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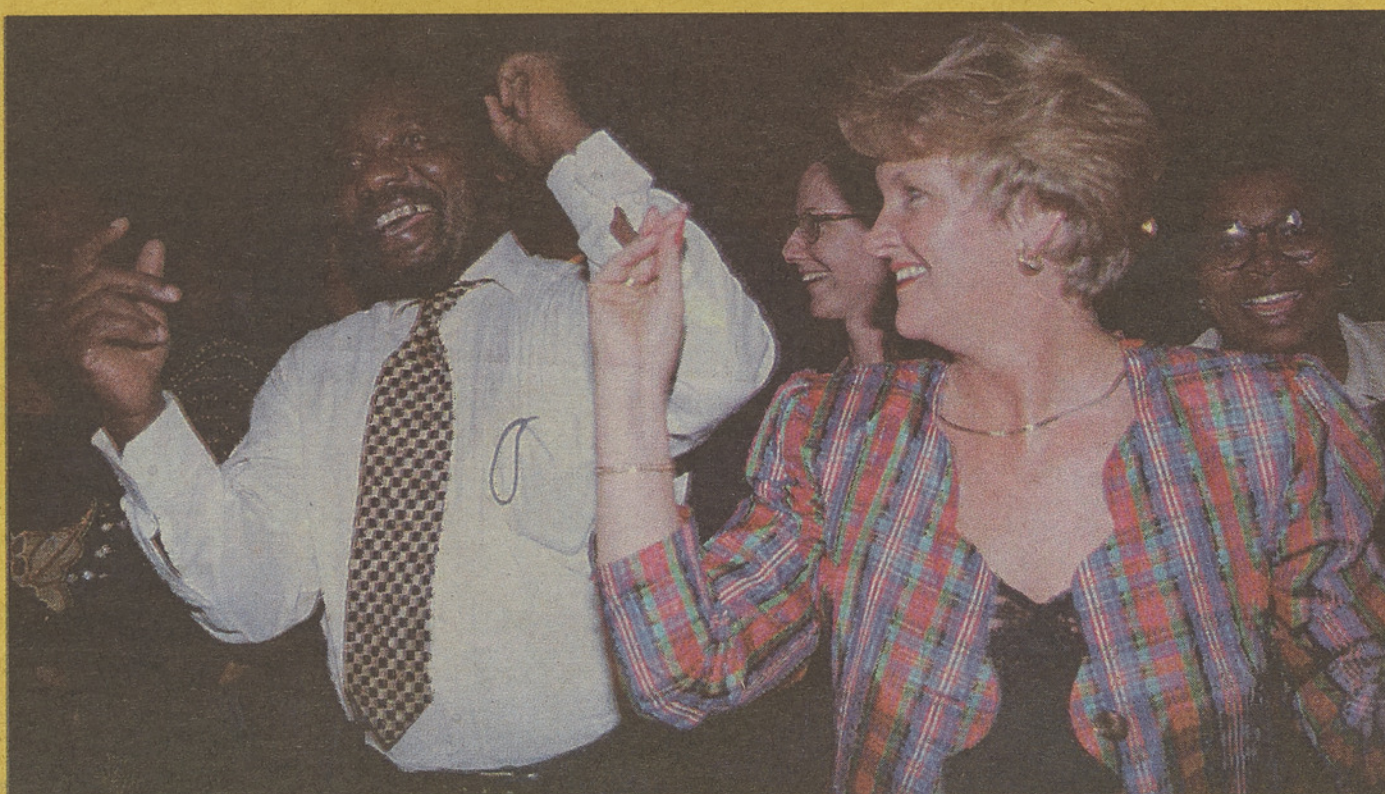
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AWARDS 1995

'Hand in hand, to a brighter future'

— Nelson Mandela at the Constitutional Assembly, May 8 1996

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After 48 years, the Nats are out

The National Party has announced it is to quit the Government of National Unity, reports **Gaye Davis**

THE Mandela-De Klerk era ended at noon on Thursday. The National Party announced it is to quit the Government of National Unity, ending its 48-year stretch in the executive.

