

Vrye Weekblad

Nº 184

24 - 30 JULIE 1992

R3,00 (BTW INGESLUIT)

DEPRESSIE DIE DIEP RIVIER

JANI ALLAN:
caught between a rock
and a hard-on

FW:
die vlieg in sacula se salt

UMLAZI:
goalposts of natal's killing fields



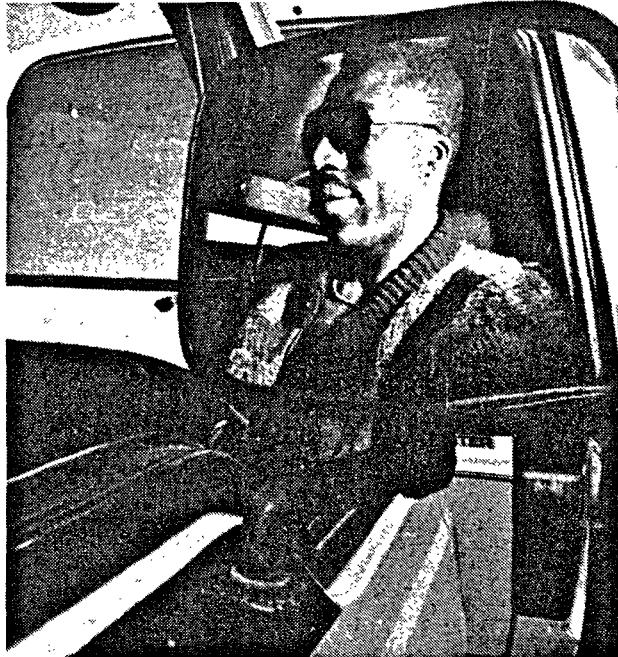
INHOUD N° 184

9 & 10 It's been the Wild West all over again in U Section, Umlazi, outside Durban since a group of "refugees" moved into an empty municipal facility earlier this year, allegedly adopting outlaw tactics. And it seems that the sheriff is part of the gang



11 - 13 Depressie: die diep rivier. Geen hoeveelheid bier, partytjies, beloftes van heerlike seks of kos of boeke met gelukkige eindes kan depressie verlig nie. Midde-in die kwessie van die oorsake en behandeling van depressie, staan die eeu-oue raaisel oor die verhouding tussen die liggaam en die gees.

17 & 18 Zoem weg in 'n Zola: die minibus-taxi's wat die wêreld vol nael, is vinnig en goedkoop - en trakteer jou boonop op musiek in die ry.



20 & 21 Pearlie Joubert, steeds op die langpad, vertel van Springfontein se olifant en die kaal man.

26 & 27 The state of the arts, Part II

Nota: Dié week is Max du Preez in Australië en Bittergal ongelukkig saam met hom. Bittergal is volgende week weer terug (of Max saam met hom terugkeer, weet ons nie.)

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so sê hulle

"Hulle is nie engetjies nie, ek weet. Maar hulle is gedissiplineerd, en neutraal. Die ANC wéét dat hy geen houvas op hulle kankry nie. Hy kan nie hul gesinne bykom nie. Hy kan nijs aan hulle doen nie, hulle is nie kwesbaar nie." *Die bevelvoerder en stigter van 32 Bataljon, oud-kol Jan Breytenbach, oor die ontbinding van dié Bataljon.*

"Zucchinis and eggplants are both stuffed with rice, and the stuffing process, which is usually done by women, leads to arousal. It is better to prohibit the sale of these vegetables to avoid a greater danger."

An Egyptian fundamentalist leader, proposing a ban on the offending produce.

"Die Olimpiese Spele is net 'n geleentheid om bier en sjampanje te drink en om somtyds 'n mooi vrou baie vinnig te sien hardloop."

Javier Mariscal, die ontwerper van die Barcelona Olimpiese mascot, Cobi.

"They have more substance and less grease."

George Bush's campaign spokesperson Torie Clark, comparing Hillary Clinton's chocolate-chip cookies with her husband.

"I cannot bear responsibility for developments I can no longer influence. Nor do I want to be a barrier to historical developments, nor a mere time-serving bureaucrat."

Vaclav Havel, on his decision to resign as Czechoslovakia's president.

"There, I was in the defense business. Here, too, I'm on the front line of sorts."

Anatoli Ivanovich Zubkov, formerly a captain in the Soviet Army and now the director of a Russian condom factory, on the similarities between his old and new jobs.



Andy in The Star

het jy geweet

Die gemiddelde leeftyd van die Asiese olifant is 40 jaar, maar dié dier kan tot 70 jaar oud word. Die gemiddelde leeftyd van die Afrikaanse olifant is 35 jaar en die maksimum-leeftyd 60 jaar. Die gemiddelde leeftyd in Jare van enkele ander soogdiere (met die maksimum-leeftyd, waar bekend, tussen hakies) is: Bobbejaan 20 (35 jr 7 mnde); Kat 12 (28 jr); Sjimpans 20 (44 jr 6 mnde); Koei 15 (30 jr); Hond 12 (20 jr); Kameelperd 10 (33 jr 7 mnde); Gorilla 20 (39 jr 4 mnde); Perd 20 (46 jr); Luiperd 12 (19 jr 4 mnde); Leeu 15 (25 jr 1 mnd); Vark 10 (27 jr); Skaan 12 (20); Tier 16 (26 jr 3 mnde); Seekoei 25 (-); Kangaroo 7 (-); Puma 12 (19); Swart renoster 15 (-).

Die eerste ruimtevaarder was die Rus Yuri A Gagarin, wat op 12 April 1961 'n ruimtevlug van 1 uur 48 minute in Vostok 1 onderneem en een keer om die aarde gewentel het. Die eerste Amerikaner in die ruimte was Alan B Shepard jr, wat op 5 Mei 1961 'n ruimtevlug van 15 minute 22 sekondes in die Mercury-Redstone 3 onderneem het. Die eerste vroulike ruimtevaarder was die Rus Valentina V Tereshkova, wat op 16-19 Junie 1963 binne 70 uur en 50 minute 48 keer om die aarde gewentel het in die Vostok 6. Die eerste ruimtevaarder wat 'n "ruimte-wandeling" buite 'n ruimtetuig onderneem het, was die Rus Aleksei A Leonov op 18 Maart 1965 (10 minute).



VRYDAGOGGEND MET MAX DU PREEZ

WANNEER KAN ONS BEGIN LÉÉF?

DIE eerste ding wat my opgeval het van ek verlede naweek hier in Australië aangekom het, is hoe probleemloos dié vooruitstrewende land is.

En onwillekeuring wonder 'n mens: is dit nie wonderlik om só te lewe nie? Is dit hoe Suid-Afrika kon gewees het as ons 'n meer homogene bevolking gehad het?

Ek het elke Australiër wat ek tot dusver ontmoet het, gevra of hulle land dan geen probleme het nie. Natuurlik, het elkeen van hulle geantwoord, ons is in 'n ekonomiese resessie en het 'n groot werkloosheidsprobleem.

Australië hét glo 'n ernstige resessie, maar die lewenstandaard is steeds geweldig hoog - dit is as 't ware 'n nasie van 17 miljoen lede van die middelklas. Die werkloosheidsyster-tans 'n obsessie by die media en politici - is maar 11 persent.

Kyk na dié syfers: 80 persent Australiese huishoudings het 'n motor (30 persent het twee); 85 persent het telefone; 93 persent het kleur TV-stelle; en 70 persent besit hul eie huise. Misdaad is van die laagste in die wêreld, en hier is geen werklike hongersnood, epidemies of geweldpleging nie.

Voormalige Suid-Afrikaners wat nou hier woon, sê vir my die groter persoonlike sekuriteit en die laer stresvlakke weens die afwesigheid van politieke konflik, maak van Australië 'n wonderlike plek om in te lewe vergeleke met Suid-Afrika. Hulle sê die afwesigheid van skuldgevoelens oor rasse-ongelykheid maak van hulle rustiger en gelukkiger mense. Boonop is hulle ontslae van die gedurige onsekerheid oor die toekoms. (Sowat 55 000 Suid-Afrikaners het hul reeds in Australië gevestig.)

'n Rasse- of etniese probleem bestaan hier byna nie. Verreweg die meeste Australiërs is van Europese, veral Ierse, Skotse en Engelse herkoms. Hoewel daar deesdae krapperrigheid is inveral West-Australië teenoor immigrante uit Asië, is die bevolking in die algemeen baie verdraagsaam, seker omdat hul hegemonie hoegenaamd nie bedrieg word nie.

DIE LAND SE OORSPRONKLIKE inwoners, die Aboriginals, vorm nou maar 1,4 persent van die bevolking. Dis nie iets waaroor hier graag gepraat word nie, maar dit is 'n godskreiente verhaal: Toe die Britte in 1788 'n strafkolonie hier gevestig het, was daar sowat 1 500 Europeërs en 300 000 Aboriginals. 'n Eeu later was daar maar net 70 000 Aboriginals oor, maar die getal het nou aangegroei tot 227 000 - steeds minder as 200 jaar gelede. En die meeste van dié mense se lewenstandaard is baie laer as dié van die wit koloniale afstammelinge.

(Ek het al 'n paar keer daaraan gedink: het die Australiërs maar meer tyd en energie aan dié probleem bestee as aan trivialiteite soos 'n byna algehele verbod op rook in geboue en werkplekke.)

'n Mens kom gou uit die media agter dat hier min probleme is. Toe ek Maandag in Canberra was, was die hoofnuus van die dag in die koerante en op TV

'n waterpyp wat in een van die hoofstad se strate gebars en die verkeer ontwig het.

MAAR NA 'N PAAR DAE hier begin ek dink dat dié soort lewe ook heelwat nadele het. Die lewe is net te gelykmatig. Hier is nie regtig armoede of swaarkry nie; hier is nie wrelw of haat nie; hier is nie krisis of konflik nie.

Hoe kan 'n mens vreugde ken as jy nooit hartseer was nie? Hoe weet 'n mens wat is geluk as jy nie pyn ken nie? Albei kante van die Australiese munstuk lyk dieselfde. Almal is te eenders. 'n Mens mis 'n diepliggende geestelikheid - net materialisme is tasbaar. Dis amper soos 'n bord kos sonder speserye en te min sout.

Maar miskien rasionaliseer ek dit 'n effe omdat ek weet ek self sal nooit uit my land kan padgee nie.

Natuurlik is daar ook geweldige voordele aan 'n ryk, homogene gemeenskap.

Ek voel al jare lank dat Suid-Afrika só 'n obsessie met sy rassekwestie het dat daar baie min tyd, energie en bronne bestee is en word aan die ander aspekte van ons nasionale lewe. Dit maak ons arm.

'n Klein voorbeeld uit my vakgebied, die koerantwese. By ons is daar altyd groot nuus: geweld, korupsie, magstryde, misdaad. Elke koerant moet elke dag aandag gee aan die politiek van die minderheid versus die meerderheid; die haves versus die have-nots, wit en swart.

Australiese joernaliste het nie die "weelde" van sulke "outomatiiese" nuus nie, die nuus is hier baie minder dramaties, en daarom het joernaliste geleer om hul skryfwerk self en die aanbieding daarvan tot 'n kuns te verfyn. Daar word baie meer ontleed en meer aandag gegee aan die kunste en kultuur en aan sake soos gesondheid, lewenstyle, sosiale kwessies en die omgewing. En natuurlik aan internasionale gebeure.

ONDANKS DIE MATERIALISME kry 'n mens hier die indruk dat dit 'n gemeenskap is wat meer omgee.

Mense hier is in die algemeen meer verfyn en gesofistikeerd as by ons. Die TV is van baie hoér gehalte, die plaaslike filmbedryf is van die skeppendste ter wêreld, teaters, operahuise en kunsgalerye word meer besoek, baie meer mense koop en lees boeke en koerante. Hier is baie meer tyd, geld en energie vir die fyner dinge in die lewe, en die publiek is baie goed ingelig. Dit help ook dat hier net een taal is en alles nie 'n klomp keer gepubliseer hoef te word nie.

Maar Suid-Afrika het meer siel, meer rou energie. Meer polsende lewe, dieper en ryker kleure. En sonder ons warmbloedigheid en robuustheid sal ek nooit weer bevredig voel nie.

Maar 'n mens kan hoop en wens dat ons met groter erns, spoed en vindingrykheid aan ons nasionale lewe aandag sal gee sodat ons ook eendag kan begin lewe eerder as net oorlewe.

BRIEWE KORTER AS 300 WOORDE GENIET VOORKEUR.
Rig brieue aan: Die Brieweredakteur VWB Posbus 177 Newtown 2113

'N KLIPGOOI VAN CHAOS AF

Jannie Theron van Kaapstad skryf:

Dit is verfrissend om te hoor van die Afrikaners in Pretoria soos ek die plek leer ken het in my studente dae. PM de Kock se brief (VWB Briewe 3 - 9 Julie "Anargie is orde") is 'n bewys dat daar tóg hoop is vir dié in 'n post-geestesweerbaarheid tydsreep.

Ek dink die tekens skel al wêreldwyd vir 'n deeglike ondersoek na, en bevraagtekening van die staat. Verder word daar in die natuurwetenskap lankal reeds aanvaar dat orde nie die norm is nie, al mag dit so voorkom.

Die voorsetsel wat ons self geskep het om "wanorde" te konstrueer, strek nou tot ons nadeel deur dat dit 'n ewige negatiewe konnotasie sal hê. Dit is tog jammer, want orde is nie altyd gewens, en chaos of wanorde nie altyd ongewens nie.

Dit is tyd om goed natedink oor wat orde en chaos in 'n sosiale sin behels. Hoe kan 'n ordelike gemeenskap uitgeken word, is daar meer as een tipe orde, wat is die dinamika van 'n sisteem met betrekking tot die elemente wat orde/chaos veroorsaak? Die staat as struktuur en bron van ongemaklike en onstabiele orde soos ons dit leer ken het, is maar 'n klipgooi van chaos af.

(*Brief ietwat verkort - Red*)

"ons" stryd duur voort

Kobus Faasen van Rosebank, Kaapstad skryf:

In sy "Vrydagoggend" van 10 Julie sê Max du Preez dat "ons" ten alle koste Cosatu se nasionale staking moet probeer voorkom. In hierdie editorial, waarin die inklusiewe "ons" een-en-twintig keer voorkom, word die motivering vir die beplande staking geensins in oënskou geneem nie.

Die ANC en sy meelopers het blybaar nog nie uit gevind dat meneer Du Preez 'n closet anti-kommie is nie. Tydens die spannende pre-referendum-dae sê Max prout dat die kommuniste te min is om "die res van ons" te oorheers (VWB 13 Maart).

Dit is inderdaad ontstellend dat 'n medieman met verskeie eregrade en persekkennings, wat in beheer is van die enigste Afrikaanstalige tydskrif

met 'n progressiewe image, "ons" só in die steek kan laat deur 'n volle bladsy af te staan aan "Dié week se TV", maar nie 'n woord te rep oor die Mwasa-staking nie, deur 'n bladsy af te staan aan die Yank Lou Reed se Wyn, maar die plaaslike Nehawu-verwikkelinge totaal te ignoreer.

Wat het geword van die VWB se accountability aan demokrasie en ondersoekende beriggewing? Net die Afrikaners kan hulself van hul paranoïa bevry, maar as VWB so 'n middeleeuse joernalistiek bly handhaaf, sal "ons", vasgvang in "ons" noodtoestand-sindroom, steeds Cosatu op Saterdae om die braaivliesvure kritiseer. Ignorance makes the NP grow stronger, Capitalist press makes the struggle continue longer. Ons stryd duur voort...

(Hm. Ons hoor wat jy sê - Red)

damn ransom note

Brendon Logue of Cheltondale, Johannesburg writes:

Will someone please ask Anton Sassenberg to stop screwing around with types and fonts every week? Layout is good when it does not distract. Readers expect a conformity and familiarity of lay-out which needn't compromise the intellectual credibility of the contents. For heaven's sake, we want a magazine that looks like a magazine, not a damn ransom note.

volksome plesier

Zelda Dalling van Stellenbosch skryf:

Dankie, dankie, dankie vir VWB se boekresensies/besprekings. In besonder die uitstekende resensie van From Gaia to Selfish Genes (VWB 8-14 Mei 1992) en die Jung-boeke (VWB 17-23 Julie 1992) deur Ryk Hattingh. Dit is volksome plesier om van sulke boekbesprekings bedien te word.

Hattingh se bespreking van Crystal and Dragon (VWB 8-14 Mei) en Stanley Frielick se bespreking van die mansboeke (VWB 22-28 Mei) met die quotable quotes, verdien ook vermelding.

propaganda and disinformation

Bob Allen of Mulzenberg writes:

Anti-democratic propaganda and disinformation has been with us for 44 years. SABC news, Naspers, Sunday

Times, The Citizen to name but a few conspirators. But serious analysis of the SA media over the past two years shows that the reactionary pro-Nat forces are using false letters to editors, statements from innocent-sounding groups which are 100 percent front organisations, deliberate misquotes of people like Desmond Tutu and planted stories quoting no one identifiable.

Letters are usually signed with "ancestral" African names - and the writer is nearly always a disgruntled "freedom fighter" who has seen the light and will no doubt be running the first NP branch at Boipatong.

Groups such as the International Freedom Foundation (IFF) get massive coverage on SABC and in the white press - but no one questions the IFF's credentials.

The IFF is a state-funded counter-revolutionary exercise run by military intelligence. It has but one aim: to destroy the ANC.

It has offices in the US, Europe and Britain to give the IFF the veneer of an "independent conservative think-tank". IFF's executive director here, one Russell Crystal, had an anti-ANC, anti-Nasas, pro-apartheid career on the Wits campus. The only doubt was whether he was paid by Boss, AMI or big business.

The IFF, by the way, placed massive anti-ANC advertisements in US papers in every city Mandela visited in 1990. Even Radio 702's Chris Gibbons gave the IFF's Washington director 15 minutes of airtime without really grilling him.

The latest IFF rubbish told us via Washington that the ANC were about to move arms from Angola to Namibia. Courtesy of Pretoria we were even told about the last imaginary double shades of Neil Hooper in the Sunday Times and Craig Kotze in the Star.

Only last month archbishop Tutu had to deny incredible misreporting of his sermon at Boipatong. The Cape Town paper concerned merely blamed Sapal!

Any serious observer of the SA media knows that the misinformation and disinformation hit squads are just as busy as the goons with guns.

VWB - dis net julle en 'n paar anderkoerante wat ons arme leser van al hierdie leuens kan red.

wrong title

Malcolm H Lupton of Eldorado Park, Johannesburg writes:

Conceming a letter published in

VWB 3-9 July the following correction:

Contrary to the assertions of IM Freeman of Cape Town, Melville Leonard Edelstein never submitted a doctorate entitled "What do young Africans think" in 1972.

The correct title and the date of submission of the PhD thesis referred to by Freeman are as follow:

Edelstein, ML, 1973: A Sociological Study of the Coloured Community of Johannesburg with Special Reference to Attitude Analysis, Unpublished PhD thesis, University of Pretoria.

It would be appreciated if newspaper editors verify the authenticity and accuracy of information in letters, prior to publication.

way to go!

Wessel van den Berg van Vereeniging skryf:

Ek is in standerd 9 aan nog 'n Afrikaanse Hoëskool. Ek wil aan daai Black-outjie (VWB Briewe, 26 Junie - 2 Julie) van Lynwood sê: hoor hier, jy sal nooit die hele storie wys raak as jy nie soveel goed as moontlik lees nie. Elke ou het sy eie mening en dit is myne.

Way to go VWB! Dis goed dat julle soveel kritiek teen jyself op een bladsy publiseer. Daal tannie van Wellington: Ek wed julle sy het die uitgawe waarin haar brief gepubliseer is gekoop. Hoekom skryf sy dan aan iets waarteen sy so gekant is? Tiples!

VWB het my by Houtstok getref. Ek het een van die "Kom dans karabyn"-posters teen my deur.

Eintlik wil ek sê: enigiemand kan eniglets sê en VWB publiseer dit. VWB is cool!

redelikheid moet seevier

Aluta Discontinua van Lynnwoodrif skryf:

Cyril Ramaphosa van die ANC en sy vakbond-neef, Jay Naidoo, is besig om hul dure werkersondervinding goed aan te wend in hul rolfertolking as nee-spelers.

As vakbondbulle weet hulle goed dat waar 'n persoon gedwing word om te onderhandel redelikheid altyd as wenner na vore sal tree, het sy die redelikheid bewerkstellig word deur die Base en Klase hulself, of deur 'n skeidsregter, soos 'n arbiter of 'n hof.

Dis daarom dat die vakbondwese in Suid-Afrika reeds soveel spiere aan die werker gegee het, met redelikheid in die hand kom 'n mens

ver in die land.

Nou sê Naidoo egter nooit, Cyril sê sal nie, en Nelson sê nie.

Waarom?

Hulle weet as hulle sal voortgaan om te onderhandel hul eise deur redelikheid getemper sal word sodat hulle op die ou end in ieder geval toegewings sal moet maak aan Oom-Hout-bymekaar-maat en die Nasionale Party.

Hulle weet as hulle voortgaan om te onderhandel hulle nie die land kan regeer soos hulle wil nie en alle top-poste met hul eie vul nie.

Hulle weet as daar behoorlike "checks and balances" is, hulle nie in staat sal wees om enige potensiële gevaar, soos 'n sterk vakbond of 'n sterk minderheidsgroep, na hulle pype te laat dans nie.

Workers of the world beware, moenie jul gewig skaar agter dié van newe Naidoo en Ramaphosa nie. Hulle gaan julle aan die neus rondle en ook van julle maak soos wat die voormalige Sowjet-Unie met sy vakbondsgemaak het of wat Zimbabwe met sy unies gedoen het - 'n niks.

Moenie julle laat mislei deur die vrome verskoning dat daar nie in Oos-Europa oor magsoordrag onderhandel is nie - die waarheid is eenvoudig dat die eertydse magshonger regeerders van Oos-Europa mense nie toegelaat het om te onderhandel nie.

Waar het 'n gebrek aan onderhandelings Oos-Europelaat? Nasionalisties, gefragmenteer en vol probleme. Waarom wil Jay, Cyril en kie nie onderhandel nie?

Bring Brolloks terug

J Uys van Pietermaritzburg skryf:

Ek het altyd so uitgesien na die dag wanneer Brolloks en/of Bittergal in aanmerking gaan kom vir die FAK-prys vir Joernalistiek.

Gevolglik was dit met uiterste teleurstelling en skok dat ek moes verneem van Brolloks se ontslag by VWB. (Gaan Sagmoedige Neelsie nie in sy graf omdraai nie?)

Brolloks is sinoniem vir "Ohopoho", nijs aanstootliker as daardie ander driegeriewoord (vir broeklosmaak) waarvoor Pillie Joeber en ander skrywers so lief is nie!

Bring Brolloks terug sodat hy ons meer kan meeëdeel oor ohopohopolitiek.

Riding the tiger - round and around

THE BREAKDOWN OF THE COSATU/SACCOLA TALKS

Business/union moves to avert the proposed August 3 strike have proved unsuccessful. That is not news anymore, but the role the government played in all this has not yet been revealed. IVOR POWELL looks behind the curtains of the latest negotiations deadlock



Turning against big business, one of the government's corner stones (Photograph: SARAH PRALL)

IT makes a change, I suppose, if only on the basis that the more things change the more they stay the same.

Yet another round of talks - this time between the South African Consultative Committee on Labour Affairs (Saccola) and Cosatu, aimed at averting the prospect of a general strike in early August - has broken down. We are back at Square One... or should that be Square Two?

No, its definitely Square One. Because, you see, at the end of the day it was nothing other than Stumbling Block Number One to real change in South Africa, namely the intransigence of the government and its allies which led to the new negotiations deadlock.

Sources close to the talks told VWB that, earlier this week, the Saccola/Cosatu talks were well on track. Basic agreement had been reached between the two parties on the wording and terms of the document spelling out a shared commitment to democracy and swift transition in South Africa.

Cosatu had succeeded in selling the compromise to a basically recalcitrant ANC, finally and ironically geared up for real mass action after all the false starts of the recent past.

Saccola's executive, for its part, was happy with the draft document which had been drawn up, and two weeks ago already had begun the process of bringing its allies and constituency on board. Letters had been sent out to Saccola affiliates as well as the South African Chamber of Business urging strong support for "attempts to persuade Cosatu to abandon its plan for a general strike". Even the traditionally conservative administration of Sacob, in a letter to its membership, expressed the view that "there is nothing in the principles and actions contained in the document that is not already covered in the Sacob position or which is not, or will not be, the subject for discussion in some or other form, including Codesa".

Probably most importantly - and triumphantly for the leadership of Cosatu - it appeared that between them they, through the threat of mass action, and Saccola, by more subtle means, had succeeded also in bringing the government on board. Constitutional Affairs minister Roelf Meyer, so said Saccola lynchpin Bobby Godsell in meetings, had already intimated that the government would also be willing to lend its support to the proposals contained in the draft. There would be no problem in extracting a basic agreement from the cabinet on key issues - like an official shutdown on August 3 to replace the general strike,

or (crucially for Cosatu) rapid time frames to govern the transition to a democratically elected constituent assembly, or again the implementation of steps to end the township violence.

So what went wrong? Well, the government went wrong.

More specifically, State President FW de Klerk went wrong.

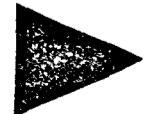
AT A CABINET meeting on Tuesday, it became more than a little apparent that Meyer had been ejaculating prematurely in assuring Godsell of his government's commitment to the principles and details contained in the draft agreement.

And he was promptly and decisively shot down in the meeting by the State President himself, who blankly refused to make any gestures of support for the planned compromise.

Although the official or semi-official reason for the government's reluctance to give its support to the draft document was given as centring on the issue of the August 3 lockdown, however, it is clear from informal utterances made by senior government negotiators recently that the real problem lay elsewhere. Particularly senior negotiator Tertius Delpot has intimated to various parties over the past week that the government never had any real intention of going along with the Saccola/Cosatu agreement. The real reasons, sources intimated, had more to do with the rigid time frames for a transition to democracy that the agreement was imposing, as well as the de facto renunciation of agreements favourable to the government which had been extracted at Codesa, and also the imposition of a rigorous system of locally-based violence monitoring and statutory empowerment with regard to the violence. To endorse the agreement would be to lock itself into Cosatu's programme of change.

But if rearguard government intransigence - fuelled by the uncomfortable suspicion that De Klerk and his cabinet had merely been playing for time by indicating initial sympathy with the moves, and hoping to create disjunctions in the preparations for and to take the edge off the ANC alliance's mass action campaign - was one problem which suddenly faced Godsell, there was also another which reared its head at this time. Despite earlier support from the business community at large, there was an unexpected reverse on this front as well.

With Barlow Rand chief executive Warren Clelow functioning as one of the prime movers in the process, sectors of the business community refused to endorse the agreement, unless it was acceptable to the political parties. (See Hennie Serfontein on page 6) In this way - and it is difficult to believe they were



simply being disingenuous - they effectively abrogated precisely that position of leadership in terms of the process to democracy and of siding with the liberation forces into which it was above all the goal of Cosatu to draw big business. Tricky.

BUT IN THE END not as tricky as the Cosatu strategy team of Jay Naidoo and... Jay(endra) Naidoo. What these two as the prime movers in the Cosatu negotiating team, succeeded in structuring - considered strictly in propaganda terms - is a situation where they could scarcely lose. If, on one hand, the deal was successful and agreement was reached and government was dragged on board, then major steps towards the creation of a democratic society would have been taken. If on the other hand, as has happened, negotiations broke down, then at least Cosatu would have demonstrated its flexibility and willingness to compromise, and thus be occupying a moral high ground on which they could point accusing fingers at business and the government. That is, should the growing relationship with Saccola break down; for the moment of course, the two groupings are keeping a relatively low profile and looking at other areas of co-operation.

But if this is true on the propaganda front, the Cosatu gambit has proved far less successful within its own constituency, and particularly within the ANC there is a good deal of bitterness and resentment directed against the trade union giant. Ironically, after Cosatu had severely and in a sustained way levelled criticism against the ANC leadership for its practice of making decisions through a leadership elite meeting with another leadership elite and coming to elite agreements which were then presumed to be binding on the membership, Cosatu, endorsed in a leadership position in regard to the strike, promptly did exactly the same thing, and failed adequately to consult with its allies. The ANC leadership was still busily mobilising mass action support in its constituency when they learned that the whole game had changed on them.

BUT MORE THAN THIS, Cosatu's leadership (uncharacteristically) flew in the face of its own constituency as well in dealing with Saccola. Separate meetings of regions last weekend voted overwhelmingly in favour of continuing with hardline strike action. And at a later Central Committee meeting - which did in fact support the compromises - the affiliate representatives were in some cases manifestly not accurately representing the consensus in their respective unions.

In a number of specific cases the fact of ongoing wage negotiations and deals with bosses at shopfloor level appear to have guided the decision to deal with business rather than the overwhelmingly pro-hardline action sentiment which pervades the rank and file.

Meanwhile the alliance is left with the headache of remobilising a constituency at least partly demotivated by the expected success of the Saccola talks.

This may however not in itself prove especially difficult. The mood on the ground remains and - becomes increasingly more - militant the more the government digs in.

But, the real fear - and it was certainly part of the Cosatu thinking in seeking compromise in the first place - is that such militancy, as evidenced in strikes like that currently being conducted by health workers' union Nehawu may prove all but impossible to control and direct.

The proverbial tiger, unleashed, and spurred on by the continuing prevalence of insurrectionary thinking in certain ANC and alliance circles, may prove very hard to ride.



• Frederik Van Zyl Slabbert

DIS 'N BEREKENDE RISIKO, sê Slabbert

Die regering - FW de Klerk in besonder - was blykbaar daarvoor verantwoordelik dat die onderhandelinge tussen Cosatu en Saccola dié week ter elfder ure misluk het. Dit was nadat Roelf Meyer, minister van Staatskundige Ontwikkeling, hulle pas die vorige week verseker het dat daar van regeringkant géén fundamentele besware daarteen behoort te wees nie. HENNIE SERFONTEIN het gaan rondvis

DIE Cosatu/Saccola-ooreenkoms sou 'n handves vir vrede en demokrasie behels. Daarvolgens sou die beplande daelange nasionale staking tot 'n wegbllysie van een dag, ondersteun deur die werkgewers, afgeskalf word. Cosatu sou verder ondernem dat geen stakinge tot aan die einde van September plaasvind nie.

VWB verneem dat daar noue skakeling tussen die regering en sekere konservatiewe sakelui was. Daar word gesê dat Warren Clelow - hoof van Barlow Rand, voorsteer van die SA Stigting en voorsitter van die Ekonomiese Adviesraad van die regering - in dié verband 'n uiters belangrike rol gespeel het om 'n ooreenkoms te verhoed.

Die gesamentlike strategie van die regering en die konservatiewe sakelui het blykbaar behels dat die werkgewersgroep as voorwaarde gestel het dat hulle slegs 'n ooreenkoms sou aangaan as die politieke partye geen beswaar het nie - wetende dat die regering dit teenstaan.

De Klerk en sy belangrikste adviseurs besef blykbaar terdeë dat só 'n Cosatu/Saccola-ooreenkoms 'n politieke terugslag vir die NP sou wees omdat dit kritiek deur die sakewêreld - een van die hoekstene van die regering se politieke mag en invloed - op die regering se hantering van die onderhandelinge en geweld sou impliseer.

DIE REGERING EN heelwat sakeliers is wil 'n konfrontasie met die ANC en Cosatu afdwing, word gesê. Hulle is daarvan oortuig dat 'n lang nasionale staking 'n mislukking sal wees omdat mense moeg is vir massa-aksies. Ook glo hulle dat die ANC-ondersteuners nie altyd beheerbaar is nie en dat voorvalle van geweld mag plaasvind - iets wat regeringspropaganda mag bevoordeel.

'n Ander negatiewe ontwikkeling is dat die uitvoerende

komitee van die Nasionale Vredesooreenkoms vandag 'n noodvergadering hou. Die rede hiervoor is die weiering van Inkatha om volgende Vrydag se Vredesbyeenkoms by te woon tensy Nelson Mandela om verskoning vra vir sy aanvalle op Inkatha by die onlangse vergadering van die veiligheidsraad van die VVO.

In die lig van bogemelde verwikkelinge is dit interessant dat Frederik van Zyl Slabbert, die mede-voorsitter van Idasa, meen dat die besoek van die verteenwoordiger van die Sekretaris-Generaal van die VVO, Cyrus Vance, die regering onder sekere omstandige kan bevoordeel.

Slabbert sê: "Die besoek van Vance is 'n merkwaardige omwenteling in die houding van die regering teenoor die VVO met betrekking tot ons binnelandse situasie. Hoewel dit 'n feitesending is en nie inmengend van aard, bly dit vir die regering 'n berekende risiko."

"Dit is duidelik die regering doen dit nie omdat hy met sy rug teen die muur is nie. Die blote feit dat die staatspresident die besoek verwelkom, dat Pik Botha met hom bladsku op die lughawe, toon die selfversekerdheid van die regering en dat hulle glo dié besoek kan hul posisie versterk.

"Dit vind juis plaas wanneer die ANC hom verbind het tot omvattende massa-aksies. Sodanige aksies bedreig die ekonomiese en kan die indruk skep dat die regering gekonfronteer word met 'n onverbiddelike opposisie wat doelbewus onderhandelinge bemoeilik."

"Met onlangse internasionale ontwikkelinge is daar juis in die Westerse wêreld, asook by die meerderheid van lande verteenwoordig in die Veiligheidsraad, géén simpatie meer vir populistiese en revolusionêre aksies nie. "Daarenteen, indien die massa-aksies glad en vredsaam verloop, en sou Vance se besoek daartoe lei om onderhandelinge weer aan die gang te kry, kan dit 'n risiko wees wat die ANC bevoordeel," sê Slabbert.

the eugene and jani soap opera

Did they or didn't they? If they did, what did the bodyguards do while they were doing it? And why was there no key in the key-hole? Sit back and stay tuned to the sex saga of the month, brought to you by JEFF ZERBST and a khaki-clad cast who stick together through ups and downs



Eugene
TerreBlanche ...
was he only
doing push-ups?

Jani Allan ... "not
interested in
sex".

EVERY woman adores a Fascist," wrote Sylvia Plath and perhaps she was right. Our own Jani Allan has described Eugene TerreBlanche as a "neo-fascist", which is certainly close enough to what Plath had in mind. Whether Jani adored Eugene is, of course, the subject of a London libel case at present.

Allan's libel action against Channel 4 TV has attracted great attention because everyone likes to see a political leader caught with his pants down. Even more delicious is the thought of a journalist from the so-called liberal press pinioned and panting underneath a neo-fascist. "Was she squashed?" we wonder. "Did she close her eyes and think of Morgenson?"

Channel 4, of course, insists that their programme never implied that Jani slept with Eugene. But they say that she did anyway. They have a witness who watched the rough beast with two backs through a keyhole.

They would have had a hard time without this evidence. Short of breaking into Allan's London apartment and finding a chubby four-year-old terrorising the Pakistani maid and inscribing a 777 monogram on the cat, they wouldn't have stood a chance.

But Channel 4 has Linda Shaw, Jani's former flatmate, who allegedly spotted Eugene's naked

bottom heaving as she looked through the keyhole of Jani's room.

It's a part of his anatomy with which he is frequently identified, so she was sure it was him.

Shaw's testimony, apparently, will include the claim that two bodyguards were in the room when Eugene and Jani were making it. The implications are horrifying. If Jani wasn't being gang-raped, then she was either indulging in blatant exhibitionism or giving turns to the stormpatrollie. These are horrifying alternatives and Allan's lawyer is saying that Shaw made it all up. If she did, Shaw is probably the funniest and most original mind in modern fiction.

JANI HAS sought to counter this evidence by claiming that she was not interested in sex. This is entirely credible considering the kind of people she was hanging out with. However, her diary attests to steamy sex scenes between Jani and a married Italian pilot, Ricardo, and a compatriot Mauro, a gunrunner. Jani claims that while Ricardo is real, she never visited his cockpit or fiddled with his joystick. Mauro, too, never got his cartridge into her chamber. It was all idle fantasising from a woman who seldom gave sex a second thought.

As for sex with Eugene, Jani professes herself horrified at the idea. She has explained her revulsion for him in blunt metaphors. Her initial impression of

TerreBlanche was that he reminded her of "a pig in a safari suit", certainly a more apt expression than "a pig in a poke".

But this revulsion somehow gave way to fascination and Jani agreed to rendezvous with Eugene at Paardekraal. Eugene afterwards said he had come to "lay a stone", which some now take to mean that Jani was frigid. One thing seems likely - she was caught between a rock and a hard-on.

The police who arrived on the scene reported that Eugene and Jani had brought along a bottle of amber fluid. Eugene's lawyer said it was cold tea. "This completely revises my opinion of Pitco Tips," said the policemen who took the bottle home.

After the Paardekraal incident became public knowledge Eugene started "pestering" Jani. He would wail hysterically at the door and phone her incessantly, prompting Jani to remark that she was witnessing the "disintegration" of his personality. His marching round sporting an imitation swastika she had apparently considered perfectly normal.

Following Paardekraal, Eugene also visited his "girlfriend" with his wife and kids. One can imagine that it must have been a slow night. But then Jani would apparently take Linda Shaw with her when she wanted to neck with Eugene in her Lancia. Shaw was told to wait behind a wall in the veld and shout "Vamoose" at lost Portuguese TV crews.

IF THIS WHOLE thing sounds like soap opera to you, rest assured that it was. Eugene, after bending Jani's burglar bars, left her a message written with soap in her water closet. It may have said, "Hoe's daai? Ek skryf vir 'Die Bathroom Mirror'". More probably he wrote: "Marry me, of ek skiet."

The marriage didn't take place and Jani never got to wear a white kappiekommando outfit or drive in a bridal car with an orange on the aerial. Instead she fled to London, thus forfeiting her right to defend her title as "the most admired person in South Africa". Who voted for her is a national mystery. It was probably the same people who felt sorry for Fay Wray in *King Kong*.

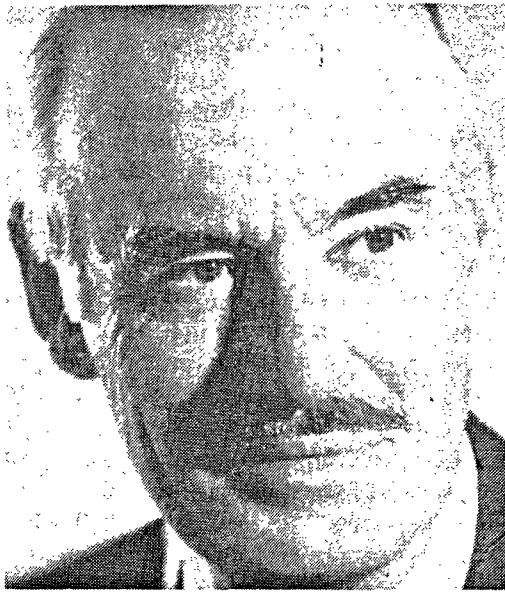
It might be imagined that Jani will crumble in the face of relentless publicity from smutty British tabloids. Think again. Money, not reputation, is all that matters these days. At 40 Jani can contemplate an early retirement as she continues to sue everyone who writes or makes a movie about her. All her lawyer must do this time round is show it was at least possible that Linda Shaw merely saw Eugene doing push-ups over a picture in *Scope Magazine*.

The episode cannot even dent the reputation of our country, which is destroyed anyway. We are already the comic relief at the United Nations, so why shouldn't we raise guffaws in *The Sun* and *The Mirror* as well?

