the past: Curfews in the 50s (and the Emergency years of the 80s), lack of venues, and no exposure on national radio or TV.

"It was particularly difficult for a band like ours, who had a political profile. We played in support of SWAPO and the ANC in 1989, long before De Klerk saw the light, and not everybody in the record industry takes kindly to that sort of thing."

"We also took a decision years ago not to appear on TV... the guys in the band said they would never play on SABC until (Nelson) Mandela was released."

"But it's also not enough to blame the record companies," he insists. "A lot of it is the fault of the government. They're the ones who introduced the curfews... you can't expect record companies to fight curfews."

WRONG SOUND

Robin Taylor of Roots Records also blames local musicians - but in his case, he says local bands are not playing the "right" music.

"We have a situation where the newer bands show a slight lack of direction," says Taylor. "They're not sure if they're playing an old or new style... I'm not sure they've found the right direction."

"We seem to be going through a funny stage. People seem to be trying to make music for the overseas market rather than playing what they feel."

While local musicians work at developing the "right" sound for Roots, the company is going ahead with a rather controversial project of its own - recording two albums by Belgian pianist Jack van Poll, who recently visited South Africa.

"I'm a great admirer of Jack, and know him socially," says Taylor. "He asked if we'd be interested in recording, and we agreed. He's a fine pianist."

Taylor concedes that Van Poll is little-known in South Africa, but says the albums are aimed at the overseas market.

"We're confident it will sell well overseas. But I also think Jack is planning to come back to South Africa more and more, and will probably build up a following here."

Is Taylor worried about resentment from local musicians, who might be angered by a South African company recording a Belgian artist's work for sale internationally? "We have recorded local acts... we haven't done a hell of a lot recently, but that's because the direction is lacking," he says.

"I wonder where local jazz is going... we've got to find the direction. Abdullah Ibrahim did that, as early as 1973, and he's gone far."

THE ROAD AHEAD

With attitudes like these, what does the future hold for local music?

There is new blood emerging from university campuses and township backyards. Live jazz seems to be on the up, with inner-city clubs thriving in Johannesburg, Durban and Cape Town; exiles like Hugh Masekela and Abdullah Ibrahim have come home; and we have gifted foreign jazz musicians like Rene McLean, Chris Merz and George Lee putting down roots here.

One of the challenges now is to get the broadest range of their music on record, and to distribute it as widely as possible. Because musicians can play as many gigs as they like - but it will be the recorded sounds that get into people's homes, on the radio and on TV, and stay there to be heard by others.

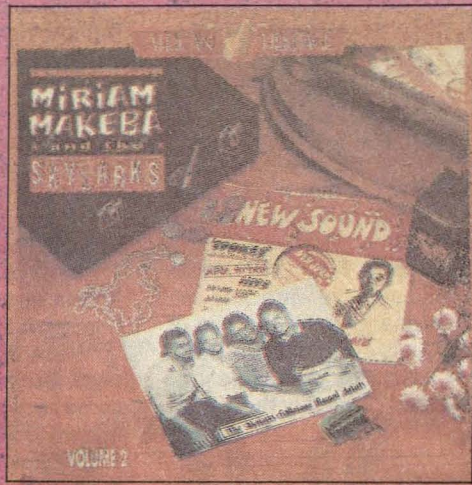
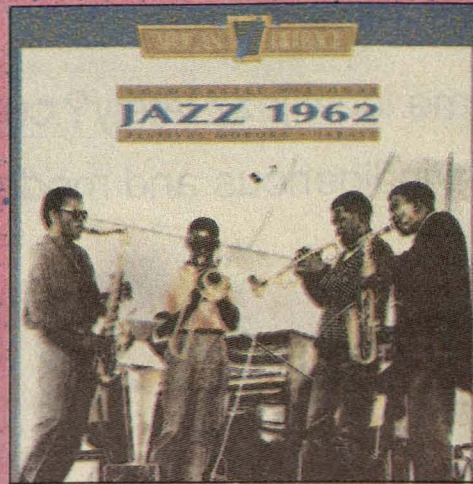
"We probably need to re-educate people about jazz," says Gallo's Aronson. "We need to break down some of the elitism that exists."

"At the same time we need to get over the notion that local music is inferior. The whole world has recognised the depth of our talent. People like Mahlatini sell incredibly well overseas. But at home, people look down their noses."

"More than anything, we need to get over the notion that local isn't lekker. Because it is."

AFRICAN HERITAGE

SERIES



AVAILABLE NOW AT ALL TEAL RECORD OUTLETS



"auntie dotty"

by tebogo alexander

for one old lady of african song, jazz never dies, and will never die.

WITH a beaming smile and an easy laugh that is the essence of Dorothy Masuka's simplicity and earthiness.

"And I'm sure if there's any singing in heaven, it must be jazz."

Masuka, undoubtedly the first black singing star of the region, returned "home" a few weeks back for the first time in over 30 years.

"Auntie Dotty" as she is fondly called by many throughout the region, tells me

"Actually the name is Masuku. When I first recorded with Troubadour, they misspelt my name but it was too late to do anything. From then on I became a Masuka." DRESSED in a stylish but restrained dark two piece, she sat behind one of the many chipped desks that make up the furniture of Dorkay House. "There were a lot of people doing things in this town in those days, but I can't recall them all as I was still very young myself." But among the artists she does remember are the *Manhattan Brothers* and the *African Inkspots*. The association with Dorkay House started, for me, much later. Dorkay was for big stars like *amaBrothers*, and other heavy stuff. We came much later to do some shows."

TURNING to Queeneth Ndaba, the guardian of the ageing Dorkay House premises who was quietly sitting at her desk under a picture of a much younger Sophie Mngcina stretched out across a piano tinkled by the then Dollar Brand, she asks, "Which building did we used to sing in, Queenie? I think it was that one... Yes, it was the *Bantu Men's Social Centre*." But today she says she's highly impressed by Dorkay House. "I think even now people should really know what Dorkay is all about. This is really a place for black artists, and if that were more widely known, I think people would really come and patronise the place."

WHAT HAPPENED to Auntie Dot's name illustrates well how while the audience for her music may have been predominantly black, a lot depended on the tastes of the white-controlled recording industry, which could even have an impact on the written African word. For instance, if certain African words did not suit unskilled white tongues, they were often Anglicised.

A case in point is the term Pata-Pata - as Masuka's new album is called. The correct spelling of it is phata-phata, but whites would often pronounce the ph as an f - so the spelling was changed.

DOROTHY MASUKU WAS born in Bulawayo, Zimbabwe. Her name then was Dorothy Manyando, and much later guys at home started calling me Nontsokolo - this was something nice, something pretty. And that's where the song Nontsokolo came from." She doesn't mind admitting that the song is a piece of praise-singing for herself. She has a carefree style and way of talking, which conceals cleverly that she isn't telling you too much that's new or interesting. As she later confesses, she wants to keep the juicy bits for the autobiography she is working on. Her family link

with South Africa comes through her grandfather. "Ukhulu (my grandfather), who came from somewhere in Natal, came to kwaBulawayo as a warrior. He got a wife there, and so my mother was born. Of course, my mother and her siblings do not know their home. All they know is that they are Zulus from somewhere in Natal."

THE YOUNG Dorothy Masuka was sent to St Thomas' school in Johannesburg at the tender age of ten. And her influences? "I wouldn't say I was influenced as such, you know. It's an inborn thing. You get people who are influenced, who want to be like so and so, but in my case it was different," she said, struggling for the right words.

"It's very hard to explain this one, but you find yourself singing anything that is of interest to you. You sing and, of course, this is encouraged by other people."

Her singing did not start at St Thomas. "When you are a born singer, you sing from the time you start baby-talking, and izinto ezinjalo (things like that). According to my mother I hummed sounds when I was young. And when I was in my little senses, at the age of five, I really liked singing. And when people came home to visit they used to ask me to sing them a song, and I'd quickly jump up to sing for them

BUT IT WAS AT St Thomas that she became aware of the work of other singers. "America's Louis Armstrong, who was every young singer's idol

We used to copy abo Ella (Fitzgerald), abo Sarah (Vaughn) and abo Mahalia Jackson." Her recording career began when she was "discovered" by some people from the Polydor recording company. "I was just going to visit my auntie in Pimville, and there was this man, a Mr Stewart Cook. Now this was way back, in the early Fifties, somewhere around '51 and '52. I started doing our little thing, singing my little songs which they liked. I used to write these songs from the blue and the public caught on to them, and there it was."

Dorothy reminisces about the other female singing idols of her era; *Miriam Makeba*, *Nancy Jacobs*, *Dolly Rathebe*. "You see, Dolly was an actress. She was one of the people that first really opened the public's eyes to a black community full of acting and singing talent. Then people with money, and people who wanted to make money, began to be aware that they come and get this talent from the black community.

"This was the beginning of people like *Alfred Herbert* and his African Jazz and Varieties. Herbert was a Johannesburger. His mother was actress *Sarah Sylvia*

Here really is the man who broke the ice for every one of us, When I say us I mean people like me, Miriam and "Satchmo" (Ben Masinga). Because he brought us together, all these great singers, you know, and took us to the whiteman's theatres and night clubs where blacks were not allowed."

EVEN LETTA Mbulu, in an earlier interview,

attributed her stardom to Herbert. "In that group you'd find our Ellas, our Satchmos, the Nat King Coles and Bing Crosbys—all this in the African jazz show. It was a show that went all over the country, successfully, for many years. And that was when things like King Kong and other white-backed productions started hitting the road trying to ride on the success of African Jazz."

According to Masuka, African Jazz and Variety was the cause of the birth of Bertha Egnos' King Kong, which later found fame overseas and provided an escape route for black talent cramped by the oppression of apartheid.

"But didn't we pull the crowds!," she remembers. "We played the Selbourne Hall for two months and during that whole time there wasn't a single no empty seat." Realising what a goldmine he was sitting on, Herbert decided to take the show on tour. "We took the show to Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, Durban, Graaf Reinet — name a place, and we went there."

THE COMPANY travelled by train: a cast of more than 40 people with all their properties and costumes.

"Herbert could afford this as transport was really cheap. But besides that, he was paying people peanuts and none of us knew our rights about what artists should be getting. We were just happy that we were working and had a salary that would come every Saturday or so. But for me Herbert is the man, it doesn't matter whatever he did to whom — at least he brought me out of the ice and sold me to the world. Today I know three quarters of the world because of that man. Had he not come by I may still have been a servant in some white woman's kitchen."

AFRICAN JAZZ CALLED for Dot Masuka in 1963. "It was after a recording. Troubadour gave me the man's address. When I got there there was no need for rehearsal, I was on the show straight-away."

Miriam Makeba was also singing at that time, but she was not well-known because she was not in the Reef. "She was mostly in Pretoria. It was this particular day that I met her, I think I was with Joy Seneke. I was one of the first people to encourage her to join the African Jazz and Variety. Miriam and Mazi came and we became a family.

But really what I'm saying, African Jazz and Variety made a lot of people. Today people are stars and this all came from the African Jazz.

A lot of Jewish people who later became involved in show business in this town did not bother until this Herbert man came in, maybe because he had guts or maybe because his mother was in showbusiness and that gave him a great ear for music.

In fact, I'm here now and I'll truly visit his graveside just to be there. For me he is the man. Dead as he is, I still feel he is the man."

OTHER STARS of African Jazz were performers like Sonny Pillay whom Masuka described as "dynamic", Isaac Peter-



son, comedian Victor Mkhize and presenter Ben "Satch" Masinga. But Dorothy Masuka left the show — and the country — in 1960.

Why did she leave? "I didn't do anything wrong. I was just singing some messages to the people, and I suppose the messages were not what people wanted them to hear, so... And then they wouldn't give me a visa to return. It's a very long story which I want to reserve for my autobiography

But going to Zimbabwe again made me very happy because that was when I really discovered who I was. There was a time, for many years I was so deep into political songs - heavy stuff — chimurenga music. That was the only way to express my feelings, by singing to the masses."

Then Masuka went to Tanzania, Malawi and Uganda. She was refused reentry into the then Rhodesia, only returned when it became independent Zimbabwe in 1980. "I was based in Zambia," she laughs, with very little bitterness in her voice. "And today I'm still working because my people still love me and still want to hear my songs." "Home" is a term Masuka uses interchangeably about all the countries where she has been based.

But now she has a band of her own which she travels with abroad - "four young men who I don't know whether they want to play their own songs — but when we travel, they play my music."

SWITCHING TO XHOSA, she starts what seems to be a private joke between her and Ndaba: "Okay you say you know how to play this song, play, and they find themselves falling because umbaqanga, or i-rabi (maraba) is jazz, and it has a sound of jazz. Listen to the songs — you young people think you can play them from just listening to them by ear, and they can't play them the way they should be. These tune can really only be played by the oldies, because unayo (we have) the feel."

Masuka will release her album here at the end of April, although the record came out in December.

'Our music represents not just the coast, or the lakes, but Kenya,' say the members of Safari Sounds. **BONGI 'TEBOGO' NALEDI** interviews Kenya's most successful band, Safari Sounds, currently on tour in South Africa

seven strands, One web

WE meet the seven Kenyans over a cup of coffee. Mohammed, Bruce, Waiyaki, Jhon, Juma, Mahmum and Boss make up a band called Safari Sounds which - as well as being the most successful band in Kenya - has been shaking the dust off South African dancers at the Aids concert, at Countdown and, soon, at Café do Sol.

Hornman Jhon Izungu, "daddy" of the band, will be their spokesman, they say. But as we talk, everybody has something to contribute: lanky keyboardist Bruce Odhiambo, who knows all about the club scene in Nairobi, lead guitarist Mahmud Siraj who can't resist playing devil's advocate to get the conversation stirred up, and the rest.

And despite our different backgrounds, there's so much in common in the experience of working musicians that communication isn't a problem. As a drummer in Botswana once put it: "Music is a shade tree we all sit under."

Safari Sounds have been making music for fifteen years. They started as a school-boy quartet in Mombasa - their headmaster, Mr Pereira, bought them instruments. And from school they graduated to playing in hotels in the coastal tourist resort. "We played what the tourists wanted to hear - covers: Beatles, Commodores, Earth Wind and Fire..."

And traditional music? "No, there was no interest in traditional music in those days. They brought the traditional musicians on only in the intervals for the tourists."

BUT TRADITIONAL MUSIC was around, in the backgrounds of all the band members. "And those old guys who played the traditional sounds, they also knew how to play jazz - Dixieland - which they'd learnt from the missionaries. The missionaries in their schools taught real music: theory, notation."

Safari Sounds were much in demand. Some members left the group, one died in a road accident, new people joined and eventually the present shape evolved. Elected top club band in 1983, they won a trip to Germany to record their first album. Two others followed, in 1985 with Zambian vocalist Jane Osborne, and in 1989.

And as the personnel was evolving, so too, was the sound. "We have two sounds. There are the covers - you have to play covers to survive - and some of the more pop music Kenyan sounds, which we make to appeal to the tourists. And then there is our *chakacha* music, which is where we're being creative and developing our own unique style.

"Jhon is from the Giriama people, who were the original dwellers on the coast. And Giriama music, which is heavily percussive, with whistles and shakers, has shaped a lot of our current repertoire. *Chakacha* was originally the music used



for joyful dancing at weddings, which we're updating with modern instruments and arrangements.

"We try to be as original as possible - but we recognise that our music has a common ground with what all African musicians are doing, in its rhythmic base."

To a South African, reared on notions of ethnic separation and rivalry, the group's mix of languages, religions and regional origins might seem a potential source of friction. But: "It's not an issue. We have Arabs, Africans from different tribes - everybody gets drawn to Mombasa for professional reasons because that's where the work is. When we bring our sounds together, we portray a different cultural feel. Bruce will come with his *Benga* music from the mountains, Jhon will add a little *Giyama* feel to it... and so on with each of us. It's helped our music grow and become what it is - our music represents not just the coast, or the lakes, but Kenya."

They're amused - and appalled - by our stories of the old SABC, where a Tswana station wasn't allowed to play music with "impure" Zulu elements. And we reflect that this country's most dynamic music forms - marabi, mbaqanga, jazz - have also been syncretic.

HOW DO THEY FEEL about current trends in African music - particularly the way Zairean rumba, soukous and kwassa-kwassa are beginning to swamp other styles? "No, but we can play that music too. In fact, kwassa-kwassa has big Kenyan elements which the Zaireans took away and popularised. It's not that their music is better. But they have the facilities to take it to Paris and put out what are, technically, better recordings, which are more marketable internationally. There's only a small recording company in Kenya: the quality of the recordings aren't really up to international standards.

"So to record somewhere like South

Africa, with developed facilities, is a chance we're all crying for. That, and time to work on our own music. When you play mostly night gigs in hotels, it limits your time for research and development."

Then we begin to talk about music education. After independence, formal music training in schools in Kenya ended, but now it's being re-introduced. Doesn't the formalisation of theory kill some of the spontaneous, heartfelt elements in African music?

"Maybe. Certainly you develop a much more acutely trained ear when you don't read or write music. But you know, there are some things you can never write down. You can never notate a real African guitar solo - it's going to be different everytime the man plays it. You can't write down our feel; nobody can steal it who doesn't have it inside him. But to get our music out, we have to compete in the international market - and how can you work with a producer without having your music written down? And how can you register your music to stop people stealing it?"

THAT BRINGS US to the status of musicians. Here, and in Kenya "people look on musicians as the lowest of the low," says Bruce. "I can't go to my girlfriend's parents and introduce myself as a musician. Our bandleader worked for four years, only telling people, 'No, I work in a hotel.'

"And we remember Hugh Masekela's grandmother upbraiding him: 'I thought you'd have come back from overseas with a decent job - what are you still going out at nights for?'"

Will it be better, they ask, when we have a people's government here? We hope so, but looking at the experience of Zimbabwe, where *chimurenga* music was instrumental in the liberation struggle, but where artists' status is still low, we realise we're going to need strong, active cultural workers' organisations to ensure that.

And that's a problem in Kenya too, where artists experience problems with a musicians' union run by musicians, where rivalries are rife, and the union monopolises the distribution of royalties.

Other difficulties include the shortage of gear: "There's only one music shop, and it's very expensive. In Mombasa, the young musicians have to wait until an established band comes back with new equipment and sells off the old things. Or sometimes they hire, and the new band will have to pay 60 or 70 per cent of their fees for equipment every time. That's how somebody becomes the owner of a band."

It's exploitative conditions like these, they feel, which contribute to the bad reputation of musicians. "Shortages of instruments, shortages of gigs, these things build an irregular working pattern in musicians. And that creates a lack of discipline."

The practice of employing a manager or agent isn't common in Kenya. "If it was the right manager it would be a good thing. It would save us time to work on our music instead of also organising shows, negotiating fees and so on."

MEANWHILE, DOWN AT the end of the table, Safari Sounds' South African manager is discussing with them which of their tracks they should use for future promotional activities. They are firm and determined.

"We don't want to use that track. We made that track for the tourist market, but it isn't our authentic original soul."

The manager's reasons are equally cogent: "People here have a particular image of what Kenyan music is. That track is how they'll expect you to sound..."

And South African musicians, too, will recognise the argument. It's the one you have with the sweaty guy in the studio who says: "Your own music isn't commercial. Can't you make it sound a bit more like Brenda...?"

mega music IS moving

it's not easy running a thriving music business in these day of bankruptcy, liquidation and recession. First off, the head honchos at the financial institutions take one look at the dudes in charge (and not their audited books) and declare them a credit risk; then the funding agencies skim through their proposals, shake their heads derisively, and declare that they've missed the boat: all aid is going to health, housing and education these days - didn't you know it? And then to cap it all, just when everyone thought they could put their feet up and fiddle around with an odd riff or two, the City Council comes along and evicts them.

This, in a nut-shell is the story of Mega Music right now. Well almost... **KATHY BERMAN** investigates

MEGA MUSIC is moving. No not as in "happening", "jiving", "vibing". But physically. As in "lock, stock and barrel". Ja, the place that has become the home for nearly every single muso to be seen on local stages - both big and small - has been forced into vacating their home in 60 Pim Street - to make way for a road!

Started in 1988 by the Wooldridge brothers - Derek and Desmond - Mega Music has grown over the years from its origins as a recording studio and hiring facility (formerly Midnite Flyer) to a vibrant cultural centre. Mega is at once a rehearsal space, meeting point, booking agency, umbrella body, cultural institution and general jolling-joint.

But right now Mega Music are doing some radical re-thinking. And it was all prompted by the City Council's decision to evict them - in the interests of the Newtown regentrification programme. For a long time mooted in the air by no-one in particular, the project to transform Newtown from apparent industrial wasteland into a thriving cultural hub is now finally underway. And with it go some already thriving cultural institutions!

WELL NOT REALLY. To be fair, the City Council are not simply evicting Mega Music in order to put a road down. They are offering them an alternative home instead.

The City Council are planning to move them south of the current Flea Market venue on Mary Fitzgerald Square, into the old hostel building situated there.