National Party leader FW de Klerk said yesterday the decision to quit the GNU did not mean an end to good co-operation, but it has left President Nelson Mandela faced with finding six Cabinet ministers and three deputies

by June 30, when the withdrawal takes effect.

The decision was taken at an emergency meeting of the party's federal executive committee Thursday morning and later endorsed by the NP's parliamentary caucus.

The decision was due to have been taken at a meeting of the NP's federal council this coming Tuesday. Instead, as the rand went spiralling downwards in the wake of De Klerk's remarks during the adoption of the new

Constitution on Wednesday that the NP was seriously considering withdrawing from the GNU, provincial leaders were urgently summoned to Cape Town for yesterday's meeting.

Mandela, on a walkabout in Mitchell's Plain, was informed of the decision by De Klerk by phone shortly before the NP leader faced the press.

De Klerk said Mandela's reaction was "cool"; he took notes and "did not try to discuss the merits with me". De Klerk thanked Mandela for the "good working relationship we could have enjoyed".

Party insiders said De Klerk had made up his mind some time ago that

he wanted to quit the GNU but faced opposition from within the party.

Behind De Klerk's thinking lay the realisation that the new Constitution marked a fresh phase in politics and a strategically opportune moment to quit the GNU, rather than wait for its formal expiry in 1999.

This would allow the party to focus on being an effective opposition without the hindrance of being party to decisions at executive level. It would also smooth internal rifts over the NP's lack of opposition profile and continued participation in the GNU.

The opposing view — held by party secretary general Roelf Meyer,

was that it would be better to make the most of the last few years of power — sharing and remain an influence in government. De Klerk was understood to be keen to take a quick decision and put an end to uncertainty.

Debate within the party over the issue came to a head this week as it faced up to voting in favour of a Constitution which it felt to be flawed. It was time for the debate to come out into the open. Being the junior partner in government and an effective opposition is very difficult. Now we are in a transitional moment it is the time to do this, a NP source said.

The stunt-man behind Sifiso's story

Jacquie Golding-Duffy

THE huge public outpouring of grief over the case of Sifiso Mahlangu, the 10-year-old who returned to South Africa this week after a four-year tug-of-war, was carefully managed by British public relations supremo Max Clifford.

Clifford is known for breaking the story of Princess Diana's alleged affair with British rugby captain Will Carling. He is on record for saying that 1995 was professionally a good year for him because of stories such as the Di-Carling affair.

Diane Taylor, the journalist who broke the story of Mahlangu, says Clifford has been managing this story. "The pictures and interviews were nicely packaged and few readers could fail to feel the desired tug at their heartstrings. The reprinting in some newspapers of Sifiso's letter to the Queen, begging her to let him stay, must be one of Clifford's smartest stunts," she says.

Taylor says melodrama is usually helpful, when it comes to clouding the truth and the scenes of Sifiso refusing to board the plane at Heathrow helped avert probing questions about how he came to be in England and what has happened during his four years there — almost half his life.

Taylor says she learned about the case through the Black Sash more than a year ago while it was in the hands of lawyers, after Sifiso was made a ward of the court following Stopford's application to Westminster Council to adopt him.

She conducted an interview with Charlie and Selina Mahlangu where



Trans-global trauma: Salome Stopford and one of her daughters grieve the loss of Sifiso

they explained that they had worked for Stopford in South Africa as chauffeur and domestic worker respectively. Stopford then made her ill-fated proposal to take Sifiso to Britain at a time when the apartheid regime was still alive and kicking.

Taylor says: "For the purposes of a good story à la Max Clifford, the cul-

tural differences between England and South Africa have been conveniently overlooked." She adds that, among other things, "it became commonplace during the Eighties for whites to take paternalistic interest in the education of a domestic's children and the couple did therefore not think it too unusual that Stopford



Back home: Sifiso Mahlangu will have to adjust to a different culture

wanted to help in that way".

The British press has resorted to tear-jerking accounts of Sifiso's last words to his white "mother" as recounted by Salome Stopford: "The last thing I said to him was to be strong. The last thing he said to me was 'I love you mummy'."