All you and I need do, then, is sit back, relax and enjoy the Eugene and Jani saga. It will help us unwind until our residence permits arrive from Bosnia-Hercegovina.

vrede is nie goedkoop nie, mnr sloet

Die uittredende voorsitter van die FAK, Hendrik Sloet, kan nie sien waarom Afrikaners om verskoning moet vra oor apartheid nie. LOURENS DUPLESSIS sê hy moet maar sy oogklappe afhaal, dan sal dit duidelik word



Hendrik Sloet

DIS een van die Groot Indoenas van die Afrikanerdom, Hendrik Sloet, wat die Boere so gerusstellend op die skouer klop in sy (laaste) voorsittersrede voor die algemene jaarvergadering van die FAK.

Hierdie houding is simptomaties van 'n ons-is-God-se-grootste-gawe-in-Afrika mentaliteit. Dit is tipies reaksionêr kolonialisties. Sloet sê dit trouens in soveel woorde: Die Afrikaner het 'n groot rol gespeel om Suid-Afrika die modernste staat in Afrika te maak. (80 persent van die staatsdiensbevolking is immers uit Afrikanerlendene verwek!) Deesdae (skreidende onreg!) raak al meer Afrikaners werkloos. (Waar Boere mekaar op die rug klop, tel "swart" werkloosheidsyfers nie.) In die nuwe Suid-Afrika gaan nuwe kondukteurs sitplekke op die gravy train aanwys en dan gaan Afrikaner-werkloosheid verder toeneem.

"Toemaar, wat deesdae verkeerd is, is nie alles apartheid se skuld nie. Die seermaak van apartheid was ook g'n aspris nie - daar's net maar so bietjie skeef gekorrel. Voel julle dalk om verskoning te vra? Wel, stadig oor die klippe met skuldbelydenisse - en oppas veral vir skuldgevoelens." - **HENDRIK SLOET**

Sloet verwoord hier 'n versweë aanname van baie wit Afrikaners. Apartheid is geen ingrypende of onhervormbare onreg nie, want diégene vir wie dit bedoel was, was mindere wesens: proefkonyne in 'n eksperiment wat dalk sou kon slaag, maar toe ongelukkig nie geslaag het nie - bad luck!

Dat die proefdier-objekte na willekeur op die skaakbord van Groot Apartheid rondgeskuif, hulle gesinslewe beduiwel en die lastigstes in die naam van 'n Totale Strategie geëlimineer is, is daarnatoe. En dat tientalle steeds sterf? Wel, dis deesdae mos swart-op-swart geweld - proefdier teen proefdier. Met apartheid het dit niks uit te waai nie want sien, dié is sedert 2 Februarie 1990 morslood.

Dat ons toe al die tyd verkeerd was (soos die beskaafde wêreld heet vir ons probeer sê het) hoef niemand té erg te ontstel nie. Vir 'n hoëre vorm van lewe en beskawing is 'n "Sorry, dit was nie aspris nie" 'n vrypas om aan te hou aas op dit wat Afrikaners (óók in en deur die staatsdiens) 'n karkas help maak het.

Om met dié bedrogspul vol te hou pleks van met woord en daad skuld te bely is, huis nou, witmense

en Afrikaners se grootste fout. Goed en wel, baie wit en Afrikanerleiers stel 'n vrot voorbeeld. Neem vir FW de Klerk. So ongeveer die tyd toe dit begin lyk het asof 'n mens hom van staatsmanskap kan verdink, wys hy sy rîrige hand - en dié lyk toe nes Hendrik Sloet s'n.

Nogtans verwag 'n mens dat beskaafde mense van beter behoort te weet. Dit staan immers in vet letters oor die geskiedenis van groot transformasie: 'n mens kan slegs konstruktief en kreatief aan die nuwe help werk indien jy weet presies hoe verregaande verkeerd die oue is - en wat jou aandeel daaraan is. Dit is histories egter ewe waar dat baie mense dié les nie (wil) leer nie, en dat hulle té angsvallig té veel aan korttermyn-voordele bly vaskleef.

Probeer 'n mens in 'n samelewing so gehawend soos ons s'n vrede maak, is dit pure wensdenkery om heetlyd vir goedkeurende kloppies op die skouer te wag. Vrede is nie goedkoop nie. Dis ook dém harde werk. Dit kán veral nie sonder hartgrondige skuldbelydenis wees nie. 'n Mens waag vrede in terme van jou sekerhede en jou besef van eiewaardigheid ofte wel jou image - huis deurdat jy onder die X-strale van meedoënlose selfkritiek gaan staan.

Rassisme en sy tweelingbroer, seksisme, is soos alkoholisme. Weet 'n mens dat jy dit het, en werk jy dan hard daarteen, kan jy dit bedwing. Dit gaan egter nooit heeltemal weg nie. Sloet (en ander soos hy) behoort Afrikaners aan te moedig om hard teen sulke mankemente in die nasionale karakter te stry, pleks van soos dronkies vol te hou: "Ons isjje getrêkie; ons isj oraait!"

Prof Du Plessis is verbonde aan die Departement Publiekreg aan die Universiteit van Stellenbosch

DIE ID-WEDLOOP

sou daar vandag 'n nie-rassige, een persoon een stem-verkiesing of referendum plaasvind, is daar omtrent vier miljoen swartmense wat nie sal kan stem nie, omdat hulle nie oor identiteitsdokumente beskik nie.

Dit sal vanselfsprekend beteken dat die ANC swakker en die NP beter sal vaar in só 'n verkiesing as wat algemeen voorspel word. Dit sal natuurlik ook die samestelling van 'n grondwetskrywende vergadering en die besluite wat daar geneem word, beïnvloed.

NP-strategiste steun sterk op dié feit in hul optimistiese voorspelling dat 'n alliansie, deur die NP geleid, die ANC in só 'n verkiesing selfs kan verslaan.

Hoewel die Departement van Binnelandse Sake sedert die begin van die jaar reeds druk besig is met 'n veldtog om soveel swart kiesers as moontlik van ID-boeke te voorsien - sowat 16 000 per week - beteken dit egter steeds dat 'n paar miljoen swart stemgeregtiges nie in 'n komende verkiesing vir 'n grondwetskrywende vergadering sal kan stem nie. Daar word algemeen aanvaar dat só 'n verkiesing binne nege maande verwag kan word.

Volgens Binnelandse Sake is daar sowat 2,7 miljoen swartmense (28 persent) van 18 jaar en ouer wat nie ID-

boeke het nie. Volgens ou regeringsbeleid, wat blykbaar steeds geld, sluit dit nie mense in die TBVC-lande in nie - dit bring mee dat dié syfer waarskynlik meer as vier miljoen beloop.

Die ANC se verkiesingskomitee ontmoet eerskomende Maandag in Johannesburg om dringend aandag aan dié saak te skenk. Na besprekking deur die Nasionale Werkkomitee (NWC), sal die saak met die ANC-alliansie bespreek word voordat die praktiese probleme met die regering bespreek sal word.

KADAR ASMAL, 'nregsprofessor aan die Universiteit van Wes-Kaapland, sê daar is drie sake wat indringend deur die verkiesingskomitee bespreek sal word: die werklike getal swartmense sonder ID-boeke; die kwessie van die TBVC-lande en hul sogenaamde "burgers" binne Suid-Afrika; en of daar nie ook ander identifikasiemetodes is sonder die gebruik van ID-boeke nie.

Asmal bevragekten die statistieke van die regering in dié verband. Hy meen daar is baie meer as 2,7 miljoen mense wat nie ID-boeke het nie. Die regering maak staat op die twee vorige sensusopnames, wat nie 'n getroue bevolkingstatistik weergee nie, sê hy.

Terror Lekota, 'n lid van die ANC se verkiesingskomitee, sê die feit dat daar so baie swartmense sonder ID-boeke is, moet aan die deur van die regering gelê word. "Die regering sal dus óf moet onderneem dat alle swartkiesers

tans sonder ID-boeke daarvan voorsien sal word vóór die komende verkiesing, óf die regering en die politieke partye moet ooreenkoms oor ander maniere van identifikasie."

Lekota sê 'n ander kommerwekkende probleem is die feit dat daar derduisende onwettige immigrante die land binnekomen het. Hulle is veral in die sogenaamde tuislande in Oos-Transvaal en KwaZulu. "Aangesien 'n groot getal van hulle hul in Gazankulu bevind, deel van die NP-alliansie, is daar die wesentlike moontlikheid dat hulle almal onwettig toegelaat gaan word om te stem sonder dat die ander partye daarvan bewus is."

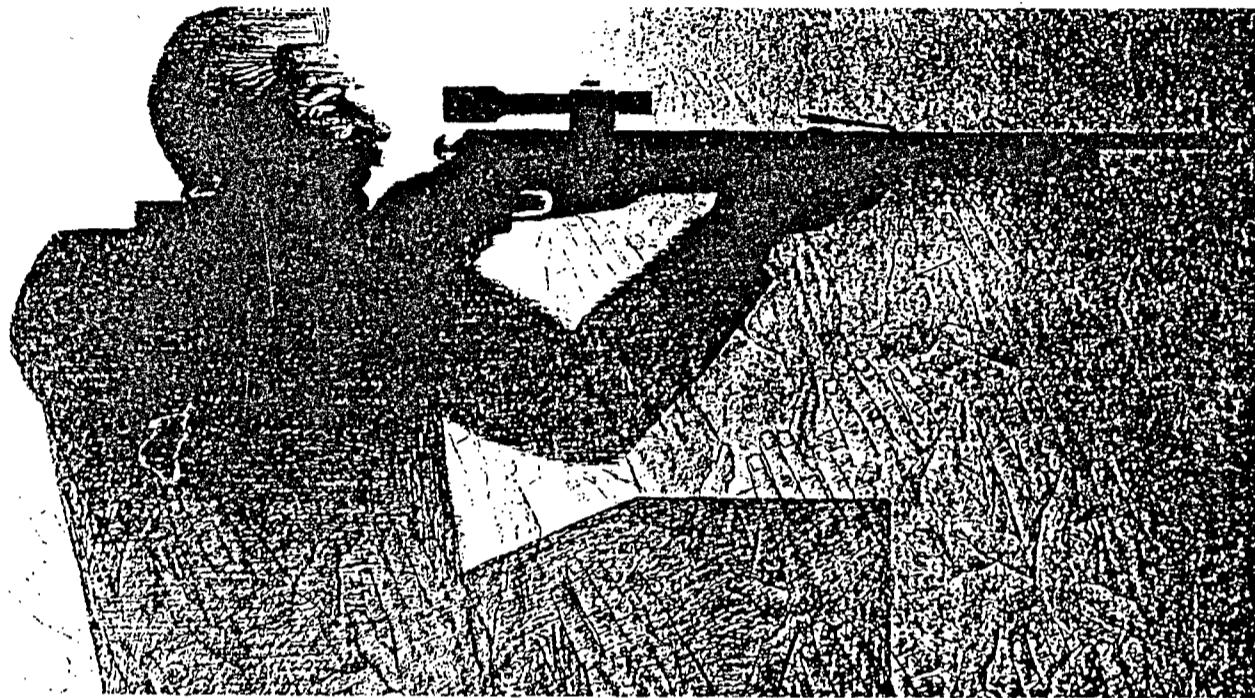
DIE KERN VAN DIE NP se "oorwinningstrategie" is dat daar 10 miljoen nie-swartes is, en dat daar 27 miljoen swartmense is. Daar is sewe miljoen stemgeregtiges onder eersgenoemde groep en omtrent 13,5 miljoen onder die swartmense. Weens verstedeliking en ander faktore word aanvaar dat 80 persent (5,6 miljoen) van die nie-swartes sal stem, die oorgrote meerderheid vir die NP. Weens die feit dat baie swartmense in die landelike gebiede is, word 'n swart stempersentasie van nie hoér nie as 60 persent verwag, of 8,1 miljoen mense.

In die lig hiervan is dit dus uiters belangrik vir die ANC dat dit moontlik gemaak moet word dat alle potensiële stemgeregtiges in staat moet wees om te kan stem.

- HENNIE SERFONTEIN

BUT WHO WERE THOSE MASKED MEN?

It's been the Wild West all over again in U Section, Umlazi, outside Durban since a group of "refugees" moved into an empty municipal facility earlier this year, allegedly adopting outlaw tactics. And, says IVOR POWELL in the first of a three part series on Natal, it seems that the sheriff is part of the gang



Guns already cocked and at the ready, the cops accost the youths. Lie flat, face down on the ground, they order. Two of the youths have managed somehow to melt into the undergrowth, but the other six do as they are ordered, bracing themselves for the coming roughly-conducted weapons search, the hobnailed kicks in the ribs, the abuse, or whatever it is the KwaZulu Police have in mind this time. But none of this happens.

Instead the cops take aim at the prone and tensed figures in front of them and... Fire! Just shoot them in the back of the head.

GET the scene here.

U Section in Umlazi, about twenty minutes south west of Durban. A group of teenage youths are sitting around, smoking, dangling their legs over the precipice of a stormwater drain while they talk about... I don't know. What do teenage kids talk about when they are living in a war zone, when their comrades are getting killed almost daily, when they themselves are the first line of defence for their community against hostile invasions?

Whatever it is they are talking about they are probably casting watchful, if not outright anxious, glances over their shoulders from time to time. Just down the winding road is the home of the Inkatha Freedom Party's block chairman, a Mr Mathiane, who is also one of the most frequently alleged warmongers of U-Section, Umlazi.

And parked right outside Mathiayane's home is a KwaZulu Police (KZP) van and the presence of the van is less likely to provide comfort than it is to raise anxiety levels. Still it is Saturday afternoon, one of those blamby, perfect Natal days that utterly belie the fact that it is midwinter. Nothing can happen now, right?

WRONG. AT EXACTLY this time another local youth is making his way up the hill. The occupants of the KZP

van alight and order him to stop. But the youth in question is not new to this part of the world, he knows better than to comply, and instead makes a quick duck into the dense undergrowth on the fringes of the road.

The occupants of the van do not appear to be giving chase, but the youth nevertheless makes his way with extreme care through the tangled bush, in the direction of the point where the comrades mentioned above are still sitting, shooting the breeze. As he approaches the group, he sees the group of policemen - or at least they appear to be policemen from the vehicle they are driving and by the fact they are wearing heavy KZP-issue trenchcoats despite the heat - also coming up on them. But you can't see who they are by this stage; their faces are concealed under balaclavas.

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But none of this happens.

Instead the cops take aim at the prone and tensed

figures in front of them and... Fire! Just shoot them in the back of the head.

Six shots ring out, killing three of the comrades and seriously wounding two. The sixth youth, Sibusiso Dubazane, miraculously escapes uninjured.

Then the KZP members get back into their van and drive off. No big deal, it's all in a day's work in the war for the heart and mind of Umlazi.

No big deal. Next day, Saturday 20 June, it's the same thing all over again. Three comrades are hanging around; they are approached by four armed men in KZP trenchcoats. They are ordered to lie face down on the ground; two manage to escape; one gets blown away.

Days later a woman by the name of Lizzie Makhatini (an IFP defector to the ranks of the ANC), who runs a shebeen from her home, after her shop was burnt down and she only barely managed to escape with her life, received a knock on her door. Open up, it's the police, the late-night visitors said and it seemed they were: they wearing KZP issue trenchcoats. But when Makhatini opened the door, she was confronted by balaclava-masked faces. And guns. She was killed. So was a customer who happened to buy beer at the time.

ALL IN A DAY'S WORK, yes. But nobody's perfect, everybody screws up once in a while: a couple of days after the first attack, the same Mathiayane outside whose house the cops were parked when first sighted, comes knocking on the door of house number U235, the house outside which the killings took place. Hell, sorry, he says to the matron of the house, Mrs Mabaso, whose son Vusimusi was one of those shot through the back of the head. Mathiayane knows Mrs Mabaso from attending the same church, and so he is feeling bad. Please accept my apologies, he says, it was a silly mistake to blow the back of your son's head away. Human error.

What makes Mathiayane's intervention curious is the fact that he has, formally at least, nothing to do with the KZP. He is the local town councillor; he is the chairman of the local school committee and he is the local chairman of the IFP, but he has no formal links to the homeland's police force.

On the surface of it he would have no reason in the world to accept responsibility for the killing; he would not so much as know whether the killing of the young Mabaso was "meant" or "accidental".

At least that is how it would seem. But there is a history to the goings on in U Section KwaMashu which in fact makes the apology all too comprehensible.

The history centres around a KwaZulu government controlled in-service training centre for teachers which closed down during the course of last year, with its functions being transferred to Newcastle.

Now on the property around the disused facility there are a number of "cottages" (actually ordinary township four-rooms) which in the old days were

used to house teachers on courses offered by the centre.

With housing at a desperate premium in Umlazi, these empty cottages soon became the focus of a lot of interest on the part of people living in the area, and they duly made enquiries as to how they might secure these cottages for their own use.

At this point, going through the usual channels, they were referred to Mathiyane; the allocation of the cottages was in the hands of the local school committee of which he was chairman.

Mathiyane, however turned down the applications; other plans were being made for the cottages, he said. And so, until some time early this year the cottages stood empty.

THEN SUDDENLY, IN THE early months of this year, there were people living there. Nobody quite knew who they were, except they were young, predominantly male and, as the residents swiftly discovered, very dangerous.

Residents canvased by VWB said they were informed that the new people were "refugees" from the ongoing war in Natal, housed on humanitarian grounds by the authorities.

However, when VWB approached those same authorities this week, a whole range of different stories emerged.

First claiming that the Training Centre was in fact being used to house the Iswelishasha Secondary School - a claim which neighbours of the complex responded to with blank incomprehension - Mthiyane went on to admit that another group of people "families, just people", were also being housed there, with his blessing. And, in addition to these, two IFP-supporting families whose homes had been burned down in the conflict, namely the Ngides and the Nuxumalos.

Now, Mr Nxumalo until his death a few weeks ago, when he was pulled from a taxi and stoned to death by comrades in the wake of the killings of 19 and 20 June, had also distinguished himself as one of the major warlords in the area, and was believed to have been behind much of the death and destruction consuming the township. He was also identified as one of the leaders of the group of refugees hanging out at the Training Centre. For his part, Ngidi, who, according to Mthiyane still lives there, is also a prominent IFP member in the area and only slightly less notorious as a local warlord, and has also been identified as a leader of the "refugee" group.

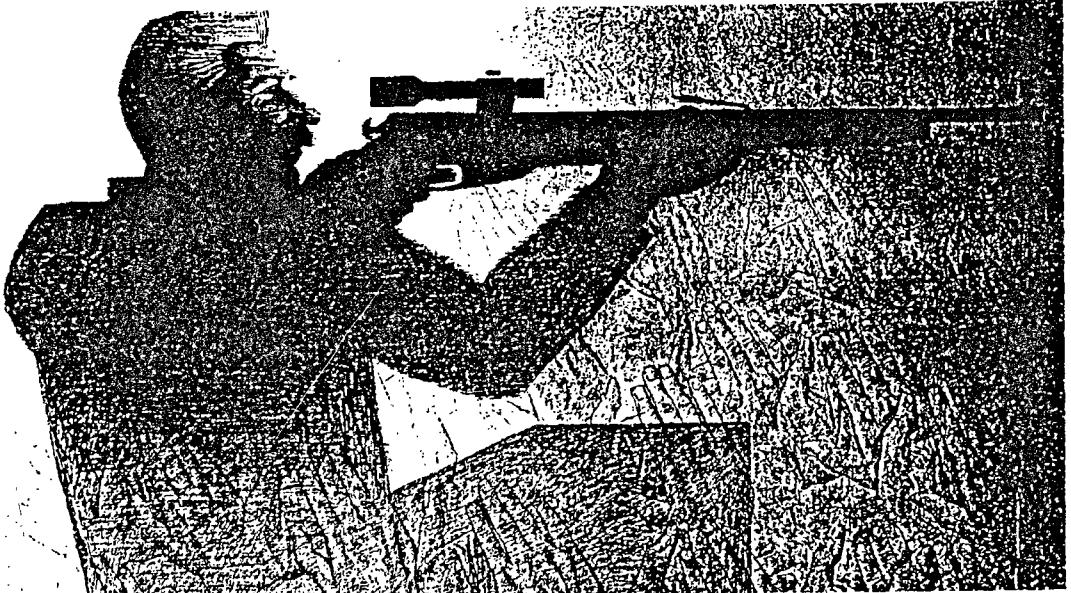
The township manager for Umlazi, a Mr Mkhwebane, however had a different version of who was living there. According to him, the occupants of the houses were just "private individuals", a few unemployed, but mostly working at the Prince Mshiyeni Hospital in the area. It was on this basis that the facility had been allocated, Mkhwebane told VWB.

Now this latter claim was in turn roundly denied by Mthiyane, who said as far as he knew, only two inmates worked at the hospital, until his death, Mr Nxumalo and a Miss Xulu.

Residents, however, said Nxumalo had not been formally employed at all and had subsisted without any visible means of support.

Whatever, the convoluted truth, and certainly neither version brings us appreciably closer to it - most of the people living in the facility are male and between 16 and 25 years old, without families, and according to residents, too busy holding up people, extorting protection money and so on to have time to work as hospital labourers - their arrival signalled the start of intensified violence directed against the residents of the then relatively quiet area of Umlazi.

It also signalled an increased although informal KZP presence in the area. Residents told VWB there



are frequently KZP vans parked at the Training Centre, and that the inmates were often seen in the company of these "regulars".

ACCORDING TO RESIDENTS there was a dramatic and immediate escalation in the crime rate with the occupation of the In-service Training Centre. People living in the predominantly ANC-supporting area were mugged on four or five different occasions every day. Money was demanded, groceries and other packages hijacked, and on various occasions, when the victim had neither, he or she was forced to strip down to underwear and the clothes off the victim's back taken instead.

Protection money was systematically collected from door to door, R10 per household usually on a weekly basis. If you couldn't produce your protection money on the spot, your house number was noted down, and a later time was appointed for the Training Centre residents to return. If you refused a note was also made, and, well the statistical probabilities suggested your house would be attacked some time in the future.

On one such occasion, in early June, for example, a row of nine houses was shot up, and three were burnt out after certain of the residents had refused to pay up. A Mrs Bhengu, the owner of one of the houses in question was unwise enough to go outside her house to see what was going on. She died in a hail of bullets.

In the killing of Lizzie Makhatini referred to above, an eye-witness recounts that two of the assassins fled, KZP trenchcoats flying, in through the gates of the In-service Training Centre.

EVEN BEFORE THIS, in April, the situation got so bad that the Training Centre was raided by the SAP, acting on sustained complaints from residents and violence monitors, and quantities of weaponry including AK-47s, R1 and G3 assault rifles seized.

However, these as well as three of the Centre's inmates, were handed over to the local KZP for further investigation/prosecution. This, in accordance with agreements concluded between the two forces, in terms of which the policing of Umlazi and various other KwaZulu townships has become the more or less exclusive preserve of the KZP. The SAP will come in only when specifically requested, and even then, will be legally obliged to hand over the fruits of their work to the KZP for follow-up action.

In this case, as in many others, no charges have resulted, despite the fact that the suspects had apparently been caught red-handed in unlawful possession of the weaponry.

Certainly no further action has been taken against the Training Centre and members at least of the KZP have continued to be intimately connected with its inmates.

Just how intimately is alleged in an eyewitness account of an incident which took place in the middle months of this year.

According to the eyewitness: "I saw ZP's driving very slowly behind two young men who were shooting like hell at a young man running down the road dressed in shorts and naked from the waist up. He was running down the road, and these two young men were shooting at him like hell. The young man was Mr Mgcege's son and Mr Mgcege's house had been set on fire and was still burning in the background."

"I watched the whole thing. When Mr Mgcege's son managed to get away, these two guys came back and they boarded the KZP hippo that was following them. They got back on board and it drove off with them standing there, one on each side."

"I later heard that the son had been trying to rescue some items from the burning house when these people started shooting at him."

VIOLENCE MONITORS, RESIDENTS and their legal representatives believe that the upsurge in violence in Umlazi - 53 people were killed in May alone - can be ascribed to an attempt on the part of the IFP to win back urban constituencies in Natal which it has lost in recent years to the ANC.

They base this assessment partly on the clear connections suggested above between the organisation, the KZP (which falls under KwaZulu Chief Minister Mangosuthu Buthelezi wearing his Minister of police hat) and the KwaZulu authorities on one hand, and the residents of the Training Centre on the other. According to these sources, the ANC enjoys about five times the support even in Natal that the IFP does, and it is only by controlling territories that the IFP will be able to reassert its lapsed authority in Buthelezi's home base.

Supporting this thesis are a number of oddities around the settling of the training Centre residents in the area. One is that the husband of a certain Mrs Ngcobo, a prominent IFP member in U Section, has been heard to say that it was his wife among others who was responsible for importing the "refugees" as IFP reinforcements in the area.

In addition to this fact, his two sons (he calls them his "lions") are closely associated with the Training Centre residents, and have allegedly been involved in a number of muggings in the company of them.

Now, the Ngcobo house, which continues to be the major IFP "camp" in the area, is also home to a number of KZP policemen lodgers as well as members of the group which occupied the Training Centre.

Finally in this suggestive sequence, Mrs Ngcobo allegedly applied to the Umlazi mayor, a Miss Xulu, for financial support in taking care of her charges. These people had been sent to her, she was heard to complain, but no subsistence allowance had been provided.

DIE DIEP RIVIER

Iemand het eendag gesing: *If you're blue, get another tattoo.* Maar dis nie so maklik vir die depressie-lyer nie. Geen hoeveelheid bier, partytjies, beloftes van heerlike seks of kos of boekemet gelukkige eindes kan depressie werklik oplos nie. Midde-in die kwessie van die oorsake en behandeling van depressie, staan die eeu-oue raaisel oor die verhouding tussen die liggaam en die gees. ESMA ANDERSON doen verslag



IV

AAK nie saak wat jy dit noem nie: die blues, melankolie, neerslagtigheid, sommer net down, of die meer korrekte sielkundige benaming, depressie - dit kan jou maklik insluk in 'n draaikolk van uiterste wanhoop en desperasie. Dit kan so erg raak dat baie mense wat daaraan ly, gedurig behep is met die dood en selfs selfmoord.

"Ons survive met 'n helse lot pyn in hierdie land," sing Johannes Kerkorrel in "Hillbrow" en soveel mense soos wat daar is, soveel subjektiewe pyn is daar - en soveel moontlike oorsake van depressie: Van die land wat brand en mense wat daagliks in hulle tientalle sterf in ons townships tot die haglike stand van die ekonomiese en werkloosheid, van die verlies van 'n geliefde of die beëindiging van 'n

liefdesverhouding tot die nageboorte-blues" wat nuwe ma's veral tref, van wanhoop oor die toekoms tot depressie sonder enige ooglopende enkele sielkundige oorsaak.

Mense wat aan depressie ly, word dikwels onderwerp aan aanmerkings soos: "Ag, ruk jouself net reg, man." Maar depressie is nie iets wat 'n mens sommer so maklik kan afskud nie, weet depressie-lyers en sielkundiges.

Elmari Visser, verbonde aan die Sielkundedepartement van Unisa, sê daar word al hoe meer erken dat 'n hele rits faktore 'n rol speel in depressie. Biologiese, sielkundige én sosiale faktore word deesdae as ewe belangrik beskou in die sogenaamde biopsigosoiale benadering.

In die huidige holistiese siening van die behandeling en moontlike oorsake van depressie erken sielkundiges dat al dié faktore interafhangklik is en mekaar se invloed op die depressie-lyer wederkerig kan versterk - of kan help verlig, sê Visser.

Selfs medici, wat veral die biologiese en chemiese oorsake van depressie beklemtoon, erken daarom dat blote medikasie soos anti-depressante nie die volledige oplossing bied in die behandeling van depressie nie. Behandeling met medikasie is altyd meer doeltreffend as dit met een of ander vorm van psigoterapie (praat-terapie) gepaard gaan.

WAT PRESIES IS DEPRESSIE? Is dit bloot gevoelens van neerslagtigheid? Is die Sondagaand-blues ook depressie?

Alle mense raak soms hartseer of pessimisties, of ervaar soms 'n gevoel van hopeloosheid oor hul vernoë om hul omstandighede te verbeter. Dié soort denke kom egter gewoonlik in kortstondige siklusse voor en daarom beskou baie mense depressie nie noodwendig in 'n ernstige lig nie. Hulle reken dis maar net daardie gevoel wat jy soms kry wat jou 'n ou Janis Ian-kaset laat uitruk en weer laat luister na: "I learned the truth at seventeen, that love was meant for beauty queens."

Wanneer so 'n kortstondige neerslagtigheid oorgewaai het, voel mense dikwels selfs dat dit in 'n sekere sin nuttig was - dat hulle nuwe insig en perspektief gekry het en nou met dié wysheid vorentoe kan kyk.

Maar dikwels sny depressie veel dieper en behels dit gevoelens van buitengewone hartseer, terneergedruktheid, moedeloosheid en mistroostigheid.

Dié toestand van volslae wanhoop lê aan die ander kant van die skaal as die minder ernstige blues. Alle vorms van depressie is van dieselfde soort - maar verskil in graad, intensiteit en duur.

Depressie word daarom onder die volgende hoofgroepe ingedeel: normale depressie, lig tot matige depressie en matige tot hewige depressie. Die verskille tussen dié drie vorms van depressie behels hoofsaaklik die tydsduur, die hewigheid van die simptome en soms ook die waameembare oorsake.

NORMALE DEPRESSIE IS die mees algemene vorm van depressie. Dit word veral gekenmerk deur hartseer as deel van die normale rouproses ná die een of ander verlies. Dié verlies kan wissel van die dood van 'n geliefde tot 'n egskeiding, vervoerding in 'n romantiese of vriendskapsverhouding, die verlies van status, finansiële verlies, afrede of selfs die dood van 'n gunsteling troeteldier.

Die rouproses oor so 'n verlies behoort nie langer as 'n jaar te duur nie en vervul eintlik 'n aanpassingsfunksie. Sommige mense hak egter in dié proses vas en verval daarna in 'n meer ernstige depressie.



DIEP RIVIER

VERTALING VAN DIE LIED VAN JUANITA PERREIRA

O, Diep Rivier, O Donker Stroom,
Hoe lank het ek gewag, hoe lank gedroom.
Die lem van liefde wroegend in my hart? -
In Jou omhelsing eindig al my smart:
Blus uit, O Diep River, die vlam van haat; -
Die groot verlangen wat my nooit verlaat.
Ek sien van ver die glans van staal en goud,
Ek hoor die sag gedruis van waters diep en koud;
Ek hoor jou stem as fluistering in 'n droom,
Kom snel, O Diep Rivier, O Donker Stroom.

- Eugène Marais

Dis egter nie net verlies wat normale depressie veroorsaak nie. Dit kom byvoorbeeld taamlik algemeen voor by doktorale studente wat pas hul laaste eksamen of werkstuk afgehandel het, by universiteits- en kollegestudente wat in die jare van veronderstelde vryheid en persoonlike groei die ouerhuis verlaat het, maar besef dat hulle nie totaal onafhanklik is nie en dat hulle ondanks hul aksies en pogings nie die wêreld kan verander nie, asook by nuwe ma's nadat hulle geboorte geskenk het.

Lige tot matige depressie kan onderverdeel word in drie subgroeppe: siklotimiese versteuring, distimiese versteuring en aanpassingsprobleme met 'n depressiewe luim.

Siklotimiese versteuring behels 'n siklus waarin die gemoedstoestand tussen twee teenoorgestelde luime wissel: 'n byna oormatige uitgelatenheid (hipomanie) aan die een kant en 'n depressiewe fase aan die ander kant.

In die depressiewe fase kan die lyer slaapversteurings (te veel of te min), lae energievlekke, 'n gevoel van tekortkoming, verminderde doeltreffendheid en produktiwiteit ervaar. Die lyer kan homself ook sosiaal onttrek, minder spraakaam raak en 'n afname in kognitiewe skerpheid ervaar. Ander simptome is 'n beperking van genotvolle aktiwiteite, 'n pessimistiese en broeiende ingesteldheid en tranerigheid.

In die hipomaniese fase, daarenteen, geld omrent die teenoorgestelde - behalwe dat die betrokke mens gewoonlik minder behoeft aan slaap het.

Distimiese versteuring-simptome is maar dieselfde as die depressiewe fase van 'n siklotimiese versteuring. Dit sluit ook 'n lae selfbeeld en konsentrasieprobleme in en albei dié versteurings het nie noodwendig 'n duidelik identifiseerbare oorsaak nie.

Aanpassingsprobleme met 'n depressiewe luim stem baie ooreen met die ander lig tot matige depressies, maar dit is gewoonlik net tydelik en 'n oorsakende faktor kan duidelik geïdentifiseer word. Die oorsaak behels gewoonlik 'n verswakte sosiale of beroepsfunksionering en dikwels word die stresveroorakende faktor nie deur ander as belangrik genoeg beskou om dié depressiewe reaksie te regverdig nie. Die toestand hou gewoonlik op as die stresveroorakende faktor verdwyn óf as die betrokke mens leer om daarby aan te pas.

MATIGE TOT HEWIGE depressie is baie ernstiger van aard en behels veral twee belangrike tipes: major depressie en bipolare afwyking ('n derde vorm, skisodepressieve afwyking, sal nie hier bespreek word nie). Major depressie is dié tipe depressie waar die lyer selfs Leonard Cohen te lighartig vind en eerder sal luister na Randy Rambo se "Die Saai Lewe".

Mense met major depressie toon gewoonlik meer intense simptome vir langer tydperke. Van die simptome kan wees: 'n baie hartseer gemoedstemming, moegheid, slapeloosheid, verlies van belangstelling in genotvolle aktiwiteite, verminderde kognitiewe kapasiteit, self-veroordeling ("ek is totaal nutteloos", ens) en/of 'n skuldgevoel wat buite verhouding groot is in vergelyking met enige oortredings in die verlede.

Daarby is daar gewoonlik ook verminderde eetlus en gewigsverlies, 'n verstadiging van geesteswerksaamheid en fisike aktiwiteit en 'n beheptheid met die dood en selfmoord.

Soms word dié simptome ook vergesel deur



psigotiese simptome soos waandenke, hallusinasies of depressiewe verstarring. Dié waandenke of hallusinasies hou gewoonlik verband met die heersende gemoedstemming van die lyer en sluit gewoonlik temas van persoonlike ontoereikendheid, skuld, verdiende straf, dood of siekte in. 'n Voorbeeld

DIE SAAI LEWE

Ek kyk uit by die ruit
Die dag is baie blou
'n Kar bots teen 'n gebou
Iemand koop 'n brood
Die blomme gaan dood
Ek wil iemand soen
Ek wil met iemand praat
Hoekom is dit dan altyd te laat?
Myfoon is afgesny
Ek kry nie meer pay
Ek is afgedank
Want ek het my baas
Gemoer met 'n plank
Ek wil iemand vashou
Ek is lus vir brood
Die blomme gaan dood
Ek wil iemand soen
Ja, wat de hel kan ek doen
Met wie kan ek praat
Ek trek my fokken draad
Daar's niks om vas te hou
Ek gaan afneuk van 'n hoë gebou
Afneuk van 'n hoë gebou...

(Uit: "Die Saai Lewe" deur Randy Rambo & The Rough Riders)

van afwykende denkprosesse in dié uiterste emosionele toestand is die taamlik algemene opvatting by lyers dat hul interne organe heeltemal gedegenereer het.

Dikwels is major depressie melancholies van aard. Dít beteken eintlik maar net dat lyers kla dat hulle nie meer genot put uit die dinge wat hulle vroeër plesier verskaf het nie, dat hulle baie vroeg in die ooggend wakker word en dan gewoonlik slechter voel. By melancholie is daar nie 'n persoonlikheidsversteuring betrokke nie en reageer die lyer gewoonlik goed op anti-depressante of ander chemiese behandelings. (Hieruit kan aangelei word dat 'n chemiese afwyking of wanbalans in die brein waarskynlik dié vorm van depressie veroorsaak.)

Die term major depressie (ook unipolare

versteuring genoem) word veral deesdae gebruik om na dié biologies veroorsaakte depressies te verwys.

BIPOLARE AFWYKING, ook 'n matige tot hewige depressie, is basies 'n meer dramatiese en intense weergawe van die siklotimiese versteuring en behels ook fasies van kwai depressie en manie. Dit word ook manies-depressieve psigose genoem. Die depressiewe fase stem ooreen met major depressie.

Die simptome van manie in bipolare afwyking kan die volgende behels: 'n beduidend opgekikkerde, euforiëse en openhartige bui, wat soms onderbreek word deur uitbarstings van geweld of irritasie, veral as ander mense nie wil saamspeel nie. Breinaktiwiteit neem ook toe en dié mense ervaar dikwels 'n "vloedgolf van idees", praat of skryf baie en hul persepsië van hul eie waardigheid raak soms so opgeblase dat hulle ly aan grootheidswaan. Hulle slaap gewoonlik baie min of soms glad nie, verloor alle inhibisies, vang simpel dinge aan en steur hulle glad nie aan konvensies en gebruiken soos persoonlike higiëne nie.

WAT VEROORSAAK DEPRESSIE? Die moontlike oorsake is legio, maar buiten die faktore wat hierbo bespreek is saam met die grade van depressie, moet veral drie faktore in ag geneem word: stres, angs en chemiese wanbalanse.

In byna alle depressies kom angs voor - in dié mate dat angs en depressie op kliniese vlak moeilik onderskeibaar is, sê dr Clara Gerhardt, verbonde aan die Sielkundedepartement van Unisa.

Dié angs kan óf voortvloei uit die lyers se waameming van hul eie toestand en die verlammende effek daarvan, óf kan hul reaksie wees op bepaalde stres-veroorakende faktore (psigososiale stressors) soos 'n finansiële krisis - veral as hulle hul eie omstandighede as totaal hopeloos beskou. Depressie gaan dan ook dikwels gepaard met aanvalle van paniek.

Stressors is faktore wat druk op jou uitoeft vanuit jou omgewing of van binne jouself. Dit kom neer op die eise wat mense, situasies, die omgewing en jyself stel waaraan jy meen jy moet voldoen.

Dié stressors is hoogs subjektief en kan enigets wees van die afsterwe van 'n geliefde tot skade aan sosiale status, toenemende verantwoordelikheid, kinders se onvermoë om hul ouers se ideale te bereik, slechte werkprestasie, siekte (fisiek), werkverandering of verhuis, verhoudingsprobleme en seksuele identiteitsprobleme (sukkel om aan waargenome manlike of vroulike geslagsrolle te voldoen), oënskynlik minder belangrike dinge soos die geboorte van 'n kind, die afsterwe van 'n troeteldier of gewigsprobleme.

Gewoonlik ervaar die lyer stres weens die druk van 'n kombinasie van stressors - belangrik en minder belangrik.

'n Arbeidsterapeut van Pretoria sê mense moet vandag baie meer stres hanteer as in vorige jare, sodat die chemikalië wat in hul breins afgeskei word om 'n "primitiewe veg-reaksie te ontloot" uitgeput word of te veel afgeskei word omdat hulle daagliks so baie stressors moet hanteer.

Depressie - veral die meer hewige depressies - word al hoe meer beskou as 'n "wanregulerings" van die brein se reaksie op stres. Dit bring ons dan by die chemiese wanbalans of afwyking in die brein.

Hoewel die sielkundige en biologiese benaderings van depressie oënskynlik botsend kan lyk, is dit nie noodwendig die geval nie. Inteendeel, die meeste kenners stem saam dat sielkundige en biologiese faktore, in 'n kompleksie interaksie sáam verantwoordelik kan wees vir meer hewige depressies.

NAVORSING DIE LAASTE paar jaar wys dat sielkundige faktore soos stres die chemiese werking van die brein beïnvloed en verander. Groot deurbraak is gemaak op die weg na 'n beter begrip van die eeuoue probleem van die interaksie tussen die "gees en die vlees".