That wouldn't be so bad. Its just the expense, inconvenience, and, above all, the uncertainty of it all. First off, Mega Music's current home is damn near perfect. Formerly storage facilities and cooler rooms for a meat wholesaler operation near to what used to be the old fresh produce market, the many rooms that do make up the Mega complex as it stands right now come with natural sound-proofing and four-foot-thick walls - ideal rehearsal rooms - eight of them, to be exact. Then there is the building up front that operates as an administrative centre and home for a number of cultural groups and organisations.

In the old days, Shifty Records, the Mamu Players, the South African Musi-



cian's Alliance and the former so-called Culture Desk found homes upstairs. Today, SAMA, PAWE (Performing Arts Workers Equity), The Sounds of Africa and the Cosac (Children of Soweto Action Committee) Drama Academy are situated there.

And it's all by way of informal non-profit give-and-take and share-systems.

Owner and manager Derek Wooldridge explains:

"We started out as a closed corporation, in the business of sound and stage equipment hire. And along with the other two biggies in sound hire we have equipped most of the major live events to be held in the greater Johannesburg metropole for the past number of years. With the income gained from these bigger enterprises, we found that we were able to subsidise smaller events."

For Mega Music for many years has not been solely in the business of hiring equipment and rehearsal space, it also stages events for the needy and the poor. Such worthy non-profits as the Orlando Children's Home have been the worthy beneficiaries of Mega's largesse. And any professional muso, no matter what their financial status, can be assured a chance to develop their craft at Mega - at dirt-cheap rates. (Hence the ultimate (and logical) transformation of the operation into the Mega Music Trust - a non-profit organisation).

MEGA MUSIC itself has over 16 staff members - some of whom started out as security guards and graduated to the status of sound technicians for such big-time acts

as Marc Alex, Yvonne Chaka Chaka, and the like.

And while on any one day one can walk through the complex and bump into the big names in world music (Masekela, Makeba, Watanabe), just stepping out for a breather during a heavy rehearsal session, you can also walk upstairs in the administration block straight into the hub of cultural politics and debate.

Along with the activities of SAMA and PAWE, Cosac, the drama academy, run by the legendary Sol Roshilo, is a project that educates youngsters in the ways of the performing arts. Sounds of Africa, next door, sees it as their mission to promote precisely that - the sounds of Africa - via such big names as Bayete and Sakhile. Sounds of Africa tour huge city theatre complexes as well as rural grassroots community centres. True outreach stuff, this.

SO MUCH FOR the hub and thrust, as it presently exists. The future hangs in the balance for Mega Music and its associates. For while their move to the national monument a block away might provide them with a longer and more secure lease than they presently enjoy, the City Council are not guaranteeing them the full range of spaces that they are angling for.

The hostel space, at present, is nicely organised into 10 adequately sized rooms (great for transformation into rehearsal rooms, less pleasant as bedrooms for the workers of yore). But that's where it ends. The structure, as it stands, is delapidated and deteriorating - not exactly equivalent

in natural sound-proofing facilities to the old cooler rooms. The walls are thin, but still standing, and of routine measure. At present there is no ceiling or insulation, simply corrugated iron roofing. Nothing that can't be remedied without a touch of tom. A mega overhaul will require major sound-proofing and a degree of restructuring. And a natural space does exist to create a currently absent recording studio. That's the good news.

But here's the crunch. Standing in front of the present hostel structure - lining Jeppe Street - is a row of well-maintained cottages. The Council have made no promises to Mega Music about these. And this is pretty crucial. For without them, Mega moves as a single entity - sans admin space, and without the extended family of SAMA, PAWE, Cosac and Sounds of Africa.

And that would be a pity. For it's bad enough that Mega Music have to find the finance in these economically pressed times to facilitate their move (and boy are local financiers and aid agencies ever holding their wallets close to their breasts right now), but there's also the inconvenience factor of having to vacate their current premises some three months before the new ones will be ready.

But most crucial of all is the issue of the extended family. For it would be downright illogical for the City Council to wilfully break up the hard-forged ties that have spontaneously emerged throughout the years of cultural oppression in the name of a project that is seeking to forge unity in a new, culturally vibrant metropolitan zone.

and his fingers will doctor your soul

The honorary **Doctorate in Music** conferred upon Abdullah Ibrahim by the University of Natal is a fitting tribute to a musical giant, writes

SAZI DLAMINI



AT THE YARD OF ALE

Market Theatre Precinct, Newtown, Johannesburg

In collaboration with the German Embassy

Sunday May 10

THE KHAYA MAHLANGU BAND

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

Sunday, May 31

THE BRUCE CASSIDY BAND

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

Sunday, June 14

THE JONAS GWANGWA COMBO

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

Sunday, June 28

UMBONGO

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

Sunday, July 12

SOWETO BIG SOUND

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

From 6.30pm. Entrance: R6 per head.

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

SOUND SYSTEM PROVIDED BY MEGA MUSIC



Abdullah Ibrahim (Dollar Brand) is awarded an Honorary Doctorate in Music (Pic: RAFA MAYET)

FOREMOST jazz pianist and composer Dollar Xahuri Brand (Abdullah Ibrahim) has been honoured with a Doctorate in Music by the University of Natal in Durban. He is regarded as one of the most creative musicians ever to have emerged from South Africa and is one of the few to have received international recognition, the Vice-Chancellor and Principal of the university, Professor J V Leatt, said when the degree Doctor of Music Honoris Causa was conferred upon Ibrahim.

The ceremony was not without incident: a brief placard demonstration was mounted by medical students who were protesting the attendance of the graduation ceremony by some of their colleagues who had finished their studies at the end of last year. The Medical Student Body resolved years ago not to attend the official graduation ceremony, a token protest at the injustices of the day. The president of the medical students' SRC said there were some serious grievances about the administration and the plight of disadvantaged students in need of scholarships.

ON THE EVE eve of the ceremony, Abdullah Ibrahim gave a vintage solo performance at the university's Howard College theatre. For the second time in just over a year, Durbanites were treated to a feast of music that truly celebrates the South African experience.

In a two-hour rendition of songs in which the mood ran the whole gamut of human emotions, Ibrahim led us on a cerebral-spiritual journey of discovery. Praying and dancing, we laughed and cried simultaneously in agony and release. Hungry, we were lost in the musical desertland, our throats parched in the scorching Namib sun... came the frugal rains and we sowed the hardened seeds... reaped carefully the precious harvest, kept some for the harsh seasons up ahead... it was dream time.

In his award ceremony preamble, Leatt described Dollar Brand's music as a "fusion of the indigenous, the popular and the western classical musical styles... cutting through cultural barriers".

With his music, Ibrahim tells us who we are, where and when we strayed, and does certainly point the way to our atonement.

The Doctorate in Music was the first time ever that a jazz musician was so honoured by a South African university - a fitting tribute to a musical giant who continues to inspire all who hear him play.



Sibongile Khumalo at Kippies
(Pic: Paul Weinberg)

singing with the voice of life

After hearing The Three Phases of Sibongile Khumalo at Kippies, **JIM HARRIS** is entranced

MEZZO-SOPRANO Sibongile Khumalo's performance at Kippies was an outstanding evening of musical entertainment at its best. The lady is a classically trained singer with a "whole lot of soul" and her early voice training was evident in the range of music covered in her superb performance.

Khumalo was born in Orlando West, Soweto. The greatest influence on her music comes from her teacher and father, Khabi Mngoma. Mngoma, a music historian, is the founder of the Ionian Society, a popular programme to help the youth in Soweto study music. In addition to Khumalo's formative years of musical training, she also has a Bachelor's degree in music.

"Bongi", as she's known to close acquaintances, began playing the violin and singing choral music in her early years. She began her professional career as a singer in 1982, but stopped shortly afterwards to accept a full-time administrator's position at the Funda Arts Centre. In 1987 she returned to professional singing and since then she has worked with a host of musicians, including Rashid Lanie, Denzil Weale and Siphon Gumede. On the classical front, she has performed with the Soweto Symphony Orchestra, various European classical musical ensembles and choirs. She has also performed with the conductor of the Transvaal Chamber Or-

chestra, Richard Cock.

Acting is another of Khumalo's talents. She has performed in various stage presentations which include *Marabi* ('82), *Lakutshon'langa* ('87-'88), *Goree* ('89) and *The Lion and the Lamb* ('91).

THE SHOW AT Kippies started with a first set by the accompanying quartet. Wayne Shorter's *Footprints* was being performed when I arrived. The house slowly began to fill up with local jazz fans and musicians with the likes of Prince Lengoasa, Rene McLean, Jonas Gwangwa, George Mathiba, and the "people's artist", Fikile. From the calibre of the musicians in attendance, I knew that we were going to be treated to a splendid night of entertainment.

After the first song of the second set, Sibongile was introduced by the ever-so-funny bass-player, Victor Masondo. Masondo was also the MC for the band, delighting the crowd with non-stop comments like "the band will be back after a 45 hour intermission break."

Khumalo graced the stage with her warm personality, wearing a decoratively-designed African print evening dress. She started with a lovely song called *Shwele*, which served as an "opening prayer for peace". The tune - a group composition by Funda students - is sung in Zulu with a

beautiful loping melody to a 6/8th rhythm building up to an explosive and soulful rendition.

You felt the power of her singing as her voice moved into ranges wailing with emotion. The tune fades to an celestial-like ending with voice and pedal drum exchange. Khumalo's singing was an excellent demonstration of vocal execution and control.

THE SECOND SET started with the familiar bass-walking line to Miles Davis' *All Blues*. The music began to pick up. The back-up quartet, now relaxed, was beginning to swing. Khumalo's rendition of the ballad *Spring Can Really Hang You Up The Most* was astounding. The set included a wide repertoire of American standards like *Yesterdays*, *Willow Weep For Me* and Lou Rawls' rocking blues, *When The Evening Sun Goes Down*.

The third and final set of the programme represented a "going home" phase (root music, if you like). It was hot as Khumalo moved freely into a romp-stomping medley of songs, including *Go*, written by the young composer Motsumi Makhene. She also performed a Glen Mafoko composition, *Mayibuye*, in which the audience could not resist taking part.

The rhythm section provided very good solo's in this set. Bheki Khoza was espe-

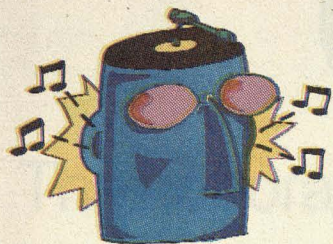
cially outstanding with tunes in the *mbaqanga* mode, using block chords to develop and build harmonically structured features. Here, Khumalo included an excellent demonstration of "scat" singing - almost a conversation between herself and the guitarist.

KHUMALO HAS tastefully selected a progressive crop of young musicians. Bheki Khoza, the guitarist, is forever cooking and searching for new heights in his playing. Victor Masondo - a bass player much in demand (not surprising with a track record like his) - is one of the few players able to move between acoustic and electric basses. Siphon Mtshali is a very underrated drummer. His drum solos were sensational with interesting rhythmic ideas. Paul Hanmer's versatility on electric keyboards cannot go unapplauded.

The programme comprises three musical phases going full circle. It begins with serious African classics, moves through to European classics, Latin and North American jazz and blues, returning full-circle into a "loosening-up" African ending. The last phase comes back to the seriousness of the first without the "stiffness".

Khumalo aims to make a recording, but she's not ready to talk about it yet. We can also look forward to seeing her perform at the Grahamstown Festival in July.

reviews



BY RICHARD HASLOP

During the late '50s and early '60s South African music suffered one grievous blow after another as many of its finest musicians, mainly jazz players but others too, left for Europe and America, partly in search of fame and fortune, but more importantly to pursue their art in conditions more favourable than those existing at home. A few became world famous but most just attained the recognition of their peers as damn fine musicians and were content with that.

Many of these exiles have now returned and the local scene has been greatly enriched as a result, but a significant number died overseas, and many more were left behind in South Africa, often bitterly disillusioned, to keep the wheel rolling. Teal Records' seven album *African Heritage* series reminds one just how much outstanding music was available right on our doorstep at the time of the great diaspora.

Jazz in Africa Volumes One & Two was originally recorded in one day in September 1959. American pianist, critic and, above all, educator John Mehegan was in South Africa and put together an all-star group for the session, including the hornmen who would soon join the Jazz Epistles, Hugh Masekela, Kippie Moeketsi and Jonas Gwangwa, arguably the greatest frontline in local jazz history.

Despite the brief Venda *mbira* introduction and the twin penny-whistle playing on one tune by Ray Shange (a *kwela* Roland Kirk?) there's more of America than Africa on these recordings. Nevertheless, it's marvellous to hear standards like *Body And Soul*, *Old Devil Moon* and *Yesterdays* being played with a fresh approach by musicians largely free of the sub-cultural baggage that attends on so many versions of these tunes. Despite the implied slur of Mehegan's sleeve-note, "short on repertoire and long on the blues" is fine with me. Kippie salutes his hero in life and art (Charlie Parker, in case there's anyone who still doesn't know) on *Yardbird Suite* while the venerable Mackay Davashe's *Mbomvana* - in two versions - all but steals the show.

The short (less than half an hour) Jazz Fantasia by Gideon Nxumalo, who, through his radio programme, allegedly popularised the use of the word *mbaqanga* as it applied to a distinct musical style, is the most "African" of the jazz albums in the series. The music was written especially for an Arts Festival programme yet, despite a somewhat programmatic approach in which much of the music "depicts"

certain defined events, it retains a surprising degree of spontaneity.

Nxumalo spent a good deal of his career fusing African music - to the extent of using the Chopi xylophone, the *timbula*, as a frontline instrument - with jazz. The rough township harmonies of an unusual double alto horn section (Kippie and Dudu Pukwana - heaven!) add to the feel and *Isintu*, for example, has a strong marabi flavour. Recorded live at Wits University in 1962, just before Jazz Epistle drummer Makaya Ntshoko left for Europe, it has the poorest sound quality in the series, but don't let that put you off.

For four years, from '61 to '64, the Cold Castle National Jazz Festivals were the country's pre-eminent jazz gatherings. The '62 festival favourites were released on record and *Cold Castle National Festival Moroka-Jabavu Jazz 1962* (I think that's what it's called) is an excellent document of the state of South African jazz in that year.

It may be a consequence of the original material they played, but the Chris McGregor Septet and Eric Nomvete's Big Five stand out. McGregor, an outstanding pianist and better leader and arranger who died in 1990, took his Blue Notes to the UK in 1964, turned them into The Brotherhood of Breath and made them stars - at least on a jazz scale. Louis Moholo is still playing over there but the brilliant Dudu Pukwana, the mercurial Mongezi Feza and the magisterial Johnny Dyani all died just a year or few before South Africa became a place to come back to.

Pukwana, playing with the Jazz Giants, and Feza, soloing over Nomvete's magnificent and much-loved *Pondo Blues*, often also credited to McGregor, shine here, as do Kippie Moeketsi (inevitably) and the Jazz Ambassadors' improbably named tenorist Cups-And-Saucers. Vocalists Ben "Satch" Masinga and The Woody Woodpeckers, who had appeared in King Kong, fill the gaps adequately.

After the 1963 Cold Castle Festival Chris McGregor formed the Castle Lager Big Band to record the fine Jazz - *The African Sound*. This fifteen piece near Who's Who featured just about the most impressive line-up yet heard in South African music and included McGregor himself, Pukwana, Moeketsi, Bob Tizzard, bassist Sammy Maritz who became one of the Blue Notes, the brilliant drummer Early Mabuza and future luminaries, the teenaged Feza and Barney Rachabane.

The tunes are all South African originals and retain the flavour of their homeland without being drenched in local colour - a fault among too many musicians striving to be true to their roots. Nor are the in-ch-perfect arrangements padded out with excessive blowing, despite the quality of the soloists in the band. Indeed, it's one of the album's triumphs that some of these terrific musicians don't get to solo at all, though each performs wonderfully. For, at the end of it all, this is an arranger's album,

one of the most mature in the local catalogue and a devastating indication of the loss South Africa suffered when McGregor took his Blue Notes overseas for good.

The last two albums in the series, *Miriam Makeba And The Skylarks Volumes 1 and 2*, aren't exactly jazz, though there are strong hints, but they feature some of the most fabulous music recorded during the South African '50s. A labour of love for Gallo's Rob Allingham and Albert Ralulimi - and featuring excellent and comprehensive sleeve notes by Allingham - these compilations collect a total of 32 slices of the sweetest female harmony available just about anywhere.

Which of the *Jazz Heritage* albums are most worth having? Who knows. Save up and get them all.

Surely there can be little argument that the further her producers kept Sarah Vaughan away from strings, the better she sang, and on *Sarah Sings Soulfully* a small, tight, soulful (there's no other word for it!) band ensures that the lady whom many believe to have been the greatest singer in jazz lives up to the album title.

The performances are low-key, but exactly right, as Ernie Freeman saturates the bottom end in organ while two largely unsung, but beautifully sympathetic players, trumpeter Carmell Jones and tenorist Teddy Edwards (recently heard with Tom Waits) flesh out the foreground ever so slightly. Sarah, of course, sings magnificently, on standards, pop tunes (*A Taste Of Honey* is as good as it gets), gospelly jazz (Adderley's *Sermonette* and Bobby Timmons' Jazz Messengers favourite *Moanin'*) and plain superb songs (*I Guess I'll Hang My Tears Out To Dry*).

I've never been a particular fan of Nat King Cole's singing, having always found his mellifluous urbanity more than a tad smarmy. However, his piano playing was something else altogether. *The Best Of The Nat King Cole Trio: The Instrumental Classics* presents 18 of his finest instrumental moments, recorded between 1943 and 1949, and is a gem which will knock the socks off those who only know him via *Unforgettable* (that a song that old, and written by someone who clearly hasn't even come to terms with rock 'n roll yet, won Song of the Year is something only the Grammys could have accomplished.)

Cole's trio was unusual in that it was drummerless - though a conga player appears on three tracks - with guitarist Oscar Moore providing a constantly interesting rhythmic pulse amid flashing runs. Cole's own playing, normally described as Earl Hines influenced, was itself pretty influential and its strong core of musicality stood in contrast to the occasionally sloppy sentimentality of his singing.

This is the essential Nat King Cole

Fusion and I have seldom seen things the same way. Someone once said you should beware of jazz records which feature "keyboards" rather than "piano" and, by and large, he seems to have been right.

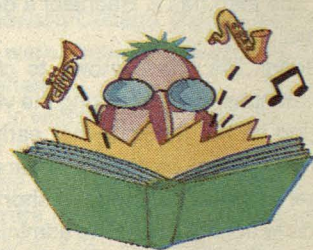
But it's not only fusion's ubiquitous bloody synths that irritate me. It's the constantly doodling guitarists going nowhere, it's the mindlessly popping bass which seems to crop up every time everyone else has run out of ideas - which is often - and it's the dull backbeat dominated drumming. And that doesn't even take into account the occasional wordless, passionless background singing.

Consequently, *Pilgrim's Progression* may well be *The Best Of Koinonia*, but it still sounds like fusion to me.

And, if there's one thing worse than fusion, it's Latin fusion, which somehow normally conjures up the image of a *gigolo* in tight white trousers dancing the *mambo* in some tourist trap disco in Mauritius. Not a pretty sight, I'll grant you, but I can't help it. It was with some surprise, therefore, that I found myself enjoying quite a lot of Alex Acuna And The Unknowns, though I can't particularly remember any of the titles, fusion's a bit like that, anyway.

This must be Alex Acuna month - he's also in *Koinonia* - as Tia Dia, his duo with bassist Lasse Danielsson, also has an album (*Nightlight*) released. Acuna is, of course, a hell of an all round percussionist and Danielsson has a ringing, vocal tone reminiscent of Eberhard Weber and others of the Northern European school. Swedish Scandinavians perform well over this rhythm section, including a sax player who sounds a bit like Jan Garbarek without the poise, and *Nightlight* is mostly a decent listen, if the tunes, composed mainly by Danielsson, are little more than satisfactory.

Far more interesting is *Bela Fleck And The Fleckstones*. Fleck is a banjo player (of all things) with a noteworthy pedigree in bluegrass and country rock. An astonishing technician on a most unfashionable instrument - he plays fingerstyle 5-string banjo mostly - his fusion concept is not the dawg music, newgrass or so-called spacegrass of other gifted former bluegrass players, but fully fledged fusion, combined with Irish balladry, the American national anthem and just a suggestion that Fleck, at least, hasn't entirely forgotten his Blue Ridge Mountain Home.



THE BILLBOARD BOOK OF BRAZILIAN MUSIC

BY: CHRIS MCGOWAN AND RICARDO PESSANHA
GUINNESS PUBLISHERS, 1991

Only after reading BRAZILIAN MUSIC by Chris McGowan and Ricardo Pessanha, does one realise how much our own South African music has been neglected.

Aptly described as the *Billboard Book of Brazilian Music*, the book takes the reader through five decades of a fascinating history of popular Brazilian music from 'samba', 'bossa nova' to various other sounds of South America.

According to the authors, popular Brazilian music first caught international attention around 1914\22, with a famous dance-hall dance style called 'maxixe' in Europe at the time.

It was not until 1940, when Brazil managed to export to the world the first 'samba' type sounds known then as 'aquarela do Brasil' made popular by the likes of Ary Barroso, whose songs were to feature prominently in many Walt Disney films via the roles made popular by the Portuguese-born actress Carmen Miranda.