Although a South African newspaper pointed out that Sifiso is not Zulu but Ndebele, based on the fact that "all Mahlangus are Ndebele", it adds that it "just goes to show that to many white people all black South Africans are Zulus".

The British press in its splash-coverage chose a route most journalists would follow by going to child psychologists, among other "experts".

One newspaper quoted a "founding

member of the Campaign for Inter-country Adoption" saying: "Who you are is the language you speak, the values you have. This child is culturally British now."

This "expert" goes on to say that under the Child Act Sifiso's "best interests" must be paramount but whether his best interests were served by returning him to what had become an "alien culture must be open to question".

Local women's magazine *Fair Lady* will have an exclusive on the Mahlangus in this month's edition. Editor Roz Wrottesley says "no money exchanged hands" between the publication and Sifiso's parents — just a contribution to the Mahlangus' expenses when they attended the first hearing at the British High Court in June last year.

Wrottesley expressed "shock" at the manner in which the British press accepted the Stopford story and reported it in a "typically British and arrogant manner".

"The argument that the boy would have had a better life in Britain is racist and materialist, and only one side of the story, that of Stopford, is being told in Britain."

Taylor concludes that although the trial by British media has arrived at a very different conclusion from that of the High Court, Court of Appeal, House of Lords and Court of Appeal a second time, there is likely to be little wholehearted celebration from any quarter about Sifiso's return to South Africa. "Stopford is grieving for him, he is grieving for her and for England, and his parents have to deal with the indignity of being voted second best," she said.

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M&G on SAfm

WHAT is the government going to be like with the National Party outside instead of inside? Is this Constitution the best Constitution we could have hoped for? M&G reporters, special guests and SAfm host Will Bernard talk about these issues on Friday at 8.30am. Phone in on (011) 714-8022.

PEOPLE

APPOINTED: Deputy President **Thabo Mbeki** as chancellor of the Natal Technikon

EXPECTING: Figure skater **Nancy Kerrigan** and her husband/agent Jerry Solomon

FINED: Free State businessman **Konstatinos Guileas**, fined R30 000 for unlawful removal of endangered cycades from the Eastern Cape in March 1995

FREED: British arms dealer and former spy **Paul Grecian**, held since his arrival in South Africa in December because of an American extradition request, finally released by the court

IN THE DOCK: Bosnian Serb bar owner **Dusan Tadic**, charged at the United Nations war crimes tribunal sitting at The Hague with torture and murder; actor **George C Scott**, accused of sexual harassment of a former personal assistant but too ill — with an aortic aneurysm — to appear

JAILED: Right-wing bomber **Pieter Hammse**, found guilty of murder after a bomb at a shopping centre in Bronkhorstspuit in 1993 killed a policeman; Sri Lankan serial gigolo **Pavulupitiyage Gunapala** (35), who married 15 women, had affairs with 54 others, and robbed most of them before abandoning them

RELEASED: Red Army Faction activist **Hanna Krabbe**, now 50, jailed for life in 1975 in Germany for the murder of two diplomats in an attack on an embassy in Stockholm

RESIGNING: Malawi vice-president, former trade union leader **Chakufwa Chihana**

DIED: Sasol chairman **Johannes Augustus Stegmann** (69), in Johannesburg; returned exile and Unity Movement stalwart **Jane Gool**; Arab Israeli author **Emile Habibi** (74), in Nazareth

VERBATIM

“This thing that we have done today, in this small corner of a great continent so decisive to the evolution of humanity, says that Africa reaffirms that she is continuing to rise from the ashes.”

— Deputy President Thabo Mbeki on the new Constitution

“This is our national soul, our compact with one another as citizens, underpinned by our highest aspirations and our deepest apprehensions. Our pledge is: Never and never again shall the laws of our land rend our people apart or legalise their oppression and repression.”

— President Nelson Mandela

“I am ecstatic.”

— Constitutional Assembly chairman Cyril Ramaphosa, announcing agreement on a new Constitution

“The NP put up the charade of a fight with the ANC which can only be compared to cats giving the impression of fighting whilst they are actually copulating.”