Maar die ander eeu-oue raaisel, dié of die hoender of die eier eerste was, is nog nie opgelos wat dié interaksie betref nie. Al wat wel seker is, is dat biologiese werking en sielkundige faktore interafhangklik van mekaar is.

Maar om te bly by dit wat bekend is: Selfs al word die eerste depressie deur psigososiale faktore veroorsaak, sê navorsers in die VSA, het die chemiese versteuring wat daarin plaasvind 'n langdurige uitwerking - sodat omstrengt 70 persent lyers van major depressie daarna vatbaar is vir verdere aanvalle.

Dit word die "onbrandingseffek" genoem omdat daaropvolgende aanvalle op 'n meer outonome manier - sonder die meewerking van psigososiale faktore - aan die gang gesit word. Daarom het hewige depressie dikwels die nare gewoonte om herhaaldelik toe te slaan.

Dié interaksie van biologiese en sielkundige faktore kan verduidelik hoekom hewige depressies ten beste behandel word met 'n kombinasie van medikasie (gewoonlik anti-depressante wat daarop gemik is om die chemiese balans te herstel) en psigoterapie.

In die liger vorms van depressie is die rol van biologiese faktore meer onseker en vind lyers gewoonlik ook nie eintlik baat by medikasie nie. In dié gevalle is psigoterapie gewoonlik meer suksesvol en kom herhalende aanvalle gewoonlik ook nie voor nie.

MAAR HOE LYK so 'n chemiese wanbalans? En watter chemiese middels is betrokke?

Daar is hoofsaaklik twee teorieë. Die een is dat depressie 'n tekort aan die neurotransmitters serotonien en norepinefrien (een of albei) is. Die uitwerking van so 'n tekort kan geïllustreer word deur 'n verduideliking van hoe sommige anti-depressante werk:

Die eerste tipe anti-depressant werk deur die afbreking van norepinefrien en die blokkasie van serotonien sodat die senuwee-eindpunte vir langer tyd in dié middels gespoel word.

Die tweede tipe anti-depressant inhibeer die tempo waarin dié neurotransmitters herabsorbeer word deur die senuweeselle - met dieselfde eindresultaat as bogenoemde.

Die derde tipe anti-depressant (soos die wyd gebruikte Prozac en ander middels) inhibeer slegs die herabsorbsie van serotonien. Omdat dié middels so spesifiek is, het dit minder newe-effekte as ander anti-depressante.

Daar is egter groot vrae rondom dié teorie: Hoe kan enkele neurotransmitters versteurings van slaap, eetlus, geheue, leer en seksualiteit (en verskeie ander simptome van depressie) beïnvloed terwyl die senuwee-eindpunte wat vir dié funksies



Moses



Vincent van Gogh



Eugène N. Marais

verantwoordelik is, in heeltemal verskillende dele van die brein geleë is?

Die ander en jongste teorie is dat neurotransmitters maar net één reaksie in 'n hele ketting van reaksies beïnvloed. Hiervolgens moet die bestanddeel wat 'n deurslaggewende rol speel in depressie hoer op lê in dié ketting.

Navorsers kyk nou veral na die Corticotropinvrystellende hormoon (CRH), omdat dit regstreeks in die rugmurgvloeistof ingepomp word en dus die hele brein op een slag bereik.

In klein dosisse verhoog CRH slapeeloosheid en verlaag dit eet- en sekslusen in hoër dosisse veroorsaak dit angs. Navorsers in die VSA het onlangs bevind dat CRH-vlake voortdurend abnormaal hoog is in depressielyers - selfs wanneer hulle slaap.

Dit is dus moontlik dat dit wat soos depressie lyk, eintlik 'n toestand van hiper-opwekking is. Of anders gestel: 'n voortdurende "vlug of veg" reaksie (die tipe reaksie wat mens onder stres toon). Hoewel dié teorie waarskynlik lyk, moet dit nog verder getoets word.

BUITEN DIÉ FAKTORE meer sielkundiges dat sekere mense ook meer geneig is tot depressie as ander. Depressie is byvoorbeeld dubbel so algemeen by vroue as by mans.

Dié neiging word aan die een kant verklaar deur die groot aantal hormoonveranderings wat in vroue se liggeme plaasvind. Aan die ander kant meer sommige kenners dat die tradisionele vroulike rol van moeder, eggenote en huisvrou bevorderlik is vir depressie - veral, sê Visser, as sy boonop nog 'n beroep ook moet behartig.

Albei dié teorieë is egter steeds slegs bespiegeling omdat nie genoeg navorsing daaroor gedoen is nie.

Depressie kom ook meer algemeen voor in omstandighede wat hoë stres inhoud soos stedelike omstandighede en enkelouerskap. Mense wat meer verantwoordelikheid dra soos hoogs opgeleide mense en beroepsli, is ook meer geneig om aan depressie te ly.

DEPRESSIE-LYERS VERKEER in besonder goeie geselskap: Moses, Rousseau, Dostojewski, koningin Victoria, Lincoln, Tsjaikowski, Freud, Eugène Marais, Van Gogh, Virginia Woolf, Cesare Pavese, Sylvia Plath, Hemingway, en vele ander het almal aan depressie gely. Depressielyers hoef dus glad nie skaam te voel oor hul toestand nie.

Deur psigoterapie, behandeling met antidepressante en deur die aanleer van goeie streshanteringsmeganismes, kan dié toestand uiteindelik oorkom of minstens beheer word.

Antidepressante word deesdae met al hoe meer sukses gebruik en 'n psigiater van Pretoria sê dié middels kan na behandeling van omstrengt 'n jaar die kans op herhalende aanvalle selfs só verklein dat dit onwaarskynlik is. Daar is egter steeds 'n baie klein persentasie lyers aan major depressie wat permanent dié behandeling moet kry.

Maar langdurige psigoterapie is steeds die enigste oplossing vir die liger vorms van depressie en saam met medikasie, onontbeerlik vir hewiger depressies.

"As die lyer nie psigoterapie ontvang nie, word net die manifestasies van depressie behandel en nie die oorsaak daarvan nie. Medikasie speel ook dikwels 'n belangrike rol in dié oopsig dat dit die pasiënt meer ontvanklik maak vir psigoterapie, waarna mens ook kan begin werk aan 'n meer positiewe lewensuitkyk en streshantering," sê Gerhardt.

die klassieke liberalis

Zach de Beer het sy pa se raad gevolg en nie sy lewe op drank en meisies gemors nie. Hy het die politiek betree en, soos voor spel is, 'n politieke ster geword. **HENNIE SERFONTEIN** gesels met hom



Zach de Beer...
"Dis in 'n mate pynlik om te sien dat ander nie alleen met ons kalwers ploeg nie, maar ook die krediet daarvoor kry."

"AS

jy dan nie ernstig wil studeer nie, doen dan ten minste iets positiefs in jou vrye tyd. Moet dit nie op drank en meisies mors nie."

Dié advies in 1947 van 'n ergerlike Zacharias de Beer senior, 'n mediese praktisyne, aan sy 18-jarige seun, toe 'n mediese student in sy tweedejaar aan die Universiteit van Kaapstad, was 'n keerpunt in die lewe van Zach de Beer junior. Want dit het regstreeks daartoe gelei dat hy enkele jare later aktief in die politiek beland het.

Dié week vertel Zach de Beer, leier van die Demokratiese Party (DP), in sy huis in Saxonwold, Johannesburg, dat dié advies hom laat besluit het om twee van sy pa se vriende - albei lede van die Parlement - in sy vrye tyd in hul kiesafdelings te help.

Dit het die weg gebaan dat Sir De Villiers Graaf, wie se ouers vriende van die De Beers was, hom gevra het om in die algemene verkiesing van April 1953 in die kiesafdeling Maitland te staan. Op 24-jarige ouderdom word Zach de Beer 'n lid van die Volksraad, die jongste parlementslid in die geskiedenis.

SEDERT SY JEUGJARE is daar voor spel dat hy 'n politieke ster gaan word. Hy matrikuleer in 1945 aan die Bishops Diocesan College in Rondebosch en voltooi sy mediese studies aan die Universiteit van Kaapstad in 1951. Hy was parlementslid vir die Verenigde Party vanaf 1953 tot die skeuring in 1959; hy is 'n mede-stigter van die ou Progressiewe Party (PP) en verloor sy setel in die Algemene Verkiesing van 1961. Daarna was hy vir twintig jaar in die sakewêreld - eers as venoot in 'n advertensie- en skakelmaatskappy. Vanaf 1968 tot drie jaar gelede was hy verbond aan Anglo American: twee jaar as hoof van die kantoor in Zambië; direkteur van Anglo; voorsitter van LTA vir dertien jaar; voorsitter van Southern Life; asook voorsitter van Anglo American Properties.

Gedurende dié tyd dien hy deurgaans op die hoofbesture van eers die PP, en later die Progressiewe Federale Party (PFP). In 1989, met die stigting van die Demokratiese Party (DP), is hy een van die drie leiers van dié party. Vandag is hy die leier van die

DP. De Beer vertel dat hy uit 'n Suid-Afrikaanse familie kom, nie 'n Afrikanerfamilie nie. "My pa was die swartskaap. Want my Oupa was 'n predikant, my pa se een broer was 'n predikant, en 'n suster was met 'n predikant getroud. Dié predikant-broer was die omstrede Dan de Beer, bekend as 'Euweltjies', vir jare die sekretaris van die Sosiale Euwels Kommissie van die NG kerk. Hy het my oor al die jare as 'n verloopte Afrikaner beskou."

Sy pa het medies in Edinburgh gaan studeer. "Afrikaanse studente is almal na Glasgow en Edinburgh, en Engelsprekendes na Guys in London. Die rede hiervoor was dat die oumense gedink het die Presbiteriaanse geloof was darem vir 'n Afrikaner aanvaarbaar vanweë die rol van Andrew Murray en die Skotse predikante.

"As die studies dan in Engels moes, dan moes die geloof darem nog suiwer bly," sê De Beer.

Zach se pa het sy vrou daar ontmoet en hy vertel hoe sy ma tot by haar sterfbed omtrent net die woord "poskantoor" in Afrikaans geken het.

Hy vertel wat 'n "helse skok" die 1948-uitslag vir die VP-ondersteuners was. Hy en 'n klomp jong opposisie-ondersteuners het 'n soort geheime organisasie, bekend as "The Fives", gestig.

"Ons was selle van vyf en was so twee, drie duisend sterk. Ons hoofdoel was om te sorg dat die NP nie weer in 1953 aan bewind kom nie. In die praktyk was ons werk egter om VP-sprekers in vergaderings te beskerm teen die opbrek-taktiek van PW Botha, die destydse sekretaris van die NP in die Kaapland."

HY PRAAT OOR die moeilike tye van die sestiger- en begin-sewentigerjare toe Helen Suzman die enigste Prog-verteenwoordiger in die Parlement was. In daardie stormagtige jare het die Progs self protesoptogte in Johannesburg se strate gehou. So het Zach de Beer in 1963 'n optog van duisende van Joubertpark na die Stadsaal gelei om teen die Wet op Terrorismus te protesteer, ek saam met hom in gelid.

De Beer sê: "Ek het nog altyd geglo dat massaaksies en protesoptogte 'n gesonde politieke beginsel is - solank dit vreesdaam is. Maar ek is gekant teen stakings en ander ekonomiese optrede om politieke redes."

WAS DIT NIE MOEILIK vir hom, wat as liberale politikus die NP veertig jaar lank beveg het, om saam met hulle te werk in die afgelope referendum nie?

Dit was nie 'n politieke bondgenootskap nie, sê hy, "ons het eenvoudig tydelik saamgewerk omdat ons dieselfde doelwit gehad het".

Is hy nie vandag bitter of kwaad omdat die NP die ou Prog-beleid holus bolus oorgeneem het, as 't ware gesteel het, en nou met sy kalwers ploeg nie?

"Dis 'n geval van goeie nuus en slechte nuus. Goeie nuus is dat die dinge waarvoor jy gestry het, nou algemeen aanvaar word, nie net deur Nasionaliste nie. Lees maar Kodesa se deklarasie van voorneme. Dis suiwer ou Prog-beleid. Dit maak 'n mens trots en bly."

Hy sê 'n mens sou uiteraard groter erkenning vir die party se bydrae wou sien. "Dis in 'n mate pynlik om te sien dat ander nie alleen met ons kalwers ploeg nie, maar ook die krediet daarvoor kry."

"Dis jammer. Maar 'n mens moet groot genoeg

wees om te sê: As die land op die dag wat ek tot sterwe kom, beheer word volgens daardie beginsels waarvoor ek baklei het, dan is dit nie 'n slegte doel nie."

Oor die DP se toekomstige rol, sê hy, daar is nou, sedert die "vertrek van die gang of five na die ANC", algemene eenstemmigheid oor die toekoms. Almal stem saam daar is 'n onafhanklike rol vir liberale beginsels. "Ons beskou ons rol dieselfde as die klein FDP in Duitsland.

"Ons gaan as 'n onafhanklike party aan die verkiesing deelneem. Mense sê ons sal nie die afsny punt van waarskynlik 5 persent bereik nie, maar so kom ek om, so kom ek om. Dit is wat ek gaan probeer."

DRIE PERSONEWAT 'n groot invloed op sy lewe gehad het, was sy pa, Harry Oppenheimer en Donald Molteno. Al drie was klassieke Kaapse liberaliste. "My pa het van kleins af die waarde van die individu en die verwerping van rassediskriminasie beklemtoon."

De Beer en Oppenheimer is tegelyk Parlement toe in 1953, 'n week ná sy pa se dood, en het oor die jare intieme vriende geword. Hy beskou homself ook as 'n klassieke liberalis. Maar hy sê liberalisme het tot onlangs nog vir hom slegs gelyke regte vir alle mense beteken. "Dis maar eers in die afgelope paar jaar met die gebeure in Oos-Europa dat dit nou duidelik word dat dit ook gaan oor die ekonomiese beleid en nie-inmenging deur die staat.

Maar wat van Afrika met sy ingeboude agterstand? Die staat het tog 'n rol?

Hy sê ekonomiese liberalisme is gegrond op die sosiale markekonomie volgens die Duitse patroon. Aan produksiekant is dit 'n vrye mark gegrondte ekonomie, maar aan die uitgawekant word die hoogste prioriteit geskenk aan die opheffing van die bevolking ten opsigte van onderwys, behuising en gesondheid.

Maar mense soos Stephen Mulholland en Leon Louw sê die vrye mark bepaal alles, en geen staatsinmenging is nodig nie?

De Beer sê: "Jy's reg. Mulholland, Louw en Micheal O'Dowd sê ook dat sosiale dienste soos die onderwys, behuising en gesondheid deur die mark bepaal word. Maar dit sê ons nie."

ZACH DE BEER is oor een ding spyt. In 1958, tydens 'n private mosie van Arthur Barlow oor die weglatting van die Union Jack uit die vlag, is hy na Sir De Villiers Graaf om te sê hy ondersteun dit. "Graaf het my gedreig en gesê hy sal my uit die Party smyt, my setel in 'n volgende verkiesing wegneem en my politieke loophaan ruïneer... Ek is jammer dat ek nie die moed van my oortuiging gehad het om dit tog te doen nie, want ek het nogal sterk daaroor gevoel."

Hy lees graag oor die geskiedenis en biografieë en "goedkoop novels van Jerry Cooper en Wilbur Smith".

"Van musiek weet ek niets. Maar ek hou baie van swaar klassieke musiek soos Bach, Vivaldi en Beethoven."

Hy het nie tyd vir stokperdjies nie, maar speel graag 'n potjie tennis en brug as hy tyd kry.

eiland van die dood

Hongersnood teister Madagaskar, skryf STEPHANE JACOB

ANTANANARIVO - 'n Miljoen inwoners van suidelike Madagaskar, sowat die helfte van die streek se bevolking, gaan waarskynlik hongersnood ervaar weens die droogte wat dié eiland in die Indiese Oseaan sedert die begin van die jaar teister.

Teen Mei is 300 000 mense al geaffekteer, sê amptenare van die hulporganisasie SOS-Sud van Malagassie. Teen Oktober, voorspel hulle, sal 500 000 mense hongersnood ervaar en teen aanstaande Februarie 960 000.

Die gebied wat die swaarste getref word, lê binne 'n radius van 200 km van die suidoostelike hawestad Tolanar en die grootste lyding word ervaar in die streke om die dorpe Ampathy en Bétioky aan die westekant van die eiland.

Die reën wat vroeg vandeesdaan geval het, het die hoop tydelik laat opflikkier en SOS-Sud het besluit om ryssaad en manlok-snysele uit te deel in die hoop dat kos-oeste bekom kan word.

'n Noodoproep deur die owerheid in Antananarivo in Mei het geleel tot die stigting van 'n Nasionale Solidariteitsfonds wat nou oor sowat 345 000 dollar beskik. Hieruit word mediese en kosvoorraad aangekoop.

Die hongersnood eis egter reeds tussen 5 en 30 lewens per dag van die een dorpie na die ander voordat hul hulle kan bereik.

Die dodelik styg steeds, ondanks die aankoms van verskeie mediese spanne in die streek. Talle mense - veral kinders en ou mense - sterf aan siektes wat deur ondervoeding veroorsaak word.

Kinders word veral geteister deur diarree, malaria, asemhalingsprobleme en velkwale.

Onvoldoende sanitasie weens die gebrek aan water vererger die situasie. Baie ma's is nie in staat om hul babas te borsvoed nie.

Veldbrande verskerp die krisis deur die woestyn uit te brei na gebiede waar mielies en marioek voorheen verbou is.

Die droogtes in dié landstreek het die laaste paar jaar jaarliks verger. Waar 20 jaar gelede 100 mm reën per jaar geval het, sal die reënval vanjaar na verwagting maar sowat 40 mm wees.

Die krisis kan binnekort uitbrei na die noorde van die eiland, waar die wateropvanggebied met meer as 50 persent gekrimp het en die bosgebiede besig is om uit te dun. - AFP.



'N GEBED OM VREDE

PECS, Hongarye - 'n Bejaarde Bosniëse inwoner van 'n vlugtelingskamp in Pecs, Hongarye, bid vir vrede in haar land. Ondanks die onlangse ooreenkoms tot 'n skietstilstand, duur gevegte in Kroasië en Bosnië-Herzegovina voort (Foto: AP)

SOEKTOG NA SKRYWER OP SEEBODEM

Die raaisel van die Franse skrywer Antoine de Saint-Exupery se verdwyning byna 'n halfeeu gelede kan nou dalk uiteindelik opgelos word, skryf SINAN FISEK

NICE - Die Franse gaan nou duikbote en gevorderde tegnologie inspan in 'n soektoog na die stooflike oorskot van een van dié land se mees geliefde skrywers, Antoine de Saint-Exupery, die skepper van die klassieke fabel *Le Petit Prince* (Die klein prinsie).

So geheimsinnig soos sy gewilde klein held eendag uit die bloue verskyn het, so geheimsinnig was die skrywer se verdwyning as vlieënier tydens die Tweede Wêreldoorlog.

Saint-Exupery het op 31 Julie 1944 alleen in sy vliegtuig opgestyg van die basis Bastia-Borgo op 'n militêre sending - en spoorloos in die niet verdwyn.

Hy was 44 jaar oud en het reeds 'n gesiene loopbaan agter die rug gehad as baanbreker-vlieënier en skrywer wat die lugvaart as agtergrond gebruik het vir die verkenning van die morele waardes van sy samelewings.

Saint-Exupery het hom tydens die Duitse besetting van Frankryk by die vrye Franse magte aangesluit en in 1940 na die VSA gereis om die Amerikaanse owerheid te probeer oorred om aan die oorlog teen Nazi-Duitsland deel te neem.

Byna 50 jaar ná sy verdwyning wil die Franse seenavorsingsinstituut Ifremer nou die gebied tussen Korsika en die Franse Riviera deursoek waar sy vliegtuig, 'n P38, waarskynlik neergestort het.

Saint-Exupery se sending destyds - twee weke voor die Geallieerde magte se landing aan die Mediterreense kus van Frankryk - was om die gebiede Grenoble en Annecy in die Franse Alpe uit die lug te verken.

Die Amerikaanse vloot het sy vlug per radar gevolg tot so ver as die kus - maar toe verdwyn sy vliegtuig eensklaps van die skerm.

Daar was al talle teorieë oor wat met Saint-Exupery kon gebeur het - byvoorbeeld dat hy deur 'n Duitse vegvliegtuig neergeskiet is, of dat hy 'n elegante vorm van selfmoord gekies het - maar nog geen bevredigende verduideliking nie.

Jean Roux, 'n amptenaar van Ifremer, sê daar word al meer as 'n dekade gewerk om vas te stel presies waar in die Mediterreense See Saint-Exupery se vliegtuig neergestort het en waarom.

"Ons probeer nou die waarskynlikste plekke bepaal om te gaan soek," sê Roux, wat Ifremer se

onderwater-ekspedisies koördineer.

In die laaste 10 jaar se werk is alle onbekende voorwerpe op die seebodem wat meer as 30 cm hoog is in die gebied op kaarte gemerk. Die volgende stap is om 'n sonar-toestel stadig met 'n skip deur die gebied te sleep in 'n poging om alle voorwerpe uit te wys wat ooreenstem met die klassieke formasie van 'n vliegtuigwrak onder water: 'n spoor van wrakstukke wat uitloop op 'n groter wrakstuk.

Indien waarskynlike ramptonele gevind word, sê Roux, sal dit verder verken word deur een van Ifremer se twee duikbote toegerus met robot-arms, kameras en kragtige soekligte - óf die Cynia, wat tot 3 000 meter kan duik, óf die Nautilus, wat tot 6 000 meter kan duik.

Die duikbote sal probeer om die wrakstukke bo alle twyfel uit te ken deur foto's te neem van byvoorbeeld die P38 se enjinnommer, indien moontlik, en om die oorsaak van die ramp te bepaal.

Die duikbote sal die wrakstukke egter nie aanraak of na die oppervlak bring nie, want Saint-Exupery se erfgename het gesê hulle wil nie hê hy moet in sy laaste rusplek gesteur word nie. - AFP

EXAMPLE FROM DISTANT PARTS

In this week's Conversation Piece, RORY RIORDAN, writing from Prague in Czechoslovakia as one of a group of South Africans who recently held discussions with eastern Europeans on the role of human rights non-governmental organisations, reflects on the turmoil in eastern Europe and looks for the lessons in it for South Africa

OLD Prague, the centre of the city, has not been bombed or devastated by war. The street cafés are too beautiful for words. Cathedrals, castles, palaces, town squares - all designed with genius, with that old-style flair that bends a street slightly, and pulls a building out here and pushes one back there, to pull your eyes out of your head with inquisitiveness and delight, to push your world in, desperate to follow the turns, the twists, and curves of the streets as they wind from architectural gem to architectural wonder.

The opposite of the thundering train-line streets of Marshalltown in Johannesburg, with buildings on an inhuman scale where people are at the mercy of motorcars.

All around Prague one finds the monuments to seven years of Nazi occupation and four decades of communist government.

Fascist and communist construction produces buildings eight stories high, clustered together as if their companionship gave them strength - concrete monsters of industrial building. And then the people slotted in like ants, people who had become units in bureaucratic reckoning, units to be housed in body while destroyed in soul by the drabness, the uniformity of the compounds.

It is beyond wonder that the people who had created the exquisite old Prague could have become so debased as to have spent 40 years creating this new, hostel compound, Prague. And it is beyond wonder that, while all of western Europe could have sprung to wealth over the last 40 years, why the Czechs could hardly afford to maintain a street-lamp outside of central Prague.

For this place, like much of Africa, is a monument to non-maintenance. Suburban Prague reminds one

of Harare, with decrepit vehicles held together by wire and desperation moving the hunter-gatherer shoppers from shop to shop, rummaging for consumer products. Phones work, occasionally, time just passes, doing little.

Two years ago the shops were empty, the buildings collapsing, and the infrastructure mostly pre-war.

Then the people revolted. Half a million of them assembled in Wenceslas Square and demanded an end to communist rule, and the beginning of democracy. The decayed communist regime collapsed in front of one of the most spectacular examples of mass action of our time (which South Africans who now criticise the ANC's mass action campaign then applauded wildly), and Prague has enjoyed two short years of democracy.

After the "velvet revolution" has come the "velvet divorce", as the Slovak government pushed for independence and now appears to be getting it.

WHAT ARE THE lessons for South Africa from the eastern European experience?

First, democracy has won its argument with autocracy. We in South Africa are coming around to accepting this but, of course, the NP pays lip service to the concept of democracy, but runs away from the conclusions that follow.

Second, that the market has won its argument with central planning with regard to which institution delivers consumer goods more efficiently and cheaply.

Third, the arguments are far advanced as to what the role of the state should be in providing housing, and such. Plainly the state has responsibilities here. The debate is the extent of these responsibilities and where other actors get in.

Fourth, it is not yet clear what size the state should be within society. While eastern Europeans are desperately trying to get the all-powerful state off their backs, most South Africans are desperately trying to get the services the state provides into their lives (housing, electricity, sewage disposal, decent education).

Fifth, South Africa has different sorts of political parties from the ones that have just collapsed in

Eastern Europe. The NP is a vibrant political actor which is canvassing and receiving support in the three minority groups in the country. It is plainly not a decayed political actor that might fall under the next push.

Sixth, South Africans have to find their own solutions. Russian tanks are not part of the history of the South African regime in repressing the struggle for democracy. South Africans have to find freedom for themselves, and live with each other indefinitely thereafter.

SEVENTH, SOUTH AFRICA differs from eastern Europe in the kind of economic problems it faces.

Their command economy could not generate investment, nor could it deliver goods to the shops. South Africa's market economy does that, but at the same time mass poverty has spread throughout society, and the most unequal society on earth has been created.

South Africa's economic problem is not the lack of bread in the shops, it is that 30 or 40 percent of the people can't afford to buy it.

Eighth, while much of eastern Europe divides up on nationalist or ethnic lines, and many new states emerge, we in South Africa must push on with a nation-building programme, to pull together what apartheid tried unsuccessfully to divide up, for there is no future for any of us if ethnic tensions are brought to the boil in South Africa.

We, the South African group in Prague, were always desperate for news about home and from home. We couldn't read the newspapers, nor understand the television. The phones didn't work.

Fortunately Frene Ginwala (head of the ANC's department of research) had a shortwave radio and could get BBC news. We clutched on to this raft like drowning people.

South Africa is not a country you can ignore, and its agony drives its travelling citizens mad. What is it that makes such a terrible land so adored by its subjects?

(Rory Riordan is Director of the Human Rights Trust and a member of the ANC. This article first appeared in the Eastern Province Herald.)

atlete se hoop op medaljes eindig.

Nie te sleg nie, maar darem nou ook nie juis waffers vir 'n land wie se inwoners hulself graag "sportmal" noem nie.

Waar lê die probleem? In die feit dat die meeste sportmalles hul waansin voor die TV, met 'n sixpack Castle en 'n jumbo-pak Simba chips uitleef.

pierre doen dit in styl

BOKGEEESDRIFTIGES in Suid-Afrika was 'n paar jaar gelede kwaai verdeeld oor wie nou eintlik ons beste swaargewig-bokser is: Johnny du Plooy of Pierre Coetzer.

Ek was 'n Johnny-man; hy was een van die wêreld se hardste slaners en duidelik hoogs talentvol. Pierre was maar altyd 'n beperkte bokser en sy gewoonte om "met die ken te lei" (sy verdediging was nooit juis waffers nie) het hom na my mening gediskwalifiseer.

Hoewel die bestaande steeds geld, het die tyd my verkeerd bewys. Een Pierre Coetzer in die kryt is meer werd as twaalf Johnny du Plooy's.

Sien, Pierre Coetzer het hart. Sy vertoning teen Riddick Bowe - beslis Evander Holyfield se troonopvolger - het 'n mens 'n knop in die keel van aandoening laat kry.

En Johnny? Sy gewoonte om te gaan lê, of om seer hande te ontwikkel elke keer as hy skramsaak geslaan is, het 'n mens 'n pyn gegee. En ook nie in die keel nie.

BARCELONA GAAN NIE 'N PIEKNIK WEES NIE

ê TIM SANDHAM in dié week se Sportrubriek

HET isolasie Suid-Afrika se prestasies op die sportveld geknou?

Die hemel help ons as dit wel die geval is, want in 1960, die laaste keer dat ons aan die Olimpiese Spele deelgeneem het, het Malcolm Spence ons enigste medalje - nogal 'n brons - huis toe gebring.

Sleger as dit kan dit amper nie.

Die goeie nuus is dat sportprestasies eintlik bitter min te doen het met buite-faktore soos die gehalte van jou teenstanders, ens. Kyk maar na Zola Budd se prestasies in haar glorie-jare vóór die Mary Decker-fiasco.

Toegegeee, ons atlete het g'n benul van hoe dit voel om onder soveel druk deel te neem nie en dit kan natuurlik 'n faktor wees. Kyk maar na Zola Budd tydens die Mary Decker-fiasco.

Uiteindelik is daar g'n plaasvervanger vir goeie ou talent nie en daarvan het ons beslis 'n raps meer as in 1960.

Almal verwag wonderwerke van Elana Meyer in die 10 000 meter en sy is beslis ons beste hoop op 'n goue medalje. Maklik gaan dit nie wees nie. Dis 'n nommer wat in gewildheid toeneem, en ál die wêreld se voorste langasems gaan hul oë op Elana en Liz McColgan hê. Om so 'n wedloop as gunsteling

te begin, maak jou taak moeiliker - asof 25 rondtes om 'n atletiekbaan nie moeilik genoeg is nie.

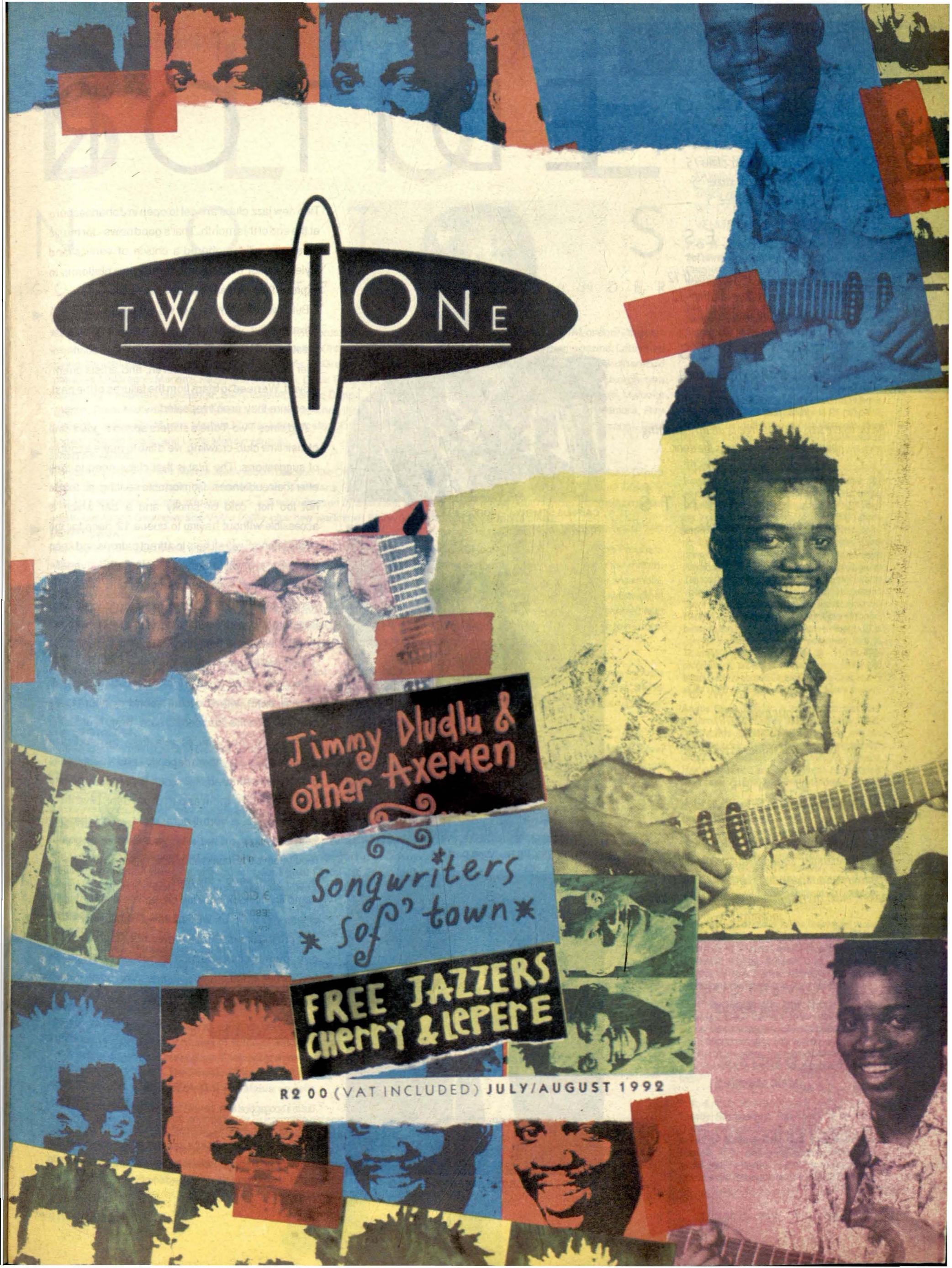
Nog 'n nommer waarin ons dalk 'n medalje kan wen, is die marathon vir mans, waar Suid-Afrika volgens die Amerikaanse tydskrif *Track & Field* meer diepte het as enige ander land ter wêreld.

Ongelukkig tel diepte nie punte nie. Dis nie aflos of 'n spanskompesijs nie, en ons voorste marathon-atlete se beste tye het die afgelope jaar of wat effens teruggesak in vergelyking die wêreld se bestes.

Maar die marathon bly 'n snaakse nommer, waarin dit nikks vreemd is as 'n top-atleet sy persoonlike beste sommer met drie, vier minute verbeter nie. Wat 'n regstreekse vergelyking nog moeiliker maak, is dat geen twee roetes dieselfde is nie.

Daarom het ek ook hoop vir Colleen de Reuck in die afdeling vir vroue. Sy het verlede jaar die wêreld se beste tyd nog deur 'n vrou in die halfmarathon opgestel en met haar eerste standaardmarathon by 2 uur 31 minute gedraai. Sy kan beslis beter -veral met die aansporing van 'n medalje wat lok.

As die Boere-Yank Tom Petranoff wel aan die spiesgooi deelneem en hy kom betyds op dreef, kan hy dalk verras. Dis ongelukkig min of meer waar ons



T W O | O N E

Jimmy Dladlu &
other Axemen

Songwriters
* Sof' town *

FREE JAZZERS
CHERRY & LEPEPE

R2 00 (VAT INCLUDED) JULY/AUGUST 1992

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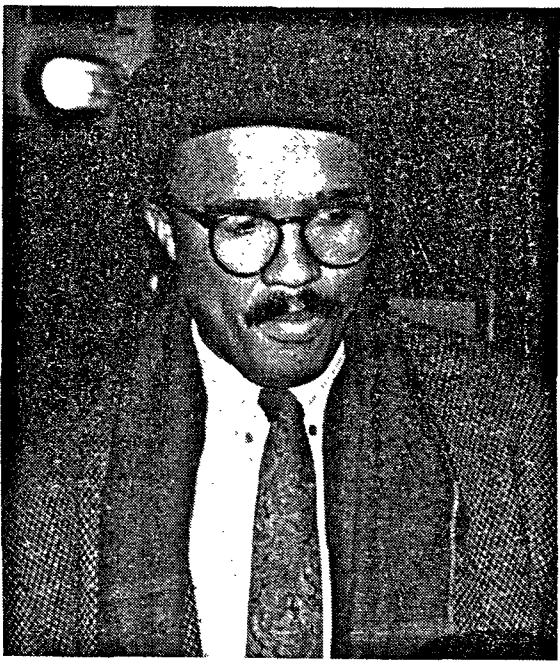
FROM THE EDITOR



CAIPHUS SEMENYA - WORDS & MUSIC



DON CHERRY: FREE, WORLD-STYLE



RASHID LANIE FOR THE SAKE OF THE UNION

Two new jazz clubs are set to open in Johannesburg at the end of this month. That's good news - for music fans, who will be offered a choice of venues and styles, and for musicians, offered more platforms to express themselves (and pay the rent).

But how many times have we been here before? A Private Affair, Cotton Pub and many others were greeted with the same enthusiasm, only - sooner or later - to fold, leaving fans bereft, and artists unemployed. We need to learn from the failures of the past, to ensure they aren't repeated.

And since Two-Tone's staffers spend a good deal of their time club-crawling, we'd like to make a couple of suggestions. The first is that clubs need to look after their audiences. Comfortable seating, air that is not too hot, cold or smoky and a bar which is accessible without having to queue 12-deep for the whole interval, will all help to attract patrons and keep them. So, too, will programming that offers variety. Jazz is a music with many flavours, and audiences want to taste them all, from avant-garde to Afro. People get bored, eventually, with the same band playing the same repertoire and in a period when disposable income is tight, they stay home.

Secondly, clubs need to look after their musicians. Provide them with a decent sound system (that's being kind to the audience's ears, too), a dressing room where they can escape from the audience during breaks. Pay them decently - and it really won't put up your overheads too much to provide food and refreshments for them as part of the deal. Give them a contract, not a verbal agreement which changes from day to day. That way, your venue will gain a reputation as a civilised place to work, and you'll attract - and keep - the best.

And finally, look after the press. We can't help you unless you keep us well-informed about your plans and programmes. And we may not stay solvent to give you publicity if you don't also occasionally advertise in our pages and columns. We want you to succeed, we really do - but it takes two...

THE EDITOR

ERRATUM:

Due to a typographical error, the word 'some' was omitted from a sentence in Rob Allingham's "Jazz Wars" column last month. The sentence in question should have read: "The fact is that some artists are by their very nature maladjusted nonconformists and social outcasts..." We apologise to Rob and to readers.

BLUE NOTE

COMPILED BY TEBOGO ALEXANDER

► **LONDON TRAINING:**

A trust Fund has been set up by London-based Ogun Records to allow "young South African musicians to study in London" - through the profits from the sale of *Spirits Rejoice: The Dedication Orchestra*, touted as the CD of the year by *The Wiremagazine*. Launched during the late 60s, Ogun began with the first Chris McGregor's Brotherhood of Breath. Dedicated to Blue Note/Brotherhood members McGregor, Mongezi Feza, Johnny Dyani, Dudu Pukwana and Harry Miller, the album features a 24-piece orchestra comprising trumpeters Guy Barker, Harry Beckett, Claude Depa, Jim Dvorak, Kenny Wheeler; trombonists Dave Amis, Malcolm Griffiths, Radu Malfatti, Paul Rutherford; saxophonists Chris Biscoe, Lol Coxhill, Elton Dean, Evan Parker, Alan Skidmore, Ray Warleigh; voices Phil Minton, Maggie Nicols, Julie Tippets; Django Bates (tenor), Dave Powell (tuba), Keith Tippett (piano), Paul Rogers (double bass), and Louis Moholo (drums).

► **MANTRA MODE:**

Pianist Abdullah Ibrahim's *Mantra Mode* album has won the OKTV award for the best jazz/fusion category. The Sun Music Group album, a definite collectable, includes top Cape musicians Robbie Jansen, Spencer Mbadu, Basil Coetzee. *Mantra Mode* is Ibrahim's first in the country in many years, and was released by SMG last year, along with debut South African albums from local artists like Jonas Gwangwa and VuVu Pefile, plus new work from Sipho Gumede, and Pops Mohammed.