Around 1962, another Brazilian type music known as 'bossa', swept the world with the release of the hit 'Jazz Samba' recorded by guitarist Charlie Byrd and jazz saxophonist, Stan Getz.

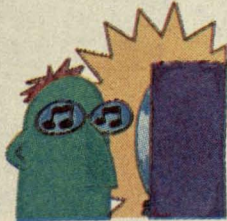
Perhaps it is the artistic qualities of the combined Brazilian Afro-roots and the heritage of the Dionysian tradition which gives credit to the various musical categories and artforms covered in this book.

Brazil should be credited for its contribution to the world of modern music. It takes

more than reading this book and recalling some popular Brazilian tunes to appreciate the many artistic tributes and compliments paid to some of the world's most colourful composers and song-writers.

No wonder it took the acknowledgement of some of the world's most famous musicians to contribute to the compilation of this book. The authors have left no stone unturned in making this a highly readable and extremely informative book on the music of the people of Brazil.

SIPHO JACOBS



"THE SEVEN AGES OF MUSIC"
DIRECTOR: JURGEN SCHADEBERG
FILM RESOURCE UNIT

It might well be argued that to cover "The Seven Ages of Music" in a single 56 minute video programme is... well, a trifle ambitious. And those who argue this way would certainly be right in relation to the Schadeburg Movie Company video - dealing mainly with the development of post-1940s black music in South Africa's town-

ships - which goes under this title.

But it's not hard to forgive the hokiness of the title and the pretentious introduction - which has God in the mists of time and the surge of the primeval drums and the mystic communion of the campfire and all that other nonsense alluded to by a narrator in regulation animal skins.

Actually all it amounts to is a relatively goodnatureed celebration of the indigenous roots that still reach out from the music of South Africa - and anyway in amongst all the skins and Hollywood-style evocations of Africa you do get to hear some very spacy rhythmic textures.

nothing more than an excuse to get to what director Jurgen Schadeburg - he was the German photographer who all but invented the Sophiatown jive look that was popularised and etched into our collective consciousness through the pages of *Drum* magazine - is really interested in: the sounds of the townships, from the pennywhistle bands of the forties to the sophisticated African jazz *Hugh Masekela* and *Jonas Gwangwa*.

Once he gets to the sounds of the townships - from the fifties to the present day, Schadeburg, the Afrophile is on home territory. Using a stagy, sleazy, King-Kong type of set, peopled with jive dancers he

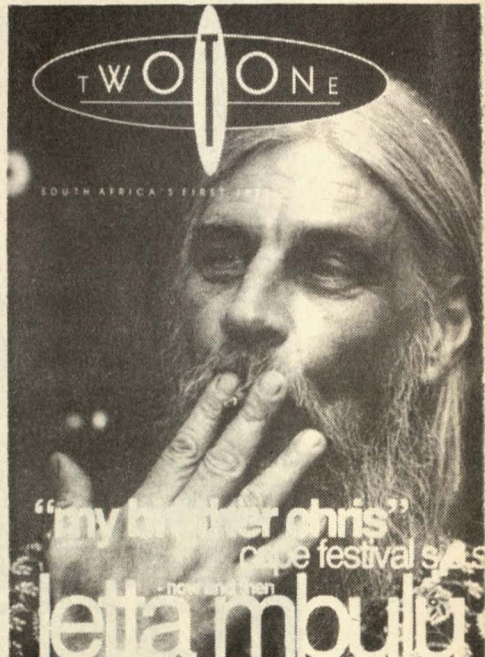
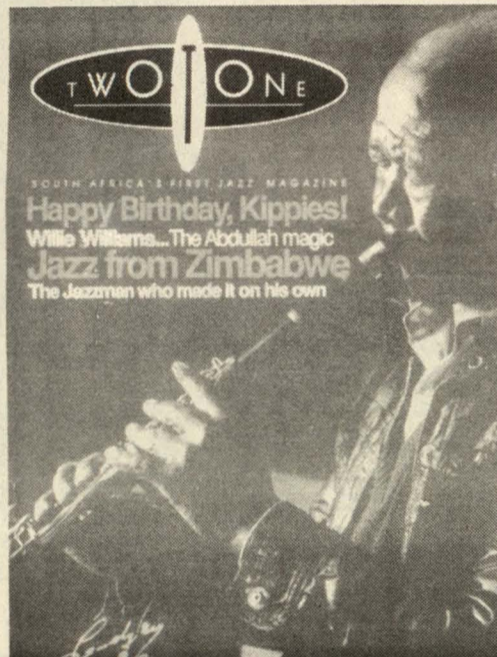
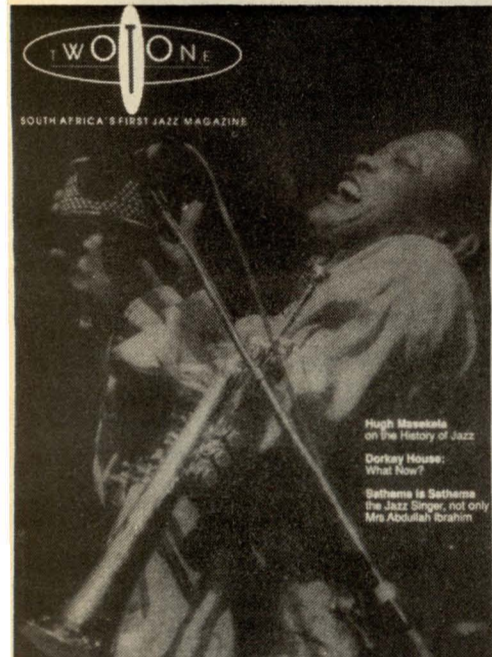
generates a series of visuals that not only evoke the period and generate a sense of the continuity of the tradition - but also do it in party mood. Even the commentary becomes less irritating as the role shifts from that of philosopher to that of hip-talking master of ceremonies.

Incorporating video segments by among others, the legendary torch-singer Dolly Rathebe - still smouldering after all these years - as backed up by *African Jazz Pioneers* saxophonist, *Ntemi Pilliso*; the *Elite Swingsters*; the *African Inkspots*, the movie, while it nods in the direction of mbaqanga and pop, focuses most strongly on the way that the American traditions of jazz and blues were adopted and made into something indigenous, extraordinary and liberating in the fifties.

And it shows in the best way possible - through the music itself - how the tradition continues to grow in the sounds of such as *Hugh Masekela*, the *Jonas Gwangwa* quintet and *Mike Makhalemele*.

Ignore the (anyway only half-hearted) attempts to imbue seriousness and universality to the subject and you've got a great video - and it might even make you want to get up and start jiving too.

IVOR POWELL



Teal has launched its "African Heritage" series with re-issues — on cassette, CD and LP — of some of the finest South African jazz ever recorded. Included in the series are the two seminal "Jazz In Africa" albums, featuring Kippie Moeketsi alongside a youthful Jonas Gwangwa and Hugh Masekela — worth having, alone, for Morolong's version of "Yardbird Suite" which ought to lay forever that old ghost that he was merely a Bird imitator. Other issues include the 1962 Jabavu/Moroka Cold Castle Festival concert and its follow-up, the "African Sound" album prize-winning musicians were given the opportunity to make after a year's killing touring schedule: original music and breathtakingly sophisticated arrangements (and who can resist a 12-horn lineup including Pukwana, Rachabane, Nick Moyake, Chris Columbus, Kippie, Dennis Mpale and Mongezi Feza?). Pukwana features, too, on Gideon Nxumalo's "Jazz Fantasia" concert album, while for fans of sweet vocal harmony, there are two volumes of Miriam Makeba and the Skylarks, rescuing music which would otherwise have crumbled away with the 78rpm shellac discs it was recorded on.

Two-Tone is offering its first 20 subscribers this month the chance to win one of these historic jazz re-issues absolutely free.

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TIM SANDHAM

sport aanskouliker as rolprente

EK hoor 'n mens moet 'n balans hou tussen jou belangstellings en laas Vrydag het ek die Johannesburgse Internasionale Filmfees bygewoon en Saterdag die Afrika Eenheidspele. Die rolprent ('n pragtige dog selibate meisie word begeer deur 'n jong Parysenaar wat op sy beurt begeer word deur 'n homoseksueel wat saam met eersgenoemde meisie 'n woonstel deel) het baie sleg afgesteek teen die atletiek by Germiston.

Die spreekwoord lui: Dade tel meer as woorde. Die verfynde, praterige kultuur van die kunsrolprent kan eenvoudig nie kers vashou by die oer-ritueel wat hom op die atletiekbaan afspeel nie.

Gespierde atlete wat spoed en kragte meet. Lang, lenige en pikswart Keniane en Ethiopiërs wat met hulle blou frokkies soos 'n vloed om die baan spoel. Die blanke Suid-Afrikaners - wat as gevolg van die kontras kort en bonkig vertoon - tevergeefs op hulle hakke.

Ek daag enige man uit om te ontken dat hy geprikkel is deur die dames hoogspringatlete. Om toe te kyk hoe 'n 6 voet-plus vrou haar klere uittrek en na 'n aantal rituele skuifelpassies in haar leotard soos 'n wildsbok haar gebeeldhoude liggaam oor die lat werp is, iets om te aanskou. Lucien Nda van die Ivoorkus se vertoning in besonder 'n lus vir die oog.

Die aankondiging van uitslae en medaljewenners in Frans, het bygedra daartoe om 'n internasionale geur aan die verrigtinge te gee.

Samuel Johnson het gesê: "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel." As dit die geval is, was daar laasweek 20 000 skobbejakke op die Herman Immelman-stadion.

Een ding is seker: dit is 'n helse ervaring wanneer jou land se atleet besig is om die ander se gatte te skop. Wat dit nog beter maak, is dat die toejuiging en aansporing deur almal sonder enige skuldgevoel gedoen kon word.

Ek het my persvoordele opgesê (OK, ek het te laat aansoek gedoen vir 'n perskaart), en tussen die skare op die graswal gesit, maar ek is nie spyt nie. Om deel te wees van die Mexikaanse golf wat 12 keer die baan omwentel het, was werklik 'n belewenis. Die BBB-pawiljoen het ook deelgeneem, selfs Dr Primo Nebiolo het sy wenkbroue gelig as die golf verby kom.



Vat Short kort

AS jy op die oop pawiljoen sit, is dit amper onvermydelik dat jy naby 'n ou sit wat aanhoudend luide, oningeligte en irriterende aanmerkings maak. Om by die huis te bly en op TV te kyk, help ook nie, want daar doen John Short dit vir jou. Die kèrel op die pawiljoen kan gewoonlik verskoon word omdat hy dronk is.

Wanneer gaan die SAUK vir John Short in die bek ruk? Of beter nog, die trekpas gee? Dié man gaan veroorsaak dat mense nie meer atletiek wil kyk nie. Behalwe vir sy irriterende gesegdes (Ek noem haar mos die Kaalvoet Kontessa), sy gewoonte om atlete se name om te ruil en verkeerde wenners te voorspel, is sy voortrekkery van sy atlete en sy afkraking van ander afrigters heeltemal onprofessioneel en onnodig. Short is lewendende bewys dat vryheid van spraak nie noodwendig 'n goeie ding is nie. Dis bowenal oneties dat iemand wat so nou betrokke is met sommige atlete toegelaat word om meer as net 'n paar minute in die kommentaarhokkie as gasaanbieder deur te bring. Dis egter onwaarskynlik dat die SAUK - wat vir David van der Sandt na die Wes-Indiese Eilande gestuur het sonder om eers te bepaal of hy veel van krieket weet - vir Short sal vervang.

Reëls is reëls

Dit is nie te betwyfel nie dat die nuwe rugbyreëls wat vanjaar infaseer gaan word die spel meer gaan laat vloei. Die Klubkampioenskappe in Durban waar die reëls op die proef gestel is, het getoon dat die aanpassings nie onoorbrugbaar is nie.

Of die spel werklik gaan verander is moeilik om te voorspel. Hardlooprugby word slegs gespeel wanneer 'n gees daartoe geskep word deur die spelers, die afrigter en die keurders. Ook wanneer die spelers almal oor die vaardighede beskik om die bal die werk te laat doen. Wanneer 'n span oor 'n goeie skopper beskik wat 'n wedstrydwenner is, volg dit natuurlik dat die ander al hoe meer op hom sal steun en minder self gaan hardloop.

My voorgevoel is dat die goeie skoppers veral die rolskoppie en die skoppie in die leë kassie tot nuwe vlakke van akkuraatheid gaan verfyn. Hulle spanne se hardlooprugby sal derhalwe daaronder ly.

Na my mening sal 'n verbod op enige skoppe buite die kwartgebied die enigste maatreël wees wat gaan veroorsaak dat die spel werklik oop raak. Laerskoolseuns doen dit al jare lank en hulle spel het nie onherkenbaar verander nie.

Een nuwe reël wat nie sy verskynning gemaak het met die onlangse aanpassings nie, is die instelling van 'n rooi- en geelkaartstelsel soos wat tans in gebruik is in sokker. Dis alles goed en wel dat Gerbrand Grobler Saterdag vir vuilspel afgestuur is en dat hy verbied is om volgende week aan die nasionale proewe deel te neem, maar sal dit hom uit 'n Springbok-toerspan hou? Waarskynlik nie.

Noukeurige rekords behoort van elke speler se vuilspel-oortredings gehou te word. Verder behoort die reëls deur 'n onafhanklike komitee met onpartydige verteenwoordiging afgedwing te word. Skorsings en opskortings wat deur die komitee opgelê word moet ook internasionaal van krag wees.

Die reëls wat gewysig is om rugby oper en aanskouliker te maak sal verniet wees as vuilspel nie eerstens op gekonsolideerde nasionale vlak en tweedens op internasionale vlak vasgevat word nie.

GESELSRUBRIEK

DEUR NATANIËL

dis innie gene

NET hier voor die referendum, nou kuier ek by my ma-hulle.

En die een dag is ek en my ma fabriek toe, ek soek 'n duvet met papegaaie op. Maar ek's benoud, man, ons loop die commonste mense raak, hulle gaan mos nooit ja stem nie, dan moet ek emigreer, vir wat soek ek nou 'n duvet in die eerste plek.

En toe daar so 'n harige vrou 'n rol ou-goud sunfilter by ons verbysleep, hier haak my Christen-ma af en sê: Ja, Nieltjie, dis innie gene. Dis nou die soort met wie praatjies nie sal werk nie. As dit in jou gene is, kan g'n mens jou help nie.

Daai aand kan ek net nie die mense by die fabriek uit my kop kry nie. Ek's later so depressed, ek dink sommer dié vrolike storie uit:



HIER IN DIE vroeë sewentigerjare, toe dit nog goed gegaan het in ons land - die swartes was lekker stil en die Engelse het glad nie getel nie - was dit mos ongelooflik hoe die minder-gegoede Afrikaner tekere gegaan het. En tussen alles deur, het die gemors nog kinders ook gemaak dat dit 'n naarheid was.

En toe vlek die polisie een van die grootste skandale van die eeu oop, (julle moet onthou, dit was nog in die *Brandwag*) toe hulle ontdek die minder-gegoedes gooi drank in die babie se bottels, dat hulle kan ophou skree en begin slaap. Die Welsyn gryp daar in en gooi al die kinders in die weeshuis.

Nou, een van die kleintjies wat van die ergste getref is, was 'n dogtertjie met die naam van Blydskap Joubert. Die stomme kind het soveel alkohol ingekry, dat jare daarna nog, as sy net bietjie lank in die son is, gaan sy daar aan die gis en raak geheel en al aggressief.

So beland Blydskap ook toe op 'n manier saam met die res van die weeshuis in Standaard 6, en die een Saterdag kom die Vroue-aksie die weeshuis besoek en die heel middag moet die kinders in 'n ry staan op die lawn, dat die dames kan fudge uitdeel. En daar slaan die son vir Blydskap, sy raak so dol, dié nag ontsnap sy deur die toiletvenster en loop weg.

EN SO WORD Blydskap Joubert een van die eerste punks in Suid-Afrika. Skeer haar kop kaal, laat haar potblou tattoo, maak vir haar 'n trourok uit 'n stortgordyn en trou met die slegste ou wat sy kon raakloop. Maar so sleg, dat ek vir die storie nou nie eens vir hom 'n naam uitgedink het nie.

Vir hulle honeymoon kruip die twee weg agterop 'n goederetrok en snuif soveel gom dat hulle eers twee weke later bykom, iewers op 'n plattelandse stasie. Maar hulle het sulke migraines, dat hulle net daar besluit om 'n nuwe begin te maak. Trek in op die dorpie, die sleg ou kry vir hom werk by die garage en Blydskap groei haar hare terug.

Maar nou weet julle mos - en veral vandat ek in Pretoria bly, sien ek dit ook baie - 'n mens kan soveel geld maak soos jy wil, maar as jy 'n swak agtergrond gehad het, kom jy nooit daarvan weg nie.

So, Vrydae, as die sleg ou pay, dan gaan hulle daar aan die suip en aan die baklei, hy neuk Blydskap se oë vir haar so dik, sy lyk soos die een of ander Oosterse afgod.

AF EN TOE, in die middel van die week, dan is Blydskap darem vir 'n paar dae lank nugter genoeg om te sien wat om haar aangaan, dan raak sy vreeslik mismoedig. Op een so 'n dag is sy hoeka bietjie lank in die son, raak aan die gis, tip geheel en al oor na die malkant toe, en besluit sy doen Standaard 8 oor die pos.

Dié vat haar toe omtrent twee jaar, baie trane, nog meer drank, 'n klomp fights en vreeslik baie blou oë. Maar wonders gebeur en sy druk deur, en op 'n dag kom die papier daar aan wat sê sy't Standaard 8. Blydskap is so bly, sy't die brief onder die arm en sy's daar af garage toe, die sleg ou lê onder 'n kar.

"Ag koop vir my 'n rok man," sê Blydskap.

"Vir wat," sê die sleg ou.

"Ek het Standaard 8, man, toe," sê Blydskap.

"En wat de hel gaan jy daarmee doen," sê die sleg ou.

"Jy sal sien," sê sy.

"Ek neuk vir jou," sê hy.

En net daar pluk Blydskap haar moeder en skop die jack onder die kar uit. En word op 18-jarige ouderdom 'n weduwee met 'n toekomst.

toe word die droom 'n chaos



Paul C Venter... "ek sê nou soos Shirley Valentine, 'men are such shits'."

Die draaiboekskrywer **Paul C Venter** het met die *Arende*-reeks baie gewild geword by TV-kykers. Sy reeks *Konings*, wat pas op TV1 begin draai het, word as 'n deurbraak vir die SAUK beskou vanweë die omstrede inhoud van die teks, wat op 'n hervertolking van die onlangse Suid-Afrikaanse geskiedenis neerkom. **CHRISTELLE TERREBLANCHE** gesels met die **draaiboek-skrywer, joernalis, akteur, feminis, duiker, swerwer en** romanskrywer

KONINGS word as semi-outoblografies bestempel. Jy word in die reklame aangehaal: "Dit het my op 'n soort nostalgiese 'trip' geplaas en sommige dinge wat ek lief is sou wou vergeet, is weer oopgeklou." Kan jy die agtergrond skets?

Ek kom uit 'n Bosveldfamilie wat na die verkeerde kant van Johannesburg getrek en daar op die myne gaan werk het as 'poor whites'. Ons het later sterk middelklas geword, nadat my pa sy eie transport-besigheid op die been gebring het terwyl hy nog op die myn gewerk het.

Konings speel van 1945 oor 'n tydperk van 45 jaar af. Dis die verhaal van Dolf Groenewald wat as die tienjarige seun van 'n uitgeboerde pa in Johannesburg beland en begin droom van 'n winkel "so groot soos 'n rugbyveld".

Die verhaal speel teen die feitelike historiese agtergrond van Suid-Afrika gedurende die afgelope 45 jaar en eindig op 2 Februarie 1990.

As jy die hele storie verstaan, is daar 'n geestelike bitter ironie, want dit gaan eintlik oor hoe 'n volk homself amper vernietig in die proses om politieke en ekonomiese mag te kry. 'n Groot deel van *Konings* is vir my oor 'n volk wat onderdruk was, uiteindelik mag gekry het en vergeet het hoe dit is om onderdruk te word. Die hele ding gee op die ou end 'n chaos af.

Maar anders as Dolf het my pa nie 'n transport-koning geword nie. Ek het wel die dingetjies ingewerk van hoe dit gewerk het om 'n besigheid aan die gang te kry, en in baie van die karakters is daar mense wat ek geken het. Ek weet nie altyd of dit 'n goeie ding is nie, want dit is wreed eerlik, eintlik bietjie koelbloedig. Maar wanneer jy seerkry, weet jy dit werk.

Die storie word ook as deels dokumentêr beskryf, hoewel dit hoofsaaklik op kykersvermaak gemik is. Hoe versoen jy dit?