— Afrikaner Weerstandsbeweging, on the same subject

“It is not unique as we come to the end of the century to see national reserves transferred into the pockets of the clever, bold gamblers called currency speculators.”

— Finance Minister Trevor Manuel on why the rand has plunged

“It went three times around my cassock. I was trained to carry on regardless, but I must admit the prayers speeded up a bit towards the end.”

— Reverend Stephen Grey of Bamford, whose cassock was invaded by a ferret as he knelt to pray

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FISH EAGLE - A REMARKABLE BRANDY

'This is our national soul, our compact with one another as citizens, underpinned by our

ANC scores high

The Constitution has become a yardstick of the success and strength of the political parties, and will do much to define them in the eyes of the public in the run-up to the 1999 general elections. **Marion Edmunds** reports

WHERE does the Constitutional Assembly leave the African National Congress? "In a league of its own."

The ANC has, during the last two years of constitution-making, negotiated its election promises of April 1994 (and more) through into the final constitutional text.

By its conviction and dogged, sometimes ruthless, negotiating style, the ANC has been able to free itself from the worst of the compromises it made in the interim Constitution, defining itself to its voters as the political movement that has not only brought freedom to South Africans, but also entrenched it.

It's likely that the majority of the population will be impressed.

Of all the constitutional victories the ANC scored, the settlement on centre-provincial relations was the easiest, given that at one stage of constitutional debate, federalism was the most sensitive of all constitutional issues.

With the introduction of the Council of Provinces and the concept of co-operative government, the ANC has put itself firmly in control of both the centre and provincial interests, considerably lessening the powers of maverick provinces run by opposition parties (the Western Cape and KwaZulu-Natal) to buck the centre, and diminishing the threat of federalism to ANC national control.

The most dramatic of the ANC victories concerned the "three-pack" of clauses in the Bill of Rights. Over the past two weeks, the National Party stuck fast to positions on labour relations, property and education, hoping to push the ANC to the edge, and thus to an agreement.

Marathon all-nighters notwithstanding, the ANC refused to be eyeballed into accepting the NP's desire to entrench, as a constitutional right, the apartheid-derived system of mother-tongue, single-medium, state-subsidised schools, offering the Nats a sop to this instead.

The ANC also refused, with labour's backing and some say Cosatu's insistence, to put in a lock-out clause in the Labour Relations Bill, thereby seeming to champion the interests of the workers against employers. Further, the ANC formulated the property clause in such a way that it could be claimed as a "tool for land reform".

Also chalked in as victory on the score-board is the ANC's refusal to allow the NP to introduce any form of executive power-sharing. The ANC steadfastly refused to recognise traditional leadership in government and continued to insist on gender equality. It has also had success in outlawing racist hate-speech.

The ANC can also claim credit for being the chief architect of the Local Government chapter, elevating munic-

ipal governance to an independent tier of government with a constitutional guaranteed slice of national revenue. Further, the ANC takes the credit for ensuring that all South Africa's 11 languages have equal standing, replacing the interim Constitution's preference for English and Afrikaans.

There is a great deal for the ANC to boast about on the eve of local government elections.

The ANC is also in the lucky position of being able to boast about the concessions it made, to ensure that other political parties remained on board, thereby giving the text the legitimacy it desperately needs to enshrine it in the hearts of all South Africans, not just in the law.

By giving the Freedom Front its Cultural Commission and a self-determination principle, by giving the leader of the NP status as the Leader of the Opposition, and by bending to the Democratic Party and lobbyists from left and right on many issues in the Bill of Rights and elsewhere, the ANC showed itself to be just generous-spirited enough not to be type-cast as a bully — even though it was the largest, most aggressive boy in the playground.

Finally, the opportunity the CA has given to the party's secretary general, Cyril Ramaphosa, to champion human rights, civil liberties, justice and good government with the most engaging of smiles can only enhance the party's standing in the eyes of the public.

While Wednesday was a day for all South Africans to be proud, it must have been a special day of jubilation for ANC leadership because it set the party on the road to the final new South Africa with everything it needs for success and an electoral victory in 1999.

Where does the CA process leave the Inkatha Freedom Party?

"Sore, sulky losers."