► **MONTREUX:**

Representing the local music scene, Caiphus Semenza/Letta Mbulu and a 14-piece band, Hugh Masekela, Cape rappers Prophets of the City, Sarafina! dancers and super(rich) pop band Mango Groove gave outstanding performances in France earlier this month, says one of the musicians who attended. The Semenza tune, *Ramasedi*, was performed by the entire South African ensemble, including Mango Groove to a rocking Montreux. Then Mango Groove-d for an hour; Caiphus and Letta; followed by Sarafina! dancers performed one tune to Barney Bophela's keyboards; and stage maestro Masekela stole the show when he opened with *Stimela/The Train Song*. The Sarafina! dancers so impressed Randy Crawford that she asked them to remain onstage to perform in her act. Let's hope next year's festival has an even bigger and better representation from SA.

► **CAIPHUS, LETTA TOUR:**

Husband and wife team Caiphus Semenza/Letta Mbulu are working on a national tour for September/October which may include Transkei, Bophuthatswana, with the band that accompanied them to the Montreux Jazz Concert. The line-up includes Sipho Gumede, Themba Mkhize, Duke Makasi, Prince Lengoasa, Condry Ziqhubu, Jethro Shasha, Louis Mhlanga, and Palisa. Further details in next month's issue.

► **ZIM TO SWEDEN:**

Durban firebrand saxman Zim Nqawana is putting together his "dream band" for a 20 gig tour this September. Durbanites have already had the pleasure of listening to the rejuvenated Zim Nqawana Quartet, which now features old school Port Elizabeth pianist Tete Mbambisa, and the younger Lulu Gontsana (drums) and Philane Ngidi (el.bassist). Zim is hoping also to get the acoustic bass of Victor Masondo. Since the local record industry "don't seem to understand what we're doing" Zim is hoping to get an album cut during the tour, which may include France, England and Germany.

► **MOSAIC'S HERE:**

Durban's new kid on the jazz block comes in the form of "student band", Mosaic. And as the name implies the ensemble is a colourful fusion of jazz, mainstream and Afro, classical, and contemporary Indian music. Its members are mainly music students and graduates of Natal University, with co-founder flautist Stacy van Schalkwyk, saxophonist Louise Machant, lead vocalist/viola Brendan Smith and pianist Neal Gonsalves. Then there's also tabla-player Bhisham Bridgall and East London drummer David le Roux.

► **AFROCOOL RERELEASE:**

The 1990 Sun Music Group release of that wonderful Darius Brubeck/Victor Ntoni's *Afro Cool Concept (Live in New Orleans)* is to be rereleased later this year - but this time from London-based company B&W, a speaker company which has a small CD label, B&W will also simultaneously release two new South African recordings by musicians at Natal University's Centre for Jazz and Popular Music: the first recording from the Centre's own NU Jazz Connection, and sax instructor Chris Merz's Jazz Counterculture band and their first recording, *Art Gecko*.

► **SOWETO STRINGS:**

Hearing the Soweto String Quartet, on their own, for the first time, during their recent show they shared with Tananas, was an extraordinary experience. The idea of some of African classics and traditional tunes performed on strings doesn't gel right, well that is until you've heard these guys. Their programme features tunes like *Meadowlands*, *Ntyilo Ntyilo*, the traditional lullaby, *Thula Muthwana (Hush, Child)*. The Soweto String Quartet is Makhosini Nguni (viola), and the three Khemese brothers, Sandile on first violin, Thamsanya on second violin, and Malusi on cello.

► **LISTER'S RECORDS:**

With the "world music" (such an irritatingly Eurocentric phrase for labelling music forms that are only new to the Western world) craze jiving the world, a new international record company is to open in the country. The company, headed by Keith Lister, of Soul Brothers Records, is to be called Bertlesmann Music Group (BMG) Records Africa (Pty) Limited, and will concentrate on South Africa's contribution to world music. For this, BMG has reportedly recruited producers from one of the Big Three. Among the bands Lister promotes is Zimbabwean African jazz outfit, Southern Freeway.

'ROUND MIDNIGHT



CALLING ALL CLUBS!

IF YOU HAVE A LISTING FOR THE MONTH OF AUGUST FOR 'ROUND MIDNIGHT, YOUR NATIONAL JAZZ GUIDE, PHONE IN (011) 836 2151 OR FAX IN (011) 838 5901 YOUR DETAILS AS SOON AS CONFIRMED so WE CAN GIVE YOUR EVENT AND VENUE SOME SPACE.

JOHANNESBURG

Sof'town: This new central Jo'burg (Cnr De Villiers & Claim) jazz venue opens at the end of July with Hugh Masekela and Lerapo. Opening between Wednesdays and Sundays, the jazz club/restaurant will feature Masekela up to the 9th August. Following Masekela is Robbie Jansen. Sof'town will also have Sunday afternoon sessions - and folks, kids are allowed! Entrance for Masekela is R20. For further details call Garnet Godden (011) 333-4822.

Jazz at the Jungle Inn: This another new venue for urban Jo'burgers which will feature resident band, Loading Zone well into the month. Situated in Hillbrow, Cnr Pretoria, Klein, and entrance is R5 (Wed-Fri). R10 (Sat, Sun). Saturdays are jazz afternoons, (from 4pm to 7), while on Sundays there's a supper club, at a charge of R10 including food. For details call (011) 642-9435.

Kipple's: And if you're looking for nostalgia, this weekend is your last chance for a while to hear singer Dorothy "Phatha-Phatha" Masuka, in her reawakening South African career. After Masuka, Philip Tabane and his Malombo will be performing weekends only - up the Aug 8. Guitarist Tabane will perform with drummer Oupa Monareng and percussionist Raymond Motau. On weekdays, the jazz/folk group Tananas give an exciting one week performance only - beginning Aug 11 to 16. Tananas features guitarist Steve Newman, bassist Gito Baloi and drummer Ian Herman. Then there's songstress Vicky Mhlongo, between Aug 18 - Sept 6. And between Sept 8-27 is Jahnito; Another 60s person performing here is Thandie Klaasen, between Sept 29 - 11 Oct. This programme is subject to sudden change, so it would be advisable to contact Grace Mokoena/Cindy Harris at (011) 832 1641 for bookings, or Kipple's at night.

Angus Steak House: A sure way to start your weekend is by coming to this central Jo'burg club, opening from 5pm until late, every Friday, with the wonderful music of Ghana-born multi-instrumentalist George Lee, drummer Lulu Gontsana, guitarist Themba Mokoena and more. Angus has a varied steak menu. Call (011) 337 6189 for details.

CAPE TOWN

The Groove: Come for "strictly jazz" live every Thursday at this Athlone venue, featuring two bands. Slippery Floors (with Darryl Andrews, Mike Hendricks, Allan Yon) and State of the Art (Billy Brunt, Robbie DuPont). Entrance is R10 for every smart/casual dressed head, and the venue is at the Fun City Complex, Carbon Rd, Athlone Industria 2. For details call Claude or Jerry, at (021) 6910302.

Birdland: Right next door to The Groove, this venue features its resident band, the mainstream and jazz/fusion-inclined Vernon Castle's Free Winds, every Wednesday evening. entrance is R8, and dress is smart/casual also. Further information can be obtained from Claude/Jerry, at (021) 6910302.

The Green Dolphin: At the time of going to press, the dinner-jazz venue had not confirmed their August line-up, but this warm'n cosy venue on the Victoria & Alfred Waterfront never fails to offer an interesting jazz and cuisine menu. Definitely worth a visit if in the area. Phone (021) 21 7471 for details and reservations.

PRETORIA

Theatre Rendezvous: This venue, at the State Theatre, continues its Jazz For You series - presented by the Performing Arts Company of the Transvaal. At the time going to press details were unavailable. For further information on the August schedule, call Therese Pretorius (012) 322 1665.

WE FOCUS ON THE GIG, THE PERFORMANCE, THE SINGER, NOT THE SONG. BUT IT'S THE SONG WE WAKE UP HUMMING THE NEXT MORNING - SO WHY DO WE KNOW SO LITTLE ABOUT COMPOSERS?

TEBOGO NALEDI TALKS TO SOME OF THESE

UNUSUAL SONG HEROES

GEORGE GERSHWIN? Yeah, we all know him. Cole Porter? Okay. Lorenz Hart? Mmm...yes. Andy Razaf? Andy WHO?

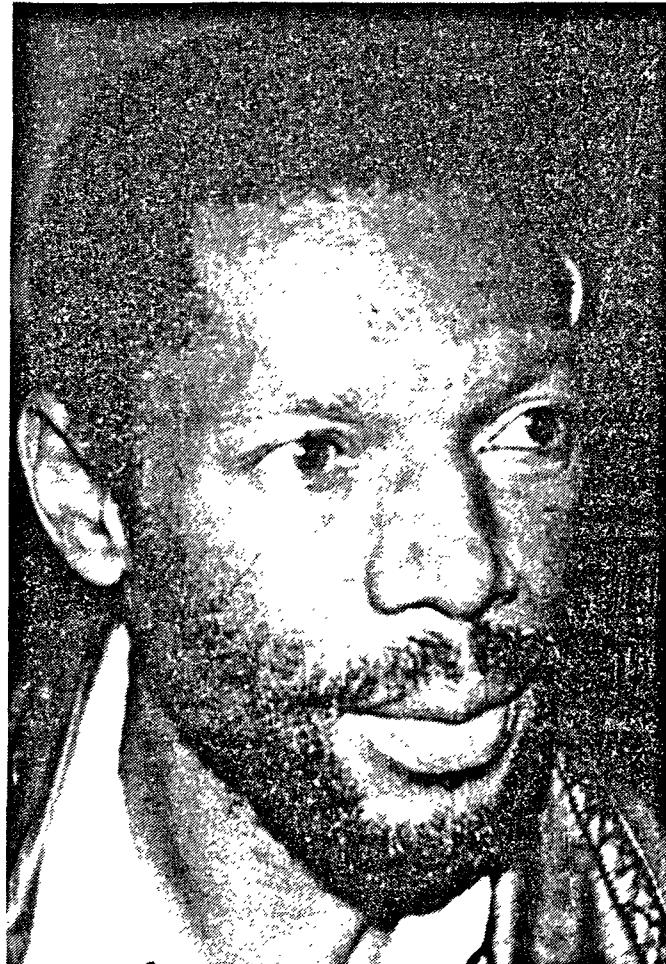
Most of us can name a few of the songwriters who penned the standards our heroes blow; the international ones, at least. But very few, as the obscurity of Andy Razaf - who was one of the most consistent collaborators of both Bessie Smith and Fats Waller and lyricist for such great standards as *Ain't Misbehavin*, *Honeysuckle Rose* and *Memories of You* - illustrates. Turn to South African standards, and the ignorance is even more monumental with, for example, every motswakae (*Jonny-come-lately*) who's ever arranged *Ntyilo Ntyilo* claiming authorship. Ask about the process of composing, and the silence is deafening.

Even, sometimes, from songwriters themselves, who find it hard to articulate a process which is as natural to them as breathing. "It starts with inspiration," says Caiphus Semenya, "which comes in many forms." Where does it come from? "I don't know - some people are just born with the music in them." "Some kind of force which gave you the gift," suggests Sipho Gumede, "maybe god, or the ancestors..."

Semenya needs a thematic idea, a storyline, before he can begin. For Gumede, it's a snatch of a tune, maybe a bass line, which insinuates itself into his dreams. Or (Semenya again) "maybe you're just walking down the street, whistling, not paying attention, and then you listen and realise what you are whistling is new, even to you."

So the composer rushes home (or leaps out of bed) to a keyboard or cassette player, or scribbles the notes on the back of an envelope. Gumede says he has over a hundred cassettes of these fragmentary ideas, some of which will eventually become tunes. Then it's into the kitchen: "You look at it, take it apart, turn it around, see if it makes sense..." Semenya discards 90% of his first thoughts. Cooking time is enormously variable; sometimes the elements of a song fall into place within a few days - but Gumede took six months for *Christopher's Song* and *Countryside* on *Thank You for Listening*, while Semenya's *Music In the Air* was almost 4 years in the making, lacking first a bridge "which suddenly came to me in New York" and then lyrics which were commissioned from Will Jennings when Herb Albert needed a distinctive ballad.

BUT it's hard to generalise a very particular process, so let's look at some songs. Semenya's *Matswale* starts with that distinctive rhythmic hook, which never fails to pull dancers to their feet. But the idea started with mathata. (problems) "I was in Botswana in '83," recalls Semenya, "to do an album at the mobile studio. I met a lot of friends I hadn't seen for a decade or so. And I'd ask them: how's your wife, or husband?" and they'd reply: "Oh, it's over. We're no longer together - mathata!"



Sipho Gumede: music comes from the ancestors

among South African songwriters, but that, sadly, it's not being realised. "Effective songwriters must think the song first," says Semenya, "but here much of the record industry thinks money first, so people are pushed to copy their own or other people's hits. You hear a string of albums of what's basically the same song - different treatment, but the same beat, tempo and chord progressions."

Meanwhile, adds Gumede, "I go to so many musicians' houses, and hear good music that they've written, but they say: 'Oh, I don't compose any more. I can't get a deal for my music.'" What's needed, asserts Semenya, is the development of "a culture of songwriters and lyricists."

But South Africa has produced great composers. Semenya and Gumede both cite the late Allen Silinga (the man who really did write *Ntyilo Ntyilo*), Mackay Davashe, Todd Matshikiza, Victor Ndlaziwane and Alpheus Nkosi.

AMONG THE MODERNS, Semenya has some perhaps unexpected selections, "The Soul Brothers - their music stirs people's hearts and their lyrics always touch on real concerns. And Mahlathini, and Johnny Clegg." Gumede puts Semenya high on his list: "He'll work meticulously on every detail until the song swings" and adds a comparative unknown, Durban-based Madala Kunene who creates "contemporary traditional music."

So where is this business of songwriting going? Gumede isn't too optimistic in the short term. "The current economic depression is really hitting the industry, and if you don't have money, it's difficult to function as a person, let alone be creative. Some of the responsibility lies on us. As songwriters we need to write for our market, but also gradually lead our listeners to new things."

"But I see South Africa in a very critical position now in terms of world music. They pushed out as exports our hitmakers, who thought they were superstars, but who really weren't showing the world anything new. Now the world wants our authentic music, but we haven't developed songwriters who can compete."

However, Semenya thinks a breath of fresh air is being blown in everywhere by rap. "Rap is very adventurous in its rhythms. It's beginning to free music - like r&b - that had become crystallised. It also uses very unusual harmonic and melodic structures and adventurous, socially-conscious lyrics. It will extend the boundaries of the mainstream everywhere. And while we can't and shouldn't try to copy that trend exactly - it's their culture, which they live in America: we have our own thing - we will be affected by it too. We have conservative audiences here fed on rhythm which is still doing what was done in disco. Maybe that conservatism is going to start breaking down."

Both composers think there's tremendous potential

TWO NEW JAZZ VENUES OPEN

KIPPIE's will soon have the pressure on it to entertain Johannesburg's often fussy jazzophiles relieved when not one, but two new jazz clubs open close to the city centre at month-end.

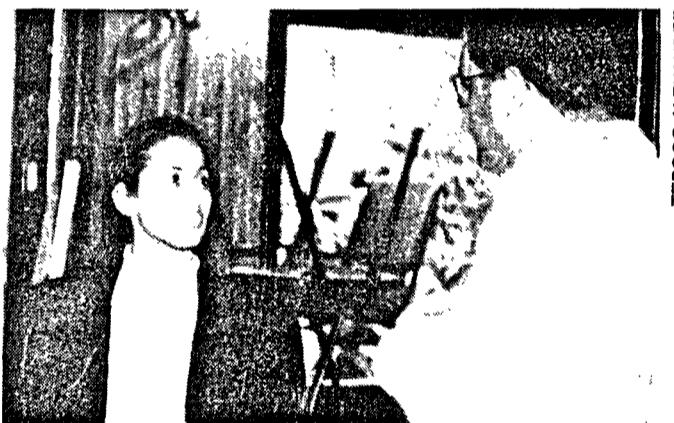
On the eastern edge of the city Sof'town opens with Hugh Masekela and Lerapo. And in Hillbrow Jazz at the Jungle Inn promises just as high a note, though no acts had been confirmed at press time.

"We recognise, as everybody does, that there's a need for a jazz venue to complement Kippie's," said Garnett Godden, Sof'town manager. "That the only jazz venue in Jo'burg was a public toilet is an indictment of the city."

"At the same time there's a need to pay homage to the musicians that came out of Sophiatown. While the (Sophiatown) memory is a bitter one, the music remains sweet," he said.

Sof'town is the brainchild of individuals in business and entertainment, said attorney Julie Mohammed, who with Haseena Mayet, will run the business. The attorney's often act for clients in the entertainment world, including the "management of Committed Artists and some jazz musicians in Durban". Working in show business gave the attorneys an edge: "You'd think with the cultural boycott lifted things would change, but this is not happening. There's no work for entertainers," Mohammed told *Two Tone*.

Sof'town aims to be a club with a total South African atmosphere, but with an international feel to it. Godden revealed that negotiations were underway to have Nigerian musician, Fela Anikapulo-Kuti, perform at the club.



Sof'town's Julie Mohammed and Garnett Godden

Godden has managed a number of successful clubs in Botswana, among them The Blue Note and Club Status, which during his time billed Batswana and South African acts.

The club's programme includes jazz on Sunday afternoons. At these sessions children will be allowed, in a move Godden views as a "cultural education for these future generations."

Sof'town also has a separate restaurant, specialising in South African cuisine. The restaurant will sometimes double as an art gallery "to highlight the works of talented artists who have problems with mainstream galleries."

The Jungle Inn also has a menu - something that has been lacking, but needed for imbibing patrons, in most venues over the years.

Centrally situated in Hillbrow, Jazz at the Jungle Inn is aimed providing a platform for Hillbrow audiences: "There're a lot of African people in Hillbrow, and most of them like jazz," said Linda Pieczara, one of the club's owners.

Like Sof'town, Jazz at the Jungle Inn is also committed to providing work for local musicians: "The more places we have for our musicians, the better it is for them."

But with a recession like the one South Africa is currently experiencing, how does the club expect to succeed? Pieczara has no fears on this score, as she believes a co-operative with musicians, patrons and other (jazz) club owners is the key to success. "There are a few guys who have offered to help, through guidance, and I'm confident with this, we'll survive." ☺

Tebogo Alexander



LEAVING THE SIDEPERSONS TO GET ON WITH THE MAGAZINE, TWO-TONE EDITOR, SHADO TWALA, IS OFF ABSORBING THE VIBE AND THE SUN AT THE NICE JAZZ FESTIVAL. SHE DID, HOWEVER, SEND US ALL...

A POSTCARD FROM NICE

NICE must be the most conducive setting for jazz in the world. I guess that's why I've come back here, and why some people keep on coming back, year after year, since the inception of the JVC Grande Parade du Jazz in 1976. It's certainly addictive: the legendary beauty of the French Riviera, jazz performances by over 200 musicians from all over the world and special New Orleans cuisine cooked up for the occasion.

The concerts themselves are in the Arena of Cimiez - a huge, park-like venue with exquisite gardens, which has three stages for simultaneous performance from 6pm until midnight every night. There is no formal seating. Jazz aficionados just mill around between stages and stalls selling food, albums and CDs, T-shirts adorned with the faces of musicians and every other kind of jazz memorabilia you can think of.

If, by the end of the evening, you feel you haven't heard enough music, jam sessions continue at the hotel where all the musicians stay. That's the time you can see them at no cost, jamming in impromptu combos or as individuals. It's also the time you actually get the chance to talk to them about their music and their lives.

The other night, I saw Steve Coleman, Lew Tabackin, Grover Washington Jr, Jesse Davis and Mulgrew Miller all jamming together on the same stage - which just proves that anything can happen after the concerts, at the hotel.

This year's festival line-up is as gloriously eclectic as ever, combining musicians from Africa, America and Europe, young players and veterans, leaders and sidemen, jazz traditionalists and jazz visionaries.

With such a spread of music for all, it's easy to become a jazz junkie. ☺

*Yours for the love of jazz
Shado.*

MWASA STRIKE

IMPACT WIDENS

THE MWASA STRIKE could have repercussions on the whole local music industry, following the South African Musician's Alliance (Sama's) decision to take solidarity action with the striking Media Workers Association of South Africa.

Sama's decision, taken at a recent meeting at Kippie's Jazz Bar, comes about "in the face of SABC's attitude towards the dispute" said their press statement (See The Sama Page for full text). The organisation viewed the corporation's stance as unreasonable: "the strike cannot go on for so long".

Sama is planning "more protracted actions than Mwasa's", probably including lobbying international support, as well as local marches.

Sources close to Sama's executive committee revealed that the music industry might, in the near future, also be targeted if it maintained its present image of "fence-sitting, if not being passive" when it came to trying to assist in the strike's resolution.

"We (musicians) suspect the industry will not support us," said the source; there are issues, such as payola, where the industry is known to act in collusion with the SABC. But the source, a working musician, stressed that the decision to act had "not been taken yet".

The chairman of the Association of the South African Music Industry (Asami), Derrick Hannan, told *Two Tone* that Asami had no musicians on contract, therefore criticism directed at the association for collusion with SABC would be "unfair".

"Asami is an organisation comprising some 30 to 40 large and small independent record companies, so any criticism should be directed at the individual members," he said. Hannan, who also chairs Tusk Music, said he had sat in a number of meetings where his company had been trying to resolve differences with musicians.

Gallo's Fred Withers said he did not believe that Sama would take action against the industry as "there're good relations between us".

"We sympathise with Mwasa's demands, and support our musicians to the greatest extent possible. But we believe that Mwasa's actions have exacerbated the bad economic situation currently faced by the industry, and therefore musicians - especially local ones - suffer."

A *Two Tone* source within Asami conceded that "there are people in the association who might be anxious", as this was the worst recession in ten years, where local record sales had probably been halved. There had even been consideration of consolidation of record companies and retrenchments. "The industry wants to support Mwasa but believes the strike comes at a wrong time." But the source added that Asami regularly received money from the SABC.

Explaining why, Hannan pointed out that every time a video was screened on television, the SABC must pay royalties. In a recent Asami policy change, the money was now collected by Asami, who in turn paid it out, with a small percentage retained for the production of local videos. He felt that it was this which might be perceived as collusion. ☺

Tebogo Alexander

BACKSTAGE



Important announcement for all members

SAMA ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

31 July 1992

Kipplie's, Market Theatre complex, Jhb
12 noon

PROVISIONAL AGENDA

Minutes of previous meeting and matters arising

Chairperson's report

Financial report

Sun City and the status of International artists' visits

The launching of the new Musicians' Union
- setting a date for election of Union officers

The way forward

Any other business

Close



As well as the activities described here, SAMA has an ongoing programme of workshops and seminars, like this one with visiting Japanese saxman Sadao Watanabe.

WHY GET INVOLVED?

Maybe you feel that SAMA isn't relevant to you, and find it hard to see what you could achieve by attending meetings and getting involved. Perhaps we can change your mind by pointing out that in its short history to date SAMA has:

- won official recognition from political organisations, the music industry, Sun City, the international community and fraternal organisations overseas.
- freed two artists from terms of imprisonment through the work of its team of legal advisers
- successfully retrieved royalties and other monies for the artists to whom they were owed in 80% of cases.
- successfully pressurised record companies to recognise the rights of musicians. This is an ongoing process which continues.
- successfully negotiated with Sun City to make available the venue's services and facilities to local artists.
- helped to organise representation for SA musicians at the highest international level - the UN - to publicise their plight and views
- presented a memorandum concerning the grievances of local musicians to the SABC two years ago. Many of these grievances have now been re-tabled by MWASA - specifically those urging the restructuring of SABC to reflect the real composition of South African society. As a result of this activity SAMA, together with many other concerned musicians throughout the country, is officially lending its support to the MWASA strikers' cause.
- held discussions with the white South African Musicians' Union. As a result SAMU changed its constitution to accommodate the democratic aspirations of all SA musicians.
- given its best efforts to process applications for visits from international artists so that these serve the interests of local artists, especially in regard to their participation on the supporting bill and their educational and training needs.

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO BE PART OF AN ORGANISATION THAT CAN DO ALL THIS ?

If, as a musician, you have any questions or suggestions about SAMA, or any problems with our positions and actions as reported in the press - tell us. Feel free to come to the SAMA office where we can talk and try to redress any problems as quickly and effectively as possible.

SAMA is your organisation: it belongs to no particular individual or grouping, but exists to serve you, the musicians.

SAMA SUPPORTS THE MWASA STRIKE

Our understanding of the dispute between MWASA and the SABC is that there are deeper issues involved than minimum wages and the level of across-the-board increases.

We support MWASA's fundamental view that SABC is an organisation that remains inherently characterised by racially and politically motivated structures and practices. As such, it is incapable of dealing with many issues to the satisfaction of its staff and others with legitimate interests in the way SABC is structured and run.

More than two years ago, SAMA presented a detailed memorandum to SABC listing the grievances of professional musicians. These have not been addressed, and many of these same grievances are now on the table at MWASA's instance. Local artists have repeatedly expressed dissatisfaction regarding SABC practices and policies which affect them. Foremost among these grievances has been the steady decrease in the availability of broadcasting and viewing time for local music. Local artists are therefore able to identify with MWASA's contention that there is a strong content bias within the ranks of SABC's management and programming staff.

The time for SABC to be restructured from the top down is long overdue. Restructuring is particularly relevant in anticipation of fundamental changes in the broadcasting industry in South Africa as a result of deregulation and other political developments. But local music artists have a vested interest in calling for operating and management structures within the SABC, as the national broadcaster, to be designed to reflect the cultural and entertainment programming needs of all South Africans. In the same way, MWASA and other SABC employees have the right to participate fully in re-structuring processes and programmes.

It is fundamentally wrong that the cultural and entertainment needs of tens of millions of listeners and viewers should be assessed and determined by SABC management staff, some of whom owe their positions to one or more of a series of factors that do not qualify them for their sensitive positions. Skin colour, political acceptability to a higher authority, formal academic qualifications and technical and financial acumen are factors that continue to dominate the character of the SABC to the exclusion of reasoned sensitivity to the needs of employees and the public alike. We are calling for the management and programming structures of the corporation to be reconstituted, as a matter of urgency, in a way that will more fairly reflect the interests of the people of South Africa. And we are calling for the restructuring to take place through a process of consultation which incorporates the legitimate interests of SABC employees, MWASA members and, among many others, South African artists.

The breakdown in negotiations between MWASA and SABC constitutes a serious economic threat to the economic stability of the local music industry. Job losses and severe diminution of earnings for many people in the music industry are already inevitable. The music industry is a major employer and has been responsible for the creation of many new jobs and small businesses in the past. As artists, however, we support MWASA in the face of SABC's attitude towards the dispute. We call on the SABC forthwith to agree to establish appropriate lines of communication to resolve its dispute with MWASA and to permit the required processes and programmes to be established. Where a start has already been made in removing and redressing inherited wrongs and imbalances, we call upon SABC to move forward and increase its contact with all relevant interest groups. ☺

BRITAIN'S THE WIRE MAGAZINE TALKED TO PERCUSSIONIST THEBE LEPERE AND DISCOVERED THAT

MUSIC IS HAPPENING ALL AROUND

NINETEEN-FIFTY-FOUR. I was born in Soweto. My mother was a diviner, a spiritualist, a medium. At her ceremonies drumming was very important because it was through the rhythms of the drums that the diviner was induced to transcend. So from the age of seven I played drums for my mother as part of these ceremonies.

As a kid, I'd do that and then go out and play in the street with my friends. We'd play games and as with all African cultures, each game had a rhythm. For instance, a game like rounders we would clap and chant a particular rhythm in time to the batters running to and fro.

We couldn't afford to buy drums, so we'd make our own. We'd take paint tins; stretch a tube over them, wrap wire round, nail on bottle tops. I formed my first group when I was 15. We played improvised music. I didn't know it was improvised until later on when I read about people like Ornette Coleman and the Art Ensemble of Chicago. We just wanted to play and make music.

The situation for black musicians in Soweto when I left (in '75) was pathetic. If you were a musician, you had to go out and busk. There were places to play - if you did get to play a proper gig it was for white folks and you had to get a permit to get there. I realised that no way could I play the music I wanted to and stay in South Africa.

When I first got to England, I started going out to rehearsals and meeting other musicians. I realised that what they were doing was improvising.

INITIALLY, I thought the Europeans had a completely different attitude to free music. I found it a bit hilarious. Here were all these musicians talking and theorising and making a big intellectual deal of this music whereas in Africa it was a common, everyday thing. We didn't need to talk about it, it was just there. I was really bamboozled by some of the ideas, but eventually I realised that we were all thinking alike. I come from Africa, these guys are from Europe but essentially we are one people. We have the same aspirations, the same values, which made it easier for me to integrate.

Most of the people I've played with, John Zorn, for instance, I've met them for the first time on stage: "Hi, my name is John." "Hi.. I'm Thebe. How are you doing?" "Right, Let's play." I've never even heard of the guy before, but we made music together.

But it was quite daunting to come to Europe and find that it was such a minority music and it frustrated me because I was the only African playing it. When I went to Vienna with Company and met George Lewis, that was important. I thought: okay, so there are other black people involved over here. But I'm still the only African playing it.

Most of the instruments I play have some kind of spiritual connection. That's important to me because of my mother's background. That one there is called a kogile. It's also known as a marimba or xylophone. This particular, from Ghana, is tuned to the pentatonic scale and is used for medicinal purposes.

THOSE INSTRUMENTS in the corner are makhojanas. They're called berimbau in Brazil. They originally



harmonies it means they are physically and mentally drifting. Spiritually, it helps them get into themselves so the medium can locate what their problem is.

That one by the window is called a sabor. This one is a djembe. They are Senegalese. All the drums are tuned differently. The Bantus have tuned drums: do-re-mi if you like. But a drum like the djembe is tuned harmonically. You can play a bass part and still get very high frequencies at the same time. You play the sabor with the stick and the hand, so you get two different textures. With the stick it sounds like breaking glass but the hand can set up a much softer texture. With the djembe you get a more metallic sound. It's a hand drum but you still get the harmonics coming through as well.

As a drummer, I take rhythms from all across the African continent. All African rhythms are essentially the same but the details differ from region to region. In order to get access to all rhythms we use two numbers: two and three. So two times two is four, which gives you the basic 4/4 rhythm. Then if you multiply two by three it's six, and you get 6/4, 6/8 and so on into infinity. Just by multiplying and dividing you are able to utilise all these rhythms.

AT FIRST WHEN I started playing over here people saw a contradiction with me using traditional African rhythms in free music. I try to get around that by making sure that whatever rhythm I chose fitted what was happening in the music. Gradually I'm beginning to leave that and try new things; inventing new rhythms, creating new textures and combinations of instruments. I can't be trapped by playing in just one style, my concepts and ideas would just shrivel.

I play free music because it's honest. It either happens or it falls flat on its face.

I HAVE my own group now, Umkhambathi. It's a pan-African group. Basically, we improvise - drums, violins, berimbau, ngonis. We play music all the way from the Maghreb to Soweto and everywhere in between.

In Africa we live with art all around us. Here, if you want to experience your own culture, you go to a museum. In Africa, poets, actors and musicians are all available for each other. Here, everyone works away in their own little compartments. A graphic artist won't mix with poets, musicians don't work with writers. It's crap. All artists should interact because that's how we grow, together.

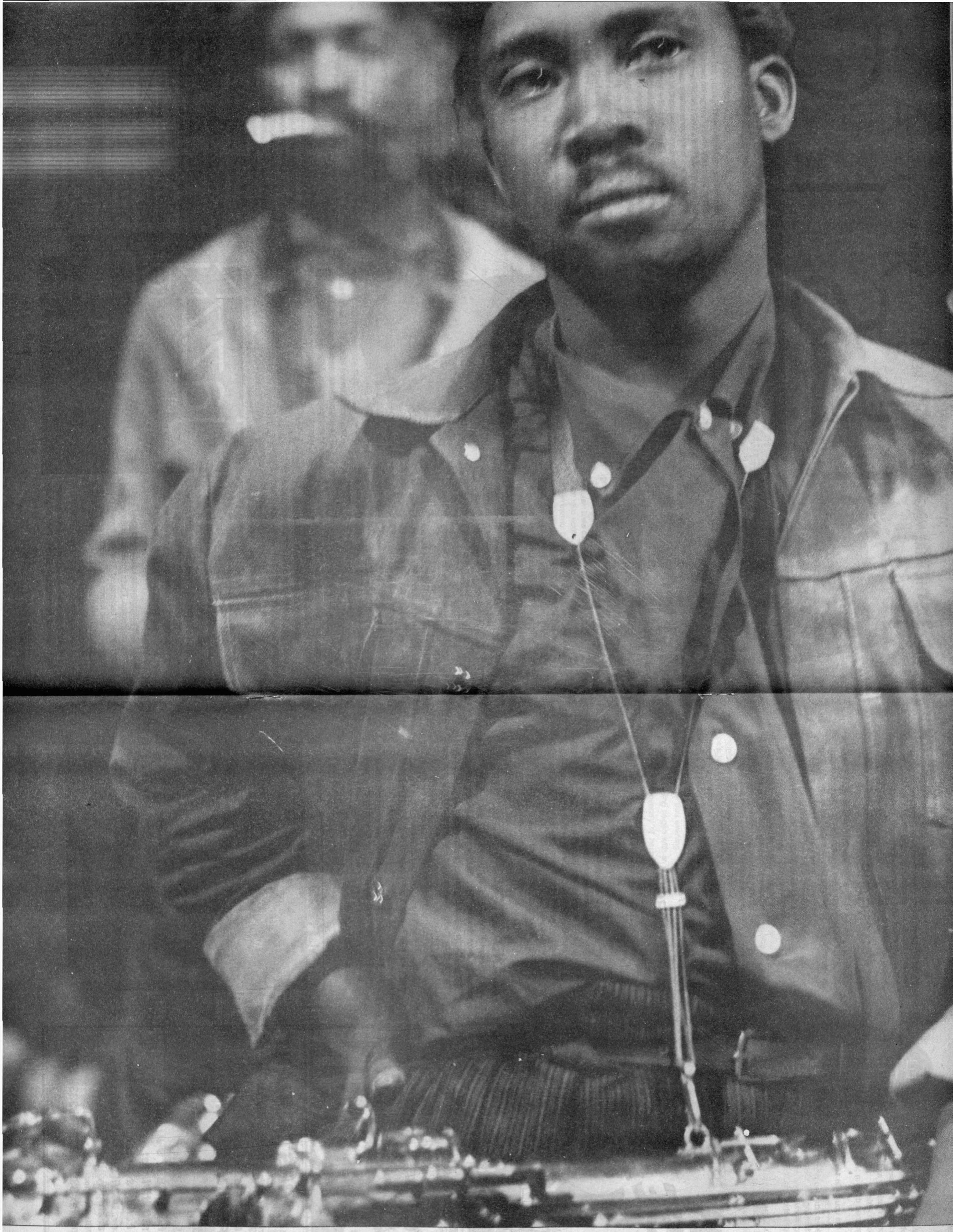
That's why free music has been so important to me. It resurrected my faith. When I first met Bill Evans he was working in a group called Coherents. They had all these things going on: slides, visual art, poetry. It felt like being back in Africa for me. Through them I realised there were people here who thought on the same multi-dimensional level as artists in Africa. When I went to Vienna with Company we played in the Museum of Modern Art. There was art on the walls, sculpture, and the music became part of the exhibition. That's how it should be. Pop music is now trying something similar through video but it's only through free music that the real interaction can take place, where everything is supported and connecting. I think if I hadn't met people like Will and Derek Bailey I'd have got the first plane back to Africa. ☺

MORE FREE JAZZ ON PAGE 11

jazz
jazz

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PICTURE BASIL BREAKY

NICK MOYAKE 1963



TWO TONE JAZZ LEGENDS COLLECTION

COURTESY: GERMAN EMBASSY

VERNON

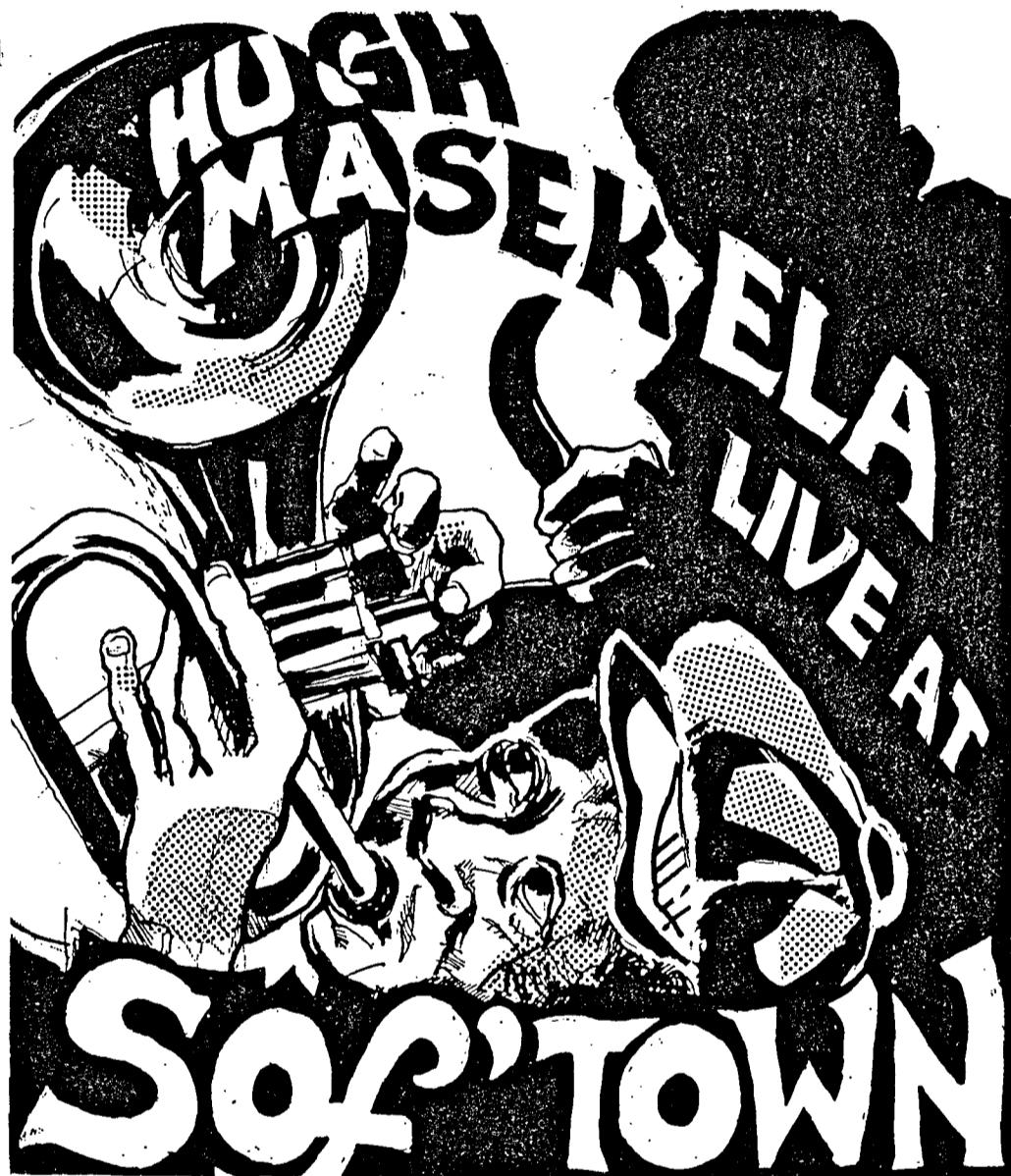
IN THE EUPHORIA not long after the FW de Klerk's February 2, 1990 exiled pianist Vernon Molefe wrote to his brother Phil "Chippa" Molefe, saying he was returning home - the home he left because he wanted to "broaden my scope musically and to prepare myself for (the) post-apartheid South Africa.