Ja, buiten die geskiedkundige agtergrond en regte dokumentêre film-insetsels, is daar ook so 'n bietjie van Dolf en sy persoonlike verhoudings asook die supermarkketting wat hy opbou. Hy is in kompetisie met Checkers en ek het die hele supermarkwêreld nagevors omdat dit my gefassineer het.

Jy weet die supermark-reuse wat die land so vol staan? Ons verbruikers is betrokke daarby, maar nie een van ons weet wat agter die toe deure aangaan nie. Ek het in my navorsing agtergekom dit is nie so droog soos mens dink nie. Daar is "foul-play", consumer profiling en die hele sielkunde van bemarking.

Sedert drie jaar gelede met die reeks begin is, is heelwat aanpassings in die politieke inhoud gemaak, terwyl die reeks self die ontwikkeling van politieke denke in die land weergee. Grond jy dit op navorsing of jou eie ervarings?

Ja, dit verteenwoordig 'n nuwe interpretasie en die foute wat daarin gevind sal word, sal myne wees. Die ontwikkeling van denke is gedeeltelik my eie, want ek het baie konserwatief grootgeword. Ons het gepraat van kaffers en koelies. Maar soos ek groter geword het, en later as koerantman dinge gesien het, veral die dinge wat jy nie durf skryf nie en self politieke frustrasies gekry het, het my denke verander.

Maar ek het ook probeer om nie regse karakters te stereotipeer nie, ek het moeite gedoen om oor hul vrese en onsekerhede uit te vind. Anders sou die karakters bloot nie gewerk het nie.

Die teks bevat verskeie "one-liners" soos "Almal moet eet" en "Dit is die omset wat saakmaak". Hoewel in die geheel van ideologiese interpretasie weggestuur word in die inhoud, gaan sommige mense sê dit is SAUK-propaganda vir die "vryemark-stelsel". Is dit?

Dolf, die hoofkarakter, is geweldig vir die vryemark. Daar word ook gepraat oor die sosialisme en ander kante van die saak. Maar omdat die storie om Dolf draai, kom sy siening sterk na vore.

Ek kan maar seker sê ek gaan nou *Konings II* doen waarin ek met die tyd ná Mandela se vrylating wil werk en dit gaan baie "close to the bone" kom. Dit gaan oor die kwessies wat nou gebeur. Waar *Konings I* een verteller het, wil ek in die tweede reeks twee vertellers hê - die een wat die skinderstorie vertel en die ander wat die terribel waarheid vertel. Ek sal maar sien of dit gaan werk.

Die reeks is vir TV1 en die begroting daarvoor is die grootste nog vir 'n Afrikaanse dramareeks. Ek verstaan van die vervaardigers, Lelsureco, dit was van die begin af 'n buitengewone risiko vir die SAUK.

Konings is 'n gewaagde reeks en daarvoor huldig ek die Afrikaanse dramadepartement van die SAUK. Dit het 'n afdeling geword wat regtig dink en bereid is om 'n kans te vat. Vermaak bly die eerste gebod van TV en gegewe die sterk dokumentêre inslag, was die risiko dat dit baie droog kon wees.

Maar ek het nie probeer om 'n opvoedkundige reeks te skryf nie. Ek wou 'n tyd in die land se geskiedenis en sy mense skryf en hulle maak soos ek dink hulle was en daardeur tegelykertyd die kyker vermaak.

Die reeks is in die media reeds met *Dynasty* vergelyk vanweë die "rags-to-riches" inslag. Sou jy dit as 'n seple wil beskryf?

Nee. Ek ek het groot respek vir die Afrikaanse soap-skrywers wat so streng volgens 'n resep kan werk. Ek is te wild. Ek moet kan rondvlieg en agter die karakters kan aanloop. En ek dink in 'n soap kan die karakters dit nie doen nie. Iemand het nou die dag vir my gesê

Konings is 'n "diep soap". (Hylag lekker.) Soap is eintlik 'n ongelukkige term wat van die Yanks af kom en hulle het emosionele drama oppervlakkig gemaak.

Konings het elemente van "liefde-haat", maar ek dink nie daaraan as 'n soap nie. Ek wil dit nie tipeer nie omdat ek nie van labels hou nie. As jy my vra waaroor die reeks regtig gaan, weet ek nie. Daar is so baie lyne wat loop - maar ek kan sê: dit is 'n skaakspel tussen twee mense, 'n politieke geskiedenis van die land, dit is 'n drama en 'n comedy. Good grief, ek weet nie.

Waar kom die naam vandaan?

Aanvanklik het ek aan die naam gedink as konings in 'n skaakspel. In die vroeë stadium van die draaiboek het ek selfs probeer om die dramatiese gebeure te koppel aan skuiwe op die skaakbord. Maar toe besef ek dit is intellektuele draadtrekery. "Visual literature" hoort nie by TV nie en ek het die storie betrek.

Maar die idee is dat twee mans besig is met 'n skaakspel en albei is goeie skaakspelers - die een 'n emosionele en opstandige speler en die ander 'n berekende, koelbloedige slang.

Ek verstaan daar was vooraf 'n besluit om weg te beweeg van die stereotipering van die Afrikaner as arm en dom. Het jy probeer om die Afrikaner te romantiseer of glamouriseer?

Nee, beslis nie. Kykers is regtig moeg vir die Afrikaner as armblanke. *Konings* kon ek ongelukkig nie die sukses wys sonder die begin nie - en dit was armblanke. Maar dit was nie 'n poging om soos in die Amerikaanse *Rich Man, Poor Man* die glamour van "rags-to-riches" te skep nie.

Was die draaiboek andersins wroegend en problematies?

Kyk, ek hou nie eintlik daarvan om die enjin in die openbaar oop te maak en te kyk hoe hy lyk nie. Ek wil nie pretensieus klink nie, want ek besef elke dag hoeveel ek nie weet nie. Ek beskou myself as 'n belowende "apprentice" in 'n hoogs veeleisende craft.

Maar die skryf het my gehelp om sekere gebeure waarby ek as joernalis betrokke was beter te verstaan. Maar hindsight is natuurlik 'n wonderlike ding.

Die trick wat ek met *Arende* geleer het, is om jouself in 'n time machine te sit en terug te gaan na 'n land en 'n tydperk en te vergeet van wat vorentoe gebeur. Jy self weet niks! Nog nie. Die oomblik as jy weet, beïnvloed jy jou karakters.

Hoe het jy begin skryf?

Ná matriek in Johannesburg wou ek handelskuns studeer om politieke spotprenttekenaars te word. Ek het met koerantmense deurmekaar geraak, die studie gestaak en my as junior verslaggewer by *Die Vaderland* aangesluit. Later het ek so gefassineer geraak

deur joernalistiek dat ek die tekenry agtergelaat het. Nou doen ek net portretsketse vir ontspanning.

As skoolseun het ek "blou" stories geskryf en aan die outjies verkoop vir tien sent 'n lees, maar in my familie is skryf nooit as 'n ernstige beroep beskou nie. Eers in die joernalistiek het ek skryf as ernstig begin sien. Later was ek by *Transvaler*, *The Starens Scope*. Tussendeur het ek twee pogings aangewend om vryskut te werk. Dit was spectacular failures. My vrou, 'n tydskif-fotograaf, moes ons letterlik aan die lewe hou.

'n Tyd lank was ek ook PRO vir Twentieth Century Fox, waar ek twee ongesnyde movies per dag kon sien. Ek is 'n ou movie fanatic.

In 1979 het ek besluit om weer te probeer, my vrou en vier dogters in 'n karavaan en Land Cruiser gelaai en amper drie jaar lank so deur die land ge-"gypsy life" totdat ons op Onrusrivier geland het en ná ses maande 'n huis in Hermanus gekoop het. Agt jaar later is ons nog hier.

My heel eerste poging op skool om te skryf, was 'n draaiboek, maar as PRO het ek met baie movie-mense deurmekaar geraak en begin draaiboek-dokter speel. So het ek struktuur begin verstaan. Self kon ek, goddank, nooit 'n script verkoop kry nie, hulle was vreeslik.

Toe, met die begin van TV, was ek betrokke by die eerste dramareeks in Afrikaans, *Keertyd*. Daarna het 'n militêre reeks gevolg - *Opdrag*. Daarna het ek 'n lang tyd net boeke geskryf, hoofsaaklik jeugromans.

Toe ons in die Kaap kom, het ek Dirk de Villiers raakgeloop en ons het die idee van *Arende* in 'n restaurant sit en uitdink vir 'n voorlegging.

Intussen het ek *Meester*, *Ou grote*, verskeie swart TV-reekse, en die rolprent *Joe Bullet* gedoen.

Jy het ook die draaiboek vir Marena Maartens se boek 'n Pot vol winter geskryf en daarin gespeel?

Ja dit was 'n heel ander ondervinding - om in iemand anders se psige te kom.

Die vroue-ding pla my nie. Ek het die lewe as chauvinis begin, toe ná vier dogters 'n feminis geword. Jy weet, jy sien hoe donner die mans hulle rond en ek sê nou soos Shirley Valentine, "men are such shits".

Wat van jou eie groot rolprent-draaiboek?

Nou, ná 'n maand se vakansie, begin ek volgende maand 'n Engelstalige rolprent vir die buitelandse mark. Dit word *Burning Witches* genoem en is die storie van die nuwe SA. 'n Arm, konserwatiewe wit vrou maak haar dronk man dood toe hy haar wil verkrag. Sy word van moord aangekla en in ons land kan 'n getroude vrou nie deur haar man verkrag word nie. Sy kry 'n swart pro deo advokaat en die storie gaan oor hulle verhouding. Dit is nie 'n storie oor apartheid nie, maar 'n ouer kwessie, dié van chauvinisme. Eintlik is dit 'n komedie, dink ek.

all glory must go to the company

Unlike western countries where a transfer to another company is often a precursor to promotion, the Japanese view with dire suspicion a person who changes station, writes LAURENS ACKERMANN from Tokyo

THE COMPANY: whichever one it is you work for, you resign yourself to two facts: the company will claim your life and then run it for you. If you can accept this, then, well, you will want for nothing. The company will see to your security; you, in return, will offer loyalty. Absolute and enduring.

Unlike western countries where a transfer to another company is often a precursor to promotion, Japanese view with dire suspicion a person who changes station. They see it as walking over to "the other side." Those in the company receiving this new employee feel much the same. If he left Nissan to come to us, he can just as easily leave us to go to Honda. This is their thinking.

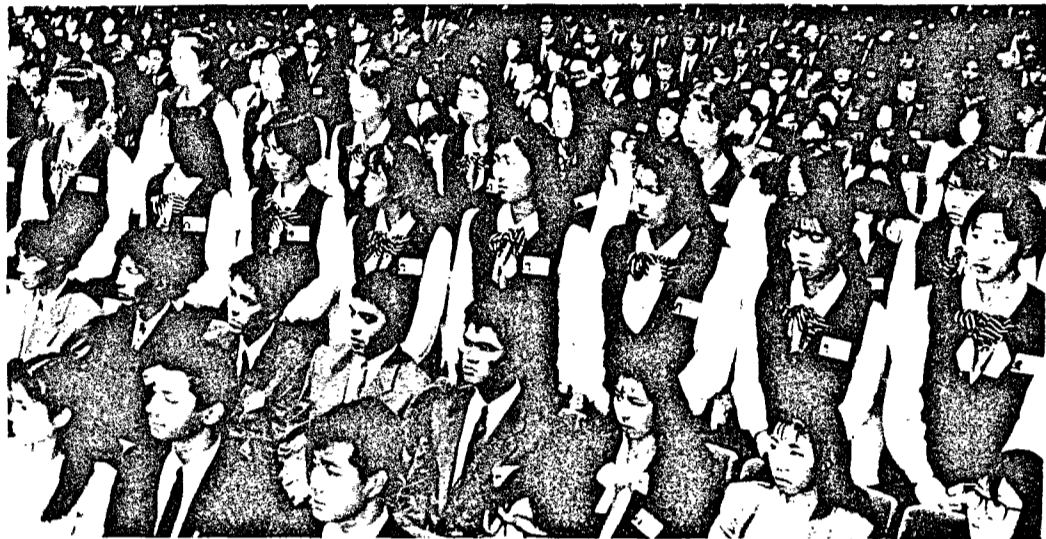
This feudal loyalty draws much of its strength from the Japanese character and its pragmatic outlook on life.

In 1945, when Emperor Hirohito told the Japanese people to lay down their arms - and informed them that he was a man, not a god - they had to face, for the first time in their history, the fact that the impossible had happened. Japan had been defeated by foreign forces. Their Admission went further than simply recognizing that they had lost a battle of armament against America.

No, they had been beaten by America's superior "spirit".

The generals were under no illusions when they ordered the attack on Pearl Harbour. The Americans outgunned them. Yet to them this was no concern. Even though they were informed about the resources America could muster, they believed its people could never match their own invincible spirit. Their propaganda machine sang this tune through the first years of victory in the south Pacific when the "yellow tide" took one island after another. It maintained this tune, never wavering, even in defeat. There was a terrible consistency to their belief in their superior and victorious spirit.

BUT WHEN THE EMPEROR told them it was over, they did not quibble. They accepted defeat, they realised that their spirit was flawed, and then collectively they took a long hard look at it. Or more accurately, they took a long hard look at the country whose spirit had won over theirs. What they saw was a de-mo-cra-cy, supported by a free and strong economy. Well, then there had to be something in this. Without further ado they set about emulating their victors. The Japanese are not innovators, not in business. But give them an idea and they will perfect it for you. And this they have done. They have turned the tables on America.



All these new employees are being inducted into the company. Right now they are listening to the boss telling them that "life is work". Afterwards they will stand to sing Beethoven's Choral Chorus, which is the company's anthem. This is a standard "welcome ceremony" for new workers starting at a big company in Japan

In her classic work, *The Sword and the Crysanthemum*, written shortly after the war, Ruth Benedict made a prediction: "A nation like Japan which spent half its national income on armament and the armed forces for a decade before Pearl Harbour can lay the foundation of a healthy economy if it outlaws such expenditures..."

General MacArthur did just that. Heading the occupation force whose task it was to restructure post-war Japan, he made some sweeping changes including giving women the vote, drafting Japan's present constitution, and introducing a new industrial structure, which is now, only forty years down the line, beating America's like a gong.

America helped to turn the tables against themselves.

This irony could not have been lost on a nauseous President Bush with his last visit to Japan. He was reduced to making a feeble if-we-buy-your-cars-then-you-should-buy-our-cars demand. At least that is what it amounted to. It seems that finally the tail has started wagging the dog.

WHAT JAPAN HAS accomplished, is remarkable. They put the war, and two cities leveled by atom bombs, behind them and got on with it. (The horror of two US cities destroyed by nuclear bombs is only eclipsed by the thought of the mileage that Hollywood would get out of it.)

How they accomplished it, was through the company. It was a collective effort - teamwork on a massive scale. In this team there are no stars. Individual brilliance is shunned, even viewed, at times, with suspicion. All glory must go to the company. It must succeed, not the individual. Though the latter is looked after by the former, its interests are unimpor-

tant by comparison. So for example, there is a strict hierarchical structure maintained within each company - based as much on seniority as merit - and younger members will not go home until the boss leaves, often with dire consequences for their family life and spouse. Similarly if the boss feels like going for a drink you go with him. This will be often since the succour Japanese salarymen seek from the stress they experience, is in getting blind drunk.

Drunk as "frozen tuna" they say, and on any weekday night train stations are full of staggering grey-haired executives. To make it worse, the Japanese are awful drinkers. They lack, or have less of an enzyme, that helps break down alcohol, than we do. Although this is a generalization, and some of them can go toe to toe with the best in the west, many of them turn brick-red after two drinks. They then get drunk very quickly and pass out, or worse, vomit. This they will do with impunity wherever they are. It is not frowned upon in the slightest. A gentleman in a three-piece suit barking at his shoes will not so much as draw a glance from the passersby.

If the Nikkei stock-exchange has been up and down that week, sending tremors through the top echelons of Japan's finest, it often requires nifty footwork to negotiate the puddles of stress on your way to the station.

NOT DRINKING WITH THE boss can jeopardize your chances of promotion. Ambitious youngsters, cursed with a lack of THAT enzyme, will train themselves to build up their resistance. Things have got a bit out of hand. A few salarymen who became violently ill every time they went drinking with the boss stopped, and formed an organization for salarymen who can't drink. Their union is intent on

coming out into the open with their problem, encouraging others with similar problems to do the same, and by standing together to strike a blow for all those who, because they lack THAT enzyme, are discriminated against.

It's all because of tension. And a terrible feeling that your life has been indelibly and finally mapped out for you. Once Big Brother is watching you, he never blinks.

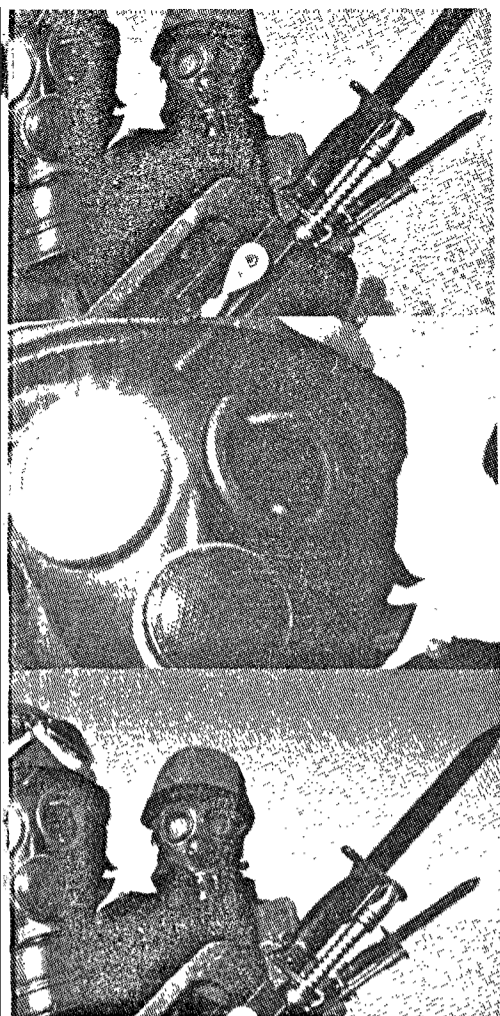
Your status, where and how you live, your children's education - and in Japan, therefore, their future opportunities, who you mix with, who your friends are, and often who you marry, are all determined by the company you work within. If you can't afford your own accommodation, the company will house you in dormitories: a large, grey, building with standardized one room apartments. Your nextdoor neighbour is a fellow employee. Big Brother has even determined who you live with.

The only escape is "karoshi". Dying at your desk. Karoshi is new in the Japanese vocabulary. It's an attempt to describe an increasing number of deaths that are stress related due to work. It may be the modern equivalent of harakiri, suicide through ritual disembowelment.

Now, instead of a warrior's funeral, you are laid to rest in a circular coffin shaped like a gold watch, and "Twenty-five years Loyal Service" is stamped on your forehead - along with the company insignia.

learning to live without the enemy

Saddam Hussein didn't make the grade, Gadaffi proved a miserable failure. After the death of Communism, the US has struggled to find credible villains. Without them it will have to get its own act together, **IVOR POWELL** writes in the final part of a series on America today



The glory days of the Gulf War... but will they ever come again?

EVERY world power needs a sinister "other" waiting in the wings, some dark, preferably slaving, monstrous shape lurking ominously in the shadows. How else is it going to define its own sense of identity - which is at the same time a sense of representing the forces of order triumphing over chaos, how else is it going to justify its foreign manipulations, the rampant exercise of its power in the world at large?

The ancient Greeks could hardly have risen to the heights they did without the Barbarians, the Republican Romans would have remained as parochial without the Goths, the Gauls, the Visigoths, as Queen Victoria would have been without the savages to civilise.

And the United States of America would have had to invent Communism had it not already existed. Indeed a case could be made that the US did in fact largely invent Communism in world history by ranging the so-called free world against it, by launching sustained anti-communist propaganda campaigns stretching over decades and burning with a xenophobic intensity the world has never seen before and will probably never see again.

But now what? Now the Soviet Union is no more. Now the international prestige of world communism ranks about on a par with the post-Reichian dream of world pederasty, now, ironically, that the US' holy war has been definitively and conclusively won.

Now the ship of US state is suddenly rudderless, the compass is broken, the maps don't work any more and the destination has changed but nobody really knows what it is any more.

For example, while Congress threatens continually to cut defence spending - which incidentally would create fresh economic crises, this remaining, in one way and another, the largest single sector in the economy - in fact the military industrial complex has continued more or less with business as usual. Only the activity of weapons creation and upgrad-

ing has increasingly become its own end and goal and means all at the same time.

The arms race is over, the trophies have been distributed, the crowd has gone home. But the superathlete that is the US has forgotten how to stop running and there is nothing to suggest that it will stop doing victory laps before it drops.

ONE OFTEN REPRODUCED political cartoon showing the twin symbols of American politics, the elephant and the ass, in glum and pensive mood captures the situation perfectly.

"Me," the ass of the Democrats says. "Oh I think I'll return to my roots, become the party of the poor and underprivileged once again, stop behaving like a yuppie jerk, try to find happiness that way - How about you?"