It was a sad reflection on Inkatha that only five journalists came to a special four-hour workshop on the evils of the final Constitution held at Parliament this week. Most of them only stayed an hour, refusing more cake and tea, to return to the CA, believing what MP's had to say there was ultimately more relevant to the public at this stage.

The general opinion among all constitutional players, from the presidential office to the Pan Africanist Congress, was that Inkatha has marginalised itself by refusing to return to the CA to fight its case for greater provincial autonomy there and that its views would have had an impact on the Constitution had they not left.

Inkatha theoreticians, and legal advisor Mario Ambrosini, will have their day at the certification of the Constitution at the Constitutional Court,

where they will argue that this final draft is in fact unconstitutional because it diminishes provincial power and boosts the power of the centre.

While their argument in this respect has much weight — the provincial powers have been decreased in comparison to the interim Constitution — their refusal to participate does not help them, partly because nobody hears their side of the story in the media.

Where does this leave the NP? "Compromised."

They tried so hard to win through opposition, but in the end the NP's greatest art is compromise. An early attempt to further power-sharing in the final Constitution was beaten down by the ANC leaving Deputy President FW de Klerk with nothing more than the title of Leader of the Opposition.

With stated intention of ensuring federalism in the final Constitution, Secretary General Roelf Meyer agreed to a system of co-operative government that would clip the wings of the NP's only premier, Herinus Kriel, in the Council of Provinces.

Promising to fight to the last for single-medium, mother-tongue, state-subsidised schools, Meyer agreed to an education clause that makes their objective a possibility, but not a constitutional right.

The ANC played the NP carefully from the start, knowing full well that they needed the NP's vote to get the two-thirds majority to pass the Constitution, and that once the NP's support for the text was secured, it would make it harder for the DP and the FF to vote against the text.

The cultivated relationship between Roelf Meyer and Cyril Ramaphosa, and the spontaneous camaraderie that developed between Ramaphosa and NP MP Leon Wessels, and then between a number of NP and ANC stalwarts, helped to move the process along in, it was claimed, "a spirit of give and take". Much of the NP's success lay in the quieter process of finding common ground with the ANC, a party whose ideology they used to oppose vehemently.

The NP was in the difficult position of having to juggle constituencies — on the one hand it had its loyalties to the traditional Afrikaner constituency, but it was also trying to court the emerging black bourgeoisie, coloured nationalists in the Western Cape, and big and small business. In the end, the party compromised on the aspirations of all three, but unlike Inkatha, participated gracefully in the final ceremony for the sake of South Africa and a position as opposition and for the common good.

The announcement that the NP will pull out of the Government on National

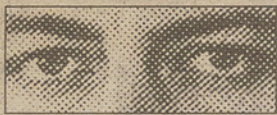


Celebrations! A choir sings the praises of the new Constitution at Wednesday's big bash

PHOTOGRAPH: RODGER BOSCH

Mother of all parties

EYEWITNESS



Marion Edmunds

THE most coveted documentation at Parliament this week was not the latest draft of the Constitution, but an invitation to the party to end all parties, the big bash to end it all held on Wednesday night at Fernwood, the Parliamentary Estate in Bishops Court.

In the last late nights of the constitution-making process, Constitutional Assembly media liaison Katherine Mackenzie was jostled and set upon by media, functionaries and observers who felt they had become part of the "Process", and thus deserved to go to the "Party". But Mackenzie, sometimes abrupt and irritated from lack of sleep, refused to issue invitations to any but those on her list, making some hefty enemies in the small hours of Wednesday morning.

Mackenzie had forgotten all about this by the small hours of Thursday morning, as she and other members of the CA administration hopped, bopped and boogied in the gigantic Marquee at Fernwood, relieved that two years of late nights and long meetings were at last over, and that normal life could start again.

By that time the diplomats, the

dignitaries, the eminent guests, the politicians and President Nelson Mandela had all gone home. After a three course sit-down meal, wine and speeches, the party was taken over by the CA administration people and journalists who have bonded deeply through the two-year-long Constitutional Process — which has imprinted itself on their psyches like the intellectual version of a *veld* and *vlei* course.