His preparations were in vain: he was gunned down in New York in mid-June.

He spent 14 years in exile since he left the country in 1978, moving to the US from Lesotho.

Accompanied by friend Lebohang Morake he attended Washington DC's Duke Ellington School of Performing Arts. Molefe also lived in Los Angeles, New York, and worked as a toilet cleaner, shining shoes and ran a leather repair shop, eventually studying criminal justice.

He formed a band with Lebo and Muntu Semenya (Caiphus and Letta Mbulu's offspring). He rubbed shoulders with the Makebas, Masekelas, Gwangwas and other distinguished musical exiles.



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Vernon's US recording, Free Spirit (Warner Brothers), was banned by the SA government. When he wrote to his brother, Vernon mentioned he had completed work on a second - as yet unreleased - album.

"The first thing I will do upon arrival at home, I will kiss the ground," he had confided to Chippa.

AND BONGANE...

ANOTHER VICTIM of brutality - this time here at home - was the country's first black ethnomusicology lecturer, Bongani Mthethwa, who was shot outside KwaMashu, Durban earlier last month.

At the time of his death he was about to make a significant contribution to the field of ethnic music with his PhD thesis on the hymns of Isaiah Shembe, which looked at Zulu musical change. Tragically, the final draft was not completed.

In 1984, the highly-regarded Mthethwa obtained an MA in ethnomusicology from Queen's University Belfast, following a BMus degree from Natal University's Music Department, where he taught before his passing. He also taught at the University of Transkei.

Three years after his return from study abroad, he was appointed ethnomusicologist at Natal University - not only the first black, but also the second individual to hold the post. Mthethwa was active in many areas of music - frequent music programmes on Radio Zulu, adjudicating at Ford's national choral competitions, and eventually conceiving the national Maskanda Festival.

AND GEORGIA...

Georgia Brown, who died in London in early July aged 57 was best known as the actress who originated the role of Nancy in the musical *Oliver!* But British jazz fans also knew her as a jazz and blues singer of some ability and imagination. Perhaps her finest contribution was to introduce to a whole new, English-speaking audience the lyrics of Berthold Brecht and the music of Kurt Weill; the music of the *Three-penny Opera* and *Mack the Knife*. Many of these songs have become jazz standards - *September Song*, *It Never Was Anywhere You* - but what Georgia Brown did was to remind listeners of their roots, in the fascination of modern European composers like Weill and Hans Eisler with the African-American music of the interwar years. She will be missed.

...AND ASTOR

The man who invented the modern tango, Astor Piazzolla, died in Buenos Aires in June aged 71. Tango music was born among Argentina's poor and dispossessed in the 1880s. Like jazz, it was dismissed as the music of bars and brothels. But classically-trained Piazzolla, a virtuoso on the bandoneon (a cross between an accordion and a concertina) updated and revived the sound in the mid-1950s, introducing innovations like counterpoint to the music. In the 1960s his work was criticised by Argentina's military dictatorship for being too avant-garde.

"All the radio stations of Buenos Aires," he said, "called me a clown, and said my music was 'paranoid.' And they made me popular."

In 1986, Piazzolla's music formed the score of the hit Broadway musical, *Tango Argentina*.

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ORIGINAL, eccentric and intriguing are all appropriate descriptions of Don Cherry and his music.

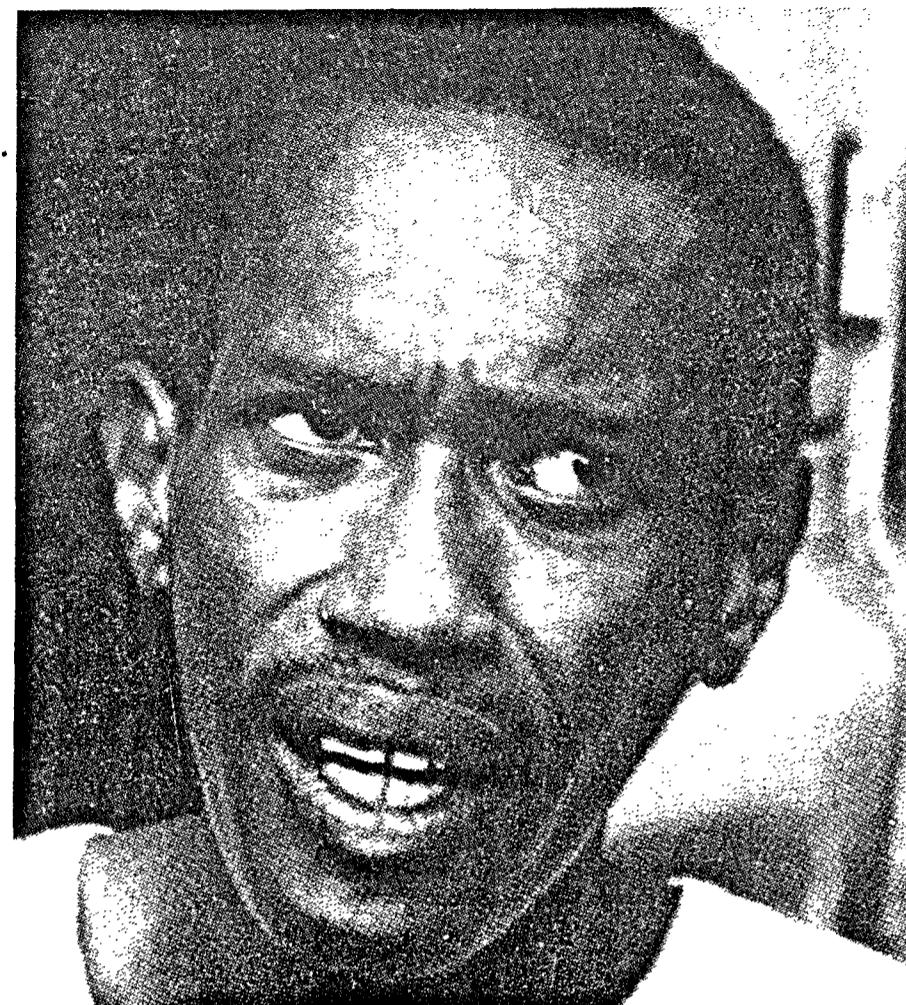
I can recall quite vividly, the first time I was exposed to Cherry's music. That was some nine years ago, when Cherry had begun his exploration of the "world music" concept.

I was driving down the notorious, and sometimes spooky, Malagwane Hill in Swaziland one night after the witching hour with not a single other soul or car on the road, listening to a tape borrowed from a friend earlier that evening.

The recording began with an arrangement of an overlay of haunting voices followed by a piercing pocket trumpet solo. Listening to that music, in that setting, gave me huge goose pimples. I'm not a student of reincarnation, but at that moment, I felt as though I had been at that precise spot before, listening to that same eerie music.

The next day, I hurriedly called my friend to find out who was the weird musician responsible for the disarming sensation I had felt the night before. He told me that the album was *Codona 3*, the composition *Traya Bona*, and the trio of artists Colin Walcott (on tabla, sitar, sanza, timpani and voice), Nana Vasconcelos (berimbau, talking drum, percussion, voice) and Don Cherry on pocket trumpet, doussn'gouni and voice.

Since that experience, I've taken a very keen interest in Don Cherry's musical career. He is certainly one of those artists who have reached a particular level of serenity - spiritually, musically and philo-



sophically. There seems to be total harmony between his way of life and his music - both of them displaying a marked originality. The music, he calls "primal music," and he describes himself as a world musician, drawing on a wide variety of sources including Asian, African and Arabic/Turkish music.

So why am I writing about this "world music" as if it was in fact jazz? I believe it is. Cherry doesn't merely rely on standard bop melodic structures for his improvisa-

tions - he utilises tone quality and space as opposed to speed. In that, he resembles the late Miles Davis. The compositions dispense with accompanying chords or fixed song forms. Like most non-Western musics the tunes have a cyclic arrangement with endless melodies.

When Cherry plays European club gigs, his wife Moti prepares the environment with incense and tapestries - another instance of his philosophical conviction that music and the environment are inex-

tricably entwined. If the two are properly integrated, the impact of the music is far greater than normal. It's an approach which makes sense. Think of a movie with a superbly evocative soundtrack. The sounds combine with the visual images to conjure up in the imagination other sensory aspects of the scene, such as scents. It is this activation of all the senses which Don Cherry constantly strives to achieve through his compositions.

Cherry began his jazz career in 1956 with Ornette Coleman who is regarded as the father of free (avante-garde) jazz. By the '60s, Cherry was wandering the world studying musical cultures from Brazil to Tibet. He settled on an organic farm in Sweden in the late 70s. The *Codona* album - one of three - comes out of his most productive period, when he worked with Walcott and Vasconcelos.

Ironically, my other favourite lyrical hornman, Miles Davis, had very little appreciation for Cherry's music. As he explained: "I didn't like what they were playing, especially Don Cherry on that little horn he had. It just looked to me like he was playing a lot of notes and looking real serious and people went for that because people will go for anything they don't understand if it's got enough hype. They want to be hip, so they go along on the new thing so they don't look unhip."

But for all Miles' genius, music would be boring if everyone sounded alike. At the very least, Cherry is a profoundly creative original, and his contribution stems from his role as a stylist of a different kind. ☺

MILES THOUGHT THAT ALL HE DID WAS
"PLAY A LOT OF NOTES AND LOOK SERIOUS".
BUT FOR PHUTHUMA NHLEKO, DON CHERRY IS

A DIFFERENT KIND OF STYLIST

FRANK LEEPA, FOUNDING SPIRIT OF SANKOMOTA, IS A SELF-EFFACING FELLOW, WITH A MUCH LOWER PROFILE THAN THE BAND. WHILE HE WAS IN JO'BURG THIS MONTH FOR HIS OWN MARKET THEATRE SHOW, TEBOGO NALEDI GOT HIM ...

FRANKLY SPEAKING

WHY a show of your own, Frank? Isn't this confirmation of all the street whispers that Sankomota is finally breaking up?

Frank Leepa doesn't respond well to an aggressive line of questioning, least of all when trying to cram an interview into the nanoseconds between rehearsing, checking some allegedly dodgy wiring on stage and calming directorial fears that his music will intrude on "Death and the Maled" next door.

He hunches down into his black leather jacket. This must be about the nineteenth time he's explained, patiently, that "no, it's not a break-up. One of our members (vocalist Tshepo Tshola) has decided that it's time to work on his solo career for a while. But we're going into the studio to do our next album without him, and it will still be Sankomota."

As for the theatre show, that's to showcase other facets of Leepa's creativity. "Because of the albums, when we appear under the name Sankomota, audiences expect a certain kind of music from us. As Frank Leepa & Friends, we can do other material. I'm working with a bigger band, using original material - my own, and one theme of the late Johnny Dyani's. I've completed the arrangement on that and titled it *Brotherhood of Breath* in tribute to all the late members of that band. The show's going to be different..."

How different? Another self-effacing shrug, "Well, I get to sing with women. And I play less guitar, and jump around... But seriously, people must just come and listen to the music without preconceptions. I don't want to put it in a bag."

"I STARTED playing pennywhistle - actually, I can still play a bit - because of Lemmy "Special". His family had a place next to my school. We used to shoot marbles together. Anyway, at that time my brother was already playing guitar.

"Then at high school there were a bunch of instruments nobody was using. I formed a band, the Falcons, to play at school dances and so on. We were playing all the soul classics - Otis Redding, Wilson Pickett, Aretha, James Brown. Then I quit school to play full-time - mainly in mbaqanga groups, which is where I got the feel for that style.

"Then I met Mathabatha and we formed a band called Uhuru. It didn't work out; some of the guys weren't serious. After Uhuru, I joined a band called the Peacelovers, in Jo'burg. Times were hard, and even though we were too busy hustling for gigs to get involved in politics, that was when I started becoming aware of how we were treated - curfews, laws, the police. I was thinking to myself, 'Shit, so this is how the boers are...'"

"In '75 I went back to Lesotho. That was when I met BJ (Black Jesus, one of the father figures of Lesotho's modern popular music). He was just back from Germany, really on fire with enthusiasm for music. We found we shared the same obsession and he invited me to stay, found me rehearsal space and helped me out a lot. I introduced him to Mathabatha, we pulled other musicians together, scraped up resources from nowhere, and that was how the second Uhuru was born. By that time I was really tuned up politically and



it showed in my lyrics. So when we tried to go and play shows in South Africa, that was when they closed the door in my face.' (The quote is from the lyrics of *Madhouse* from Sankomota's first album).

"In Lesotho we were playing to the same old faces the whole time. The band split: Tshepo got the opportunity to work with Hugh Masekela in Botswana, others married, or came to Jo'burg. I was by myself again. But you know, I had this dream. I wanted to create the ultimate Southern African band of all time. Something like Earth, Wind & Fire, or Traffic - but from here, and playing our music.

"So sitting there thinking - and drinking, because of the frustrations - I decided I had to do something with my life. I went back to Moss, our drummer, we found ourselves a bass player and we started again. We had no name, but from playing weddings and dances around Maseru, we were getting popular.

"SANKOMOTA was a name I'd been playing around with for a while. It came from the stories told by Mathabatha's grandmother. Sankomota is a kind of David-and-Goliath figure in Pedi folklore. It seemed appropriate, somehow.

"We gigged a lot in Lesotho, and cut our first album. We were actually earning, and I could afford to move into a flat with a phone. Then one evening I'd just strolled in from a bar when the phone rang. Some guy, obviously long-distance, said 'I'm Julian Bahula. How would you like to come to London?' I thought: I can't believe this - and I went straight back to the bar!

"There were more phone calls. Tshepo came back from Botswana. It was a time of really intensive composing, arranging and rehearsing, and we all sold our furniture and things to start the first part of our journey.

"But after a whole bunch of travel mix-ups and delays - including getting thrown out of Zimbabwe, because we were broke and only had one-way tickets, and being helped incredibly by Air Swazi - eventually

Julian got us to London.

"It was a strange place. But the gigs went well, and led to work in Germany, where friends and contacts set up our Bush Tea production company, under which we put out the second album, *Now or Never*.

"Although things were still tight at home, we had another successful, British tour in 1987/88. Meanwhile, Gallo had picked up *Now or Never* and finally worked out our entry to South Africa. I think people probably know the story after that..."

Leepa seems exhausted after such an uncharacteristically long speech. But he hasn't forgotten about those hard times in Lesotho - because times haven't changed. "There are still few gigs, few facilities and it's difficult to get instruments. Kids who want to be musicians get only discouragement from their parents." With BJ and some others, Leepa is part of the Sanko Foundation, which aims to teach cultural skills and self-reliance, but he recognises that the problems go deeper than lack of skills training.

"It's about respect and recognition. What would turn the tide would be our own media showcasing our culture, rather than all this international music. That would give communities pride in the people who are making music."

And he might say more, but "Frank, there are guys here waiting to rehearse. How long does an interview take, for God's sake...?" ☺

PAT METHENY
TOLD THE INTERNATIONAL
HERALD TRIBUNE'S MIKE
ZWERIN THAT SINCE MILES LEFT
TOWN, IMPROVISING JUST
ISN'T THE SAME

"THERE'S ALIENATION all around us, we're isolated, the quality of life is deteriorating. Jazz is in the present tense, you play what you felt today, it's not surprising that the music is deteriorating along with everything else."

After basically being on the road for 18 years, Pat Metheny considers "stopping everything, the touring and the music too". He would not have said that a year ago, he's rather surprised to hear himself say it now, and he'll probably feel differently in another year, but for the time being he just keeps trying to remind himself that he can still go to a record store "plop down my bread and take home a Coltrane record. There's some truth left in the grooves." He's looking for "new possibilities somewhere, really different things to do".

Metheny is one of the very few if not the only jazzman - not in name only, a major improviser - who can still fill arenas averaging 4 000 people on a long string of one-nighters. As a guitarist he's second to few, as a bandleader he's had a rock-like sales figures and critical acclaim too.

YOUNG, GIFTED & BLACK

LEAN and lanky, Jimmy Dludlu speaks calmly of guitars off stage. But on stage he becomes a ball of riveting energy, swaying and grimacing as his fingers build forceful rock chords which show the influence of axemen such as Larry Carlton and Lee Ritenour.

A minute later, his face remains calmly impassive as he tenderly resurrects the spirit of Wes Montgomery, or pays homage to Stanley Jordan - when he isn't raising the spirits of Africa with mbaqanga chords.

As a musician who began his career playing at weddings some thirteen years ago, Dludlu bought his first guitar out of hard-earned money from a welding job he held on to, "to pay the rent".

TODAY, the 25-year-old is recognised as one of the "bad pack" of young, energetic and innovative musicians emerging in the country to carve a niche for themselves on a reborn local jazz scene. Other names mentioned in this context are Jo'burg pianist Moss Molekwa and bassist Jimmy Mngwandi, and Durban-based Fana Dlamini. What has made them favourites among jazzophiles and critics alike is the strong traditional inflection in their treatment of the standards.

Dludlu says his playing style draws on marabi, blues, jazz-rock and West African sounds. The last is a residual influence from his years serving a musical apprenticeship under multi-instrumentalist George Lee in Swaziland some six years back.

"WHEN GEORGE (now working from Johannesburg) got to Swaziland he needed a guitarist for the band - Anansi - he was forming. I left my job as a welder - which wasn't too good for my fingers.

"Working with George I became a full-time musician. We'd exercise individually, break for lunch, begin

Last month he raced through Western Europe two-cities-a-day promoting his record *Secret Story* (Geffen). *Secret Story* features strings in addition to the usual hightech electronic programming.

It could be called "difficult easy-listening" music. It has been shuffled with straight ahead jazz albums alongside the best - Ornette Coleman, Charlie Haden, Paul Bley, Jack DeJohnette and Dewey Redman.

"THERE'S A CERTAIN ZONE I operate in which over a period of time has I hope become consistent regardless of setting."

The zone began with a void: "I saw this huge gap in the guitar spectrum between Jim Hall and John McLaughlin waiting to for somebody who could play melodies with a rock fuzz sound, and who would also deal with bebop chord changes. Musicians I admire the most set up an identifiable vibe whatever they play. It's their stamp. That's what I aspire to."

What about accusations of commercialism? "Look, most tracks on my so-called commercial records are like nine minutes long. That doesn't get them played on radio. I'm not stupid. I just present what I hear. If it sells, so much the better. One thing I like about *Secret Story* is that I've never heard a record which deals with this sort of material in that particular way. It's simple, but at the same time not simplistic."

HIS OPTIMISM IS FADING. "We are living in a period where there are very few rewards for originality. If anything, you'll be shunned for it. These are conform-

JIMMY DLUDLU HAS A MAGICAL TOUCH ON THOSE CHORDS. A BEWITCHED TEBOGO ALEXANDER SPOKE TO THE TALENTED YOUNG GUITARIST.



Jimmy Dludlu (centre) with Loading Zone.

again at two with George's music, then from eight onwards we'd record and only go home the following morning when most people were leaving for work... I really miss those times."

It was with Anansi that Dludlu undertook his first tour - to Mozambique and Botswana. "Seeing the big crowds, I panicked at first but later relaxed with the

support of the rest of the band."

FOLLOWING HIS STINT with Lee, the young guitarist was permanently hooked on music. He packed his bag and hit the road, leaving the lush but unproductive borders of Swaziland for Botswana, where he played with various bands.

Here he met another of his musical mentors: Themba Mokoena, who persuaded Dludlu to return to South Africa with him. It was from the still underrated but masterly Mokoena that he learnt his favourite marabi chords - so well, that Dludlu has often been told he sounds "just like Themba".

"Themba's guitar-playing is very melodic. He cries with his guitar. I'd heard marabi guitar before, but it was Themba's chording that touched me."

LIKE SO MANY of this country's jazzmen, Dludlu has resigned himself to prostituting his art to the more lucrative and industry-supported pop scene. He joined the Jo'burg pop group CC Beat for a gig at a city centre disco - "because I needed money for rent."

During this time, with a group of young Jo'burg musos plus an inspired young saxophonist from the Cape, McCoy Mrubata, Dludlu formed a hot jazz/fusion outfit called Brotherhood. When this split, Loading Zone was born.

Loading Zone has been working hard locally and in neighbouring countries. There's even talk of an album in the coming summer. Dludlu is also working on enlarging his own portfolio of compositions, in the hope of a solo recording.

He feels "There are too few jazz venues apart from Kippie's in the area - by playing at places like Kippie's you gain recognition as a musician... you get to express yourself better because of the venue and the people who go there."

Yet he recognises that a musician can't live from clubs alone - they don't pay. "A one-hour festival performance often pays as much as one week at Kippie's." Dludlu is interested in developing his music, and believes sessioning will develop his versatility: "I'd even do a country'n western gig, if only for the exposure."

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SPOTLIGHT ON RADIO ZONKED OUT



BASIL BREAKLEY

Kipple in the 60's

IF IT MEANS getting a break from Americanised black presenters, still-trekking white SABC stations, not to mention the last outpost of the British Empire that 702 has become, then hail the inroads made by the British Broadcasting Corporation to give us different, if not better, radio.

What got this reviewer hooked was a half-hour programme in the *African Perspective* slot: a South African jazz feature called *Zonked Out and Zooted*, written and presented by Max Jarrett.

If they ignored the perplexing title, Jarrett's programme could have been as full of insight for other South Africans, as it was for me. These empty titles seem to be a BBC speciality; their South African promotion of the Africa Service under the label Crucial Radio is meaningless to most South Africans, if not sending negative signals.

We heard Archbishop Trevor Huddleston himself tell how a 'flu epidemic at St Peters High in Rosettenville was the beginning of the Huddleston Jazz Band, which quickly gained popularity as one of the very few places where African musicians at that time had access to instruments.

"One of the sick was a young man named Hugh Masekela, who was about 12 or 13 then," the head of the British Anti-Apartheid Movement told Jarrett. "I

asked him, jokingly, what would make him better, quickly, and he immediately said a trumpet."

Huddleston went on to explain how he borrowed money from friends, and handed the instrument to Masekela, even going as far as persuading a black Salvation Army trumpeter to teach him.

A jewel of the programme was the anecdote about fellow-Huddleston Band member, trombonist Jonas Gwangwa: "He (Gwangwa) wanted a clarinet but didn't know how to express the word so he asked for a trombone."

HUDDLESTON'S was the only interview conducted in London. During a brief two-week South African visit earlier this year, Jarrett also spoke to Cape Town pianist and historian, Vince Kolbe, photographer and former Rosie's manager Rashied Lombard, pianist Merton Barrow, and in Johannesburg to Blythe Mbityana, trombonist and music teacher at the Federated Union of Black Artists.

With these informed insiders Jarrett discussed the influence of returned formerly-exiled musicians like Abdullah Ibrahim, Masekela and Gwangwa, and others; the development of township jazz/mbaqanga, and the blighting effects of apartheid on the music.

On improvisation and the relationship of jazz to South African music, Kolbe used Ibrahim as his discussion point: "Much of his (Abdullah's) compositions are based on ...tunes that were played here for generations, and improvised on," to which he added an international jazz flavour.

Barrow illustrated the tragic-comic effects of apartheid on the black musician. Describing a public performance where one member of the combo belonged to a different "race group", Barrow told Jarrett: "You heard him but couldn't see him: he was standing behind a curtain."

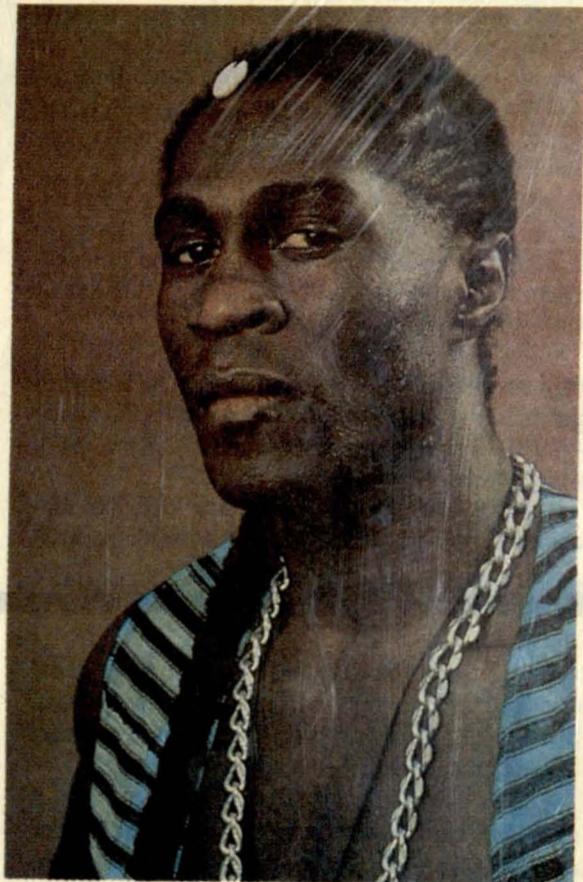
Spliced between the interviews was a representative selection of music: altogether a package which provided insight within a much more refreshing music programme formula than that grimly clung on to by local DJs. It's a pity more people here don't receive BBC.

One could criticise Jarrett for concentrating on the older generation of musicians, and for the regional imbalance of a programme which ignored the Eastern Cape completely.

But he's a stranger on a two-week visit, and the real gripes should be directed at local presenters, who - with honourable exceptions - have over the years stuck to a stereotyped, lethargic concept of what a "jazz" programme should be. There is another way than simply reading the personnel off album covers - and Jarrett showed us what it is.

This reviewer dares local presenters to start focussing on lively interviews and well-written scripts. After all, what's the point of filling whole programmes with recordings, which many jazz listeners own anyway? 

- Tony Petelle



Ramiro Naka

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WORLD MUSIC BY PIETER UYS

SHIFTY Records has done it again, unleashing a shimmering little masterpiece on the world in the form of Vusi Mahlasela's debut album *When You Come Back* (Shift 50). Mahlasela has been compared to martyred Chilean protest singer Victor Jara, and his melodic songs of yearning described as "African Folk". Inevitably he will also be mentioned in the same breath as Robert Wyatt for the political themes of some of his songs. Labels aside, his soulful voice which dips and soars effortlessly from tremulous alto to celestial falsetto is backed by an exquisite mix of guitar, flute, pennywhistle, sax, drums percussion, bass and keyboards to clothe the poetic lyrics in raiments of sonic ecstasy. No wonder Vusi refers to his singing style as "muso-poetry". Since the album forms such cohesive whole it's a bit unfair to single out certain songs, but those that speak to the soul with great immediacy include the title track, *Epitoli*, *Gijimane Masotsha*, *Hello Mams*, *In Solitary Confinement*, and especially the almost supernaturally beautiful *Tonkana* with its

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African veld samples (cattle lowing, etc.). No one who grew up on the African continent will be unmoved by this song. Shifty and Vusi together have created the REAL follow-up to Paul Simon's *Graceland*.

RAMIRO NAKA hails from Guinea Bissau, where he has been involved with groups such as N'Kassa Cobra, Saba Miniamba and Makare; the latter released three albums between 1979 and 1984, bestowing superstar status upon Ramiro. He went solo 2 years later, but it is only now that the world has been blessed by his first solo album *Salvador* (Mango CIDM 1094). Recorded in Paris like most of the best contemporary African music, the album opens with the lambada-like *Tchon Tchomwa* with energetic accordion leading the melody. Guitar takes over on the track *Rabo De Padja*, while *Sulu Demba* with its dense rhythmic patterns and jazzy vocal reminds one - of all people - of Tim Buckley. Latin American, Western and a multitude of African rhythms weave teasingly in and out of the mix - Naka's family moved often during his childhood so he picked up on the musical styles of many regions, including the Mandingo, Coast, Mandjuk and Pular traditions. Further influences were added by his sojourns in Portugal and France. On the track *Nha Indimigo* all of these styles come together in brilliant fusion, creating a dance that rushes through the reeds like an aardvark on amphetamines. ☺

ERRATUM. In last month's piece, a typesetting error had the Middle Eastern instrument known as the Oud described as a flute. The Oud is actually a stringed instrument and is related to the Western Lute. The English word "lute" is derived from the Arabic "Al-Oud".

MUSA NDWANDWE COULDN'T RESIST THE URGE TO JIVE, WHEN HE HEARD UMBONGO AT THE YARD OF ALE.

IT WAS one of those events where a jazz fan has to struggle to keep still.

The music was dished up by the latest prophets of the local jazz idiom - Umbongo. The venue was the Yard of Ale and the event the penultimate concert of the Weekly Mail Jazz Season.

On the surface, there's hardly anything new about Umbongo. Their concept dates back to the days jazz bands started in South Africa. So, too, does the music, concentrating on the compositions of the late Victor Ndaziwane - although a few fresh originals augment their repertoire.

What is new, however, is the verve and intensity with which Umbongo undertakes every musical task. Today's South African jazz scene is bubbling with energy and a fair amount of creativity. But too few bands are trying to work out ways of moving from yesteryear into the future without compromising the values of jazz as a discipline. Umbongo is one band which has succeeded, and as such, is arguably a leader of our new wave jazz activists.

The Yard of Ale show again demonstrated their unique abilities. It takes a heavenly ear to listen to old South African standards without getting tired. Similarly, it takes an exceedingly talented bunch of players

to bring back the shine to those standards decades after they were recorded.

But Umbongo - and particularly their powerful horn section - made it happen. The late Zakes Nkosi must have been smiling in his grave at the audience response to his compositions *Woshi* and *AmaSwati*. Another, but very much alive, veteran, guitarist Allen Kwela, also took the honours with such songs as *Themba Lami*.

For me, the event was summed up by the final number: *Mayibuye*, composed by Umbongo bassist Glenn Mafoko. From its uplifting title and anthem-like effect right down to its infectious rhythm, *Mayibuye* has everything it takes to be a winner and an evergreen - just like the band that plays it. ☺



Roger Khoza: Warming the Winter season

TEBOGO ALEXANDER

TEBOGO ALEXANDER FOUND THE EVENING - AND THE SEASON - TOO SHORT, WHEN HE CAUGHT THE LAST WINTER JAZZ CONCERT, FEATURING THE JONAS GWANGWA BIG BAND.

GWANGWA'S BIG BAND: What a sound! Listening to trombonist Jonas Gwangwa's Soweto Sounds big band was such a revelation. Gwangwa seems shy and introverted, - but wait until he gets on stage. This Yard of Ale Weekly Mail Winter Jazz Season gig was too short; well worth another showing or two. With Gwangwa were drummer Khulu Radebe, bassist Ali Baleng, guitarist Smai Dokoloane, pianist Roger Khoza, and that powerful horn section featuring trumpeters Thabo Molaodi and Reason Moema, trombonists China Pashe, Thembinkosi Magubane, altoists Thami Nxumalo and "Scorpion" Madondo and former Jazz Pioneer tenorman Tim Ndaba. Trumpeter Prince Lengoasa guested on one tune. ☺

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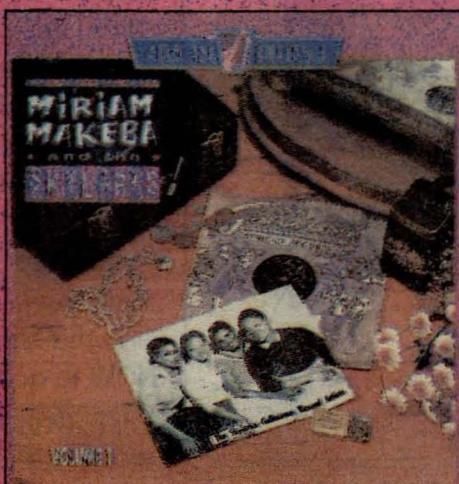
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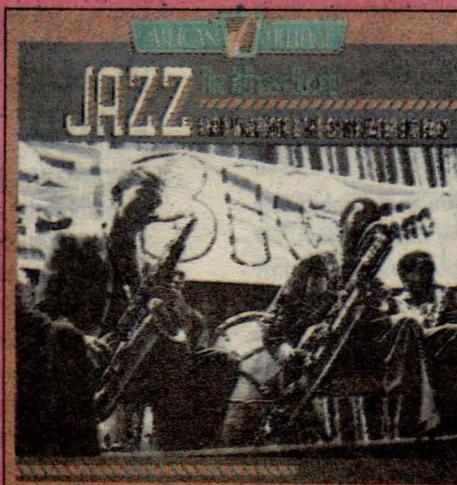
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VOETGANGERS spat bevrees uitmekaar wanneer 'n rooi gevær met skreeuende bande om die hoek kom, die plastiekgeraatetjie aan die truspieël wildswaiend. "Terminator", lui die inskripsie op die agterdeur. En dit is ook hoe die meeste bestuurders in Johannesburg en elders die minibus-taxi's sien: Terminators.

Tog is dié bussies een van die vinnigste en goedkoopste maniere om van een plek na 'n ander te kom. Om van Newtown in Johannesburg tot by die Baragwanath-hospitaal in die buitewyke van Soweto te kom, kos jou R1,60. In 'n gewone taxi kan dié entjie jou R35 uit die sak jaag.

Dis maklik om 'n minibus-taxi te haal. Gaan jy na 'n taxi-staanplek, is daar taxi-marshalls by wie jy kan hoor watter taxi's waarheen gaan. Anders as met busse, is die taxi-roetes nie vas neergelê nie. Slegs die eindbestemming van die taxi is vooraf bepaal, maar op pad daarheen word die bestuurder deur die passasiers beheer. Jy kan dus afgelaai word presies waar jy wil wees, hulle is heeltemal bereid om 'n draai te ry vir een passasier.

Om 'n taxi langs die pad te haal moet jy

die basiese handtekens ken: om in te gaan stad toe, wys jy met jou wysvinger opwaarts; indien jy in die onmiddellike omgewing vervoer wil word, duj jy dit aan deur afwaarts te wys. Daar is ook handtekens vir bepaalde gebiede - om byvoorbeeld na Orange Farm in Soweto te gaan, maak jy 'n sirkel met jou middelvinger en duim om 'n "lemoen" aan te dui.

MAAR DAAR IS meer aan taxi-ry as net dit. Die taxi-staanplekke het 'n eiesortige kultuur. Jong seuns loop fluitend rond en probeer bo die geroesemoes van stemme en blêrende musiek Coke en piesangs aan passasiers verkwasel. Talle stalletjies verkoop eniglets van tekkies tot vodka, reukwater tot groente.

Die meeste taxi-bestuurders gebruik die ledige oomblik om hul blink taxi's nóg blinker te vryf. Mens kan jou verkyk aan die dekorasies in dié taxi's: op die dashboard is daar natuurlik die verpligte fluffy-mat-met-goue-plastiek-tissue-box. Aan die truspieëltjies hang ook altyd iets. Groot gunsstelinge is 'n kitsch plastiek-blommemandjie of 'n miniatuur Chinese lampie met rooi tossels.

'n Taxi is ook nie 'n taxi sonder 'n tekkie-plakker

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ZOFVII

WEG MET 'N ZOLA

Zola Budd gaan wél hol by die Olimpiese Spele, maar dis nie die enigste plek nie. Hier in Suid-Afrika vat sy jou ook waar jy wil wees - mits jy die regte handsein gee. Die minibus-taxi's wat die wêreld vol nael, is vinnig en goedkoop - en trakteer jou boonop op musiek in die ry.

CHRISTI VAN DER WESTHUIZEN en LUCKY KHUZWAYO ry 'n bietjie rond



Al op 'n Vrydag of Saterdag na **VryeWeekblad** gaan soek net om te hoor dit is uitverkoop? **Hier is die oplossing:** Laat dit elke Vrydagoggend op jou voorstoep aflewer.

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DIE LY-MOTIEWE VAN 'N KNORRIGE REISIGER

Die Sowjet-toilet neem 'n sentrale posisie in Barend Toerien se *Augustus in Moskou* in: teken van verwaarloosiging, agteruitgang en veel meer. Dit troon bo Toerien se reisverslag uit as *leitmotiv* van 'n boek waarin die ouer as 't ware deur 'n toiletbril na die wêreld kyk, sê **LIBERTYN**

AS Barend Toerien die Suid-Afrikaanse Minister van Buitelandse Sake was, en as ons 'n bietjie geld oorgehad het om ander lande te help, sou die eerste ontwikkelingshulp aan Rusland gewees het: 'n enorme besending Sanpic, 'n paar miljoen rolle toiletpapier.

Op bladsy 55 van *Augustus in Moskou* (Tafelberg, 1992) sê Toerien dat hy nie langer oor die vuil toilette in die Sowjet-Unie gaan praat nie. Die leser slaak 'n sig van verligting. Maar dit is van korte duur. Twaalf bladsye later deins Toerien opnuut terug voor twee manstoilette in 'n hotel in Wladikawkaz - van "die op-die-hurke-soort, soos jy ook in Kaïro kry". En op die volgende bladsy kyk hy verbyster na vier oorvol gate in die grond: die manstoilet (ons gids spesifieer altyd dat dit 'n "manstoilet" is) aan die voet van die Kazbek-berg se gletsers.

Laasgenoemde gruwel wou Toerien aan sy gasheer Albert Piterski gaan uitwys, maar Albert het gewei. 'n Mens kan aanneem dat Albert reeds vóór die Afrikaanse digter se besoek besef het dat die kommunisme 'n onhigiëniese stelsel is.

DIE SOWJET-TOILET neem 'n sentrale posisie in *Augustus in Moskou* in: teken van verwaarloosiging, agteruitgang en veel meer. Dit troon bo Toerien se reisverslag uit as *leitmotiv* van 'n boek waarin die ouer as 't ware deur 'n toiletbril na die wêreld kyk.

Toerien sê nêrens of hy sy reis in die voormalige Sowjet-Unie geniet het nie, maar die gesamentlike effek van al die ellendes is dié van iemand wat deur die vagevuur van 'n verkrummelende stelsel gaan. Elke keer dieselfde beproeing, dieselfde irritasie, die ly-motiewe van 'n knorrige reisiger.

Augustus in Moskou is daarom slegs op die oog af 'n onsamehangende en anekdotiese geskrif (omtrek die helfte van party dagboekinskrywings is in parentese). Op byna elke bladsy van Toerien se aantekeninge heen is daar 'n verwysing na die alomteenwoordige toilette, bedroewende eetplekke, geboue-sonder-ingange en honderde ander voorbeeld van slordigheid en afskeep. Dit bou langamerhand op tot 'n klimaks in die Kaukasiese gebergte, waar Toerien gek raak na arak en hom aan 'n litanie van klages oorgee.

Dis veral die verwaarloosiging van die spysverteringskanaal wat 'n merkwaardige blik-van-binne, vanuit 'n leë maag, op die ellendes van die Sowjet-samelewing oplewer: "Vol" restaurante waar jy die leë tafels oor die *maitre d'* se skouer kan sien, klam tafeldoekie wat deur die gaste gestryk word, die glas Pepsi wat by elke maaltyd ongevraag opdaag is maar net 'n paar van die irritasies.

IN SY DESPERATE soek na eetplekke is Toerien 'n ongewone reisgids. Hy is soos 'n ruimtereisiger wat die maan besoek het en dan die heeltyd vertel van 'n klippie wat hy nie uit sy skoen kon kry nie. Die mislukte staatsgreep teen Gorbatsjof is in die boek slegs 'n *side-show*.

Op Sondag 11 Augustus 1991 was Barend Toerien in die Sowjet-hoofstad. Vroegoggend skakel hy Radio Moskou aan vir die nuusberigte waarna hy nooit luister nie. Toevallig hoor hy 'n aankondiging oor 'n uitstalling van die skilder Roerich. (Dit was voor hy saam met die Yeltsin-ondersteuners "Vrystaat" geskree het.)