The Republican elephant replies: "Well, maybe I'll get into some volunteer work... like volunteer for Saudi Arabia, try to fan up a little patriotism, get some xenophobia going, kick a little backside, find a focus again. God I miss the Commies..."

Saddam Hussein looked for a moment as though he was going to save the US quite literally from itself, providing the supervillain its so desperately needed. The US public, as history will record, responded with unbounded enthusiasm, an enthusiasm which was only matched by the willingness of the media to bend the truth in the service of patriotism and US global destiny. Riding high on the Gulf War, President George Bush was accorded a staggering 86 percent popularity rating at one point, and it was only when the stories about the bombing of baby milk factories were repeated for the fourth or fifth time that any real doubt started to creep in.

But in the end Saddam failed to make the grade. It is one of the basic qualifications for being global enemy number one that it has to take more than a few short weeks to definitively break your power.

TOUGH, SADDAM. And nice try, George Bush, but no cigar. By March this year Bush's popularity ratings had slipped into the low thirties and, amidst administrative bunglings and growing anger over his administration's handling of social welfare, there seemed no reason why they should not slip even lower.

It's not hard to see why Bush, longing for the glory days of the Gulf War and facing an increasingly problematic election, tried again - this time rattling his nuclear sabre at Libya's Muammar Gadafi, over the latter's supposed role in the

Lockerbie air disaster, enthusiastically threatening an invasion and busily hustling up support for a sanctions drive.

But the international wind was blowing in the wrong direction and Bush and his election advisers had failed to find out the facts - which relegated Gadaffi to a relatively minor role - and well, the egg got blown straight back into Bush's face.

Not such a nice try this time, George.

BLACK COMEDY ASIDE, the fall of Eastern Europe has provoked a serious crisis in both places where it hurts the US most - the inner organs of its social organisation and its foreign policy crotch.

Some aspects of the first set of difficulties have already been sketched in. I want to look here in a little detail at the question of foreign policy.

Coming as it has along with the rise of the economies of Western Europe and Japan, and thus diminishing global economic influence, the fall of Eastern Europe has not only left what one might call a horror vacuum, but also ineluctably presented itself as something of a solution.

When President Bush announced some weeks ago that a gigantic \$24 billion was going to be made available by the World Bank for Eastern European aid, it was not merely the humanitarian gesture he claimed it was. Nor was it primarily a means of promoting the idea of Western capitalist democracy. It was also an investment in a sphere of economic and cultural influence which still remained open to the US with the closing off of markets in the former Eastern Bloc's more developed Western neighbours. Perhaps as importantly, the former Soviet Union and its satellites represented the one remaining geographical zone where the American way of life was still something to be uncritically aspired to, where the word American has entered the post-communist vocabulary as a kind of equivalent to "cool".

BUT DESPITE the very good psychological and practical reasons for making a US presence strongly felt in the region, Bush not only had his work cut out to convince the American public that this was something that needed to be done - with a looming election \$24 billion never-never loans were easy targets for those arguing that America should be put first and that sums of money like this were more urgently needed at home.

Standard election rhetoric, taking its ammunition where it finds it, and hurling it regardless. Only one couldn't help

feeling, watching Bush unhappily and lamely defending himself on television, arguing that America had (not a mission, mind, but) a duty to support countries in pursuit of a democratic future, that his heart wasn't in it either, that he all too clearly saw his opponents' point of view - and was having difficulty seeing past it.

Now this would not have been strange if his opponents were not talking such unadulterated nonsense in the first place. America, like any other world power has been great in precise proportion to how radically and how thoroughly it has been able to exert a global influence. And it was precisely the extension of this influence that Bush was being called upon to defend.

ONE NEED ONLY imagine what a fine rhetorical meal a president like Richard Nixon would have made of this aid grant to realise just how much has changed, how uncertain the US has grown of its destiny.

Already, in the run-up to the elections, there is talk of cuts in foreign aid budgets, approved only months ago, to Third World countries. And while it is unlikely that these will be effected, it is still symptomatic that with South Africa's first free elections approaching, there is little or no direct involvement on the part of the US in the much-needed (though admittedly politically sensitive) business of "democracy training".

Nor, despite a relaxing of a number of controls on trade with South Africa, most recently the lifting of Exem bank bans on underwriting deals with South African trading partners, has there been any rush to get in at the ground floor of the new South Africa - though of course there have been other factors at work here as well.

Faced with doubts about its own global identity, wracked with questions about its social and political viability and threatened economically, US society has grown increasingly inward looking.

Its days of being the major world power may well be over. But what most Americans are having difficulty seeing is that this does not mean that the US cannot continue to offer a better life than just about anywhere in the world, nor that it cannot emerge from the current crisis stronger in itself than before. The country still has the infrastructures coupled with the resources to point the direction into the twenty-first century.

All it ever really needed, it might be argued, is a little humility. That is what it is learning now.

JAPIE SOETGEMOED, agony aunt van *Die Blad*, haal sy brilletjie af en kom orent op twee onderontwikkelde bene in Chocolate-bruin broekspype. Momenteel oorveldig deur die omvang en aard van die kollusie tussen Satan en die mens, sluk hy 'n Grandpa-poeier en ledig die halfbottel soetwyn wat sy goeie vrou langs die pakkie kitspoeding in die kombuiskas bêre. In die lugdigte slaapkamer trek hy sy stemmige Woolworths-pajamas aan en kniel sedig asook halfbeskonke langs die bed. Hy wend sy vaal sprinkaangesig na die plafon en prewel 'n vinnige formule. Hy gaan lê besadig langs sy goeie vrou, wat alreeds kuis lê en snork, kruis sy arms gedissiplineerd oor sy bors en gee hom oor aan die gesamentlike werking van farmaseutiese kundigheid en genoeg koekstruif-alkohol virtwintig Calvinistiese Nuwejaarsfeeste.

Later, terwyl hy in 'n REM-fase glip en begin worstel met die goddelose horde egbrekers, hoere, sodomiete, pedofiele, bloedskandelikes, verkragters, vroueslaners, kompulsiewe leuenaars, boelies en vrate, asook diverse tronkvoëls, vandale, diewe, boewe, sosiopate en afwykendes (ook closet homofiele en dienspligontduikers) van sy rubriek, sluit Soekie Soetgemoed, sy dogter, student aan die plaaslike universiteit en bedags 'n toonbeeld van die Pragtige Meisie van Japie se voorligting, die voordeur oop.

Vroeër die aand het sy die huis in 'n Foschini-rokkie verlaat, 'n Oulike Seun aan haar sy en 'n formidabele stel traktaatjies onder die arm.

Nou tango sy, geklee in 'n miniskule broekie wat obseen oopflap oor haar kaal boude, haar halfwas tieties gerekonstrueer tot 'n ambivalente bolwerk, haar hare opgeseep in 'n hoerse war, lukraak oor die sindelik-gespikkelde mat - 'n sintetiese hiëna-vel wat in die halfdonker onvoorspelbaar onder haar skerppunt enkel-boots golf en dein.

Verby die rookoper glim van Dürer se biddende hande, verby die vroom elegansie van Dralon-stoele, verby die snorke, poepe, preweling, knersinge en versugtinge van die egpaar Soetgemoed se nagtelike limbus, trap sy hoog in die rigting van haar pa se studeerkamer, wat 'n benoude teologie adem.

Sy skakel die lig aan en slaag daarin om Japie se stoel raak te sit.

SOEKIE IS OMGEKRAP, sy is moerig. Die Vloek moes haar al vyf dae gelede getref het, en sy vrees vir die toekoms. Sy het onbevredigend gefornikeer op die agterste sitplek van 'n motor met een van die Oulike Seuns wat haar moontlik op die paal gesit het.

Sy besef nie dat sy eintlik in die greep van PMT is nie, en terwyl sy 'n dik zol in 'n traktaatjie uit haar terterige handsakkie draai, dink sy aan regstellende aksie.

'n Uur of twee gaan verby, en die kasterende bui verdiep namate die wêreld van Japie se studeerkamer om haar stabiliseer.

Voor haar op die lessenaar lê vier mandjies: IN, UIT/VIR PUBLIKASIE, UIT/

KORRESPONDENSIE, en GOD SAL UITKOMS GEE. Langs die tikmasjien lê 'n los briefie. Soekie tel dit op en lees:

Beste Dr Soetgemoed

Die jongens hier by ons is vreeslik ondeund ons meisies raak nou gatvol, hulle rape ons vroeg en laat tot die ou anties ook, hulle vat die oumas se pension geld, hulle koop T-shirts met die Charter op, hulle koop spreipaint, hulle sprei VIVA JOU MA SE POES op die skool se mure en by die stasie, wat moet ons doen.

Sharon van Elsie

Die antwoord wat Japie amper klaar geformuleer het voordat hy tydelik uit die stryd teen die Bose getree het, is nog in die tikmasjien:

Beste Sharon

Julle meisies moet leer om nie sulke lelike woorde te gebruik nie. Hoe moet

weer pragtige meisies, en hulle word oulike seuns, en julle almal djol soos julle wil. Sterkte!

Japie Soetgemoed

SOEKIE ADRESSEER 'N KOEVERT, sit haar Briefie daarin en gooi dit in die UIT/KORRESPONDENSIE-mandjie. Sy suig nadenkend aan haar zol terwyl sy die inhoud van die vier mandjies teen mekaar opweeg. Sy neem 'n briefie, klaar geredigeer en beantwoord, uit die UIT/VIR PUBLIKASIE-mandjie:

Vroulief van V skryf: Werda! Hier by ons wapper die Vierkleur, maar my goeie man is sielongelukkig, en dit is alles my skuld. Nadat hy my laas moes kortvat, is ek doof in albei ore. Nou grief dit hom dat ek nie kan hoor as hy 1 Petrus 3 vers 1 voorlees nie. My een been het hierdie keer ook nie so mooi aangegroei nie en is nou 'n bietjie korter, met die

briefie in haar pa se liasseerstelsel. Sy kry die naam en adres, sit weer skoon papier in die tikmasjien en laat waai.

Beste mevrou Voetveeg

Werda! Hier by ons hang die Vierkleur halfstok, maar die stryd duur voort.

Dit is duidelik dat u man nog altyd 'n onderliggende chromosoom-probleem gehad het, en nou het u gemaak dat sy hormone ook lol. U is al een wat hom nou kan help, maar ek moet u waarsku dat hy u aanvanklik glad nie dankbaar gaan wees nie.

Wag tot hy slaap, dan bekruipe u hom soos Delila van ouds. Los maar sy sideburns, sny net die balle af (dis waar die ongelukkigheid lê) en skop hom 'n paar keer flink onder gat met u kort been. Maak u onmiddellik uit die voete. Draai die balle in die Vierkleur toe en stuur dit na die kommandatuur van die Ystergarde, met die komplimente van Japie Soetgemoed.

Met verloop van tyd behoort u en u man 'n merkwaardige verbetering in lewenskwaliteit te ervaar. U sal miskien selfs weer sy stem kan hoor, omdat die toonhoogte heeltemal sal verander. U skewe neus en slap ogie, asook die feit dat hy nie meer vir u lus is nie, sal hom glad nie pla nie. U kort been sal vir hom 'n inspirasie wees, en u sal weer 'n pragtige huwelik hê. Sterkte!

Japie Soetgemoed

Soekie tik 'n Ventersdorpse adres op 'n koevert, sit die briefie daarin en sit hom by die vorige in die UIT/KORRESPONDENSIE-mandjie. Sy gaap en rek haar uit. Sy besluit om die GOD SAL UITKOMS GEE-mandjie vir 'n ander aand te laat oorsaan. Sy haal 'n klein blikkie uit haar handsak, en terwyl sy die oorblyfsels van haar zol daarin krap, besef sy dat sy ten spyte van haar moegheid radikaal beter voel.

In die badkamer ontdek sy die rede daarvoor: sy het begin menstrueer. Sy draai die stort se krane wyd oop. Sy was die hoere-gemors uit haar hare en van haar gesig af, en sy sing jubelend en uit volle bors: "Strooo-me van see-eën, strome van see-eën vir ons..."

Wanneer sy kom by: "dru-ppeltjies maak ons reeds dankbaar, maar ons behoefte is groot," word Japie se goeie vrou wakker. Sy luister 'n oomblik en stoot aan Japie se skouer.

"Luister, Pappie," sê sy.

Japie se kop, swermend van die kwelgeeste van die Duisternis, rol onrustig oor die kussing. "Lees 1 Petrus 3 vers 1," mompel hy kortaf, "lees Romeine 13, lees Efesiërs 6 vers 12..."

Japie se goeie vrou skud hom liggies.

"Maar luister dan, Pappie," sê sy, "dis Soekie!"

Japie vlieg orent, luister 'n oomblik, en oriënteer homself.

"'n Pragtige meisie, Mammie," sê hy met ontsag, sy oë starend in die donker.

"'n Wyse Maagd, Pappie," antwoord sy selfvoldaan, en hulle lê hulle neer en slaap lepel verder.

pmt deur eva human

ek nou so 'n brief publiseer? Hou sommer vandag nog op om so te vloek of selfs aan sulke vieslike dinge te dink. Vertel vir die seuns hoe julle oor die saak voel (maar op 'n mooi manier, sonder om hulle te kritiseer) en sê ook dat julle van nou af vir hulle bid, en dan doen julle dit! Dan word julle almal pragtige meisies, en hulle word oulike

Soekie draai haar pa se onvoltooide briefie uit die masjien, frommel dit op, en stop dit in haar handsak. Sy sit skoon papier in en tik:

Beste Sharon

Ek raak self gatvol vir julle part. Kry die meisies en die anties bymekaar, dan vang julle die bliksems een vir een. Trek hulle T-shirts uit, sny hulle balle af, dan draai julle die balle in die T-shirts toe en pos dit express na die Youth League, en sê Japie Soetgemoed stuur groete. Vat die spreipaint en orals waar dit staan MA en POES sprei hulle 'n strepie deur en bo dit sprei hulle PA en PIEL. Dan word julle

gevolg dat ek nie meer so flink op aandag kan spring nie. Die ergste van alles is, nadat 'n man sy vrou getug het, moet hy seks hê, en nou met die skewe neus en die slap ogie sit ek hom heeltemal af. Hoe kan ek hom weer gelukkig maak? Dis dringend.

Antwoord: Mevroutjie, oortuig u man van u goeie gesindheid deur 1 Petrus 3 vers 1 voortdurend hardop te prewel (ek neem aan u stembande is nog in orde) want teen hierdie tyd ken u dit darem seker van buite. 'n Baie onopsigtelike gehoorapparaatjie behoort nie aanstoot te gee nie, en sal veel bydra tot sy geluk. Laat ook u skoene opbou sodat u weer flink kan spring, en 'n bietjie kundige grimering behoort u neus en oog heeltemal skaflik te laat lyk. Kort voor lank slaag u weer daarin om u man te behaag en sal u huwelik weereens pragtig wees. Sterkte!

"Nee moer," mompel Soekie verby haar zol en soek die vrou se oorspronklike

As 'n mens mooi kyk tussen die boeke der boeke van die reeds tot vervelens toe afgestofde, opgekikkerde en ge-moviede Amerikaanse popikone van die vorige dekades, soos Jim Morrison, Elvis (Presley én Costello) en Bob (Dylan en Geldof), besef jy: die kultuurboikot is werklik iets van die verlede. Daar is ander stemme wat van ander bewegings en ander ikone vertel, en jy besef ook dat die geskiedenis van die moderne en post-moderne wêreld nie noodwendig die geskiedenis van die 60s en 70s in Amerika is nie. 'n Paar nuwe boeke, waarin die onlangse verlede vanuit ander kultuurhistoriese perspektiewe bekyk word, het 'n plekkie op ons kultuurrakke ingeneem.

ENGLAND'S DREAMING

Sex Pistols and Punk Rock
Deur Jon Savage
Faber and Faber, 1991 (R104,99)

TOE die Sex Pistols in Januarie 1978 in Amerika gaan toer, het die Amerikaners nie geweet wat hulle tref nie. Die Pistols ook nie. Sid Vicious, ver van sy huis en afgesny van sy daaglikse dosis heroïen, het begin sweet en meer onvoorspelbaar geword. Op pad Memphis toe het die weerlig hulle vliegtuig raakgeslaan en dit het die kêrels ietwat ontsenu, daar aangekom het Sid gaan drugs soek en is later heel stoned langs die swembad opgespoor waar hy deur die veiligheidswagte van Warner Brothers - dié ouens was veronderstel om Sid op te pas - afgeransel is.

Daardie aand in Januarie 1978 het dinge 'n bietjie begin uitspin vir die Pistols. Punk was nie veronderstel om beroemd te raak nie. Punk kan nie pop wees nie. Die orkeslede het nie meer met mekaar gepraat nie: Sid het ge-cold turkey, Johnny Rotten het 'n fietsketting gaan soek om die brutale lyfwagte 'n les mee te leer, Jones en Cook het rolbal gaan speel...

Die volgende dag is die Pistols San Antonio toe om 'n show te gaan gee. Dié optrede - waartydens Sid 'n vol bierblik in die gesig gekry het en die woedende gehoor uitgedaag het om nóg te gooi - was die hoogtepunt van hul Amerikaanse toer: "That show in San Antonio is one of the best Rock 'n Roll shows I've ever seen in my life," het Joe Stevens, skrywer van

NME, gesê. "It had violence, good music, fantastic." (p 448)

'n Paar dae later - op 14 Januarie 1978 - het die Pistols hul laaste optrede gegee, en volgens Greil Marcus was dit die naaste wat 'n mens aan die oordeelsdag kon kom. Punk is verslaan, maar punk leef voort.

Jon Savage sê hoewel die Sex Pistols net nege maande lank bestaan het, sal hulle invloed voortduur solank daar mense is wat nee sê. Nee vir die New-Right, nee vir onvervulde begeerte, werkloosheid, verveling, vervreemding...

England's Dreaming is 'n lywige boek waarin die verval van Engeland aan die hand van sy eiesoortige musiekbedryf op deeglik wyse deur Savage vertel word. Dié boek is nie net bedoel vir punk- en musiek-geesdriftiges nie, maar vir enigiemand wat in die hede belangstel.

GOthic ROCK

Deur Mick Mercer
Pegasus, 1991 (R79,65)

IN DIÉ A - Z van Goth - wat musiekgroepe, tydskrifte, Gotiese en ander chemiese verskynsels insluit - deur Mick Mercer, 'n Goth-kenner en selferkende idioot, word post-ystertannie Engeland in al sy vervreemding en dekadensie pragtig uitgebeeld. Daar is niks meer vir dié slagoffers van die onvervulde begeerte oor nie, behalwe miskien om sy/haar onvervulde begeerte, volledige vervreemding, verveling en, laastens, sy/haar eie liggaam te verbruik.

Ontmoet vir Creaming Jesus, Alien Sex Fiend, Bible for Dogs, Christian Death, Crown of Thorns, Lesbian Dopeheads on Mopeds, Sex Gang Children, Theatre of Hate, Blood and Noses, Victims of the Pestilence, Virgin Prunes, Holy Trinity... Mense wat nie saam met Cliff Richard 'n duet op sy volgende Kersfeestrefter sal sing nie. Mense wat ons ongelukkig ook nie oor ons ystermanradiosenders sal hoor kerm nie.

PLANET DRUM

A Celebration of Percussion and Rhythm
Deur Mickey Hart en Fredric Lieberman
HarperSanFrancisco, 1991 (R79,99)

MICKEY HART, een van die trompelers van The Grateful Dead, se soeke na die siel van die trom - daardie veelsydige instrument wat geraas kan manipuleer - het hom teruggevoer na die Paleolitiese grotte waar die eerste ritmiese slag van twee stokkies of bene teenmekaar die geboorte van die slaginstrument aangekondig het.

In sy navorsing het hy die Kalulitrommers van Papua Nieu-Guinee ontmoet, mense wat in hul tromslae die stemme van die dooies kan hoor. Hy het die Siberiese en Indiaanse sjamaans ontmoet wat hul tromme soos perde uit dié wêreld na die anderkant én terug ry. Hy het die meestertronslaners in Wes-Afrika ontmoet wat die voorvadergeeste

- die Orisha - kan roep om hul lywe tydelik te bewoon. Kortom: Hart sê sy soeke na die siel en oorsprong van die trom het hom in voeling gebring met die heilige, ritualistiese en mitiese strukture onderliggend aan die menslike bewussyn. Dié reis van Hart is vervat in sy eerste boek, *Drumming at the Edge of Magic* (Harper Collins), wat ek in VWB (21 - 27 Feb) bespreek het.

Maar nou het 'n tweede boek uit sy pen verskyn, *Planet Drum*, waarin hy 'n panoramiese (en verbruikersvriendelike) blik op die ontwikkeling van die slaginstrument bied. *Planet Drum* is ryklik geïllustreer met foto's, illustrasies, skilderye van tromslaners en tromverwante gebeure en kon maklik as die geïllustreerde ensiklopedie van die trom bekend gestaan het.

Dié boek is 'n moet - só ook Hart se eerste - vir elkeen wat bewus is van sy eie hartklop.

MOZARTIANA

Two centuries of Notes, Quotes and Anecdotes about Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
Deur Joseph Solman
Macmillan, 1991 (R60,49)

BAIE MENSE het deur die jare baie dinge oor Mozart te sê gehad. Maria Callas het gedink sy musiek is vervelig en Karl

Barth het gesê as die gode alleen is, luister hulle na Bach, maar as hulle almal saam is, luister hulle na Mozart. (Na my beskeie mening luister die gode - alleen of te nie - na Callas.)

Hy word dikwels as een van die gode besing ("I believe in God, Mozart and Beethoven," het Wagner gesê), hoewel Glenn Gould nie met die Mozart-aanbidders saamstem nie: "Mozart was a bad composer who died too late rather than too early." Of jy Gould se sentiment deel of nie, *Mozartiana* is 'n boekie wat lekker saam met Mozart (of Callas) se musiek sal afaan.

PSYCHOTIC REACTIONS & CARBURETOR DUNG

Literature as rock 'n roll rock 'n roll as Literature
Deur Lester Bangs
Minerva, 1990 (R46,19)

LESTER BANGS is vandag (30 April) reeds 10 jaar dood, maar dit beteken nie sy rock-opstelle is saam met hom dood nie. Gaan lees maar sy rave oor Van Morrison se *Astral Weeks*, en ek kan jou verseker jy sal in die garage tussen jou ou LPs gaan soek daarna. Bangs het oor musiek geskryf toe daar nog iets was om oor musiek te sê. Miskien het hy op die regte tyd doodgegaan.

die tempo's

van ons tye

DEUR RYK HATTINGH

Michael is 'n Goth en sê: "I had been a Slut clone, wearing fishnets on my arms and legs, with six inch stilettos and a foot high black mohican... Now the sort of Goth I prefer is for Pre-Raphaelite Victorian influences and vampire fiction. I look very plain now..."

Uit: *Gothic Rock*



SHELDONS

DIE B°EKWINKEL MET DIE K°FFIEWINKEL Eastgate, Ingang 5

plant 'n boom



Die kameeldoring (*Acacia erioloba*). Uit: Keith Coates Palgrave se *Trees of Southern Africa*

MAKAPAN en sy krygers het miskien in 1854 vir Hermanus Potgieter lewend onder twee kameeldorings tussen Potgietersrus en Nylstroom afgeslag, maar dit hoef nie te beteken dat 'n mens nie kameeldorings plant nie.

Die kameeldoring (*Acacia erioloba* - *A. giraffae* in sommige boeke), met sy kenmerkende sambreelvormige kroon, is bladwisselend en kan die kwaai koue van die hoërliggende gebiede weerstaan indien hy die eerste paar jaar teen die ryp beskerm word. Dié boom groei stadig, het 'n penwortelstelsel en kan die ergste droogte die hoof bied. Gaan kyk maar hoe geil groei hulle daar ver in die ou Kalahari.

Kameeldorings wissel in grootte - van 'n struikagtige gewas van by die twee meter tot 'n statige boom van by die 16 meter hoog, hoewel hulle selde so hoog sal groei in jou gemiddelde Transvaalse tuin.

Dié bome se blomme (vroeg-lente) is ietwat kleiner en 'n donkerder geel as dié van die soetdoring en die peule is oortrek met fluweelagtige haartjies. Pasop vir dié boom se dorings. Palgrave verwys na Robert Moffat se storie van 'n leeu wat 'n kameelperd wou plattrek, nie sy greep kon kry nie en in 'n kameeldoring se dorings vasgeval het. En daar, hoog in die takke, is die koning van die diere ook dood.

Kameeldoringpeule is uitstekende veevoer en volgens beesboere is daar 'n toename in melk by koeie wat van die peule geëet het. Die donker rooibrui hout is baie sterk en is as mynstutte en in waens gebruik. Die kameeldoring se gom is ook 'n lekkerny wat deur mens en dier verorber word. In Botswana word die bas eers gerooster en dan gemaal en as hoofpynmedisyne gebruik. Kameeldorings is bekerm in Suid-Afrika.

Terloops: die twee kameeldorings tussen Potgietersrus en Nylstroom staan nog daar.



Die wildesalie (*Buddleja salviifolia*). Uit: Bome & struik van die Witwatersrand, Magaliesberg & Pilansberg, deur Joan van Gogh & John Anderson.

'N **ANDER** kleinerige immergroen boom wat 'n aanwys in enige Transvaalse, Natalse en Suid-Kaaplandse tuin sal wees, is die wildesalie (*Buddleja salviifolia*). Die boom word tussen drie en agt meter hoog en is dikwels veelstammig. Die aantrekklike blomme (Augustus tot Oktober) varieer van wit tot pienk tot ligpers.

Die hout van die wildesalie word gebruik om assegaastele en visstokke mee te maak, en 'n konkoksie van die wortel is goeie hoes- en koliekmedisyne. Die plante is gehard, groei maklik en vinnig. Palgrave sê dié bome is geneig om deur insekte aangeval te word.

As jy in 'n woonstel woon of nie plek in jou tuin het nie, plant 'n paar in jou buurman se tuin.

- RYK HATTINGH

Bronne:

Keith Coates Palgrave se *Trees of Southern Africa* (Struik)
Bome & struik van die Witwatersrand, Magaliesberg & Pilansberg, deur Joan van Gogh en John Anderson (Struik)

fynproe

NETTIE PIKEUR

spaanse boerekos pas ons maar pepita en vita is nie meer

VERLEDE WEEK het Mies Pikeur beloof sy skryf oor Spaanse kos, heerlike tjokka oor die kole met olyfolie, gebakte eiers met soetrissie, soet tamaties en nog soeter uie...

Maar intussen het ek een van die vreemdste boeke nog ooit gelees: die biografie van Vita Sackville-West, Ingilse upperclass getroud met Harold Nicholson, hul altwee die onderwerp van die omstrede boek *Portrait of a Marriage* wat hul seun Nigel na hul dood gepubliseer het.

Vita se biografie vertel hul vreemde verhaal in verstommende detail, met vele verwysings na haar Spaanse herkoms. Haar ouma was die beroemde Pepita, wat vyf onegte kinders had by 'n Ingilse lord en 'n dwarshou ingekry het in 'n dinastie van Sackvilles wat terug strek tot by Elizabeth I. Fascinating stuff, maar wat my verstom het, is dat hoewel baie vertel word van maaltye en drankies en so aan in Vita se ongelooflik besige lewe, daar nie een enkele woord in die hele boek is oor WAT hulle geëet of gedrink het nie.

Met een uitsondering: tydens die Tweede Wêreldoorlog kon hulle by Sissinghurst vleis eet - wildsvleis uit die landgoed. Verder is daar een verwysing na rape, dan niks. Wyn? Claret? Brandewyn? Stew? Lamsboud? Wortels? Tamaties? Niks, hoewel Sissinghurst 'n groot goentetuin gehad het.

Vita reis in die sestigerjare na Spanje om haar beroemde ouma se geboorteplek op te soek. Wat het sy geëet? Sou sy brood en olyfolie en harde kaas eet, soos hulle, of haar neus optrek en aandring op 'n bord Ingilse boerekos by die hotel?

DIS NATUURLIK DIE skrywer van enige boek se goeie reg om kos heeltemal uit te laat, maar dis darem lagwekkend upper class dat jy 'n intieme biografie van 60 jaar in iemand se lewe (seks ingesluit) kan skryf, maar nie kan sê of sy wit brood bo bruin verkies het, of salm bo skaapvleis nie.

Terug by Spaanse kos. Hoe Spanjaarde eet het ek vir die eerste keer teëgekomp op die eiland Ibiza met 'n spul Duitsers wat aangedring het op 'n vreemde kombinasie van plat lappe Duitse vleis-met-kremsaus en Spaanse slaai.

Ek het hulle heeltemal geïgnoreer en die vrolike Spaanse braaiman buite in die son gaan opsoek waar hy groot tentakels tjokka oor die kole gaarmaak, gesmeer met olyfolie en suurlemoen. Daama het ek brood met koue vis, mossels en goddelike mayonnaise, tamatieslaai en klein gebakte uitjies geëet. Saans was daar kalfslewer in tiemiers, of 'n potvol hoender-en-hambredie (eg Spaans), en op die laaste groot dag, 'n helse bord paella met gamale.

Na twee weke van dié dieet was Mies Pikeur skraal en gesond, blink verhaar en bruin van vel soos Vita se ouma Pepita. (Daai braaiman het vir my 'n botteltjie groengoud olyfolie ingeskep wat ek smiddags op gesig en lyf gesmeer het om te keer dat die Spaanse son gate brand.)

Spanjaarde eet altyd tamatie-en-ueslaai as 'n starter vir middagete. Hul tamaties en uie is albei besonder soet. Ons uie is te rof vir rou eet, dus bly ek by die boeregewoonte om uie in kookwater te dompel. Dan kap ek 3 ryp tamaties aan stukke, meng met uiekwarte en drup olyfolie en suurlemoensap oor.

Op Ibiza was rys en mossels volop, en hier is 'n gereg uit Valencia.

MEJILLONES CON ARROZ

Skrop sowat 30 mossels, en stoom vinnig met 2 koppies water tot hulle net oopgaan. Haal die helfte uit hul skulpe. Braai 1 ui in 'n diep pan met olyfolie, en roer 1,5 koppies goeie rys by. Braai tot deurskynend, en maak die rys nat met 2 koppies van die mosselwater wat jy deurgesy het.

Laat kook, en voeg nog water by tot die rys gaar is. Voeg by repies soetrissie, 'n handvol gekapte pietersielie, sout en peper na smaak, asook 'n teelepel of so tiemie.

Voeg al die mossels by net voor opskep, en laat blitswam word.

DIÉ KOUE rysslaai word met die vis voorgesit. Dis puur Spaans.

ARROZ CON JEREZ

Kap 1 ui fyn en braai saggies in diep pot. Voeg 1 koppie rys by en voeg na 2 minute 2 glasies soet sjerrie by. Kook droog, en voeg dan 2 koppies hoenderstock by. Kook tot gaar en roer 'n lepelvol olyfolie in. Laat koud word.

TUMBET IS 'N eilandresep, baie, baie oud. Ons meen dis van Midde-Oosterse afkoms, want dis soos die bekende eggah van Egipte.

TUMBET

Braai repe soetrissie, uieringe, gekapte aartappel en zuc chini (hoeveelhede maak nie saak) in olyfolie tot ligbruin. Klits 4-6 eiers met sout en peper. Smeer 'n erdepot en beplak binnekant met broodkruummels. Plaas 'n laag groente onderin, gooi 'n skootjie eier oor, plaas 'n paar skywe tamaties op, en herhaal tot die pot vol is, met sout, peper en kruie na smaak. Strooi 'n lagie broodkruummels bo-oor.

Bak die tumbet vir 30 minute tot 'n goue kors vorm. Skep lepelvol uit saam met gebakte hoender, of lamsboud. Dis ook heerlik koud.

Vita sou nie dit geëet het nie, maar Pepita sou.

Harridans

AT THE MARKET, BREE STREET, NEWTOWN

SAFE PARKING AVAILABLE

learnedly saying ventilator ivor powell's bi-weekly column on art



WELL, the 1991 Cape Town Triennial circus finally limped into Johannesburg last week - to lick its wounds for a while at the Johannesburg Art Gallery. Before fading into obscurity forever.

In fact so self-effacing was the Triennial this time round that even certain artists whose work was being exhibited had to hear on the grapevine when it was opening. Others were contacted the day before and informed in what one participant described as "an obviously embarrassed way, like... so how's your second cousin and your friend what's his name... oh, by the way, the triennial is opening tomorrow night".

It's hard to believe this is the same national art competition which since its inception in 1982 has been more or less undisputedly the country's premier showcase in the visual arts.

You have to feel sorry for the organisers, though. By the time the Triennial finally slunk into Johannesburg, it had been roundly slagged off in almost all sectors of the media, it had been the subject of endless controversy, it had consumed almost endless person-hours, generated its own terrifying bureaucracy in an attempt as laudable as it was laughable to involve just about everybody in the selection process.

Then just as the organisers were heaving their well earned sighs of relief, sponsors Rembrandt van Rijn announced in February that they were pulling the plug and would no longer be footing the bill in years to come. Opening the show in Johannesburg was a bit like trying to host a party the day you are informed you are terminally ill.

FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH - and that is probably not very much at this point - a lot of the very harsh criticism which has been directed against the show smacks more of backlash against the admittedly ponderous attempts entered into in the preparations to introduce a properly democratic system of selection into the Triennial, than it does of real reasoned criticism of the end result.

Sure there is a certain sense of least-common-denominatorism in the spread of work on show, a sense that the committees have tended, as committees do, to shy away from the challenging and the extraordinary in favour of the generally inoffensive.

More to the point, if you look at some of the work by black artists that made the final selection, it is hard to avoid the conclusion that whether consciously or unconsciously, something like a quota system has been employed. The pieces by Gazland Hlungwani and Bafana Mkize for instance, while they may in general terms represent something that is actually happening in South African artmaking, are just simply inferior and have no place in a showcase exhibition at this level.

But there is always an element of arbitrariness that creeps into this kind of show, and while they have certainly not done better than the smaller, less representative group of judges who used to administer the

Triennial, the extended committees have also not done noticeably worse.

Except that, while leading camels through the eyes of needles, while pursuing the unpursuable, while trying to frame universally acceptable criteria for the inalienably individual, namely taste, while trying to judge in such a way that no judgement is made, they failed to understand what the competition was about in the first place.

Here, with sour hindsight, are some clues: all that drivel about the relentless pursuit of excellence, about standing out from the crowd. That peculiarly noxious garbage that big business seems to thrive on, the kind that expresses itself in such lines as "each cigarette a masterpiece" - and in naming your tobacco company after Rembrandt van Rijn.

SOMETHING A LITTLE fresher: two shows which opened last weekend within metres of each other and both worth seeing.

On one side of the Market Theatre precinct, yet another intelligent and provocative curated show courtesy of Newtown Galleries' Ricky Burnett, this one under the title of *The Innocent Eye*.

It might seem like a relatively low key and uncontentious kind of theme for an exhibition, but in fact there is a highly provocative thesis buried somewhere inside there.

Confronted as we have been in recent years with an art of a completely different stripe in the work of a whole range of mainly rural naives, we have tended to create a special and loaded category of artistic innocence for such as Jackson Hlungwani, Johannes Maswangani and Philip Rikhotso to inhabit. Much as we might admire such artists, we have failed to really integrate them, to isolate standards of judgement, to identify rules of meaning; so we tacitly accept them as being *sui generis*, impervious to the normal rules, standing outside of the broader traditions of art.

In *The Innocent Eye* exhibition, Burnett implicitly chastises our culture for its failure of nerve and its failure of imagination. Alongside a series of work by so-called transitional artists, he has found a range of innocents of various different kinds. They range from featured artist Francesco Zini, a northern suburbs medical doctor who constructs surprisingly elegaic South African land and cityscapes out of concretions of very crude paint and pencil marks to conventionally skilled painters like Walter Meyer whose "innocence" resides rather in his unlearning of traditional visions and ability to see the South African landscape in ways that are both utterly fresh (one Highveld storm landscape is done almost exclusively in oranges) and as convincing in their own context as Edward Hopper's visions of America.

ON THE OTHER side of the concourse, in the Market Theatre Gallery, one of Johannesburg's less prolific younger artists, Karen Harber is showing a series of prints and, in collaboration with Richard Schapiro, ceramics.

Harber has moved a long way away from the three-dimensional stuffed clothing and other often strident feminist statements she used to make, arriving at a spidery, scratchy etching technique used in conjunction with direct childlike drawing to explore a far more personal iconography of identity.

Sometimes the work has a bit too much about it of the artfulness-for-artfulness'-sake of certain periods in David Hockney's career - there's a whole series of etchings, for example, which are executed in random corners of large white sheets of paper, leaving the rest blank; the

effect is simply to mimic spontaneity to the point of irritating contrivance.

But when they work - as in a group of self portraits and dislocated, ragdoll self portraits and assorted images of women, Harber's pictures are powerful without being overstated, thoughtful without being obscure, poignant without being sentimental.

ASTOUNDING ARTIFACTS number one. If you ever saw Weekend Theatre's unbelievably obscene three-minute rude gesture in the direction of Afrikaner history (to call it a film would be to exaggerate) called *De Voortrekkers*, you might be surprised by its fate in the buying committee of the Johannesburg Art Gallery. Part of a package of alternative films put together by local film maker and artist about town Robert Weinek, *De Voortrekkers* proved to be more than certain members of the municipal purchases committee could stomach - and led in the end to the whole package being thrown out.

Unsurprising, you might say. After all the film does show our hallowed forefathers copulating with the bible in hand and engaged in acts of sodomy.

Yes, but this was not the reason why it certain members of the committee found it offensive. Inexplicable as it may sound, and I am not making this up, the film was rejected on the grounds that it showed the Voortrekkers in too positive a light.

Makes you just want to pack up your wagons and head for the hinterland, doesn't it?

market theatre

NEDBANK REPRESENTS SARAFINA

In association with Anant Singh and Videovision Enterprises. This final South African season is staged by Mannie Manim and Mbongeni Ngema's Committed Artists. "A fantastic explosion of theatrical energy." *Newsweek*

LAAGER THEATRE

The Market Theatre and Mouthpeace present Andrew Buckland's *Bloodstream*
Directed by Janet Buckland
Starring Andrew Buckland and LI Newman
Back by public demand
Mon-Fri 8.15pm
Sat 6.15pm & 9.15pm

UPSTAIRS THEATRE

Night Sky
Starring Kate Edwards, Graham Hopkins, Russel Savadier, Charlotte Butler, Warrick Grier, Cheryl Gow
Scripted by Susan Yankowitz
Directed by Janice Honeyman

KIPPIES

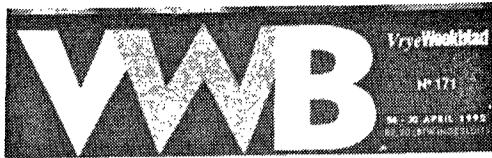
The three phases of Sibonghile Khumalo
Tue-Thur R10
Fri, Sat, Sun at 7pm

MARKET GALLERIES

26 April- 15 May 1992
Drawing by Karin Harber
Pots by Anthony Shapiro

FLEA MARKET

The original Johannesburg Flea Market! Browse and bargain hunt from 9.00am - 4.00pm, every Saturday at the Market Theatre's more than 400 stalls.



'n laaste kans

VWB se verkoopprijs styg binnekort skerp. En nou dat jy VWB in jou hande het, weet jy dit is 'n nuustydskrif wat jy nie durf misloop nie.

Vir 'n week of drie het jy nog 'n kans om VWB op 'n Vrydagoggend by jou huis afgelewer te kry - of deur die pos aangestuur te kry as jy buite die PWV-gebied of die Kaapse Skiereiland bly - teen die ou prys van R110 per jaar of R60 vir ses maande (BTW en aflewering ingesluit).

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

Naam _____
Adres _____
_____ Poskode _____

elmari rautenbach skryf oor die week se tv

pynlike kontraste in winnie-scoop

DIT was met 'n gevoel van diepe verontrusting dat 'n mens na die laggende, sjarmante gesig van Winnie Mandela, vervreemde vrou van die ANC-president, Nelson Mandela, Sondagaand op *Carte Blanche* gekyk het.

Met dié onderhoud met Winnie het M-Net se *Carte Blanche*, saam met die onderhoud met kapt Dirk Coetzee destyds, seker sy grootste nasionale én internasionale scoop gehad. Soos Derek Watts en Ruda Landman, wat die onderhoud met mev Mandela gevoer het, vooraf verduidelik het, het Winnie in al die jare wat sy met Nelson getroud is nog nooit 'n in-diepte televisie-onderhoud toegestaan nie. Die feit dat *Carte Blanche* nie net daarin geslaag het om Winnie te oordeel om die onderhoud met Ruda te voer nie, maar ook die onderhoud in Winnie se weelderige Orlando-sitkamer gevoer het, is 'n triomf vir dié aktualiteitsprogram. Boonop was dit 'n onderhoud wat glo die telefone by M-Net behoorlik aan die brand gehad het met wisselende menings van die kykerspubliek.

Enersyds was daar die kykers wat gesê het hulle het voorheen gedink die vrou van die ANC-leier is die simbool van alle boosheid, maar dat hulle nou meer simpatie teenoor haar ingestel is. Dan was daar ander, soos ek, wat ná die onderhoud gesit het met 'n gevoel van groot onheil. Want waarin die onderhoud sonder twyfel geslaag het, was om 'n mens in die mees ontstellende detail en vir die eerste keer te vertel van watter verskriklike, onmenslike behandeling dié vrou van die eertydse apartheidsregering ontvang het, maar óók hoe dit haar in haar eie woorde vir altyd "beskadig" het; haar geleer het wat dit is om werklik te haat.