Wie was Roerich? Toerien meen iets te onthou van "swoel pers, skarlaken, swart doeke", van die Ballets Russes - of was dit dalk Bakst? 'n Vermaakkheidsgids is in Moskou nie beskikbaar nie, en dus begewe Toerien hom maar op 'n bustoer deur die stad: 'n aktiwiteit wat hy intens haat, 'n teistering.

So sleur Sondag 11 Augustus voort, op pad na die klam tafeldoekie en Pepsi, en uiteindelik 'n opelugkafee in die motreën - met Pepsi en mineraalwater as enigste versnapering. By die uitgang: 'n mak apie aan 'n ketting met wie jy jou laat afneem.

En Roerich? Reg aan die einde, op pad na die lughawe, sien Toerien die plek waar die uitstalling plaasvind, maar dan is dit te laat. Roerich se uitstalling het hy nie gesien nie, oor Roerich self vertel hy ons niks nie.

EN SO, OP BLADSY 59-60, stel hy 'n aantal vrae oor die verering van St Georg. "Ek moet tog nagaan hoe hierdie Georg vereer word van Brittanje tot in die Kaukasus." Maar nagaan gaan hy dit nie: ons hoor in die verbygaan van iets wat hom interesseer of geinteresseer het op 'n bepaalde dag, vir vyf minute, en daarnee uit.

Miskien kan 'n mens nie meer verwag van 'n besoeker aan die Hermitage in Leningrad, wat in sy een paragraaf oor die museum veral verwys na die skilderye wat hy vroeër reeds in die Metropolitan in New York gesien het nie. Toerien onthou nie wat hy gesien het nie; hy sien wat hy onthou. Hy sien die bome wat ook in Amerika en Wes-Europa groei.

Dit laat my vermoed dat Toerien ten spyte van sy afsku in die Sowjet-smérigheid tydens sy tog self 'n kommunis geword het. Iemand wat nie die grasperk sny nie en by sy stalletjie 'n bordjie kom oprig wat sê: *Zakrito*. Gesluit.

agterop nie. Die slagspreuke op dié plakkers kan jou nogal laat kopkrap: "Lahla Umlenze" beteken letterlik "Throw your leg" terwyl "Pho indaba ka Bani" "So whose business is that?" beteken.

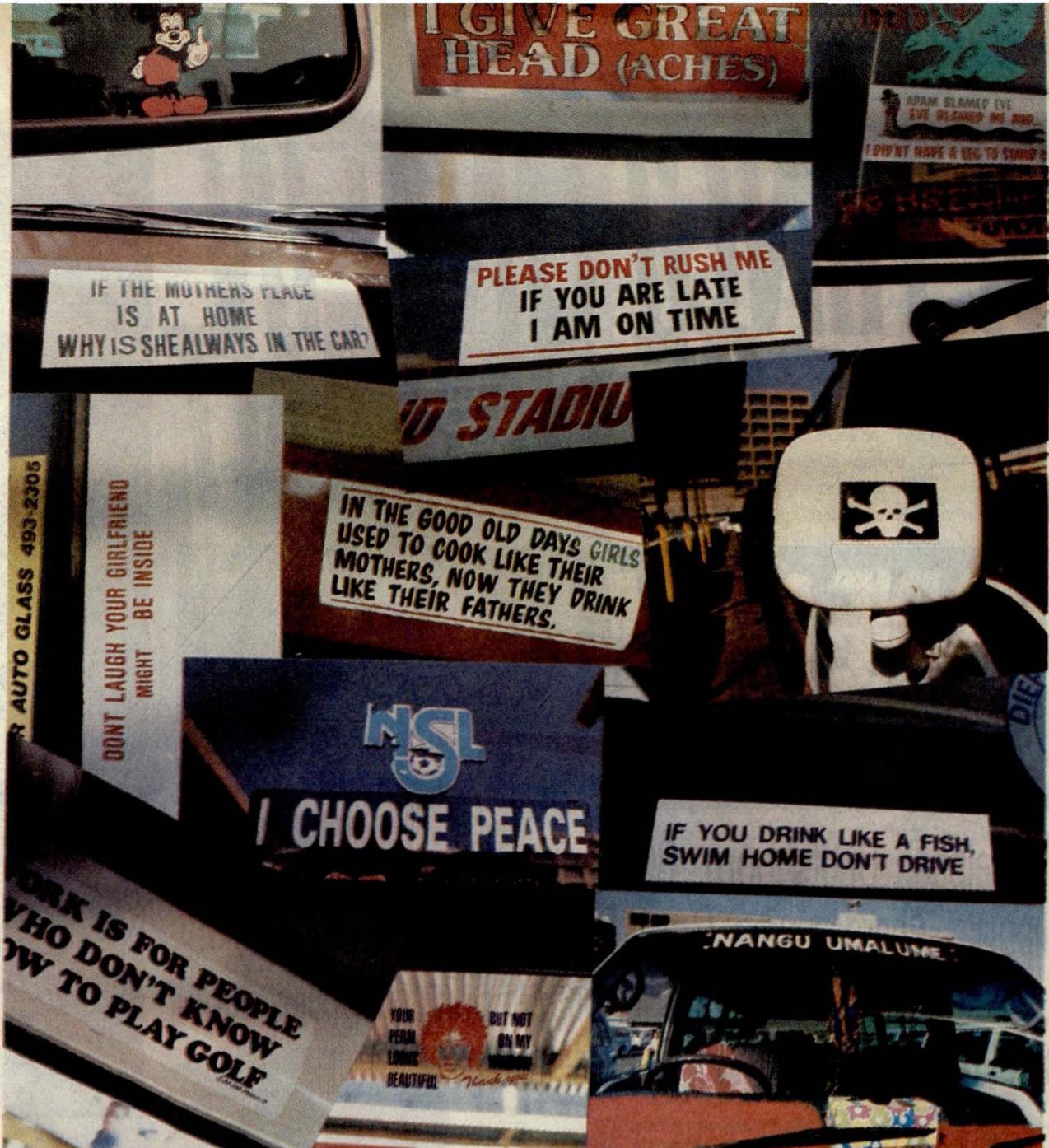
Een taxi het 'n effens minder duister inskrispie op die vooruit: "Nangu Umalume" - "Here comes the uncle". 'n Ander het 'n versugting wat die meeste mense in dié land deel: "Ukuthula Bakithi" - "Peace please". En natuurlik die onvermydelike Engelse cliché: "Home Sweet Home".

Sokkerliefhebbers en Jesus-freaks is ook algemeen. Orlando Pirates het die meeste aanhangers: "Mighty Bucs"-plakkers versier menige taxi. Dan is daar die "Born Again"-plakker - kompleet met 'n silwer kruis en sonbestraalde wit wolkies...

Daar is ook 'n duidelike voorkeur vir Engelse plakkers met een of ander swak gespelde kwinkslag op: "Don't laugh, your girlfriend might be inside" - of die seksistiese "waarheid": "A beautiful woman is a subtraction of money, addition of troubles, multiplication of enemies, division of friendship and misunderstanding between relatives."

Hoewel Star Music spesiaal kassette vir taxi's uitgee, verkiees sommige bestuurders hul eie musiek. Een bestuurder sê mense is altyd spesiaal op die uitkyk na sy taxi want hy speel musiek wat by die dag pas: gewyde musiek vir Sondae, blues vir Maandae en so aan.

Van die taxi's het die obskuurste name denkbaar - soos "Boy George". Een heet "Ten to Seven" - dis hoe laat die bestuurder huis toe gaan, sê hy. "Early Rose" is 'n ander een. Die bestuurder verklaar dit só: "We rose early to get all the customers..."



if it hoots, there's a place for you

THE minibus taxis - popularly known as "Zola Budds" - which are predominantly run by blacks, constitute one of the biggest industries in the country. They are fast, convenient, comparatively cheap and operate from dawn to dusk.

As early as 4am some workers are already waiting in the township streets for these minibuses to ferry them to their various places of work. The continuous hooting signals that there is still room aboard.

While some drivers go home very late at night, most taxi-drivers knock off at 7pm.

The passengers use hand-gestures to show the drivers where they want to go to.

The taxis are adorned with three kinds of stickers: informative stickers, which caution passengers about the regulations inside the taxi; stickers which explain the routes which followed by taxis which belong to a particular association; and stickers which are merely meant to raise a laugh.

"THE BUSIEST TIMES are in the morning and afternoon," says Joshua Langa, one of the drivers who operates from Orlando to the Bree Street taxi rank.

"Mondays, Fridays and Saturdays are the busiest

days. On a busy day I can speak in terms of thirty loads per day. But during the rest of the week we starve. Maybe we struggle to make even ten loads."

The routes are also a source of conflict, says Langa, because some routes are busier than others.

"Yes, it happens a lot that we fight for routes," says one taxi-driver.

Most white people still shun the minibus taxis and only a few have so far started to use them.

VARIOUS TAXI ASSOCIATIONS belong to the mother body, the South African Black Taxi Association (SABTA): The Diepkloof Taxi Association, Baragwanath Taxi Association, ARMSTA (shorten for Alexandra, Randburg, Midrand, Sandton Taxi Association), to mention a few.

About 48 000 taxi owners belong to SABTA. Many of them own several taxi's.

To join a taxi association, says Langa, costs at least R1 000.

"Drivers are paid on a weekly basis," he says. "Some of us get paid on Fridays, others on Mondays. Obviously our salaries vary a lot."

Taximen use their own jargon among themselves. "To bump", for instance, means to drive from the township to town with only a few or no passengers.

Most taxi drivers are skillful. The passenger seated in the front seat next to the driver helps the driver by receiving money from the passengers seated behind.

But the driver will also act as cashier changing money while he's driving. A driver thus also needs to be quite an adept juggler - counting out change, concentrating on the road to avoid a collision, listening to the passengers who will order him to stop anywhere that they wish to get off...

Music provides a calming background for all the activity - in fact, music is an integral part of the taxi. Passengers tend to be choosy over which taxi they take and prefer a taxi with music. Next on their list of priorities is tidiness, so you will find many taxis well cared for and highly maintained - from the tyres to the engine. Some drivers even spray the inside of their taxi with scent.

"A taxi without music is boring," says one driver. "Music entertains the passengers. It makes a ride enjoyable. A driver himself does not fall asleep while on the wheel. We play all sorts of music."

"Passengers like my taxi. Even if I am absent, they will look for mine."

"While many passengers are in favour of music, others complain that we are noisy," says another driver. "That's because some taxi drivers play their music so loud, it deafens the ears."

SPRINGFONTEIN SE OLIFANT EN DIE KAAL MAN

Mosselbaai, Oudtshoorn, Blossoms, Vondeling en Antonie. Klipplaat, Aberdeenweg, Graaff Reinet, Nieupoort, Norvalspont, Springfontein. En dan Bethulie, Sterkstroom, Amabele, Berlin, Oos-Londen. PEARLIE JOUBERT se reis gaan aan

'n Kind in die vroeoggoggend op Cathcart-stasie

'N MENS klim nie vroeg op 'n Sondagoggend in die winter van die trein af op Springfontein-stasie, in die Suid-Vrystaat, omdat jy wil nie. Jy klim daar af omdat die trein daar stop. Fullstop.

Die trein vanaf Mosselbaai na Springfontein vertrek vroeg op 'n mistige blou Saterdagoggend. Aan die een kant lê die see, aan die anderkant die Outeniekwas en langs die kante van die treinspoor, grondpaaie wat verdwyn agter groen heuwels. Die kondukteur is nie vandag lus vir skoonheid nie - hy's gat vol omdat hy vyf dae laas by die huis was. Dié trein het ook nie 'n name with a ring to it nie - sommer net die "Mosselbaai" en "hardloop Hartenbos, Klein- en Groot-Brakrivier, George en so aan".

By George verander alles. Die dagjollers wat George toe gekom het vir Pick 'n Pay se Grōot Besparings klim af en dies wat Johannesburg toe gaan, klim op met koffers vol bagasie. Die trein raak leér en die kondukteur se hoofpyn erger. Maar eintlik is dit die landskap wat verander - drie tonnels later staan volstruise, met bloedrooi hakskene, in kurkdroë veld langs die spoor.

En die magic begin.

Die pad tussen Oudtshoorn en Klipplaat loop tussen die voete van die Groot Swartberge en die Kammanassieberge, oor die Olifantsrivier, érens verby De Rust en Uniondale, die R407 na Klaarstroom en stop vir 'n paar minute by stasietjies soos Blossoms, Vondeling en Antonie. By dié stasies staan kinders en waai vir die trein en verpes die paar wit passasiers vir geld. Die kondukteur - steeds moerig - waarsku dat mens jou treinvensters toe moet hou "omdat die kinders jou goed deur die venster steel".

DIE LANDSKAP IS eindeloos verlate en droog. Op Antonie (dit word nie op 'n landkaart aangedui nie) net voor Willowmore, begin die son sak. 'n Ma gee

haar kind deur die venster vir 'n ouma aan. Die kondukteur kom vra my om die sonsak af te neem. En net voor dit heeltemal donker is, kan 'n mens jou verbeel, sien jy die Baviaanskloofberge tussen Perdepoort en Ghwarrieport, en is die lig doer anderkant 'n plaashuis naby Volstruisleegte?

Tussen Willowmore en Klipplaat gaan eet die handjievol witmense in die etewa-sop, vis-voorgeregt, hoender, geelrys, gebraaide aartappels, wortels, koshuis-poeding, en goudgeel vla. Die swartmense in tweede- en derdeklas koop nog 'n laaste ronde Black Labels, slaptjips en koue hamburgers.

Dan is dit donker. Pikstikswart. Deur Aberdeenweg, waar 'n vaak beddegoedman jou bed kom opmaak, Graaff Reinet en Bethesdaweg waar dit te koud is om die venster oop te maak en uit te kyk. Tussen Middelburg, Rosmead, Nieupoort en Colesberg is niemand wakker nie. Ook nie die een moerige kondukteur nie. Net voor Norvalspont bring die man met die penskafee flou, wit R1,20-friscokoffie vir almal... En dan kom die son op en die trein stop op Springfontein.

Die kondukteur kom vra of ek "doodseker" is ek wil hiér afklim en verduidelik dan oor die drie spoorlyne na die hotel se groot wit dak wat langs die Shell-garage uitsteek.

SPRINGFONTEIN IS DIE groot aansluitingpunt tussen die Mosselbaai-, Algoa- en Amatola-treinroetes. Mens klim nie op of af op Springfontein nie. Die hoteleienaars, wat nie Sondagmiddagtes bedien nie "omdat dit ons rusdag" is, is stomgeslaan toe ek van die stasie af aangestap kom. 'n Hotelwerker kom waarsku dat die enigste kafee op die dorp om 12 uur - "na kerk" - toemaak, en die enigste ander lewende siel in Springfontein se stil stofstrate, is 'n seuntjie van die Sub-B-klas wat die Hoëskool Trompsburg se

basaar-uitnodigings in die sowat dertig huise se posbusse druk.

Die uitnodiging: "U kan enigiets verkoop behalwe eetware wat deur die skool self verkoop sal word. Al wat ons van u vra is een tiende van u verkoop vir die skool."

Die seuntjie: "En tannie moet asseblief kom, anders gaan hulle ons skool ook moet toemaak."

DAAR IS WEL 'n goeie rede hoekom mense gerus maar op Springfontein kan oornag. As jy in Knysna was en nie die laaste olifant rondom Diepwalle opgespoor het nie, kan jy na die olifant teen die Springfontein Hotel se eetkamer se muur gaan kyk. Die eienaar sê hulle het dié olierverf in Pretoria langs die pad gekoop.

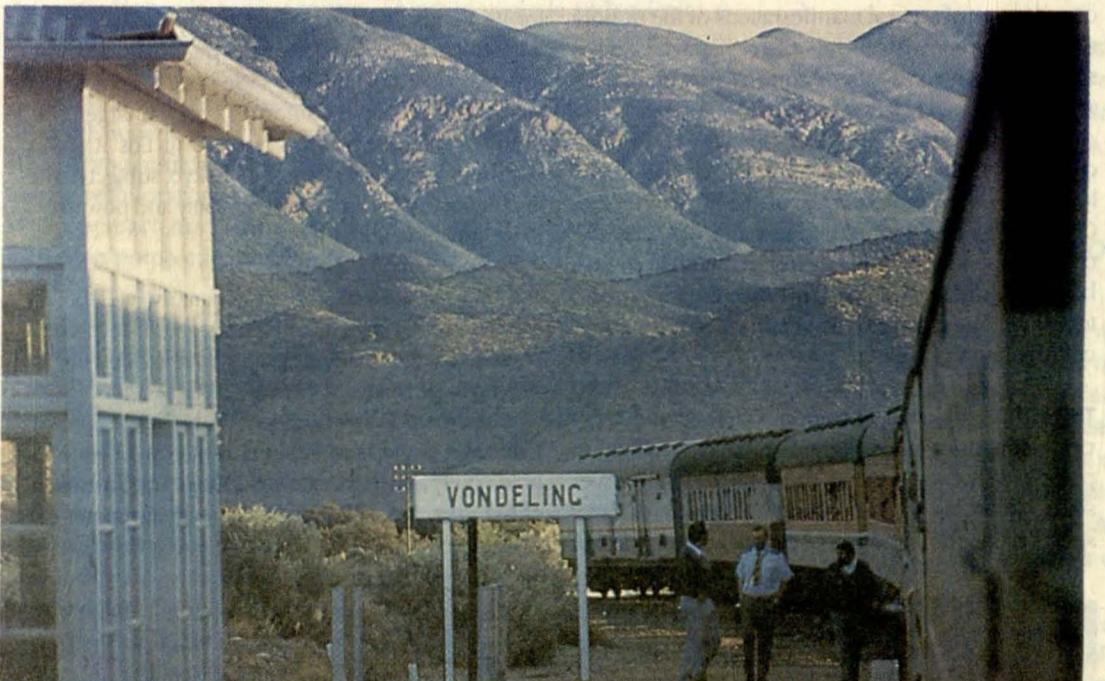
Die twee werkers by die hotel, Rosie en Paulina, "miesies" selfs die paar maande oue haba... Rosie sê Springfontein is die "platteland" en hulle mag nie op die stoelie in die sitkamer sit om TV te kyk nie.

Die eienaar wys die aand vir my waar om die TV, in 'n enorme leë en yskoue sitkamer, aan en af te sit en vra dat ek die voordeur sluit as ek een uur die volgendeoggend weer stasie toe gaan om die trein te vang.

DIE AMATOLA-TREIN tussen Johannesburg en Oos-Londen trek net na middernag by Springfontein in. Langs die perron het iemand 'n vuur in 'n drom gemaak. Die kaartjieverkoper, met dikgeslaapde oë, bedui dat ek nie saam met die swartmense in dieselfde ry mag staan nie. Daar was nie 'n wit ry nie omdat witmense nie daar op en af klim nie. Ek gaan staan toe maar in sy kantoor. Toe weier hy eers om 'n tweedeklasartaartje aan my te verkoop - "witmense ry eersteklas en dis dit" - maar gee tog later in.

By die wä gekom, was die kondukteur weg en die





BO: Antonie in die sonsak en die stasiegebou

MIDDEL: Vondeling-stasie, die kondukteur en sy buddies

LINKS: Springfontein op 'n Sondagmiddag

koepee gesluit. Ek staan toe in die gangetjie vir die kondukteur en wag. 'n Polisieman met 'n groot geweer stap op en af op die perron. Twee koepees verder in die gang af gaan 'n deur oop en 'n poedelnaakte man loer uit. (Die kondukteur het later vertel dat dit buite so vyf grade onder die vriespunt was.)

"Wat's jou storie," vra die kaal man.

Ek probeer wegkyk. Sê iets soos nie meneer, ek't nie 'n storie nie, ek wag maar net vir die kondukteur om die koepee se deur te kom oopsluit. Hy verdwyn terug in sy kompartement. "Not a problem," sê hy sekondes later toe hy weer uitkom. Dié keer - nog steeds kaalgat - met 'n enorme jagmes en 'n staalvurk in sy hand kom hy in die gangetjie afgestap, buk vorentoe en werskaf met die vurk en mes in die deurslot van die koepee. Klieks! en die deur gaan oop, hy vat my rugtas en smyt dit op die bank neer, draai om, maak sy mes toe en stap weg. "Koetnaat," sê hy. Ek antwoord nie terug nie.

SESUUR DIE OGGEND, net nadat die trein uit Queenstown weg is, maak die kondukteur my wakker "om bietjie te kom praat". Hy kry koffie en vertel hoe hy "weer gisteraand 'n klomp houtkoppe" gevang het wat op die trein wegkruip. By die volgende stasie oorhandig hy hulle aan die polisie - tensy hulle 'n kaartjie kan koop. Hy vertel hoe "verbeteringskoolkinders" wegloop van die skool af en op dié treine wegkruip. "En dan kry ons daai meisiekinders en dan huil ek altyd, maar doen maar my job en gee hulle ook vir die polisie om terug skool toe te neem."

Met vaderlike tug insystem, vertel die kondukteur van die army-ouens wat treinry. Hy hou niks van ons manne in bruin nie: "Hulle klim altyd op die treine en dan soek hulle sommer enige vrou wat alleen reis. Maar hulle hou veral van die jonges. Dan is dit nie lank nie of hulle het daai girl in hul kompartement. Ek probeer die meisiekinders altyd voor die tyd waarsku om nie saam met die army-mans te begin bier drink nie. Maar vrouens luister mos nooit," vertel hy. "Nou ja," sê hy, "dan weet jy seker wat alles gebeur as hulle eers daar is."

QUEENSTOWN IS DIE ENIGSTE stasie wat ek ken waar die stasiemeester oor 'n mikrofoon skree waarheen die trein op pad is en dat almal nou moet inklim. (Hoekom die man nog 'n luidspreker nodig het, weet die vader alleen.)

Tussen Queenstown en Cathcart kom die son skoud tussen derduisende aalwyne, klipperige koppe en heuwels op. Anderkant Thomas Rivier-stasie (waar die trein nie stop nie) staan 'n klein seuntjie in die middel van niks en nêrens tussen die kaktusse in die ysige vroegoggend en waai vir die trein...

DIE LANDSKAP, SO 'N UUR voordat 'n mens by Oos-Londen intrek, verander skielik. So tussen die Stormberge en Winterberge (en dalk die voeteneindes van die Katberge) loop alles inmekaar - grasland en klipland wat nie so droog is soos die wêreld daar rondom Graaff-Reinet nie. Met baie heuwels en in die verte hoë blou berge. Dan die Oos-Londen-omgewing vol plante en vaalgroen, ruie heuwels.

Op die kop vyf oortien die oggend sien 'n mens vir die eerste maal die see uit die treinvenster. "Suid-Afrika se hart lê in die Oos-Kaap," sê die kondukteur net voor die trein by die stasie intrek.

Ek wou nog vra wat hy bedoel, maar daar is nie tyd nie. Hy steek sy een been by die deur uit, en terwyl die trein nog beweeg, spring hy af. Alle kondukteurs doen dit, en dié een doen nie anders nie.

LA

- between sunshine and *

NOIR

CITY OF QUARTZ

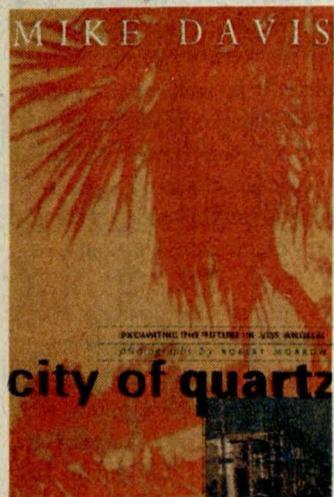
Excavating the Future in Los Angeles

By Mike Davis

Photographs by Robert Morrow

Vintage, 1990

MARK BEARE



THE recent riots in South Central Los Angeles have created a new awareness of the fragile nature of the social contract in this most American of cities, an awareness heightened in South Africa by the mass media coverage which dominated both newspapers and TV, drawing the heavily implicit message that others too suffer from the dynamic of racial tension.

Traditionally cities serve as the unstated context of the story, their role barely sketched as a participant of the drama. Mike Davis, whose incisive piece on the riots ran in VWB some two months ago, is an Angeleno by adoption who has attempted to capture the soul of his home town, to place LA for once at the centre of the action. *City of Quartz*, written in 1990 and only available here on request, is a veritable *tour de force*, pulling together diverse strands of the LA experience and contextualising them in the psychic and geographical contours of the city.

To understand the city at all, a city which is more envisioned than planned, perceptible more through its mythmakers than its neighbourhoods, one looks first to its origins. Here Davis identifies a critical difference: "Unlike other American cities that maximised their comparative advantage as crossroads, capitals, seaports or manufacturing centers, Los Angeles was first and above all the creature of real estate capitalism: the culminating speculation...of generations of boosters and promoters who had subdivided and sold the West."

REAL ESTATE BARONS, dominated by General Harrison Otis, contracted a slew of writers who created the myth of LA, a blending of a fictionalised romantic Spanish past, a fine climate, a political conservatism and a thinly veiled racism. This myth-making function, carried out by a group Davis defines as Boosters, added a critical element of poetry to the Machiavellian real estate speculation and led to the rapid rise of population, income and consumption structures wildly disproportionate to the city's minimal productive base and infrastructure.

Following on the Booster period is the phenomenon of noir, in books and films, in the 1940s and 1950s. As Davis notes: "Virtually alone among big American cities Los Angeles still lacks a scholarly municipal history... Los Angeles understands its past, instead, through a robust fiction called noir."

Film noir drew on the bizarre construction of a primarily middle class LA, embittered and crazed as a result of the Depression, to produce classics like *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, *Double Indemnity* and *Mildred Pierce*.

"Noir," says Davis, "was like a transformational grammar turning each charming ingredient of the boosters' arcadia into a sinister equivalent."

The last phase of the envisioned city coincides with the transformation of LA into a 'world city', the locus of foreign capital turning it into a crucial node in the Pacific rim value chain as well as the last frontier of western civilisation. This trend, dating from the 70s, saw international real estate capital co-opting government in a joint venture to place a cultural superstructure on the city. The siting of galleries, institutes and planning schools ties back to the Boosterism of a previous age, serving to add a cultural lustre to development projects in Los Angeles. The intellectual legitimisation of the city goes hand in hand with an increase in real estate prices, on-site art or galleries acting as value adders to the buildings next to which they sit. The dark side of this absorption of culture is the debilitation of the inner city; it is one of several manifestations of the unholy alliance between city officials and capital which have served to create a hollow centre of powerlessness and poverty in downtown LA.

Davis notes too the development of organic cultures which flail against this inexorable trend, looking to the Communards of the 50s, of whom Ornette Coleman and free jazz stand out, and the current phenomena of rap and graffiti. These are, however, lone voices, condemned to the fringes and too easily co-opted into the system to have a marked cultural impact.

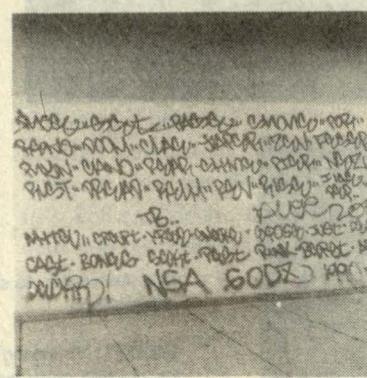
THE NOTION of power in such a widely spread city is intrinsically problematic. Davis is quick to point out that there is 'no there there', that power shifts according to the changing modes of land speculation. The first wave of capital was founded in

out-of-state capital flows after the Second World War - military appropriations which found their way into the web of suppliers in the Los Angeles area. In the 1950s the Westside began to emerge as a power centre, grounded in three key areas of the savings and loan, entertainment and sportswear industries, all predominantly Jewish owned. The two central nodes, Downtown and Westside, remained the critical blocs until the internationalisation of Los Angeles in the 1970s. The fragmentation of the blocs was illusory in that they were both rooted in real estate speculation and had a need for a stabilised land use zoning policy and compliant politicians. Thus an alliance emerged over time wherein the developers of both constituencies blended into one interest group mobilising political support and a concomitant favourable land use dispensation.

The rise of foreign capital completes the mosaic. Japan looks to Southern California as a huge market for its goods and recognised the need for on site infrastructures to process and purchase Japanese exports. This, along with a wide price differential in land, made Southern California a central target. The result of this intervention has led to Los Angeles becoming a colonial outpost of Tokyo, subject to the fluctuations in the Japanese economy and powerless to do anything about it.

THE LOS ANGELES of the 21st century will be an entrepot for large finance houses and hi-tech companies based elsewhere; it will have money but it will have surrendered power.

Another power source in suburban Southern California is the homeowner, protector of "household equity and residential privilege". The 'metroseas' of the area, a seemingly arbitrary development of



Inner-city crossword in the Temple-Beaudry district



The New Commandment. Vermont near Olympic



Vietnam in the streets

the Otis-Chandler dynasty and other syndicates in the early 20th century. It was a power centred on Downtown and that power was to be eroded by the mobility of the automobile; the gridlocked Central Business District was downgraded by the centrifugal possibilities of motor transport which pulled opportunities to the suburban housing estate and out of town shopping centre developers.

Further pressure on the CBD came in the form of

areas and sovereignties, is the direct result of an alliance of homeowner activists and developers, who "plan(ned) postwar racial and class segregation in the 'Leave it to Beaver' suburbs". In order to illustrate this Davis turns to the means by which homeowners could effect their own form of separation. One central example is the "Lakewood Plan", an agreement between the county and the Lakewood area wherein the latter could contract in to essential services at a discounted rate. The Lakewood resi-

3 digters, 4 gedigte

dents, while maintaining their fiefdom over land use zoning, could offer the further incentive of bargain basement services. By contracting out in this way the exclusionary impulses of the more expensive neighbourhoods could be buttressed by a kickback from the county. Of the 82 cities which make up LA county today 30 have exercised the Lakewood option; they boast a black population of less than 1 percent as against the 13 percent of blacks in the county overall. The moral of the story needs little explanation - the wealthy suburbs draw on the resources of the county at cut prices, the latter then finds itself unable to serve the community in the inner city which has a desperate need for public services.

The development of a homeowner interest bloc, fragmented though it is, was an attack on the bastion of real estate capital and debate is ongoing, as LA grapples with scarce natural resources, over growth in the county. Homeowners, keen to retain the value of their equity, propose slow growth strategies while developers, seeking margin from a stream of building opportunities, look to further growth. The loser, as always, the powerless inner city, looks on.

THIS BATTLE OVER SPACE and its use flows through into the realm of the physical definitions of space. The zeitgeist of the 90s, Davis says, will be the policing of social boundaries, through security systems and the closing off of public space. The development of super shopping malls and huge enclosed office structures reflects a "neo-military syntax", spelled out in high surveillance, a lack of street frontages and compartmentalised areas of shopping, working, walking. In its awesome self-referentiality and overt exclusionary message it is "the arch-semiotics of class war." The dark side of this process is the planned alienation of the poor, reflected in the shepherding of bums to Skid Row on Fifth Street, the creation of rounded benches on which it is impossible to sleep and the withholding of toilets and taps in the designated area of the homeless, east of Hill Street.

The control of this venal process lies in the hands of the security establishment, a fusion of labour intensive private security firms and hi tech police surveillance and paramilitary tactics. The demonising of gangs and the war on crack serve as motivators to ensure the LA Police Department has an endless source of funds to upgrade and maintain its fiefdom, its paramilitary needs being admirably catered for by local military industry. Their agenda - to turn a huge tract of Downtown East LA into a de facto penal colony. The emergence of a gang culture, rooted in youth poverty and hopelessness, has been seized upon by Chief Daryl Gates, who institutionalised the search and seizure approach to the key areas, with locations being semi-permanently occupied by the police. This approach has been augmented by a legal strategy reminiscent of common purpose legislation.

A LAW, KNOWN as STEP, was passed in LA in 1988 where membership of a gang was in and of itself classed as a felony. In the small print was the option of prosecuting parents, who did not use due care, for the acts of their children. The barricades which surround South Central LA become more real by the day.

The defined satanic black underclass has its own story, and it is the story of gangs. Most particularly the Crips, an outgrowth of the Black Panther movement of the 1960s. As the LA economy grew more international its manufacturing base, and with it its jobs, moved to other destinations. This was compounded by the attacks of services detailed earlier which have denied the inner city population its recreational space, its cultural outlets and the funds for a decent educational infrastructure.

The Crips have stepped into this wasteland and exploited the underside of the new world economy, the trade in crack cocaine. The new economy demands "flexible accumulation", an ability to control financially a constantly changing network of producers, sellers and markets. In servicing both the rich Westside and the impoverished inner city, in responding to the targeting by the Medellin cartel of LA as a key market, the Crips are entrenching themselves as the traders of tomorrow.

Though *City of Quartz* is a highly learned work - each chapter has more than 100 notes at its conclusion - it reads like a crazed love poem. The story of Los Angeles is so unremittingly bizarre, so wildly dramatic that it is impossible to approach it as an academic field of study. What emerges from a detailed analysis reads more like a cyberpunk novel than a piece of social science research. If Hammett and Chandler were the auteurs of LA municipal history of the 1940s then Mike Davis is its voice as the city faces the 21st century and it is hard to imagine a better one.

twee verse uit 'n gesinsalbum

"Nogtans sal jy aan my gebonde bly" (Uit: *Ma van Elisabeth Eybers*)

ma soufie vertel by die sandrivier:

"Broer Snyders met sy bababrein praat met boomvarings in die kloof voor sy ou moeder hom soggens voer met mensgif voor die stoof.

"Marais het net hier annerkant die miere dopgehou. Sindsdien het die goeie natuur se watervoorsiening geleidelik opgehou.

"Jou Oupa was ook digter van epiese formaat. Slegs in een gedig het dié boer 'n saad van twyfel toegelaat.

"Kyk, langs dié rivier het ek grootgeword en ek hoop my stories sal jou vang. Ek's self onseker oor wat hul beteken, maar hopelik hou hul jou ook aan die gang."

met elke vrou se ang
oor die mooiste onbereikde kuur
elkeen wat slikon spuit
en vetsuigbare sal verduur,

met elke vrou wat huiver
voor sy praat van lief
wat vir heupe skaam
vra lampe af 'seblief,

met elke walging in haar eie lyf se reuk
wat ophou skep, skryf, net smeek,
met elke swart vroue-werker
in die suid-afrikaanse kerker
deur haar geslagte lange skuur
om kak uit meneer en mevrou se broek te puur,

met elkeen wat oor en oor moet hoor
hoe haar poes en pramme mans bekoo
en skuilend in pilare van 'n stoep
frigied, doof en stom, na ongebore kinders roep,
wat bid om nooit 'n dogterte magbaar wat 'n wêrelde uit
deur kantgordyne staar,

met elke slet se oorblyfsels oor my lyf,

met elke vrou
wie
nooit meer kan vergeef
dat dit 'n man is wat hier skryf.
- MARK BEHR

'n Moffie onthou sy verlede

Julle vroeg reeds my vlerke geknip
met die hemel en God se geweld.
Ek weet nou daar is nie 'n Here nie;
net 'n breë swart belt
waarmee ek my drome snags tem
en soos 'n tong laat kruil oor 'n lyf,
of waarmee (as die geluk my nou regtig tref)
ek kan vlieg as die leer oor my skryf.

Soms onthou ek nog 'n storie, Ma
as strome van semen of pis oor my spoel,
maar ek vergeet dit in die stilte
as ek die brand in my piel ophou voel.
Al wat ek nou uit die verlede kan roep
met dié doole taal, is 'n vers
om te sê dankie, en weet julle hoe goddelik
is die helwarm brand in my ners!
- HENDRIK VAN BLERK

park (vir I)

Na die storm
staan die bome
met krone oopgereën.
Elke klank is nat
en blink. Die wind ruik na kroonden
en mos
en jou oksels
na donker veen.

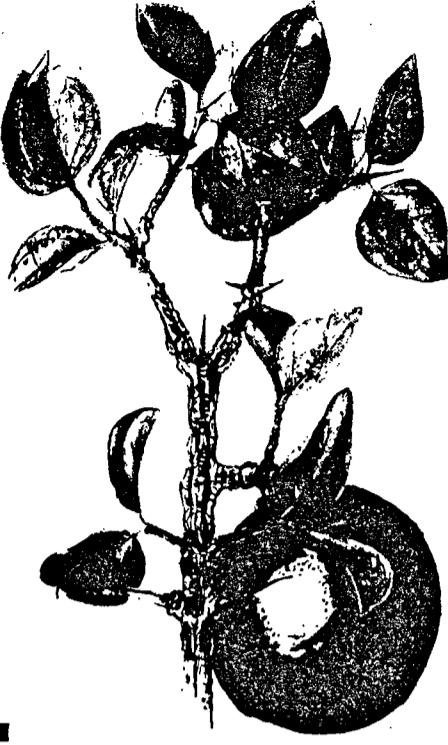
Later was jy
'n nuwe mens
met jou klere
afgestroop
vir ons kennis-
maak, ons tonge verstrengelde
slange.

Vanoggend terwyl jy nog
onskuldig slaap
skuif ek die laken af
en sien die merke
op jou rug
en dink verlore
aan God
se kruiswonde terug.
- JOHANN DE LANGE

met hulle is ek

met elke vrou wat grimeer
soos mans dit sou begeer
wat onvervulvervraai
skuurpapier
om my dubbelerswaard moes draai
om dan die gulsige gesnork aan te hoor
na die naai,
met elke vrou wat bang is
vir loop of praat
wat tussen vrees se voue
in haar eie huis moet slaap,

plant 'n boom



Uit: *Bome & Struik van die Witwatersrand, Magaliesberg & Pilansberg* deur Joan van Gogh & John Anderson

In dié dae, tewyl almal gewere rondswaai en wild skiet, is dit miskien 'n goeie tyd om jouself met 'n klapper te bewapen, in besonder 'n geelklapper (*Strychnos cocculoides*).

Dié kleinerige immergroen boompie van so vier meter hoog met 'n digte, ronde kroon is gehard, kan droogte en ryd weerstaan en kom, onder meer, natuurlik aan die hange van die klipkoppies van die Hoëveld, die Kaprivi, Ovamboland en die noorde van Zimbabwe voor. Dié boom kan maklik uitgeken word aan sy kurkagtige, romerige bruin bas (Eng: Corky-bark monkey orange) met riwwe in die lengte af. Die klein, groenerige wit geelklapperblomme (September tot November) word in digte hofies gedra, maar 'n mens plant nie dié boom vir sy blomme nie. Jy plant hom vir sy klappers.

Die klapper is hard met 'n houtagtige dop, omtrent so groot soos 'n kleinerige lemoen, donkergroen met wit kolletjies wat vergeel namate die vrug ryd word.

Die ronde klapper bevat 'n paar pitte wat in 'n heerlike vlesige pulp ingebied is. Palgrave sê dié vrugte is so gewild by die mense dat hulle jou maklik daarvan sal oortuig dat die groenklapper (*Strychnos spinosa*) se vrug lekkerder as dié van die geelklapper is - sodoende maak hulle seker dat jy nie hulle voorraad geelklappers opeet nie.

Die naam *cocculoides* beteken "soos 'n klein korreltjie" en verwys na die besonder klein pit van dié spesie, wat eintlik beteken daar is soveel te meer kos in die harde dop. In Ovamboland pluk die mense die vrugte as dit nog groen is en begrawe dit onder die grond waar dit ryd word.

Die mense in die Waterberge doen dieselfde met hulle klappers - geel-, swart- (*S madagascariensis*), stekelblaar- (*S pungens*) en groenklapper (*S spinosa*). Die rede hoekom klappers nog heel groen van die bome moet af, is om te keer dat Kees se kind nie die mense voorspring en die hele jaar se klapperoes verorber nie. Bobbejane is lief vir klappers en hulle gebruik klippe soos handbyle om die harde doppe mee oop te breek.