EN DIT IS die laggende gesig van dié "beskadigde", verbitterde, maar steeds sjarmante vrou waarna ons aan die einde gekyk het - 'n vrou wat skynbaar onbesorg lag oor Ruda se opmerking dat duisende mense haar vrees; wat vrae oor die Stompie-moord ontduik (sy het vooraf gesê die onderhoud mag op een voorwaarde gevoer word: dat daar nie oor dié hangende appèlsaak, die jongste beskuldigings oor haar betrokkenheid by die moord op dr Asvat óf haar huidige verhouding met Nelson gepraat word nie); wat 'n opregte vraag oor die beweegredes vir haar beroemde halsnoer-en-vuurhoutjies-toespraak terug antwoord met 'n vraag wat heeltemal irrelevant is.

Vir Ruda het 'n mens net die grootste bewondering en respek gehad. Sy was bleek - wie sou nie wees nie, Winnie Mandela is op 57 met een woord formidabel - maar sy het deurgedruk met vrae wat al dieper probeer sny het aan wie dié vrou agter die aggressief gebalde vuis is. Haar vrae oor Winnie se verlede,

hoe sy Nelson ontmoet het tot en met wat dit is wat haar gemaak het wie en wat sy vandag is, het soms antwoorde uitgelok wat 'n mens onbeskaamd bewoë gemaak het.

Watter vrou sal nie verstaan nie hoe 'n jong ma moes voel wat agttien maande in alleen-aanhouding geplaas is sonder dat sy toegelaat is om eers haar twee kleuters na die veilige tuiste van haar suster te bring; wat dag in en dag uit in 'n sel gesit het met net die kleren aan haar lyf, drie komberse, 'n voetmat, 'n plastiekbeker met 1 liter water, 'n slop-empmer en 'n lig wat 24 uur lank brand en dit sonder 'n idee waar haar kinders hulle bevind.

Om nie van haar verstand te gaan nie, het sy haar kombers gesit en uitrafel of heeldag lank met 'n mier op die grond sit en speel. Die klank van die sleutels in die slotte van die drie deure - haar enigste verbintenis met die buitewêreld - "hits you right in the heart", het sy gesê.

MET HAAR SIMPATIE, haar werklike meelewing het Ruda in dié oomblikke die vrou voor haar ontwapen en kykers 'n seldsame kyk gegee op die verskrikking wat apartheid was vir sy politieke teenstanders. Maar net daarna het Winnie al dié simpatie verloor deur 'n vraag ruweg in Ruda se gesig terug te gooi. Op Ruda se vraag hoe enigeen wat deur soveel lyding is nog steeds mense aanhits tot die pleeg van so iets so onmensliks soos 'n halsnoermoord, het Winnie teruggekap met die beskuldiging dat Ruda daarmee impliseer wat die regering gedoen het, is verskoonbaar. Selfs Ruda se versekering dat dit allermins die geval is en wat die regering gedoen het nie ter sprake is nie; dat sy net 'n antwoord op haar (billike) vraag wil hê, is aggressief weggepraat.

Dit is dié pynlike kontraste wat die onderhoud ongelooflik boeiende kykstof gemaak het, maar die kyker uiteindelik gelaat het gemengde gevoelens van simpatie en afkeer teenoor dié vrou.

En al is Ruda onlangs as "she with the laughing eyes" beskryf deur 'n groot aanhanger van haar in die Sondag-pers, het sy met dié onderhoud bewys sy kan enige druk as 'n joernalis weerstaan en ken sy wanneer dit by 'n "moeilike" onderhoud kom geen gelyke nie. Net dié onderhoud verdien vir haar en die *Carte Blanche*-span wat die ompraat-werk gedoen het 'n "Artes".

is egoli die moeite werd?

SEDERT die wegspring amper 'n maand gelede het M-Net alles in sy vermoë gedoen om sy jongste maaksel, die plaaslike "tele-novella" *Egoli*, onder die aandag van die publiek te hou. Kykers is voortdurend herinner aan Tom se penarie, Cecile se gekonkel, Margie se onrustigheid. M-Net het selfs begin om die vorige dag se episode vir intekenare

om 10:30 soggens op woensdae te herhaal. Maar die jackpot-vraag is nou: is *Egoli* dit werklik werd? Ek is huiwerig om te sê: ek dink amper nie so nie. Daar is niks in dié "vervolgverhaal" wat enigsins 'n skadu is van wat *Agter elke man* die sukses gemaak het wat dit was nie: kleurrike maar steeds geloofwaardige karakters, en 'n geloofwaardige storielyn (wel, amper). Hier is die armes verbitterd en die rykes gedurig in aandklere à la *Living*. En die storie word by tye skoon belaglik. Maar, dis glo die wenresep vir 'n soap...

- Môreaand om 9nm op M-Net kan aanhangers van Andrew Lloyd Webber se werk kyk na 'n onderhoud wat David Frost met dié talentvolle musiek-spelskrywer gevoer het.
- Die betaalkanaal vertoon ook 'n opname van die oorhandiging van die American Music Awards in die Shrine Auditorium in Los Angeles Vrydag om 7nm.
- 'n Nuwe mini-reeks begin Dinsdagaand om 7nm op M-Net. It is die gru-verhaal van 'n nar wat op 'n klein dorpie in New England verantwoordelik was vir die verdwyning van etlike kinders. Sewe kinders het wraak gesweer en dertig jaar later hulle kans gekry...
- 'n Ou gunsteling keer terug op CCV: Murphy's Law, met George Segal as die middeljarige slonserige speurder wat erg omgekrap word wanneer iemand sy lui dae met werk wil onderbreek. Die reeks begin Woensdagaand om 9:49nm.
- Sunset Beat is ook 'n nuwe speurreeks, maar een uit die stal van die skepper van die kultustreffer 21 Jump Street, Patrick Hasburgh. Weer eens draai die reeks om 'n eenheid jong polisiemanne, dié keer op motorfietse, wat onder die dekmantel optree om dwelmhandel in LA te bestry. Dit begin volgende Donderdag om 10:30nm. op TV1.
- Sondagaand word Roman Polanski se weergawe van Shakespeare se Macbeth om 9nm op TV1 uitgesaai. Die hoofrolle word vertolk deur Jon Finch en Francesca Annis.

Ever since TV started in South Africa in 1976, those of us who value debate have wondered (with due apologies to Spies and Plessié): Where are the talk-shows? Have decades of Apartheid repressed free thought? Has our over-developed Calvinist ethic stifled burgeoning talents? Or are we in the end just a nation of camera-shy shrinking violets, waiting to be singled out for our moment of glory under the studio lighting grids? Whatever the reason, Phil Donahue and Sally Jessy Rafael currently fill the void. **KATHY BERMAN**

takes a walk on the wild side as she examines the options for talk show television in a post-Apartheid South Africa



talktvblues

I REMEMBER the day I walked into the production offices of the Sally Jessy Rafael show on 58th street, New York. I had been invited there by Executive Producer Bert "High Brow" to interview for a job. High Brow wasn't exactly waiting to meet me. No-one was.

Emerging from the depths of the tatty office space was a fulminating voice. The voice's repertoire seemed to extend no further than the average initiation rituals of basic training camp in Kimberley.

Somewhere between "cocksucker" and "arsehole". High Brow finally found time to stick out his hand and greet me.

"Hi, I'm Bert" the face at the end of the repertoire announced vaingloriously to me. "Jim sent you, right? You're the girl from South Africa."

"No, you phoned me - on Jim's recommendation." I expostulated. "You told me that you wanted me for your show." Bert wasn't listening. Right then he had accosted the first thing to walk by in a skirt and accused her of "sabotaging his Act".

This was my first entrée into the behind-scenes inner-sanctum of American talk-shows and tabloid television. And Boy, was I gonna have fun.

I mean even in South Africa, we had heard about the scurrilous Geraldo whose show (inspirationally labelled *Geraldo*) had incited so much comment that even the former Russians had invested in it (A First for Talkshow TV). This was the same Geraldo who had had his nose neatly broken for him on camera by an irate audience member. (Look out Mr Berks!).

Well Geraldo had nothing on this producer fellow. "High" Brow clearly wasn't just flying high on caffeine that day. He kindly marshalled me to the nearest office (his - I knew 'cos it was littered with certificates and awards and snap-shots of his happy wife and kids) and threw me onto the sofa, and barked: "I'm very busy today. What is it you want?"

What did I want? *he* was the one who had called *me* because ... Well it didn't really matter anyway.

BERT WAS OUT the door, with a "I think you'd better see what we do here", before I had time even to acknowledge that I knew all about Ms Rafael. The receptionist returned, teetering, tapes in hand, and proceeded to lead me through the intricacies of talk-show production.

Mono-syllabic and pronounced it was. A tour for the uninitiated through the glitzy world of showbiz. "This is an opening lo-go" she pouted. "It always carries the mess-age of the show." Ooh boy, I got it.

By the time we got to my show-reel I knew I was doomed. Was this bimette about to determine my future with the Organisation?

I gulped, whipped my tape out of its slick, styled cannister and began to dilate on the contents. Keywords only mind you: South Africa, Art, Culture, Politics..

She smiled indulgently, and slipped the cassette into the machine.

It couldn't have been more than 15 seconds into the tape that she pressed the PAUSE button and expostulated - eyes like saucers ringed with Chanel Tropical Blue - in a di-syllabic tirade:

"Sur-real!" she declared. "Quite Avant Garde."

Surreal? Avant Garde? Where on earth had she learnt those terms, I wondered?

But then I weighed up the accusation: Surreal? Our Johnny Clegg dancing about half-clad in cow skins? What on earth could she mean?

I stared up at the monitor beaming in the live recording at the studio across the street. And there was Sal, all neated up in her gab navy suit, blonde bob perfectly in place as she stirred up the wrath of an entire community from Waco, Texas.

AT ISSUE WAS THE life of a Church leader there - an avowed polygamist, adhering to his fundamentalist preachings. Nice

one, Sal. There sat this multitudinous gathering of wifely women, poised to tear each other's eyes out (metaphorically, of course. No-one gets physical on talk-show since the horrid Geraldo incident, it seems). The Preacher just posed there, smugly meditating, infused with the Holy Spirit. Our Sal roamed the studio with her remote controlled microphone, beaming at the rating points she was racking up with this one.

And boy was she ever. For, in America, the land of the gilded camera lens, life itself is all about Ratings. The Broadcast God in this instance is not the Hon. Gene Louw. Oh no, the Broadcast Deity is the mighty Mr Neilsen - empirical arbiter of all that is electronic perfection. And boy, when you transgress and score below the obligatory 12 for the week, you're likely to see your first-run talk-show strip (as they are referred to) plummeting ... down the, er, tubes...

So the Yanks have a way to deal with it: It's SENSATION or be fired. So, from the likes of a Mr High Brow SCURRILOUS Sensation it is.

Ja, they're a strange lot, these Yanks. Give them a camera and a wordprocessor and they'll make celebrities of a sewer-rat. Give a competing station another camera and another computer and they'll find an excuse to put the rat on trail, accuse it of being a dormouse in drag, and publically humiliate it to such an extent that it scurries into exile into the subterranean depths of Harlem.

No seriously, Americans seem on the face of it to love social issues and causes. I mean that's really what tabloid and talk television is all about isn't it? The great social issues, of the day: Aids, Crime, Drugs, and the like. And the considered analysis of the reasons for such social woes.

NO WRONG. TABLOID and Talk TV is about petty insinuations, voyeurism and electronic paparazzism.

Take the most viewed television to

emerge from America in the past year. Runners-up to the arcade-like TV-Game Gulf War were the rape and abuse trials of William Kennedy Smith, Judge Clarence Thomas, and now this year, the makers of Cheerio Breakfast Cereal brought us the Mike Tyson abasement. In lusty, lurid detail.

And as the State's heroes were methodically brought to trial, the talk-show hosts flocked around, vulture-like, creating issues-based opinion television around the current Sensation-of-the-week.

Apparently a petard on which to hitch social issues like date-rape, sexual harassment and abuse, the public whipping of such former-celebs is in fact a peg on which to hang out the nation's thoroughly soiled under-britches.

No wonder Senator Clinton's Press Office have formulated a Strategy (which others might label "bribery") to counter the mounting accusations regarding his (alleged) predisposition to philandery. Clinton's men are about to spill the beans on the leafy Presidential incumbent's hither-to unrevealed dirty past.

So this is what we are to expect from mature television! No delving, no probing, no acute analysis. Simply saucy salacity.

IN A TIME IN South Africa when the censorship ropes that have been strangling the collective intellectual libido of the country have finally been cut, and issues such as the control of the media reach fever-pitch in the transitional political forum, the notion of a free and democratic television service becomes paramount.

And bound up with that notion is the freedom of the people to debate and discuss on-camera issues which for years have been ferreted away in the Afrikaner Nationalist State-of-Emergency beskuitblik. The time for stimulating and provocative television talk shows and debates forums is now. Here's hoping we won't be looking to the great American syndicated Talk Show for guidance.

ray leaves

home and the world behind

With a lot of help from Pauline Kael (and Sapa), *VWB* pays tribute to Indian filmmaker **Satyajit Ray**, who died last week at the age of 70. Often described as 'India's Bergman', Ray made more than 25 major films. He wrote the screenplays, designed the sets, cast the parts and composed the music for most of his films, the grand themes of which encompassed 'the home and the world', revealing multiple meanings and associations in a distinctive and fluid style which no Western director has been able to imitate



IMPERIALISM, the emancipation of women, famine, poverty, love, jealousy, pride, caste-consciousness. No subject was too large or too small for Satyajit Ray's pen-usal, but few of the people portrayed in his films saw them. "There is not a public in India for sophisticated or subtle films," he once said.

Former *New Yorker* film critic, Pauline Kael, however, championed Ray all the way: "His means as a director are amongst the most intuitively right in all moviemaking; he knows when to shift the camera frame more expressively than anyone else. His understatement makes most of what is thought of as film technique seem unnecessary, and even decadent, because he does more without it," she said in a review of his 1969 film *Days and Nights in the Forest*.

"What is distinctive in Ray's work (and it may be linked to Bengali traditions in the arts, and perhaps to Sanskrit) is that sense of imminence - the suspension of the images in a larger context. The rhythm of his films seems not slow, but rather, meditative, as if the viewer could see the present as part of the past and could already reflect what is going on. Ray takes a risk when he contrasts his poetic sense of time against the hasty Western melodramatic tradition."

MANY WESTERN CRITICS (and Eastern ones, no doubt) were not so generous about the "slowness" of his films... "Loose in structure, listless in tempo... would hardly pass as a 'rough cut' with the editors in Hollywood," said a *New York Times* critic of his first film, *Song of the Road* (1955). Nevertheless, Ray started winning special prizes at Cannes immediately and was last month honoured with a special Oscar for a lifetime's contribution to cinema.

Song of the Road was a graphic portrayal of poverty which described the finer detail of Indian village life, in Ray's native West Bengali state.

Of *Days and Nights in the Forest* Kael also said: "In a quiet way, the subtext is perhaps the subtlest, most plangent study of the cultural tragedy of imperialism the screen has ever had. It is the tragedy of the bright young generation who have internalised the master race (like many of the refugees from Hitler who came to America); their status identity is so British that they treat all non-Anglicised Indians as non-persons. The caste system and

the British attitudes seem to have conspired to turn them into self-parodies - clowns who ape the worst snobberies of the British."

Ray was a superb psychologist, whose insight into the grand political picture was surpassed only by his interest in the personal minutiae of the lives of his characters.

Says Kael: "Ray's images are so emotionally saturated that they become suspended in time and, in some other cases, fixed forever. Satyajit Ray's films can give rise to a more complex feeling of happiness in me than the work of any other director. I think it must be because our involvement with his characters is so direct that we are caught up in a blend of the fully accessible and the inexplicable, the redolent, the mysterious. We accept the resolutions he effects not merely as resolutions of the stories but as truths of human experience. Yet it isn't only a matter of thinking. Yes, this is the way it is."

RAY'S OWN FAVOURITE film was his 1964 film, *Charulata*, a study of a woman in illicit love based on a turn-of-the-century novel. His only son, Sandip, completed *Home and the World*, after Ray was left partially paralysed after a heart attack in 1984. Adapted from a novel that Rabindranath Tagore wrote in 1912 (Ray prepared a script for it in the forties, long before he made his first film, *Pather Panchali*), it deals with a great modern subject that has come up in Ray's work over and over: the emancipation of women, and what it does to them and to the men who love them. This is central to *Home and the World*, which is the story of the emergence of a young wife from the seclusion and ignorance of purdah into the complexities of becoming more fully human - or, at least, adult - and having choices. Kael commended Ray for his "truthfulness about women's lives".

Kael was particularly moved by *Gangacharian*, which portrayed Ray's attitude towards women: "I wonder if Ray realises the degree to which he shows a deep-seated distrust of Indian men and an equally deep trust in the selflessness of women. Ray is not a vulgar chauvinist, exalting subservient women; quite the contrary. While the men in his films are weak and easily flattered - dupes, self-deceived by vanity

demolishing hollywood

BARTON FINK
With John Torturro and John Goodman
Director: Joel Coen

KATHY BERMAN

IT'S one of those broadly baroque sweeps of the cinématique brush that makes years of popcorn nibbling in the dark well worth-while.

Barton Fink is all about the Great Hollywood Dream spiralling down the toilet bowl. And it's great.

Barton Fink (John Torturro) is one of those non-too-pushy creative souls (read NERD) who strikes it lucky with his first Broadway script. The critics love it; the Studio Execs are drooling; and Barton's agent's palms are so itchy that the eczema shows through the other side.

It's full-throttle razzmatazz ahead for our Fink.

So the self-effacing East-coast wimp arrives at the sumptuous studios of the great impresario on the Hollywood Hills and mouth-agaping lands his first movie commission ("We believe in you, Fink"): *A Wrestling Flick*: "Straight genre stuff. Ya-know: wrestler meets wrestler. There's a goodie and a meanie. The meanie loses, and the crowd goes crazy. Just add some spice, beef it up."

WELL IT'S NOT the crowd that goes crazy, exactly, but our creative brother. For days he sits in his sleazy subplot. And as the wallpaper (literally) peels off the wall, our Barton goes batty. Ream after ream of opening paragraphs fly off the faithful old party. But *Fink* never even begins the first round. *Fink* has hit the creative wall. And the studio is tjancking at the bit.

It's a **black, black comedy** that unfolds. Utterly delightful. Totally off-the-wall.

The gifted Coen brothers achieved international accolades for this one. (*Barton*

Fink won the Palme d'or at Cannes last year). And well they should have. For its not only the bizarre storyline that hits the spot, but the brother's uncanny command of the medium.

It's the little things that count. The unremitting spoofs of Hollywood genre flicks here turned upside down: the slipping, dripping wall-paper; the echoing attendance bell at the hotel; the ooh-so-subtle sound editing. Think of the slow dissolve as the crashing waves envelop not only the solitary volcanic rock on the California shore, but slowly seep into the hotel foyer that our hero stands stupefied in - a lonely rock in a sea of... etc etc etc. And take note of the grande special FX finale as the gigantic anti-hero is engulfed in a sea of lapping flames. All bold, bold metaphors these.

Every cliché in the book meets its match here, as the Coen brothers set about systematically demolishing one Hollywood myth, one Hollywood hyperbole, one Hollywood icon, after another.

The flatulent studio exec blabs such hyper-realistic studio-speak as to be rendered just a ballooning buoy, while the insurance salesman (John Goodman) simply oozes and sweats the confidence descant of a man assured of the secret to life itself. (And boy does he ever hold that secret in his sweating palms).

And through all this movie-speak and movie-spoof ambles our unlikely hero - awash in a sea of circumstances too vast for him to handle.

Although *Barton Fink* is set in 1941, it is a searing (and often sick) satire about the eternally mercurial pathologies of the entertainment industry - both contemporary and historical.

Barton Fink is well worth every nauseatingly funny, highly accomplished stroke.

and ambition - the women have conflicts that are larger, more dignified, involving the need for love, for independence, for self-expression. They are morally stronger than the men. This may, in part reflect a belief that the women, having always been in a subservient position, were not corrupted by English rule in the way that the men were.

"But the women are conceived of as in a dream of the past - they might be iridescent figures on a vase. These women are uneducated and superstitious, they

know nothing of the world outside; yet they're tender and infinitely graceful. Moving in their thin, clinging sari's, they create sensuous waves of colour in the steamy air."

* Satyajit Ray's *Branches of a Tree* (1991), which was co-financed by Gerard Depardieu, will be screened at the Seven Arts, Grant Avenue, Norwood, Johannesburg today (Thursday) at 2pm and Saturday at 12am. Regarded as one of the triumphs of his career, this is a closely observed tale of a divided family.

(Kael quotes from *When the Lights Go Down, Reeling, Taking It All In, State of the Art, Hooked and Movie Love*.)

Cosac (Children of Soweto Action Centre) is holding an open day, where the children will present theatre pieces and art works, on Saturday May 2. The centre is essentially a drama school operating from 60 Pim Street, Newtown, Johannesburg, and Hugh Masekela (left) has joined forces with academy principal Sol Rachilo (right) to build a music school to be built at the corner of Jeppe and Wolhuter Streets, Newtown.