As jy nie 'n geelklapper in die hande kry nie, kan jy net sowel 'n groenklapper (*S spinosa*) plant.

Die geel- en groenklapper lyk baie na mekaar, maar laasgenoemde het nie die kenmerkende kurkagtige bas nie. Die groenklapper se vrug is ook ietwat groter en die dop harder. Geelklapperhout word gebruik om handvatsels vir implemente mee te maak. Maar buiten vuurmaak, is groenklapperhout nie juis vir enigets anders geskik nie. In Zimbabwe word die droë klapperdop van die groenklapper dikwels as resonansiekamer vir die *mbira* of duimklavier, Zimbabwe se nasionale instrument, gebruik.

Lees: Keith Coates Palgrave se *Trees of Southern Africa* (Struik)

harridans restaurant

at the market, bree street, newtown

S A F E • P A R K I N G • A V A I L A B L E

FYN PROE NETTIE PIKEUR

WAT IS HIERDIE HEERLIKE SOUS?

ELKE kok wat al ooit op 'n stil Sondagmiddag as die mense gaan lê, kombuis toe geloop en gesê ek kan wragtie ook Hollandaise-sous maak, not to mention Béarnaise soos James Bond se unspeakable girlfriend. (Hulle sê Ian Fleming had altyd 'n vreeslike probleem met die beskrywing van verhoudings tussen die geslagte. Ja, well.)

Hollandaise en haar sussie Béarnaise hou nie meer vir my vrese in nie, al wat jy nodig het is 30 minute se konsentrasie en 'n streng geloof in docteur de Pomiane se belofte dat 'n gekloppe eiwersou sal SKIF as dit kook.

'n Lekkerder ding om te maak is jou eie mayonnaise. Jy klits en klop tot jou arm lam word, maar ai, as daardie dik geel ointment eers begin vorm kry, en die geur van olyfolie en suurlemoen trek deur die kombuis, sien jy voor jou eie oë wat skeppingsdrang kan vermag.

Ek het begin met twee plaaseiers. Dit help altyd want hulle is vars en die dooiers bolrand. Skei hulle van die wittes. Jy kan meringues maak van die wittes, maar jy kan hulle ook by die drein afgooi, slut you were born and slut you'll die. Neem 'n diep ronde bak, nie staal of so nie, verkieslik koper, maar porselein sal deug, en klits jou twee eierdooiers daarin met 'n draadklitsier, 'n whisk. Voeg by een teeplepel sterk mosterd, en meng weer goed. Nou gaan sit jy rustig en gooï druppel vir druppel olyfolie by, al klitsende, letterlik net een druppel op 'n slag, tot jy sien die mayonnaise begin lyf kry.

Druk die sap van 'n halwe suurlemoen oor, en begin weer klits en olyfolie byvoeg. Naderhand kan jy darem die olie in 'n dun straaljie op 'n slag byvoeg, maar maak seker die mayonnaise is eers goed geklits voor jy verder doen.

Op die ou end, na sowat 500 ml olie (jy kan kookolie ook later gebruik, die olyf gee net geur), het jy 'n ryk, dik goudgeel sous wat jy verder met suurlemoen, sout en peper geur, na eie smaak. As dit wel skif, dominee, begin jy van voor af met 'n skoon eierdooier, en voeg die geskiste lot druppel vir druppel by, al klitsende.

Die mayonnaise hou in die yskas, om geëet te word op tamatieslaai, growwebrood, by kouevleis, op slaai blare, wat ookal. Jy sal nooit weer aaklike salad cream koop nie, behalwe vir die bottel - hy's handig vir mayonnaise.

Nog 'n lekker sousie vir general purposes het nie 'n naam nie, jy maak dit so: Smelt 6 eetlepels botter met anderhalf lepel suurlemoen; 6 eetlepels witwyn, 'n druppel of twee Tabasco. Maak liggies warm en gooï oor steak, of 'n samie, of chips, maak nie saak.

Veronderstel jy is op dieet en jy moet geposjeerde vis eet. Dis fine as dit forel is of tongvis, maar ander vissies smaak agteruit as hulle so behandel word. Toor jou vis reg met dié lekker sous:

SOUS VIR VIS

Verhit 1 lepel botter in 'n pan (ja, jy mag 1 lepel botter per maaltyd eet) en braai daarin 1 eetlepel baie fyngekapte grasui of sommer fyn ui. Voeg by sout en peper na smaak, asook 1 koppie witwyn, en laat kook vir 3 minute. Voeg 'n halwe koppie laevet-joghurt by, laat nog 'n minuut borrel en gooï oor die vis. Dis 'n lekker sousie, geurig en vars, en kan selfs jou opgekookte aartappel omtoor.

Gekookte tong is nie almal se gunsteling nie, maar met hierdie rosyntjiesous word die effe wilde smaak getem, en dis anyway so 'n lekker sousie by ander dinge ook, soos koue varkhoud of kalfsvleis of so iets.

ROSYNTJIESOUS

Prut saam in 'n pot: 1 koppie goeie wynasyn of selfs 'n droë cider, 1 koppie klam bruinsuiker, 1 lourierblaar, 1 skyfie suurlemoen, 1 snytjie ui, 'n knypie foelie (dis nou mace), 'n halwe koppie ontpitte rosyne, wat 15 minute in kookwater gelê het. Prut die sous 15 minute en syg dan deur 'n sif, voeg gedreineerde rosyntjies by, en gooï die sous oor jou vleis of opgesnyde tong.

Die Griekse maak 'n wonderlike sous by gebakte vis of rou groente. Hulle noem dit Skordalia en as daar genoeg knoffel in is, staan die lepel vanself regop daarin.

Gooi in die menger: 1 koppie gaar mash-aartappels, met geen melk of botter bygevoeg nie (moet dus nie oorskiet mash gebruik nie, dit sal nie werk nie), 'n halwe koppie mayo, 4 huisies knoffel, platgestamp, 1 lepel suurlemoen sap, 1 lepel olie, sout en vars swartpeper.

Meng en meng tot dit glad en ryk is, met dalk nog 'n bietjie olie. Die sous eet jy as jy nie volgende dag vergadering het nie, of sommer nie 'n damn omgee nie.

Mandela: die mens agter die politikus



DIT was toe hy sy hande in 'n beskrywende gebaar omhoog gooi, sy gesig oop en lewendig terwyl die Xhosa-woorde oor mekaar tuimel in 'n vertelling oor sy kinderde dat Nelson Mandela in die program oor hom Sondagaand op M-Net vir die eerste keer weer gelyk het soos die charismatiese man wat hy dertig jaar gelede was. Vir 'n paar minute is ons die kans gegun om die mens te sien agter die legende van bykans dertig jaar; agter die uitdrukkinglose politieke masker van die Nelson van vandaag.

Die program, wat deur Jennifer Pogrund gemaak is ter viering van Mandela se besoek aan Afrika

verlede jaar en deur M-Net gewys is ter viering van die ANC-leier se vier-en-sewentigste verjaardag Saterdag, het aan die begin gesuggereer dat kykers in die loop van dié program meer te wete gaan kom van die mens agter die politikus. Ook het die program 'n subtitel gehad: *The Last Mile*, wat moontlik kon duï op die vooruitsig van vryheid en gelykheid vir Mandela se volgelinge.

In albei gevalle het die program ongelukkig nie sy belofte nagekom nie.

Hoewel klem gelê is op die feit dat die besoek van Mandela aan Afrika geskiedkundige waarde het omdat hy dertig jaar laas in dieselfde lande was - destyds as vryheidsvechter wat by sy tuiskoms gearresteerd en tronk toe gestuur is vir 27 jaar - het dit nouliks meer geword as 'n program oor 'n reeks staatsbesoeke. Daar was weliswaar emosionele omhelsings, die besoek aan die Ivoorkus se formidabile kerk - glo die grootste ter wêreld met sitplek vir 7 000 mense en staanplek vir 11 000, en die interessantheid van 'n popmusikant van Senegal wat bulder "Oe Mandela! Mandela!" in 'n liedjie wat spesiaal aan hom opgedra is. Maar dit het ons nijs meer vertel van Mandela self nie.

NET TWEE VLIETENDE oomblikke kan as enigsins openbaard beskryf word. Een was die vliegtuigtoneel, toe Mandela - sy bord kos skoon vergete op die tafeltjie voor hom - met openlike genot in sy eie taal vertel het van sy kinderjare, en die skoot van hom waar hy in die slawe-tronk op die eiland Goree 'n traan weggee. Miskien weens herinneringe aan sy eie dae in 'n eilandtronk. Dit is dié oomblikke wat 'n blywende indruk gelaat het.

As die onderhoud met Mike Hanna (waarmee die reistonele afgewissel is) veronderstel was om die laaste stadiums te skets vóór die "bevryding" van Suid-Afrika onder 'n ANC-regering, het dit ook nie in sy doel geslaag nie. Mandela se uiteensetting van die beleid van die ANC (hy het hom en sy organisasie kategorieën verklaar as voorstanders van demokrasie en beklemtoon dat kapitalisme onder 'n ANC-regering sal floreer met uitsondering van die beplande nasionalisering van myne, finansiële instellings en monopolieë) en die verskille tussen Afrika en Suid-Afrika (onder meer die sterk posisie van die witman hier) het ons eintlik al oor en oor gehoor in programme soos die nuus en *Agenda*. Ook het die nuus van die afgelope paar weke: die dooiepunt wat onderhandelinge tussen die ANC en regering bereik het en die stryd om dit weer te hervat, die simboliese waarde van 'n titel soos *The Last Mile* onderym. Daar moet klaarblyklik nog baie water in die see loop voordat ons "die laaste myl" in dié Afrika-land bereik.

Fourth Reich: kan foute reg/weggesny word?

Dit sou 'n interessante studie kon wees om te vergelyk watter weergawe van die regisseur Manie van Rensburg se *The Fourth Reich* die beste werk: die mini-reeks van vier ure, soos Manie dit oorspronklik beplan en geskiet het, of die rolprent van twee ure, soos dit in Engeland gesny is.

The Fourth Reich is gegrond op Hans Strydom se roman *For Volk and Führer: Robey Leibbrandt and Operation Weissdorn* en vertel die verhaal van Leibbrandt, 'n Afrikaner en Olimpiese bokser, wat gedurende die Tweede Wêreldoorlog deur die Nazi's gewerf is om 'n Nuwe Suid-Afrika (hoe ironies) tot stand te bring wat sy afskop sou hê met die sluipmoord op die Engelse gesinde genl Jan Smuts.

Dit was algemene kennis destyds (die flied is twee jaar gelede hier uitgereik) dat Manie nie baie gelukkig was met die redigering van die flied nie; dat hy gevoel het sommige van die fyner nuanses en logiese opeenvolging van gebeure het met die snywerk verlore gegaan.

Ongelukkig moet 'n mens nou al sê ongeag hoe die reeks/flied gesny en hersny is, is daar sekere kardinale foute wat geen snywerk kan regtiger nie. Vir eers - en dit is seker die grootste fout - is die roilverdeling van die twee sentrale karaktere onder verdenking.

Hoe 'n goeie akteur Ryno Hattingh ook al is - en Konings bewys dit oor en oor - lyk hy eenvoudig nie na 'n swaargewigbokser van Olimpiese formaat nie. Hy lyk soos 'n klein mannetjie wat groot speel. Leibbrandt was nie net 'n formidabele atleet nie. Hy was ook 'n boelie en 'n fascis; die leier en stigter van die Stormjaers, die militante vleuel van die destydse Duits-gesinde Ossewa-Brandwag; 'n man wat geglo het bloed moet vloeи as sy ideale bereik wil word. Hy het 'n obsessie gehad met Adolf Hitler, wat hy geglo het 'n wonderwerk in Duitsland teweeggebring het.

Ryno se manier van toespraakmaak toon dan ook baie 'oreenkoms met Hitler se opnuiende manier van skreeupraat, maar 'n mens het knaend bly voel dit word so gespêl.

GENL JAN SMUTS was op sy beurt net so'n charismatiese man; 'n soldaat duisend; iemand wat tot op sy oudiger en seningrig op foto's gestaan het. Louis van Niekerk speel Smuts as 'n liewe ou man, effens dikkerig in die boud; iemand wat totaal droomverlore kon raak in die vrye natuur.

Die rol van genl Smuts is seker dié belangrikste in die storie van Leibbrandt en die polisieman wat hom moes keer, Jan Taillard. Dit was die generaal se besluit om Suid-Afrika in die oorlog aan Engeland se kant te skaar wat die grondslag gevorm het vir die stigting van die Stormjaers, en die Nazi's 'n moordkomplot laat smee het. Dit was sy charisma wat die dryfveer was vir Jan Taillard se vurige lojaliteit en die rede hoekom Taillard die amper onmenslike geheime opdrag aanvaar het wat hom uiteindelik alles kos wat hy gehad het. Die feit dat die rol van Jan Smuts aan die verkeerde akteur toegeken is en daarom verkeerd gespeel word, veroorsaak 'n wanbalans in die fondamente van die storie.

Taillard, daarenteen, is presies reg vir Marius Weyers. Dié onortodokse polisieman se karakter word sommer vroeg al openbaar wanneer hy met pynlike presiesheid 'n vlieg met sy skoen in die hand agtervolg en uiteindelik triomfantlik op sy lessenaar doodslaan. Net daarna word hy na die tronk langs sy Queenstownse polisiekantoor geroep omdat daar 'n bakkopkobra is. Taillard het die slang versigtig

bekruip en die volgende oomblik agter die kop beetgekry en in 'n sak gestop - as 'n geskenk vir die generaal. 'n Vriend het destyds ná die flied gesê as die Amerikaners *The Fourth Reich* gemaak het, sou hulle dit Taillard se storie gemaak het: 'n spioenasieverhaal met op die koop toe 'n klassieke tragiese held.

Die storie begin met Taillard op Queenstown, waarheen hy gepos is weens sy vinnige humeur. Hy het 'n senior-offisier geslaan "omdat hy verkeerd was". Taillard word daarna deur Smuts se regterhand, Louis Esselin, opdrag gegee om man-alleen en in volslae geheimhouding die Stormjaers te infiltreren einde Leibbrandt onskadelik te stel. Hy is selfs verbied om sy vrou in sy vertroue te neem.

DIE SPANNING EN geheimhouding eis sy tol. Taillard se gelukkige huwelik begin verbrokkeld, sy liefde vir drank lei tot alkoholisme en sy noodgedwonge samewerking met 'n Duitse buurvrou lei tot 'n verhouding wat uiteindelik in verraad eindig.

Dit is nog 'n rol wat nommer pas is vir die akteur wat daarvoor gekies is: Frau Dorfmann soos gespeel deur Grethe Fox. Ongelukkig het die draaiboek van die flied dit nooit duidelik gemaak watter tema die sentrale een is nie. Dit was Robey se storie, Taillard se storie, 'n liefdestorie en 'n spioenasieverhaal alles in een. Miskien verskil die reeks van die flied in dié opsig, maar ek twyfel. Sekere gebreke kan eenvoudig nie reggesny word nie.

'n Mens voel amper lus om te vra kan *Operation Weissdorn* nie maar van voor af gemaak word nie. Want dit is 'n ongelooflike verhaal; dit is deel van ons land se geskiedenis en daar is oomblikke van sulke goeie spel en tonele wat só gelaai is met emosie en stemming dat 'n mens amper nie kan help om aan die projek te dink as 'n wonderlike kans wat skeef geloop het nie. En as dié kritiek vreeslik punterig klink, moet 'n mens onthou die tyd is verby dat enige plaaslike produk op TV met 'n gejuig begroet moet word. Afgelope reekse en programme in Engels en in Afrikaans het 'n baie hoë standaard gestel en dit is waarop ons moet bly aandring.

Daar is kennelik baie moeite gedoen met *The Fourth Reich*. Geen koste is ontsien nie (die produksiekoste het R16 miljoen bedra). Maar dit is ongelukkig nie die toets nie. Die toets is: slaag die reeks in sy doel om 'n geskiedkundige storie geloofwaardig te vertel - en die antwoord is nee. Daarvoor is die verkeerde besluite net té opvallend.

Olimpiese Spele op TV1, CCV

Vir die eerste keer in 32 jaar neem 'n Suid-Afrikaanse span atlete deel aan die Olimpiese Spele, en TV1 en CCV saai dié geleentheid uit - vir meer as 90 uur lank in net twee weke.

Môre kan die openingseremonie regstreeks van 7:30nm op CCV gesien word. Daarna is daar byna elke dag tussen 10:30vm en 11:30vm 'n uitsending op TV1 en tussen 1nm en 2nm op CCV. Die tye van die laataand-uitsendings wissel van dag tot dag. Die afsluitingseremonie op Vrydag 9 Augustus word weer regstreeks op CCV uitgesaai tussen 7:30nm en 8:30nm, met die volledige seremonie van 8:15nm tot 12nm op TV1.

TV1 en CCV se produksiespan bestaan uit 20 lede, klein in vergelyking met die 1 000 personeellede wat die Amerikaanse NBC na Barcelona gestuur het. Daar is drie spesialistkommentators: Trevor Quirk, Heinrich Mamitz en Dumile Mateza. TV1 Topsport en CCV het egter met ander Engelstaalige TV-kanaale ooreen gekom dat van hul deskundiges en kommentators gebruik kan word as aanvullend tot ons plaaslike Olimpiese kommentatorspan.

SMART ART.

DEVELOPING AN EYE FOR THE BUCKS

The cry to get culture on to the political agenda and into the funding files, has had more than a baritone bellow to it lately. It's reached a high-pitched panicked screech. KATHY BERMAN continues the state of the arts series with an examination of some of the issues surrounding funding and sponsorship of the arts



Art and capital meet at the funding table.
(Graphic: William Kentridge.)

THE ARTISTS," the development bureaucrat proclaimed as he shuffled the papers from the World Bank, out of his In-basket and across his desk, "should get their acts together."

Oh yeah! And then, they'll be rich... as well as famous... right?

Well, not quite. "But they are just too disorganised, too divided, too unprofessional, when it comes to issues of funding."

Ja well, no fine: Perhaps they should consult with Mr Abdul Bhamjee for some sharp financial pointers, then?

The bureaucrat turned back to his Crisis Funding File: Poverty, Education, Housing, Health Care, Drought Relief.

No wonder Culture lost its place in the line. Not that it ever really had a principal position there in the first place.

Ja, KAK (Kuns en Kultuur/Culture and the Arts) in South African has never had it easy. Stuck somewhere on the data-bank between dream-time and diversion, KAK had little to promote its cause.

And certainly little substantial assistance by way of hard cash - not that one can pooh-pooh the private initiatives of a Standard Bank, Nedbank, Sanlam, Rembrandt, IGI, Volkskas, Oude Meester - especially when mindful of the creative hurdles placed in their way by the ever-inventive state.

But when compared to the veritable slush funds shelled out and steam dried for sports sponsorship

and promotion, the R 800 000 odd needed to support a Triennial, for example, pales into a minimalist Ellsworth Kelly-like abstraction (if only one could afford it). But more about that later.

Traditionally in this country, culture on the broad front - meaning everything from music, dance, fine arts, to craft, hip-hop, graffiti, poster and pamphleteering - has enjoyed three types of funding: State; Private Sector and International NGO (Non-Governmental Organisational) support.

AND ROUGHLY FOLLOWING this cheque-book trend, we've seen the development of what British theatre theorist, John McGrath, would define as three separate cultural spheres:

From the state coffers flowed what McGrath would term residual cultural icons. All that Hoë Kulturele Produk - that nostalgic hallowed (and hollow) relics from the Golden Years - aka Classics, incorporating such halcyon highlights as Shakespeare, Chekov, Ibsen in the theatre; traditional opera; classical music; ballet. All that stuff that Grotowski couldn't quite accommodate in his budget - or his garret, for that matter.

From the private sector, spewed out dominant culture: bums, tits and the well-made-play-stuff that slips trippingly off the acting tongue, and seductively between the Nutties wrappers and a warm pair of thighs in the dark. Ah-lambra.

And then there's the emergent. Now in other developed societies not too threatened by an element of controversy, like... er... well... the current Olympic host for instance, or the United States of America (when it's not nude and gay and black and butch and male), the emergent, or avant garde traditionally enjoy the largesse of such private foundations as the Spanish Supercaixa (\$ 418 million in 1990) or the American Ford, Getty, Kellogg, and Macarthur Foundations - all of which exceed the Spanish in beneficence.

On the level of state support (for all spheres of cultural production), the authorities elsewhere certainly haven't been shy: The British Arts Council headed the list at £194 million in 1990, while the American National Endowment for the Arts, balloons to \$169 million annually - and still their artists moan!

In this country, however, where the emergent essentially took on the voice of the voiceless, the tab was ironically picked up by foreign funders, the Non-Government Organisations and international embassies. So what did the state do here to

encourage the arts then?

WELL, THE South African government and its parastatal bodies could hardly be accused of ignoring culture completely over the past forty-plus years. It's just that sometimes it had to be ferreted out of the hansard under such ingenious categories as Censorship and Bannings, while more material manifestations were disguised as Own versus General affairs.

So, with such magnificent monoliths as the supreme Civic and Staatsteaters (Pretoria, Bloemfontein, Johannesburg) standing as monumental evidence to KAK, one would be hard-pressed to call the minority regime to trial for complete cultural neglect. It's just that such garish and grandiose cultural displays stand as eternal testimony to a particular ideological partiality as well - something along the lines of minority white Calvinist Nationalist interest.

But if it's inconsistency and idiosyncrasy one is looking at, don't pass the Bruce Arnott overlooking the Gardens in Government Avenue, Cape Town. For the South African National Gallery stands as concrete, and canvas, and watercolour evidence of the blatant travesties associated with the distribution of financial resources in the cultural sphere:

The South African National Gallery falls under the management of the Department of National Education and is expected to work miracles with the abundant sum of R2 million per annum - enough for just one petite Van Gogh, or one kilometer of road, depending on your current conceptual art predilections.

And from that comucopious sum, the SANG management is expected creatively to cover: operating costs; salaries for 52 staff members; educational and outreach programmes in addition to acquisitions - both local and international at current exchange rates. And they don't even charge entrance at the door!

The Performing Arts Councils are a trifle more endowed - to the collective tune (over four arts councils) of some R70 million. And while the head of PACT, Mr Dennis Reinecke goes to great lengths to describe the elaborate financial formulae (devised by a Dr Stumpf) that facilitate distribution of resources across the company (according to the numbers of bums on seats, or more elegantly phrased: "contact hours", which at current rates of economic attrition and decline are subsidised to the minuscule rate of 39.5 cents to the rand), clearly the performing arts are winning the State-subsidised race.

BUT ONLY ON the surface. Because even here, where a 50-member orchestra costs over R7 million per annum to finance, by the time moneys for operating costs (including, in the case of the Transvaal Orchestras such real contingencies as daily transport expenses between two major cities - Pretoria and Johannesburg), have been deducted from the budget, the poor sucker who devoted his or her life from the age of five to scales and trills only lands the opulent sum of some R32 000 per annum - about the same as a Birnam Business brain junior secretary. Just enough to pay the subsistence and travel costs between the two cultural capitals, with a bit left over for the budgie in Brixton. Depressed yet?

Well that's just the hors d'oeuvres.

In a country, where benevolence was left out of the dictionary when apartheid entered it, such enlightened methods to induce the rich to philanthropic heights as the extensive tax incentives and donations concessions displayed by the United States of America hardly surfaced here.

No, somewhere between Section 18A of the Income Tax Act of 1982, and Section 11(a), we got unstuck. And can you wonder why.

I mean who else but a social visionary with the

insight of an Owen Horwood could have admitted in 1981 that: "While I am only too aware of the real contribution which our art galleries and libraries and museums make to the general education of the people, the activities of such institutions can hardly be regarded as contributing directly to the training of manpower for the participation in economic activities." Go tell that to the woodcarvers and basket-weavers of Gazankulu, Mr Horwood.

None-the-less, or rather, despite, the magnificent efforts of a Mr Horwood in discouraging patronage, South African art did benefit to a degree. According to the last HRSC count, South Africa's visual artists were endowed with some 13 national and 17 regional art competitions. But Marilyn Martin, Director of the South African National Gallery, sees this erratic and sporadic display of largesse as counter-productive, and actually operating at the expense of long-term benefits. Such short-term tax write-offs and marketing ploys for the sponsor are serving to discourage permanent patronage in the form of donations to museums and cultural institutions.

AND ONE ONLY has to look to the bounteous United States of America which simply spills over with private art museums - emblazoned, as they are, across every possible cornice with laundry lists of multitudinal benefactors - to realise the long-term cultural gains in instituting donations tax (and encouraging a favourable exchange rate) - even if such sycophantic financial fauning does add unnecessary ballast to already overbloated, bounteous egos.

The issue of private patronage for the arts is a tough one. As Standard Bank's John Gaunt notes, the returns on arts sponsorship today (and previously) are and were largely intangible ones.

And that's because the rebates on their tax bill for an institution of the Bank's magnitude (at R317 million), are a minuscule R200 000 to R300 000 - which hardly touches sides. And what with the former (?) cultural boycott, the sponsorship loopholes available to an Altech Tennis tournament, for instance, do not apply when talking concessions on international cultural exchange.

Whoo boy! As one business and arts journalist, states it, the arts are steeped in sentiment.

Robert Greig notes that: "The arts presently are marginalised or divorced from the main operations of the company - and left to the director's wife to handle. No wonder that arts sponsorship generally breeds suspicion. It cannot be measured in rands and cents - unless it is incorporated into specific advertising campaigns."

Well, one corporation who has gotten pretty specific lately is Nedbank. No matter which theatre you step into these days, you're bound to be pounced upon by a Nedbank Panda - or at least assailed by a neat green and gold decal somewhere above the pros arch. The bank that went Green before it got too arty has a bold and enlightened marketing strategy that is bound to change the face of arts sponsorship in this country in the future.

And while at present their efforts seem to be somewhat patchy and erratic - ranging from the sponsorship of a Soweto String Quartet to the financial underpinning of a Market Theatre; from the subsidisation of an already over-subsidised PACT opera to the bussing and plane-ing of the underprivileged to places of cultural enrichment - marketing maven, Dr Ivan May promises a cohesive strategy for the future. Watch this space.

Ou manne in the arts field include Sanlam, with a considerable corporate collection; the highly visible Standard Bank, who own art collections as well as festivals; Volkskas; IGI Vita; Rembrandt and the Oude Meester Foundations. To them, the artists give thanks. Occasionally. Generally it's to them that the

Well, the South African government and its parastatal bodies could hardly be accused of ignoring culture completely over the past forty-plus years. It's just that sometimes it had to be ferreted out of the hansard under such ingenious categories as Censorship and Bannings, while more material manifestations were disguised as Own versus General affairs.

artists give flack.

Hence the shut-down after years of controversy of the Rembrandt coffers with last year's Cape Town Triennial.

BUT ENOUGH OF the elite, what happened to the emergent?

While the dominant and residual sectors fought it out in the boardrooms for the cultural spoils, the emergent proliferated - in disused warehouses, dirty backyards, community halls and dingy garrets, buoyed by the beneficence of the foreign agencies.

Jawohl! The Scandinavians, Dutch, German, French, Brits etc were watching - and paying up. Individually, or in the forms of Non-Governmental Organisations, or NGOs as the trendy translate it over drafts at the Yard of Ale.

The complex network of NGO's is something that would take an attuned cultural cartographer days to unravel. In essence, foreign governments supply funds through recognised funding organisations, (NGO's), who in turn supply local NGOs with cash. No this is not some advanced laundering front for the diplomatic mafia - though you may be forgiven for thinking so, just an elaborate ploy to aid the victims of apartheid during times when the ruling regime didn't give a continental.

In this country then, the SACC; Kagiso Trust, Cosatu, and other bodies, through their various cultural bodies, were responsible for the filtering down of foreign funding into the coffers of the culturally denuded. A convoluted process this. Which led to endless bureaucratic nightmares.

As one embassy representative put it: "We couldn't in the past provide aid to the victims of apartheid directly through established governmental structures, so we had to deal with this unwieldy infrastructure, or alternatively administer ad hoc projects. So films, theatre, literary festivals, publishing initiatives etcetera all came under the aegis of development and educational aid."

So long as they bore a vaguely political component, that is. I mean you weren't likely to qualify for foreign financial aid for your work on the lilac-breasted roller - unless of course it had a French cousin who visited Robben Island on a regular basis.

Viva the interim government viva, when administration of funding will be reduced to a regular debit and credit basis - sans go-betweens.

HIGH PROFILE PERFORMERS in the cultural sector of late have been the Yanks, the Germans and the Dutch. Ongoing major donors and stalwarts were the Scandinavian countries, but what with recent regime changes in Sweden, the cultural attaché was back home for a briefing this week - and unavailable to desport former achievements.

The United States embassy operates on an ad hoc basis at present. Cultural Attaché, Brooks Spector, perceives the greatest cultural activity occurring at the level of what he deems exchange - ie scholarships, visiting lectureships, professional tours etc. A somewhat atomic project-by-project effort, his latest coups include the visit of Professor Richard Schechner and the forthcoming teaching-tour of the Harlem Dance Theatre Company

With no specific budget for culture, Spector - like all his fellow cultural attaches - plunders the development and educational funds and creatively manages some \$50 000. This excludes fixed funds for four permanent libraries, the scholarship funds etc. - as well as the odd Washington coffer he may plunder for an extra special project.

So, Schechner and the Smithsonian soar, while the Fulbrights fly out.

The affable in-touch eccentric, Tilman Hanckel administers the more considerable German coffers - in the absence of the routine Goethe Institute - which operates as a legitimate wing of the diplomatic corps in other countries. Germany, like every other nation, has no formal cultural ties here. So it's ad hoc for Hanckel: of R100 million set aside for development and aid funding each year, some R11 million goes to special projects.

And he's doing a great job: Some of the hip hoppest swings and jives to hit town lately were underwritten by Hanckel: The Yard of Ale *Weekly Mail* Jazz season; the strange and exciting Kafka Experience from the Mamu Players; and from Hanckel's exile fund come the salaries of two arts teachers at Fuba.

Institutions and community arts centres such as Fuba and Funda rely heavily on foreign funding for their survival. And so long as the French can disguise teachers' salaries as valid cultural exchange, all is good and well, mais oui. Conseiller Culturel, George Lory is also adept at manipulating the R9,2 million set aside for development and education into cultural niches - the Joburg and Cape Town Film Fests and the forthcoming Johannesburg Arts Festival.

FOR THE NGOs and embassies, the open sesame, or catch phrase, is education or development. Work of necessity must involve, uplift, or deal in some way with the needs of the oppressed - or, at the very least, act as a bridge between cultures and nations.

Occasionally a work can avoid the didactic route and cross-over into pure art and cross-cultural indulgence - like *Woyzeck on the Highveld*, which enjoyed the beneficence of both the Yanks and the Germans.

That, in the art books is termed Smart Art: a touch of creativity and an eye for a buck.

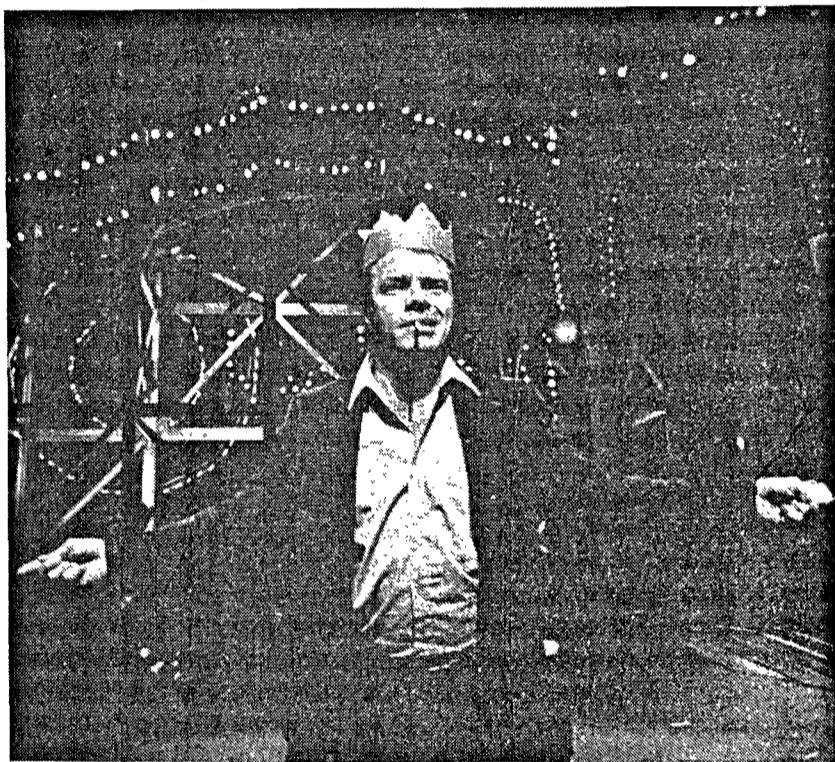
For too long, the taint of Afrikaner Nationalism and exploitative capital soiled too many puritan and individualist brains. Today, things are changing as exiled artists become future bureaucrats and politicians.

The artists, then, if they want a piece of the pie, had better stay in step.

The dusty old-world image of the lonely archetypal Romantic artist hidden away in a dingy backroom, producing eternal artefacts while dying of typhus, pneumonia or psychological trauma will give way to the new-improved model: A committed social being with financial acumen, economic sensibility and political power.

H F U G A R D SO VAL DIE P E

Charl Blignaut het die week besef dat hy 'n paar ernstige probleme het met
FUGARD, VAN HEMERT EN UYS



Sean Taylor

PLAYLAND

Let me put my foot right in it: one would have hoped that Athol Fugard's latest piece, which premiered at the Market Theatre to half a standing ovation last week, would be a seminal sort of play, looking ahead or at least to the present. Instead of harking about the same old "operational area" and "bad baas" angst of the past. That's not to suggest it's politically inept, Fugard never is, but it's just that the play fails to make much impact beyond the visual and performance levels and, despite the flashing lights and human emotional stirrings, *Playland* remains a very precious experience.

One accepts that Fugard is the father of the South African metaphor, for years writing in a time when his characters, in all their realist trappings, had to point to larger social and political developments. And this characteristic style found itself a rhythm and paved a path of playwriting that even managed to lead to Broadway. But the old two-hander formula has stuck and the style seems a bit trite, in 1992, in dealing with the meeting of a nightwatchman (read subdued black revenge mentality) and an ex-militarist Afrikaner (read white guilt/supremist arrogance) at a fairground (read capitalist escapism) on old year's eve (read a time of change) in the Karoo (read South Africa).

The basic themes are obviously significant, but the happy ending and clichéd symbolism of the confrontation in which the surprisingly eloquent Martinus tells the story of how he killed the white baas who raped his girlfriend and in which Gideon reveals, amidst the standard childhood flashbacks, how he became a killing machine against Swapo's struggle for Namibian liberation, seems, at best, politically naive. Is it really as simple as opening communication lines, forgiving, forgetting and uniting to the flutter of a pigeon metaphor in the glow of a Karoo sunrise?

Or is theatre just an idealised big wheel on which we are to dismiss these significations and see *Playland* as a cute story in which two well created characters chat and cry on an obscure piece of veld in some international curio called South Africa?

What elevates the play and makes for a highly recommendable evening of theatre is a magnificent production, for which much of the credit must go to Fugard's skill as a director. John Kani has fewer lines as Martinus Zoeloe, a man stubbornly refusing to feel any remorse or accept any redemption for his past deeds. He stamps a consistent, scowling presence on the production in his expression, posture and muscle tone, solidifying the character and the conflict.

Sean Taylor steals the show in one of the finest performances we're likely to see this year. Every inch of the restricted psyche of Gideon le Roux finds voice in his fazed swagger and he handles the emotional as well as physical transitions to perfection. Gideon is determined to start anew, but the bush keeps coming back and bossies is bossies, leaving him dependent on the forgiveness of his new companion.

The design crew have also outdone themselves. Susan Hilferty's set couldn't possibly be more effective or dramatically complementary and Mannie Manim's lighting exceeds even that. The same can be said of Mark Malherbe's sound design. He pulls off one of Fugard's finest moments ever, a scene in which the climax of Gideon's jolt at playland erupts into the sounds of the bush war, cutting short and pulled through by Taylor's scream. Another impressive sound mix is the festive cheer to mark midnight and the start of another year.

Except, that year is 1990 and it's a new decade and here we sit Codesaless halfway through 1992 and the hopes of reconciliation seem even more distant and we're even wavering at the level of asking help from the UN and by the time this goes to press even that might have changed, so to hell with being a socio-politically correct playwright in South Africa today and let's put this one up for posterity and Broadway.

PARADISE IS CLOSING DOWN

In 1976 Pieter-Dirk Uys had a hit with *Paradise is Closing Down*, a comedy about three women just trying to have a good time in the throes of a violent new society, and a coloured boy who stops by unexpectedly. And, as the programme notes keep reminding those of us who were still sitting around in preschool playrooms at the time, those were the days of daring innuendos, segregated audiences and violent censorship struggles in the face of moral hysteria, blah blah.

In 1992, *Paradise* got revamped and is back, scratching and biting, complete with facelift and titjob. Molly became Mervyn, Anna became Andre, Mouse will always be Mouse regardless of the gender and young William got a name, tighter jeans and a cute arse. Tonight, meeting at Mervyn's Loader street cottage, the queens are planning to gill up a storm, get done out in drag and are headed for Heaven, a new club. But the New South Africa proves equally elusive, the masses are rioting, Mouse gets his flat broken into, Andre gets his car stolen, Mervyn's decorating job is starting to crack and, beneath the make-up and chunky gold chains, paradise is just three lonely moffies bitching to retain their dignity on one of those "are we having fun yet?" Saturday nights. Any hope of venting their frustrations is catalysed by the arrival of William, the maid's son and former filial occupant of the cottage. He's young, he's bright, he's not white and so the future is his.

Although neat, well-made and amusing, the whole thing's a bit self-defeating. As a gay play, *Paradise* is just too frenetic, going over the top and off the edge. The characters are just stereotyped queens that do nothing for a gay cause but giggling with the converted. Let's assume we've gone beyond cause mentality by now, though, and then, even if just in jest, it's as a rewrite that the script has value. Living in a place like this at a time like this, it's good to see a playwright readressing, reassessing and redecorating his work.

Lynne Maree has done another commendable job of directing and the performances are all convincing, particularly Pieter-Dirk Uys, whose Andre is completely believable, knorrig and desperate as the hairy alcoholic boer in bad drag whose family name still has some punch in the area. Chris Galloway plays Mervyn, the venomous materialist queen, with good timing and presence, even if a bit shallow. Steven Raymond must be doing something right as Mouse, because the character really started pissing me off and Randall de Jager is spot on as William. The production's running at the Wits theatre, Braamfontein.

DRIE SUSTERS

Dis altyd moerse moeilik om iets te skryf oor 'n produksie wat basies net verveilig is, veral as die regisseur van die stuk een van jou gunsteling regisseurs is. Kom ek stel dit so, as enige ander regisseur die play aangepak het sou dit goed gewees het. Tegnies is die produksie puik, die periode is perfek uitgebeeld en die liger elemente van Tsjechof se styl skyn deur, saam met die histrioniese houding van sy vroulike karakters. Maar mens sou gedink het Ilse van Hemert is die perfekte regisseur om Anton Tsjechof se *Drie Susters* met die guts en energie wat die teks op dui aan te vat, veral na haar uitstekende *Seagull*.