'n wêreldwaarmense vastigheidsoek

Plaaslike rolprentkykers ken István Szabó as die regisseur van *Meeting Venus*, 'n prent waarin Glenn Close die rol van 'n Sweedse diva speel in 'n ramspoedige opera-produksie in Parys. **ANDREA VINASSA** het met die fyn beskaafde Hongaarse kunstenaar gesels

ISTVAN SZABO is verstom en effens teleurgesteld met Johannesburg: terwyl hy in die elegante koloniale eetsaal van die Sunnyside Park Hotel sit en 'n Engelse ontbyt eet, lyk alles vir hom soos Toronto of Sydney of Los Angeles. Hy het iets meer... vreemdsoortigs verag.

Hy deel dié teleurstelling met talle ander buitelanders wat Suid-Afrika deur die vensters van hotelkamers moet leer ken. Maar daar is 'n merkbare verskil tussen sy houding en dié van die Amerikaners en die Wes-Europeërs. 'n Mens merk geen sinisme of onverdraagsaamheid by hom op nie en dis duidelik dat hy gepolitiseerde weergawes van enige geskiedenis vermy. En dis so maklik om met hom te gesels.

'n Mens vermoed sy houding is toe te skryf aan sy oorsprong in daardie broeines van politieke skisofrenie, Oos- of Middel-Europa, waar hy, soos Milan Kundera en Josef Skvorecky, die meeste van die bestaande politieke stelsels van die twintigste eeu deurleef en oorleef het. Vrygewigheid, menslikheid, humor en 'n sin vir die absurditeit van ideologie is kenmerke wat my altyd opval wanneer ek Oos-Europese kunstenaars ontmoet.

Szabó het hom nie, soos Kundera en Skvorecky, in 'n ander land gaan vestig nie. Hy is in 1938 in Boedapest gebore, woon nou nog daar en is steeds versot op die stad. "Heimwee vir my land" is 'n deurslaggewende faktor in Szabó se kuns en in sy oorlewing.

Szabó se prente bevat outobiografiese besonderhede, maar hy wil hulle nie as "outobiografies" beskryf nie. Hy maak prente oor eie ervaring en sy raad aan Suid-Afrikaanse rolprentmakers is om dit ook te doen. "Wees net eerlik. Dit is maklik om te lieg."

AL SY WERK verteenwoordig 'n tydsges, die ontberinge van sy geslag. Sy oeuvre - ons ken *Confidence*, *Mephisto*, *Colonel Redl*, *Hanussen*, *Meeting Venus* en nou *Sweet Emma*, *Dear Bóbe* - bied vir ons 'n twintigste-eeuse geskiedenis, ook 'n "emosionele" geskiedenis, van Middel-Europa. As bourgeois burger het Szabó 'n broertjie dood aan totalitêre ideologie en neem 'n humanitêre houding teenoor die geskiedenis in. Daar is nie bad guys en good guys in sy werk nie. Daar is 'n goue draad wat deur sy werk loop, sê hy: die hoofkarakters is almal mense met 'n behoefte aan vastigheid en maak allerlei morele kompromieë om dit te bekom.

Hy het op 26 jaar sy eerste vollengte prent, *The Age of Daydreaming*, gemaak. *Father* (1966) is nie net sy eie verhaal nie, maar ook die verhaal van honderde kinders wie se pa's in die Tweede Wêreldoorlog gesneuwel het.

Hoe het die Hongare die politieke onstuimighede oorleef, wil ek weet: "Hongare is operaties - soos 'n musiekspel uit die begin van die eeu. Hulle is baie talentvolle mense. Hulle raak nie soos die Duitsers en die Russe verknog aan 'n ideologie nie."

Szabó en sy familie - sy voorvaders was almal mediese dokters - was nooit aanhangers van die verskeie



István Szabó deur
Andrea Vinassa

kommunistiese bewinde, hetsy Sowjet-Stalinisme of Hongaarse kommunisme, nie. Van die begin af het hy gevoel "daar skort iets". Hy glo aan 'n "ander soort solidariteit" en sosiale aanspreeklikheid as dit wat deur ideoloë verkondig word.

Hy is lief vir sy land en sy "operatiese" mense, maar oor die etniese oorloë wat die streek nou uitmekaar skeur, sê hy: "Nationalism is hate."

HY VERTEL OOK met groot genot die storie van *Meeting Venus*, sy uitbeelding van die afkeer van idees wat etniese verskille in strydpunte verander. Dis die dag toe hy en 'n baie tam David Puttnam middagete gesit en eet het om 'n heel ander filmprojek te bespreek. Puttnam was verveeld en Szabó het maar begin kla oor die probleme wat hy ondervind met 'n opera-produksie by die Paryse Operahuus. Niemand het hulle gesteur aan die werk nie, hulle was te besig met kleinlike politiekery. Toevallig was die opera Wagner se *Tannhauser*. Puttnam het opgespring en aangekondig dat dit hulle prent sou wees.

Sensuur is altyd 'n fassinerede onderwerp om met Oos-Europiërs te bespreek: in Hongarye (dis nou ná die Stalinistiese tydperk wat in 1956 geëindig het) het kunstenaars self-sensuur toegepas. In plekke soos Tseggo-Slowakye en Joego-Slawië was dit baie strenger. Die "sagte diktatorskap", soos Szabó die Hongaarse kommunistiese bewind beskryf, het nie veel aktiewe sensuur toegepas nie, maar kunstenaars het nie die taboes - om die oppermag van die Russe aan te tas was een - oortree nie. Die regering het die Hongaarse rolprentwese geldelik ondersteun. Talle anti-kommunistiese prente is gemaak en

aangeprys omdat die regering hul liberaliteit aan die buitewêreld wou bewys. Daar was vanselfsprekend kunstenaars wat die regering doelbewus uitgetart het en hulle prente is vanselfsprekend verbied. In Hongarye is die wêreld verbied en nie die méns, soos in die Sowjet-Unie nie.

SZABÓ GESELS MET deernis oor sy geslag Europese regisseurs. "Ons is oorlogskinders." Milos Forman, Bernardo Bertolucci, Dusan Makavejev en Werner Herzog. Hy ontferm hom veral oor Bertolucci - hy het in die tydperk van idealistiese Marxisme in Italië sy kuns geleer - wat nou in Londen woon: "Hy is 'n emigrant. Hy het sy land verloor. Hy het sy kindwees verloor. As jy kyk na die openingstonele van *The Last Emperor* kan jy sien dat hy sy kinderdag geniet het. Nou is hy 'n man wat onder 'n donker hemel woon. As kind het hy onder 'n sonnige hemel gewoon."

Oor Forman sê hy: "Hy is die enigste regisseur wat alles verander het, sy wêreld verander het, sonder om sy boodskap te verander. Sy prente handel altyd oor die individu se vryheid. Forman het swaargekry. Hy het in 'n weeshuis grootgeword. Hy het 'n baie harde hart."

Die Joego-Slawiese regisseur Dusan Makavejev, wat onder meer *Sweetie*, *Montenegro* en *WR - The Mysteries of the Organism* gemaak het, is 'n goeie vriend van Szabó. Al is Makavejev se werk voorheen in sy land verbied en al hy het nogal gely, het sy humorsin hom deur die drif getrek. "Hy is vol wonderlike staaltjies."

Vra 'n mens hom uit oor wie die beste eietydse regisseur is, sê hy net: "Bergman."

Deon de Bruin



dis tyd vir 'n movie

Nuweling-regisseur **DEON DE BRUYN** vertel meer oor die rolprent wat hy saam met Nataniël maak

OOR die stand van sake in ons rolprentbedryf praat baie mense baie hard. En elkeen het 'n oplossing vir die unieke(?) situasie hier. Ek gaan nou nie saampraat oor al dié probleme nie, eerder deel word daarvan... Ja, ek gaan ook 'n movie maak.

Iets tussen die *Rocky Horror* en *Bagdad Café*. 'n Afrikaanse storie met guts wat jou entertain sonder dat jy embarrassed voel oor die local look. Ek gaan toe na Nataniël met hierdie idees en vra hom om 'n draaiboek te skryf. Nataniël, omdat ons land hom nodig het en omdat hy weet wat ons land nodig het. Drie maande en baie oproepe later ("Nee Nataniël, ek het nie geld nie, hou dit low budget...") begin faks hy die draaiboek stuk-stuk uit die Kaap. En ek bekommer my dood oor die casting.

Jy gaan kyk tog 'n fliek omdat dit jou iets anders bied as TV. En daar sit ek. Al ons sterre in SA is al so over-exposed dat dit maar bars gaan om convicing te wees op die big screen.

Ons planeet pomp elke dag 'n nuwe film uit. Meestal films wat verdwyn sodra die publicity campaign ophou. Dis 'n besigheid en after all kos dit 'n helse klomp geld. Films word net onthou vir die hoeveelheid geld wat dit gemaak of verloor het. Vervaardigers en verspreiders soek name. Box-office attractions. Maar sê my asseblief wie was Glenn Close voor *Fatal Attraction*?

DIS MET DIE gedagte dat ek besluit: as jy 'n nuwe ding wil maak, help dit nie jy gebruik ou bestanddele nie. Weer telefoon toe. Drie weke, baie wakker nagte en 10 kilogram minder sit ek met die ongelooflikste cast wat selfs Fellini groen sal maak. Daar is Antoinette Kellerman, Chris du Toit, Nataniël Lizz Meiring, Nomsa Nene, Annelise Bosch en miskien die mees excitingste is die vrou van Gordonsbaai, Cathrina de Bliqy, 'n skilder wat nog nie 'n enkele dag voor die kamera was nie. Nataniël het die rol van Suster spesiaal vir haar geskryf. Sy is een van daardie mense wat jy een keer sien en nooit vergeet nie.

O ja, die storie. Die movie se naam is: *Susters*. Dis 'n komedie met droë humor soos net Nataniël kan. Drie susters woon reeds meer as veertigjaar op iemand anders se plaas. Dan wil 'n myn die plaas koop. In die stryd om die plaas te behou kom die eksentrieke susters en hul handlangers vir die eerste keer werklik in kontak met die wêreld buite die plaasgrêse. In die proses maak hulle vrede met hulself en so aan. En ja, Nataniël speel homself.

Daar is 'n tyd vir alles. *Susters* se tyd is Augustus.

vryekeusefilms

*****VOORTREFLIK ****STERK AANBEVEEL ***SIEN GERUS **SO-SO *VERMY AS JY NUGTER IS

ROLPRENTE SONDER STERRE IS NOG NIE BEOORDEEL NIE. HIERDIE IS NIE 'N VERGELYKENDE SKAAL NIE; DIT IS ONMOONTLIK OM ROLPRENTE IN VERSKILLENDE GENRES MET MEKAAR TE VERGELYK

STRAPLESS

Die rolprente van die Britse dramaturg, draaiboekskrywer en regisseur David Hare is 'n seldsame verskynsel in Suid-Afrika. Meryl Streep se Plenty is die enigste Hare-prent wat hier gedraai het. En sy Paris by Night is nou op die Johannesburgse rolprentfees te sien. Strapless 'n liefdesverhaal waarin twee Amerikaanse susters die hoofkarakters is: Lillian is 'n suksesvolle middeljarige dokter in Londen en die kommerlose 25-jarige Amy is op besoek uit Amerika. Met Blair Brown en Bridget Fonda.

MEDICINE MAN

Die groen saak word gestel in dié prent oor die Suid-Amerikaanse reënwoede. Dis 'n romantiese avontuurprent met John McTiernan van Predator, Die Hard- en The Hunt for Red October-faam as regisseur. Sean Connery is 'n wetenskaplike wat 'n kankermiddel ontdek het en hou van jonger vroue... Lorraine Bracco om presies te wees.

THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE

Nog 'n anti-yuppie-prent. Ná die dood van haar man moet Rebecca de Mornay begin werk om haarself te onderhou. Sy doen haarself voor as die volmaakte huishulp, maar beplan 'n verskriklike wraak op haar aangenome gesin. Curtis Hanson (Bad Influence en The Bedroom Window) is die regisseur.

K2

Gegronde op die toneelstuk (Marius Weyers was in Truk se produksie daarvan) oor twee vriende wat besluit om 'n piek in die Himalaja-gebergte uit te klim. Fisieke gevaar, uithouvermoë en male bonding... dinge waarmee macho-mans hul ophou. Dis die onderwerp van dié aksie-avontuur deur Franc Roddam, 'n Brit wat Quadrophenia, Lords of Discipline en 'n stuk van Aria geregisseer het. Met Michael Biehn en Matt Craven.

MY MOTHER'S CASTLE

Die Marcel Pagnol worsmasjien kom vandag met My Mother's Castle vorendag. Na die tradisie van My Father's Glory, Jean de Florette, Manon des Sources, ens, ens. Intense, vlietende geluk, die liefde, verhoudings met ouers en die eenvoudige lewe is die temas van dié prent wat in die Rosebank Mall draai.

**** DEAD AGAIN

Sien resensie elders op blad.

** LITTLE MAN TATE

Jodie Foster is die "flavour of the month", maar haar regie-debuut is uiters teleurstellend. Die verhaal van die verkorsing van 'n begaafde kind is verward en verwarrend. Skynbaar 'n prent oor hoe begaafde mense ly as hulle dom ouers het, moes die prent eintlik gegaan het oor hoe enigiemand ly as hy/sy nie iemand het om mee pool/rugby te speel nie. Vol clichés en stereotipes. As Foster 'n begaafde kind was, is dit nie voor die hand liggend nie. AV

**** FRITZ THE CAT

Ek begin bekommerd raak as die beste prent wat ek kan aanbeveel 'n geanimeerde prent oor 'n hippie-kat is. Nee, eintlik is Fritz the Cat 'n prettige en verfrissende siniese blik op die Sixties en die revolutionêre gees wat die tydperk opgelewer het. Dis toe polisiemanne nog pigs genoem is. Ralph Bakshi het die prent in 1972 gemaak en dit was tot nou toe hier verbied.

SWEET TALKER

Dié Australiese romantiese komedie handel oor 'n con man (Bryan Brown) se plan om 'n klein vissersgemeenskap te oorneem om groot hoeveelhede geld aan hom te oorhandig. Hy raak egter verlief op die dorp en sy mense en besluit om 'n nuwe blaadjie om te slaan.

BINGO

So van hondjies en katjies gepraat... Bingo is 'n over-the-top-komedie oor 'n heldhaftige hond se reis en sy vriendskap met 'n jong seun. Die akteurs en regisseur is so te sê onbekend.

THE LAST BOY SCOUT

Bruce Willis is nog 'n privaatspeurder - is almal in Amerika speurders? - met 'n swart vriend, 'n oudvoetbalspeler. Moord, prostitute, drank, selfverwoesting... die standaard-onderdele van 'n skop-skiet-prent.



'n Toneel uit die Hongaarse regisseur Istvan Szabo se jongste prent, *Sweet Emma, Dear Bóbe*, waarin die Nederlandse aktrise Johanna ter Steege (regs) die hoofrol speel. Dit handel oor twee Russiese onderwyseresse in 'n Hongaarse skool wat skielik, met die politieke veranderinge, Engels moet leer. Dit draai Vrydag om 2nm (die regisseur sal teenwoordig wees) en Saterdag om 7.45nm (Ter Steege sal daar wees) by die Seven Arts.

the man who would be citizen kenneth

DEAD AGAIN *

With Kenneth Branagh, Emma Thompson, Derek Jacobi, Scott Campbell, Hanna Schygulla
Director: Kenneth Branagh

ANDREA VINASSA

THERE are many reasons why critics, purists and young filmmakers hate Kenneth Branagh: he is clever, talented and has a damn cheek. To fiddle with Shakespeare, to pillage Orson Welles and to beg, borrow and steal from Alfred Hitchcock.

I don't know why they're complaining. He makes for great copy, this enfant terrible, and gives good quote: "[A movie] is a work in progress, not a bloody funeral," he has been heard to utter on set.

This is a man who wrote his autobiography at 28.

He follows up his impressive film debut - he directed and played the title character in *Henry V* - with a schlocky Gothic horror tale that, well, makes your spine tingle and has you sitting on the edge of your seat. Ugh.

In a world in which it is very difficult, almost impossible to do anything really different, Branagh seems not the least bit interested in pursuing originality-at-all-costs like his countrymen Derek Jarman and Peter Greenaway.

We know from *Henry V* that Citizen Branagh is an old-fashioned Irish boy with an old-fashioned passion for things like theatricality and escapism in the movies.

Branagh has taken a thriller that probably started off in the minor league along with *Shattered*, *Deceived*, *Jagged Edge*, *Fatal Attraction* and a host of other forgettables and, with an audacious sense of fun, produced a rip-roaring popular masterpiece.

Re-hashing the film noir aesthetic of the forties (ensuring himself and his wife ample screen time to show off their classical training, their versatility, bla bla bla) Branagh proves that, behind an Arri, he's a natural.

He obviously has a hotline to the cinematic pleasure zone. And, strangely the predictability of the plot, the ludicrous premise and the many implausibilities add to, rather than subtract from, the enjoyment.

THE PLOT CONCERNS Mike Church, a jaded LA private detective (spot TV reference) who scrounges a living tracking down heirs and missing persons. He reluctantly takes on the case of an unfortunate amnesiac who remembers nothing of her own life, but accesses the dreams and nightmares of a woman who was allegedly murdered by her husband in the thirties.

When Mike discovers that Roman Strauss was executed for the murder of his vivacious pianist wife, he begins to suspect that he and the mystery woman were, in their previous lives, Roman and Margaret.

Ostentatious flashbacks transport us to the mansion of a German conductor, who is trying to write an opera, while the world around him aspires to Hollywood superstardom. Will the murder reoccur? is the burning question.

Branagh tells a good story, which involves a lot of suspension of disbelief when it comes to reincarnation, immortality, karmic revenge, hypnosis, fate and chance, but he manages to get in a few comments about film history, contrasting the laid-back, almost humdrum naturalism of Hollywood today with the melodrama, megatragedy and bombastic romanticism of yesteryear.

The truly ridiculous and OTT ending blunts the edges of *Dead Again*, but it is Branagh-the-actor's uncanny ability to get to the heart of the matter - the slightly camp tragic artist is juxtaposed with the mealy-mouthed detective - which resonates long after the spine-tingling has ended.

HOOK

Stephen Spielberg's epic fairytale with the best cast ever to appear in a Little People's film: Robin Williams, Julia Roberts and Dustin Hoffman, who had some much-needed fun as a pirate.

THE END OF INNOCENCE

Dyan Cannon's autobiographical film concerns a woman growing up and grappling with everyday issues. The actress wrote, directed and stars as the adult Stephanie. She is the first woman ever nominated for an Oscar for work on both sides of the camera.

PETER PAN

An animated children's film from the Walt Disney studio based on James Barrie's classic.

MY FATHER'S GLORY

Marcel was born in Aubagne at the end of the 19th century. His mother Augustine is a dressmaker, his father a teacher. Very quickly Marcel learns how to read. Augustine is worried. Joseph is delighted. The family goes to the hills for the holidays, where Marcel discovers friendship with Lili and that holidays have an end. Director Marcel Pagnol's opus to childhood fulfillment in provincial France. It is on at the Rosebank Mall.

*** CAPE FEAR

Disappointing mainstream urban-paranoia-suspense-drama from one's favourite maverick. Astounding camera work, editing and directing, but the story goes down the tubes. Full of the fright gimmickry found in the Amityville Horrors, Murders on Elm Street and Psychos of the schlock horror world. Robert de Niro with a phoney Southern accent thinks he's still in *Taxi Driver*. Great work from Jessica Lange and sensual newcomer Juliette Lewis. ANDREA VINASSA

CURLY SUE

It's school holiday time. This one's about an enfant terrible with curly hair. Obnoxious James Belushi competes with diminutive Alison Porter for laughs. Directed and written by John Hughes.

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 Lili (Rosalind Zhao) 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.

RHAPSODY IN AUGUST

Akira Kurosawa se dertigste rolprent handel oor die somervakansie van die 80-jarige Kane en haar kleinkinders in Hawaii. Liriese herinneringe, angswekkende herinneringe...

**** HOMICIDE

David Mamet se jongste rolprent is 'n stemmingsvolle polisie-drama met Joe Mantegna as 'n Joodse cop wat gedwing word om sy "Joodsheid" in ag te neem wanneer 'n Joodse vrou in 'n krotbuurt vermoor word. Sy morele dilemmas is ons almal s'n - die konflik tussen rassisme, etniese agtergrond, nasionalisme en persoonlike morele verpligting word dubbelsinnig ondersoek. AV

FATHER OF THE BRIDE

Diane Keaton is die ma van die bruid en almal weet hoe gaan dit met bruilofte... veral in movies. Mal Martin Short is die koördineerder, Steve Martin is die pa van die bruid, Kimberly Williams is die bruid.

**** BUGSY

Barry Levinson's rather dull and earnest style of directing brings a certain "realism" to the non-prototypical gangster story. Bugsy Siegel, once known as the most dangerous man in America, is portrayed as a buffoonish casanova with a hell of a temper. Movie clichés are subverted to effect a scathing attack on Hollywood values. The congruence of violence and idealism in Bugsy's life, and the expression of jealousy, passion and betrayal evinces a fascinating, if disturbing, comment on "romantic love". AV