Die stuk handel oor die lewe van drie Russiese susters en die verskillende mans in hul lewens tydens 'n periode wanneer die krygsmag woning in die dorp ingeneem het. Olga (Antoinette Kellerman) is die oudste, 'n oujongnooi wat by die plaaslike skool klas gee en wat haar lot in die lewe maar aanvaar het. Dan kom Masja (Mitzi Booyens), Tsjechof se grote, ongelukkig getroud met Fjodor (Andre Stoltz), verveeld, op soek na avontuur. Sy knoop 'n verhouding aan met Aleksander (James Borthwick) en probeer lig maak van haar lewe. Die jongste suster is Irene (Wilmiën Rossouw) en sy is gatvol vir die klein dorpen wil net Moskou toe, maar moet begin ►

BUT WHERE ARE THE GOOSEBUMPS?

CHARL BLIGNAUT leaves the Alexander Theatre in Braamfontein a bit unmoved by it all



THE first local staging of Nigerian playwright Wole Soyinka's epic drama *Death and the King's Horseman* can, give or take some pathos, be called a success. The play, which opened in Grahamstown and has now transferred to the Alex, features a cast of twenty-three in one of Francois Swart's enormously slick, operatic productions.

visiting prince and the district officer and his wife are quite charmed by the whole affair. Meanwhile, the horseman's enjoying his last hours of earthly pleasure with his new bride and the market's humming and the drums are beating in anticipation. Meanwhile, the decadent colonial ball is in full swing and those awful drums must surely suggest a

native riot. Something is rotten in the colony and the armed forces are called. Meanwhile, the eldest son of the horseman arrives from England to fulfill his ethnic duties. But the district officer halts the natural chain of events, finding the notion of suicide distasteful, and arrests the horseman.

And here we get down to a tragic ending of Shakespearean proportions and some heavy duty ideological conflict: who the fuck gives a pompous Brit the right to determine the religious/cultural convictions of a people he hasn't even attempted to get to know. The ironies are painfully obvious, but Soyinka doesn't angst them, and instead handles a potentially moralising message with wit, understanding of the colonialist's plight and a few incredibly punchy lines.

Although quite a few of these lines get lost somewhere between accent and projection, the production renders some fine performances. Owen L Sejake plays the horseman in a convincing balance of pride and humiliation and gets some good rhythm

going in the monologues. Peter Se-Puma makes a wonderful praise singer and Nomhle Nkonyeni seems to be going from strength to strength as Pact finally gets down to supplying decent roles for its black actors. Her Iyaloja is as brazen as her Nurse in Romeo and Juliet was sympathetic. There's also great support from the group of women and young girls.

Michael McCabe pulls off another of his bumbling, arrogant colonialists and Jacqui Singer meets his match as his shallow but more sussed wife. Patrick Ndlovu and Samson Khumalo are also getting their stuff in, this time with two beautiful comic performances. Mike Mvelase's brief appearance was eloquent, if a bit lost in the hub of action.

Francois Swart has produced a visually exciting and technically tight production and he and designer Lindy Roberts ensure that the show never lapses into boredom. Her set's a delight, but I didn't go for the tribal costumes, which ended up looking like something off a local fleamarket. If anything, the production's a bit too neat and simple. I mean, they've got these incredible drums, a massive descending mask, a Yoruba ceremony and the theatrical ritual that can lift this kind of play into hardcore ritual and goosebump stuff, but in the end I left feeling a bit unmoved by it all.

MARKE THEATRE

832-1641
John Kani, Sean Taylor in Athol Fugard's

PLAYLAND

"AN INTENSE, INSPIRING EVENT...MASTERPIECE" BR Sun Times.

Mon-Fri 8.00pm
Sat 6.00pm & 9.00pm

LAAGER THEATRE

832 1641
ALL THE RAGE
By Janine Denison
Directed by Sandra Prinsloo
A play about "Survival of the thinnest"
Starring Andre Odendaal, Janine Denison, Val Donald-Bell, Irene Stephanou, Marius Meyer.

23 July - 29 August
Mon-Fri 8.00pm
Sat 6.00pm & 9.15pm

UPSTAIRS THEATRE

832-1641
DEATH AND THE MAIDEN
Directed by Barney Simon
Starring Terry Norton, Ramolao Makhene, Robert Whitehead
"VENGEANCE...
RECONCILIATION...FORGIVENESS...A GREAT POLITICAL THRILLER"

Mon-Fri 8.15pm
Sat 6.15pm & 9.15pm

KIPPIES

7 - 26 July

BABES MBAU (WEEKDAYS) R10
DOROTHY MASUKA (WEEKENDS) R12

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Sat From 8.15pm

NET JAMMER HAMLET KNIPOOG NIE

En dit lyk asof ARNOLD BLUMER ook nie te charmed is met Capab se *Hamlet*, wat op die oomblik in die Nico in Kaapstad speel nie

NET binnekant die Nico se verhoogportaal het Peter Cazalet nog 'n portaalstaangemaak met 'n hoë, maar nou drumpel van waar 'n helling afloop voorverhoog toe. Dié binneportaal het verskeie funksies: Dit versper die sig van alle toeskouers wat op die laaste agt sitplekke links en regs in elke ry sit op die spooktonele. Dit dien as troonsaal waarin die koning se troon skielik agteroorcantelen in die niet verdwyn. Dit het 'n gordyn wat as muurbehangsel moet dien, maar daaragtter is geen muur nie. Endit sorg veraldaarvoordat die wonderlike grootruimte van die teater se verhoog bykans onbenut bly en alle aktie dus op die voorverhoog saamgedruk word.

Die gevolg is 'n mate van onbehoplike lompheid, soos in die toneel waar Hamlet se spookvader hom vertel wat gebeur het. Die toneel begin vêr agter op die verhoog en moet omslagtig tot voor die binneportaal gemanoeuvreer word sodat ons darem kan sien wat aangaan. Of soos Polonius se sterftoneel, waar hy moet keer dat hy nie ook in die niet wegkantel soos die koningsstroon nie. Of soos in 'n paar groep tonele waar spelers in die beperkte ruimte van die voorverhoog rondstaan asof hulle vir die volgende bus wag. Ek het die indruk gekry dat die spelers heelwat van hul energie moes gebruik om dié hindernis van 'n binneportaal uit te oorlo. Daaronder het die

hele opvoering gely. Hoekom het niemand vir Chris Weare vertel om die binneportaal terug te stuur magasyn toe en sy spelers eerder op 'n leë verhoog te laat speel nie?

Want daar was deksels goede vertonings. Soos Keith Grenville se interpretasie van Polonius wat van hom 'n meesterlike woordspeler maak. Maar hierdie siening is moeilik versoënbaar met wat Hamlet van hom dink: "That great baby you see there is not yet out of his swathing cloths."

RALPH LAWSON se Hamlet is een van die presiesstes en verstaanbaarste (akoesties en andersins) wat ek in 'n lang tyd gesien het. Hy dink nie net by elke sin, elke woord,

wathyse nie, hy maak ook aan die toeskouer duidelik hoe hy verstaan wat hy sê. Nog meer: hy speel nie net Hamlet nie, dis amper asof hy speel hy speel Hamlet. Hamlet bevraagteken sy eie subjektiviteit, misken het hy 'n post-modernistiese kritiek oor die verdwyning van die subjek gelees. Daarom het die slottoneel waar sy lyk op die skouers van sy medespelers in staatsie lê terwyl die ligte verdoof, vir my nie gewerk nie. As hy toe maar net vir die toeskouers oog geknip het.

Ek weet nie of dit regisseur Chris Weare se bedoeling was om Hamlet so te laat speel nie; dit was deurgaans moeilik om te bepaal waarheen die regisseur, wat bekend is vir sy vernuwend sienings van Shakespeare, op pad is. Misken het die moed van sy oortuigings hom halfpad deur begewe. Daar was te veel wisselvallige spel: 'n Claudius (Andre Jacobs) en Gertude (Diane Wilson) wat met geen gebaar of spraak geloofwaardig kon aantoon hoekom hulle mags- en wellusbehep sou wees, 'n Laertes (Anton Blake) wat oor en oor dieselfde handgebare herhaal en by tye pynlik onbeholpe voorkom. Michelle Scott se Ophelia was darem skaflik; goede stuwige spel met 'n tikkie oorspronklikheid hier en daar, byvoorbeeld wanneer sy 'n takkie groenheid in Claudius se hare steek. Van ensemble-spel was daar min sprake; dis eerder asof almal téén mekaar in plaas van mét en vir mekaar speel.

Maar Ralph Lawson is die moeite werd om te gaan sien. Jammer dat hy so alleen gelaat word.

▶ besef sy's vasgevang en aanvaar maar naderhand die liefde van die gewone, vertroubare Nikolai (David Clatworthy). Daar's 'n sensitiewe broer, Andrei (Hannes Muller) wat trou met 'n pushy dorpsmeisie, Natasja (Tess van Staden) waarvan niemand in die huis hou nie en ook deel van die furniture is die dokter, Aljeksel (Louis van Niekerk), twee ou bediendes en 'n paar soldate wat gereeld kom kuier. Nou ken ons die storie.

Die vertolkings is fine, almal van 'n standaard wat mens van Truk produksies verwag. Antoinette Kellerman gee weereens 'n uitstekende show en ondersteun die ander tweesusters presies waar nodig. Wilmien Rossouw se karakter kom nooit eintlik by 'n punt uit nie, maar is geloofwaardig vertolk. Mizi Booyens se temperamentele Masja het my aangenaam verras en haar vertoning blink uit op sy eie vreemde manier. Maar daar's bitter min empatie op die verhoog.

Miskien is ek nou onregverdig, maar laas jaar het ek 'n produksie van *Drie Susters* in Londen gesien wat my tone

laat krul het - die een met Vanessa, Lynne en Jemma Redgrave. Die regie is behartig deur 'n taamlik onbekende Tsjeggo-Slowaak. Hy het met kleur, dawerende musiek en sterk emosies die akteurs op daai verhoog laat jol dat mehs ewe skielik besef het hoe belangrik is die komedie en vryheid van Tsjechohof se teks. Die frustrasie van die klein dorpslewe, die onderdrukte seksualiteit en emosionele speletjies van sy vier vroue het gemaklik na vore gekom. In vergelyking ly Van Hemert se produksie aan 'n erenstige tekort aan spontaniteit.

Daar was oomblikke waar ek begin dink het, nou begin iets lekker deurkom, ritmes wat op en af daal, klein uitbarsings van liedjies, lag of trane, maar in die ou einde is *Drie Susters* maar 'n teleurstelling. Beige stelle, beige kostuums, beige musiek, beige regie. Misken het ek net op die verkeerde aand by Pretoria se Staatsteater uitgekom. Eks aldie produksie weer gaan kyk as dit by die Windybrow aan is, waar dit baie beter as in die Arena hoort te werk.

NU METRO - JHB

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SUBURBAN COMMANDO Hulk Hogan, Shelley Duval (A) MON-SAT: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00 SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00	STOP OR MY MOM WILL SHOOT Sylvester Stallone, Estelle Getty (A) MON-SAT: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00 SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00	BEETHOVEN Charles Grodin, Bonnie Hunt (A) MON-SAT: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00 SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00	LADYBUGS Rodney Dangerfield, Jackie (A) MON-SAT: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00 SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00
BARTON FINK John Turturro, John Goodman (2-18) MON-SAT: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00 SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00	MONSTERS Christian Slater, Richard Grieco (2-18) MON-SAT: 9.30, 12.00, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00 SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00	BEETHOVEN Charles Grodin, Bonnie Hunt (A) MON-SAT: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00 SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00	STONE COLD Brian Bosworth, Lance Henriksen (2-18) MON-SAT: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00 SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00
STOP OR MY MOM WILL SHOOT Sylvester Stallone, Estelle Getty (A) MON-SAT: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00 SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00	LADYBUGS Rodney Dangerfield, Jackie (A) MON-SAT: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00 SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00	THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE Rebecca De Mornay, Matt McCoy (2-13) MON-SAT: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00 SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00	THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE Rebecca De Mornay, Matt McCoy (2-13) MON-SAT: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00 SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00
FATHER OF THE BRIDE John Candy, James Belushi (A) MON-SAT: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00 SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00	LAST BOY SCOUT John Candy, James Belushi (A) MON-SAT: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00 SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00	ONCE UPON A CRIME John Candy, James Belushi (A) MON-SAT: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00 SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00	NU METRO 1-2 BAFLOUR PARK 887-8548
DROP DEAD FRED Carrie Fisher, Phoebe Cates (PG 2-10) MON-SAT: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00 SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00	BASIC INSTINCT Michael Douglas, Sharon Stone (2-21) MON-SAT: 9.30, 12.00, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.15 SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00	BEETHOVEN Charles Grodin, Bonnie Hunt (A) MON-SAT: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00 SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00	PHYSICAL EVIDENCE Burt Reynolds & Theresa Russell (2-18)
ONCE UPON A CRIME John Candy, James Belushi (A) MON-SAT: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00 SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00	NU METRO 1-6 HYDE PARK 447-3091	STOP OR MY MOM WILL SHOOT Sylvester Stallone, Estelle Getty (A) MON-SAT: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00 SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00	BLAME IT ON THE BELL BOY (All)
THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE Rebecca De Mornay, Matt McCoy (2-13) MON-SAT: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00 SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00	BASIC INSTINCT Michael Douglas, Sharon Stone (2-21) MON-SAT: 9.30, 12.00, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.15 SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00	BEETHOVEN Charles Grodin, Bonnie Hunt (A) MON-SAT: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00 SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00	PHYSICAL EVIDENCE Burt Reynolds & Theresa Russell (2-18)
BATMAN RETURNS Michael Keaton, Michelle Pfeiffer (PG2-8) MON-SAT: 9.30, 12.00, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.15 SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00	NU METRO 1-6 EDFORDVIEW 616-6828	ONCE UPON A CRIME John Candy, James Belushi (A) MON-SAT: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00 SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00	BLAME IT ON THE BELL BOY (All)
STOP OR MY MOM WILL SHOOT Sylvester Stallone, Estelle Getty (A) MON-SAT: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00 SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00	BASIC INSTINCT Michael Douglas, Sharon Stone (2-21) MON-SAT: 9.30, 12.00, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.15 SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00	LADYBUGS Rodney Dangerfield, Jackie (A) MON-SAT: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00 SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00	BLAME IT ON THE BELL BOY (All)
SNOW WHITE Mon-Sat: 9.30, 12.00, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00	MY COUSIN VINNY Mon-Sat: 5.15, 7.45, 10.00 sun 5.30, 8.00 (2-16)	NU METRO 1-6 EDFORDVIEW 616-6828	BLAME IT ON THE BELL BOY (All)
LADYBUGS Rodney Dangerfield, Jackie (A) MON-SAT: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00 SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00	DROP DEAD FRED Carrie Fisher, Phoebe Cates (PG 2-10) MON-SAT: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00 SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00	BEETHOVEN Charles Grodin, Bonnie Hunt (A) MON-SAT: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00 SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00	BLAME IT ON THE BELL BOY (All)
ACTION CINEMA ADMISSIONS R2.00 Cnr. CLAIM/PLEIN ST. 337-3033	THE ANNihilators	STOP OR MY MOM WILL SHOOT Sylvester Stallone, Estelle Getty (A) MON-SAT: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00 SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00	BLAME IT ON THE BELL BOY (All)
PLUS 2 HEROES AND THE STAR MON-SAT: 10.00, 2.00, 7.00 SUNDAY: 2.00, 7.00	THE DOG	NU METRO 1-2 ALBERTON 907-2362	BLAME IT ON THE BELL BOY (All)
PLUS IRON ANGELS 4 MON-SAT: 10.00, 2.00, 7.00 SUNDAY: 2.00, 7.00	YOUNG GUNS 2 Emilio Estevez, Kiefer Sutherland (2-16)	NU METRO 1-2 RANDBURG 787-0340	BLAME IT ON THE BELL BOY (All)
YOUNG GUNS 2 Emilio Estevez, Kiefer Sutherland (2-16)	AMERICAN NINJA 5 Ross Kettle, David Webb (A) MON-SAT: 10.00, 2.00, 7.00 SUNDAY: 2.00, 7.00	NU METRO 1-2 MAYNARD MALL 751-0131	BLAME IT ON THE BELL BOY (All)
STRIPPED TO KILL PLUS HARD TICKET TO HAWAII MON-SAT: 10.00, 2.00, 7.00 SUNDAY: 2.00, 7.00	NECESSARY ROUGHNESS Scott Bakula, Harley Jane Kozak (A) MON-SAT: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00 SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00	NU METRO 1-2 7 ARTS NORWOOD 483-1680/1	BLAME IT ON THE BELL BOY (All)
MEGACITY NU METRO MMABATHO (0140) 2-3553	DROP DEAD FRED Carrie Fisher, Phoebe Cates (PG 2-10) MON-SAT: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00 SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00	NU METRO 1-2 ROSEBANK 668-6649	BLAME IT ON THE BELL BOY (All)
STONE COLD Brian Bosworth, Lance Henriksen (2-18)	VAAL VEREENIGING (016) 21-1339	NU METRO 1-2 THE WHITE QUEEN	BLAME IT ON THE BELL BOY (All)
ONCE UPON A CRIME John Candy, James Belushi (A) FINAL ANALYSIS Richard Gere, Kim Basinger (2-18)	NECESSARY ROUGHNESS Scott Bakula, Harley Jane Kozak (A) MON-SAT: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00 SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00	NU METRO 1-2 THE HAIRDRESSER'S HUSBAND	BLAME IT ON THE BELL BOY (All)
OUTLAWS Frankie Chan (2-12)	400 'n POT VOL WINTER Jana Cilliers, Grethe Fox (2-13) 150 ONCE UPON A CRIME John Candy, James Belushi (A) OUTLAWS Frankie Chan (2-12)	NU METRO 1-2 THE HAIRDRESSER'S HUSBAND	BLAME IT ON THE BELL BOY (All)

ONAFHANKLIKE TEATERS

Johannesburg Corlett Cinema - Bramley. (011) 786-0324.

Seven Arts - Grantalaan, Norwood. (011) 483-1680

Indian Nocturne met Jean-Hugues Anglade

Tye: 12, 2, 6, 8

Vr-Sa: 12, 2, 6, 8, 10

Kaapstad

Labia - Oranjestraat 68, Kaapstad. (021) 24-5927

Vrydag: 2nm (I) In Praise of Older Women; 2.15nm (II) Monty Python's Life of Brian; 4nm (I) Stepping Out; 4.15nm (II) Your Ticket is no Longer Valid; 6nm (I) Fritz the Cat; 6.15nm (II) A Dry White Season; 7.45nm (I) The Unbearable Lightness of Being; 8nm (II) Where the Heart Is; 10nm (II) Grand Canyon.

STER - KINEKOR / KAAPSTAD

STER-KINEKOR MOVIE GUIDE

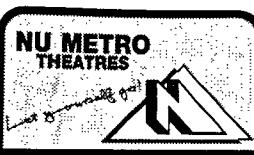
FRIDAY - SATURDAY - SUNDAY 24 - 26 JULY

ADVANCE BOOKING AT COMPUTICKET — ENQ: (021) 24-71475

SK GOLDEN ACRE 75-1220	SK BLUE ROUTE 75-1220	SK PAROW 52-5121
MON-SAT: 9.45 am, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.15 pm SUN: 2.00, 4.00, 6.00, 8.30 pm	MON-SAT: 9.45 am, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.15 pm SUN: 2.00, 4.00, 6.00, 8.30 pm	MON-FRI: 9.45 am, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.15 pm MON-SAT: 9.45 am, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.15 pm SUN: 2.00, 4.00, 6.00, 8.30 pm
BURTREYNOLDS & THEREASARUSSELL PHYSICAL EVIDENCE (2-18)	BURTREYNOLDS & THEREASARUSSELL PHYSICAL EVIDENCE (2-18)	BURTREYNOLDS & THEREASARUSSELL PHYSICAL EVIDENCE (2-18)
MON-SAT: 9.45 am, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.15 pm SUN: 2.00, 4.00, 6.00, 8.30 pm	MON-SAT: 9.45 am, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.15 pm SUN: 2.00, 4.00, 6.00, 8.30 pm	MON-FRI: 9.45 am, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.15 pm MON-SAT: 9.45 am, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.15 pm SUN: 2.00, 4.00, 6.00, 8.30 pm
SK MONTE CARLO 25-3052	SK PROTEA CLAREMONT 61-1979	SK STELLENBOSCH 02231-4484
MON-SAT: 9.45 am, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.15 pm SUN: 2.00, 4.00, 6.00, 8.30 pm	MON-SAT: 9.45 am, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.15 pm SUN: 2.00, 4.00, 6.00, 8.30 pm	MON-FRI: 1.45, 4.15, 6.30, 8.45 pm SAT: 10.30 am, 1.30, 4.15, 6.30, 8.45 pm
BATMAN RETURNS Michael Keaton, Michelle Pfeiffer (PG2-8)	MISSISSIPPI MASALA (2-14)	CHARLES GRODIN & DEAN JONES
MON-SAT: 9.30, 12.00, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.15 pm SUN: 2.00, 4.15, 7.00, 8.00	MON-SAT: 9.45 am, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.15 pm SUN: 2.00, 4.15, 7.00, 8.00	MON-FRI: 1.45, 4.15, 6.

NU METRO - PRETORIA

STER - KINEKOR / JOHANNESBURG EN PRETORIA



24-30 July (BOOK AT COMPUTICKET)
ALL SHOWS
R7,50
EXCEPT, MAIN EVENING PERFORMANCE R11,50
(Between 7.30 and 8.30 p.m.)

NU METRO OSCAR
Jeppe Street, Sunnyside 341-7682
STOP, OR MY MOM WILL SHOOT
(A)
Sylvester Stallone, Estelle Getty
MON-SAT: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00
SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00

NU METRO SUNNYSIDE
Esselein Street 44-9867

Beethoven
A Delightful Family Comedy (A)
Charles Grodin, Bonnie Hunt
MON-SAT: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00
SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00

NU METRO VILLAGE 1-2
Sunnyside 44-6096

TO THE DEATH
Kickboxing Action (A)
John Barret, Michel Ossi
MON-SAT: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00
SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00

FRITZ THE CAT
Adults Only - (2-18)
Animation Sensation
MON-SAT: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00
SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00

NU METRO 1-7
Menlyn Park 348-8611

Beethoven
A Delightful Family Comedy (A)
Charles Grodin, Bonnie Hunt
MON-SAT: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00
SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00

STOP, OR MY MOM WILL SHOOT
(A)
Sylvester Stallone, Estelle Getty
MON-SAT: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00
SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00

The Hand That Rocks The Cradle
Thriller (2-13)
Rebecca De Mornay, Matt McCoy
MON-SAT: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00
SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00

FINAL ANALYSIS
Sex Thriller (2-18)
Richard Gere, Kim Basinger
MON-SAT: 9.30, 12.00, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.15
SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00

BATMAN RETURNS
Action Adventure (PG2-8)
Michael Keaton, Michelle Pfeiffer
MON-SAT: 9.30, 12.00, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.15
SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00

Ladybugs
A Comedy with Balls (A)
Rodney Dangerfield, Jackie Earle Haley
MON-SAT: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00
SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00

SNOW WHITE
A Walt Disney Classic (A)
MON-SAT: 9.30, 12.00, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.15
SUNDAY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00

MIDRAND CONSTANTIA (011) 805-4266

'n Pot Vol Winter
A Romantic Drama (2-13)
Jana Cilliers, Gretha Fox
MON-FRI: 7.00, 9.00 SAT: 5.00, 7.00, 9.00

Once Upon A Crime
Crime Comedy (A)
John Candy, James Belushi
MON-FRI: 7.00, 9.00 SAT: 5.00, 7.00, 9.00

NU METRO NELSPRUIT 1-3
The Promenade (01311) 25767

No Hero
(A)
Steve Hofmeyr, Jennifer Steyn
MON-SAT: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00

FINAL ANALYSIS
Sex Thriller (2-18)
Richard Gere, Kim Basinger
MON-SAT: 9.30, 12.00, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.15

FATHER OF THE BRIDE
Comedy (A)
Steve Martin, Diane Keaton
MON-SAT: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00



STER-KINEKOR

24 JULY - 30 JULY
ADMISSION PRICES
R7,00 ALL SHOWS EXCEPT R11,00
FOR MAIN EVENING SHOW
(BETWEEN 19H30 & 21H00)

R2,50 FOR PENSIONERS (4 DAY SHOWS MON-THURS)

CENTRAL

SK ★ KINE ENT CENTRE
1-10 331-3841/2/3

Tickets R7,00 ALL SHOWS EXCEPT R9,00 FOR MAIN EVENING SHOW (COMMENCING BETWEEN 19H30 & 21H00)

Mon-Fri: 9.30, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 8.00, 10.30 pm
Sat: 9.30, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 8.00 pm
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.15, 8.00 pm

BASIC INSTINCT (2-21)
* PLEASE NOTE SPECIAL WARNING!

Mon-Thurs: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.00, 7.45, 10.00 pm
Fri-Sat: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00, 10.15 pm

Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00 pm

PHYSICAL EVIDENCE (2-16)
BURT REYNOLDS AND THERESA RUSSEL STAR IN THIS TENSE PSYCHOLOGICAL THRILLER!

Mon-Sat: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.30 pm
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.15, 8.00 pm

BASIC INSTINCT (2-21)
* PLEASE NOTE SPECIAL WARNING!

Mon-Sat: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.30, 7.45, 10.00 pm
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00 pm

TO THE DEATH (2-18)

A HILARIOUS COMEDY STARRING DUDLEY MOORE, BRYAN BROWN AND PATSY KENSIT!

Mon-Thurs: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.00, 7.45, 10.00 pm
Fri-Sat: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00, 10.30 pm

Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00 pm

BLAME IT ON THE BELLBOY (ALL)

A HILARIOUS COMEDY STARRING DUDLEY MOORE, BRYAN BROWN AND PATSY KENSIT!

Mon-Thurs: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.00, 7.45, 10.00 pm
Fri-Sat: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00, 10.30 pm

Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00 pm

GLADIATOR (2-16)

A HILARIOUS COMEDY STARRING DUDLEY MOORE, BRYAN BROWN AND PATSY KENSIT!

Mon-Thurs: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.00, 7.45, 10.00 pm
Fri-Sat: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00, 10.30 pm

Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00 pm

THE LAST BOY SCOUT (2-19)

A GOTHIC THRILLER STARRING MICHAEL KEATON, MICHELLE PFEIFFER & DANNY DEVITO

Mon-Sat: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.00 pm
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.15, 8.00 pm

BATMAN RETURNS (PG2-8)

THE COMEDY EVENT OF THE YEAR! WITH JOE PESCI AND RALPH MACCHIO!

Mon-Sat: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.00, 8.00, 10.30 pm
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.00, 8.00 pm

MY COUSIN VINNY (2-16)

THE COMEDY EVENT OF THE YEAR! WITH JOE PESCI AND RALPH MACCHIO!

Mon-Sat: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.00, 8.00, 10.30 pm
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.00, 8.00 pm

FINAL ANALYSIS (2-18)

31 July - FRIED GREEN TOMATOES (ALL)

Mon-Sat: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.15 pm
* PLEASE NOTE SPECIAL WARNING!

Mon-Thurs: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.00, 7.45, 10.00 pm
Fri-Sat: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00, 10.30 pm

Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00 pm

BEETHOVEN (ALL)

A HILARIOUS COMEDY STARRING DUDLEY MOORE, BRYAN BROWN AND PATSY KENSIT!

Mon-Thurs: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.00, 7.45, 10.00 pm
Fri-Sat: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00, 10.30 pm

Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00 pm

MISSISSIPPI MASALA (2-14)

A HILARIOUS COMEDY STARRING DUDLEY MOORE, BRYAN BROWN AND PATSY KENSIT!

Mon-Thurs: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.00, 7.45, 10.00 pm
Fri-Sat: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00, 10.30 pm

Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00 pm

A DRY WHITE SEASON (2-21)

A HILARIOUS COMEDY STARRING DUDLEY MOORE, BRYAN BROWN AND PATSY KENSIT!

Mon-Thurs: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.00, 7.45, 10.00 pm
Fri-Sat: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00, 10.30 pm

Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00 pm

BEETHOVEN (ALL)

A HILARIOUS COMEDY STARRING DUDLEY MOORE, BRYAN BROWN AND PATSY KENSIT!

Mon-Thurs: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.00, 7.45, 10.00 pm
Fri-Sat: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00, 10.30 pm

Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00 pm

HOUSE PARTY (2-18)

A HILARIOUS COMEDY STARRING DUDLEY MOORE, BRYAN BROWN AND PATSY KENSIT!

Mon-Thurs: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.00, 7.45, 10.00 pm
Fri-Sat: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00, 10.30 pm

Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00 pm

TIME OF THE GYPSIES (2-19)
(YUGOSLAVIAN DIALOGUE/ENGLISH SUBTITLES)

Mon-Sat: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.30, 7.45, 10.00 pm
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 8.00 pm

BLAME IT ON THE BELLBOY (A)

A HILARIOUS COMEDY STARRING DUDLEY MOORE, BRYAN BROWN AND PATSY KENSIT!

Mon-Sat: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.15 pm
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.15, 8.00 pm

MISSISSIPPI MASALA (2-14)

A HILARIOUS COMEDY STARRING DUDLEY MOORE, BRYAN BROWN AND PATSY KENSIT!

Mon-Sat: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.15 pm
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.15, 8.00 pm

BATMAN RETURNS (PG2-8)

THE COMEDY EVENT OF THE YEAR! WITH JOE PESCI AND RALPH MACCHIO!

Mon-Sat: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.15 pm
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.15, 8.00 pm

THE STATION (2-13)

SOLD OUT 27 JULY 8.00 pm

TCHIN TCHIN (PG2-10)

SOLD OUT 27 JULY 8.00 pm

SUNDAY 27 JULY ONLY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.15, 8.00 pm

BASIC INSTINCT (2-21)
* PLEASE NOTE SPECIAL WARNING!

Mon-Sat: 10.00, 12.15, 2.30, 5.00, 7.45, 10.00 pm
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.00, 8.00 pm

THE FAVOUR, THE WATCH & THE VERY BIG FISH (2-18)

Mon-Sat: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.15 pm
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.15, 8.00 pm

DON'T TELL MOM THE BABYSITTER'S DEAD (ALL)

Mon-Sat: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45, 10.15 pm
Sun: 12.00, 2.30, 5.15, 8.00 pm

MY MOTHER'S CASTLE (ALL)

Mon-Sat: 9.45, 12.15, 2.30, 5.15, 7.45,

TIME OF THE GYPSIES

This film is all the more poignant for the war raging in what was Yugoslavia when Time of the Gypsies was made. Director Emir Kusturica was born in Sarajevo and the film features seven languages including the Gypsy language. He won 2 prizes at Cannes 1989 for this epic film which chronicles the problems faced by tradition-bound gypsies. He is the man who gave us When Father was Away on Business. Few of the actors in Time of the Gypsies are trained - Kusturica travelled the length and breadth of the country to find authentic locations and actors.

BARTON FINK

When it was shown in competition at Cannes, Barton Fink became the first film in the 44 year history of the festival to win awards for both best picture (Palm D'Or), best director (Joel Coen) and best actor (John Turturro). Set in Hollywood during the early 40s, Barton Fink, concerns the misadventures of an earnest playwright who moves to Hollywood to crack it at screenwriting. He goes crazy little by little. The brothers Coen wrote the screenplay while struck with writer's block during the writing of Miller's Crossing. So we're guaranteed at least some sincere sentiments.

THE INNER CIRCLE

By now everyone knows that this is the first film to be shot inside the Kremlin and we've all heard the phoney Russian accents in the trailer. It's a wonderful idea - Andrei Konchalovsky wanted to personify the suffering of the Russian Everyman through the character of Ivan (Tom Hulce), Stalin's projectionist. It's about a servant's blind loyalty to his master.

BLAME IT ON THE BELL BOY

'n Klugagtige gemors met Dudley Moore. PHYSICAL EVIDENCE

Burt Reynolds and Theresa Russell are at loggerheads - he's a cop who has been kicked off the force and is accused of murder, she's the public defender. There are alibis and good lines flying about. Directed by Michael Crichton who made Jagged Edge.

*** INDIAN NOCTURNE

Díe misterieuze Frans-Indiese prent handel oor 'n Fransman se soek na die liefde. Dit is al beskryf as 'n film noir sonder gewere. Die protagonis sonder 'n naam is Jean-Hugues Anglade, wat Bombai toe gaan om sy Portugese vriend te soek. Soos hy van plek na plek reis, begin hy die persoonlikheid van sy vriend aanneem. Dit word 'n metafysische tog van transformasie en die fotografie is pragtig, die toneelspel uit die boonste rakke. Dit is nie die eindpunt wat saak maak nie, maar die reis... ANDREA VINASSA

*** SALMONBERRIES

'n Betoverende prent deur die regisseur van Bagdad Café - dit handel oor die soek na oorspronge, eensaamheid, uitgewekenheid, die behoefte aan genesing van die pyn van die verlede. Percy Adlon is weer vol truks en toor met kleur in hierdie aanvanklik onstellende vertelling van 'n vreemdsoortige verhouding tussen twee vroue - een is 'n optelkind en die ander is 'n vlugteling uit Oos-Duitsland. AV

*** BASIC INSTINCT

It doesn't have much soul, but it gives great head. IVOR POWELL

*** LA STAZIONE

'n Aangrypende komiese drama wat bewys dat jy nie bomme en motorjaagtog nodig het om opwinding te skep nie. Italiaanse komedies kan baie laf wees. Díe een is nie. Dit handel oor Domenico, die stasiebaas op 'n klein dorpse stasie in die suide van Italië, en bewaar die ewig tussen komedioen drama. Ondanks sy vervelighed, is

Vivekuse films

****	voortrefflik
***	sterk aanbeveel
**	sien gerus
*	so-so
	vermy

ROLPRENTJE
SONDER STERRE IS
NOG NIE
BOORDEEL NIE;
HIERDIE IS NIE 'N
VERGELYKENDE
SKAAL NIE; DIT IS
ONMOONTLIK OM
ROLPRENTJE IN
VERSILLENDE
GENRES MET
MEKAAR TE
VERGELYK

hy eintlik lief vir die Duitse taal - hy leer homself om Duits te praat en koester ook 'n groot liefde vir statistieke. Sommige mense sou hom neuroties noem, maar Umberto Marino het 'n toneelstuk oor hom geskryf wat nou deur Sergio Rubini verfilm is. 'n Ontstigte vrou, Flavia, doen Domenica se stasie aan en daarna haar mal kérél. 'n Emosionele avontuur volg wanneer Domenico en Flavia hulle in die donker stasie oopsluit en begin gesels. AV

STOP OR MY MOM WILL SHOOT

What is Roger Spottiswoode doing fooling around with Sly en Estelle? After all, he did make Under Fire. Well, I suppose this is an under fire of a different kind.

BEETHOVEN

'n Hond-prent. Sy naam is Beethoven. Met Charles Grodin en Dean Jones. Die temaledjie is Chuck Berry se Roll Over Beethoven. Die regisseur, Brian Levant, het die regie van die TV-reeks Happy Days behartig.

DON'T TELL MOM THE BABYSITTER'S DEAD

Mindless teen fun. Black humour and ageism is my guess.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

Mense het die lang kort weergawe van Dances with Wolves gehaat. Ek het dit nogal geniet, maar ek's 'n filistyn. Nou kan hulle die lang lang weergawe gaan kyk. Dis vier ure lank en het baie tonele van bison-slagtings.

*** MISSISSIPPI MASALA

Mira Nair's second film is a bit of a let-down after the moving Salaam Bombay! But that's no reason not to see this gently sensual comedy set in the Indian-run motels of the American Deep South. When Mina falls for a black man, the narrow-minded Indian community is shocked and thus begins a Romeo & Juliet tale for these multi-cultural times.

Nair is excellent at conjuring up the documentary details and textures of working-class life, but not as good at exploring the conventions of Hollywood narrative. Nevertheless, her aim is to criticise without harsh judgmentalism, the racism and xenophobia of her own people. This she does with much humour and sympathy. AV

*** TEXASVILLE

The sequel to The Last Picture Show. (I'm told it has been unbanned and will be out on video soon.) The plot sounds like a farce, but actually it's a sort of satire of American small-town life. Duane Jackson, sometime football jock, is now an oil magnate with a midlife crisis and a \$12 million debt. Bogdanovich's wryly humorous film has a paunchy, bandy-legged Jeff Bridges as the most passive man in Texas who is put upon by his beautiful wife and even more beautiful ex-girlfriend. Mellow stuff which conveys the linearity and blandness of small-town life. AV

*** BATMAN RETURNS

An excess of SFX and an undernourished narrative. Tim Burton - is he Steven Spielberg's dark side? - returns from the suburban surrealism of Edward Scissorhands to plunge into the dank depths of Gotham City, but Michelle Pfeiffer's siren and dangerous Catwoman steals the show. AV

** NO HERO

Geen helde hier nie, behalwe miskien Jennifer Steyn met 'n spunkie en oortuigende vertolkking van 'n skaam (maar sterk) onderwyser wat verlief raak op 'n hubare losloper en popster gespeeldeur Steve Hofmeyr. Die prent is 'n voertuig vir die ego en soeterige aantreklikheid van Steve Hofmeyr. Ons hoop almal dat dit baie geld maak. AV

*** NAKED TANGO

Steamy, sexy and all the S words in the book. Dialogue and acting not hot, but



John Turturro in Barton Fink wat nou in die Village Walk draai.

music and dancing is super-erotic.

RANDY LE ROUX

* ONCE UPON A CRIME

Snerf. AV

* DROP DEAD FRED

Moenie jou geld mors nie. AV

*** A DRY WHITE SEASON

Toek ek dié prent so drie jaar gelede gesien het, het die geweldtonele my tot in my siel geruk. Vandag sal dit seker baie mak en simplisties voorkom, en die tema - die politieke bewuswording van 'n wit Afrikaner - is effens verouderd. Ek het destyds besluit Euzhan Palcy se verwerking van André P Brink se roman het die "werklikhede" van die lewe in Suid-Afrika beter opgesom en uitgebeeld as ander prente oor Suid-Afrika - omdat dit minder liberaal-soetsappig was as Cry Freedom en kragdadiger as A World

Apart.

*** GLADIATOR

'n Lekker boksprent met karakters wat slimmer en mooier is as Rocky. Die hoofspelers is Cuba Gooding van Boyz 'N the Hood-faam en James Marshall, die biker van Twin Peaks. Sy karakter word gedwing om deel te neem aan onwettige boksgevegte in Chicago. Die kersie op die koek is Brian Dennehy as die boksende bad guy. Glad nie sleg nie. Met baie blood, sweet en tranе. AV

* BY THE SWORD

More BS&T with F Murray Abraham and Eric Roberts. It's the story of a former fencing champion, who, as a young protégé, killed his mentor in a crime of passion and spent the next 25 years in jail. Driven by his conscience, he is compelled to discover the wherea-

bouts of the son of the man he killed. Oedipus, my friend! Absolute pretentious drivell. AV

TCHIN TCHIN

Julie Andrews en Marcello Mastrianni in 'n klugagtige liefdeskomedie vol jagse middeljarige mans en mooi vroue.

** THE FAVOUR, THE WATCH AND THE VERY BIG FISH

Rather disappointing, not exactly Monty Python. AV

*** RAMBLING ROSE

Nie 'n perfekte prent nie. Dit bevat die mooiste verleidingsoneel ooit in 'n rolprent oogeneem en die snaksste dialoog is in Robert Duvall se mond gelê. Laura Dern en haar ma Diane Ladd skep 'n pragstuk van intimiteit. 'n Bietjie te idillies en soms bietjie prekerig. AV

"It rips the lid off life in the Soviet Union with a vengeance. At last, we can see why communism was doomed."
- Jim Whaley, PBS CINEMA SHOWCASE

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to be filmed inside the walls
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trapped in a world
of power and privilege,
forced to choose between
his country and his heart.

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