The administration people have borne the brunt of the politicians wranglings for two years — they have worked day, night, weeks and weekends to streamline the Process and smooth out the wrinkles to keep it sweet-smelling for the public.

It was disappointing that the politicians went home comparatively early on Wednesday night, given that the adoption of the Constitution was culmination of more than five years of work stretching back to Codesa, in which ideologies softened, friendships blossomed and the sense of a common South Africa was born. Given, too, that many politicians have founded their careers on constitutional negotiations, developed their personalities through the verbal and legal exchanges and defined their political future through the decisions they made. It would have been nice to have seen them, for once, throw their political selves to the wind, and let their hair down.

But no doubt they were exhausted after a month of long nights and years of intense political tension. I am too.

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highest aspirations and deepest apprehensions' — **Nelson Mandela**

points in the Constitution



On line to the last: Cyril Ramaphosa charmed and smiled his way through the Constitution-making procedure till the very last moment

PHOTOGRAPH: RODGER BOSCH

Unity, to better fulfil an opposition role, does not come as a surprise.

Where does this leave the DP?

"Optimistic"
The ANC's spontaneous applause for DP leader Tony Leon during his earnest speech at the adoption ceremony on Wednesday took some by surprise. The aggression and fearlessness with which the DP took on the ANC directly during the Constitution-making process did not endear him to either ANC leaders or back-benchers.

The party locked horns frequently with the ANC, particularly over the Bill of Rights, on the issues of property, civil liberties, equality, labour relations, federalism and checks and balances on government leaders, wanting ultimately to secure greater freedom for individuals and the market, and wanting to check the power of central government and politicians.

In the final instance, it did not win all its battles; it lost many of the big ones, but it refused to compromise on its principles, defining it as a stauncher opposition to the ANC than the NP.

While the NP is still coming to terms with its loss of political power — now finally confirmed by the new constitutional text — the DP is resigned to having more influence than power, and by living by wit and stamina rather than popularity. It is difficult to pinpoint all the instances in which DP arguments have impacted on the final draft, but their accumulative effect is great, given their size and their past.

The DP kept the world guessing to the last moment, whether it would support the final draft — of which so much was decided by the ANC and the NP — but, in the end, Leon confirmed the party's support, optimistic that it would act as a "shield behind which ordinary South Africans can be secured in the fastness of their rights".

But the optimism is underscored by a wariness that the way to hell can be paved by good intentions.

Where does this leave the FF?

"Sustained, but abstaining."
The FF's decision not to vote one way or the other on the final Constitution surprised many ANC MPs, if their cries of dismay at the final adoption ceremony were anything to go by, because the ANC believed it had given "the General" — FF leader Constand Viljoen — what he wanted.

In many respects they had. The FF say they are satisfied that the Constitution acknowledges collective rights, self-determination and creates a commission that will protect the cultural and other rights of minorities. They are also pleased that the introduction of the final Constitution will not end the life of the Volkstaat Council.

However, the FF believes that the agreement on the education clause, which does not entrench Afrikaner single-medium schools, was too much of a compromise for them to accept, and with their constituency in mind, they decided they could not vote for the Constitution.

NP's last grab at the till

Marion Edmunds

SLY to the last, the National Party attempted to win constitutional guarantees for special pensions for long-serving parliamentarians, just before the end of the constitutional negotiations.

It was with some surprise that the waiting hordes of journalists heard, in the last nail-biting night, that the NP had added a new proposal on the table for discussion, along with the property, labour relations and education clauses.

While the latter three were matters of principle, this new one was a matter of pocket. During the multi-

party negotiations in Kempton Park, the NP MPs negotiated constitutional guarantees for pensions for those who had served in the old apartheid Parliament, and to balance it out, those who had served the ANC in Umkhonto weSizwe. In effect, the guarantee means that many Nat MPs who served in the last Parliament and are in the new one are receiving double pay — a pension for apartheid days service as well as their current salary package. The NP wanted a guarantee in the final Constitution that this double privilege would not be taken away, once the interim Constitution fell away.

The Nats were hoping that by

introducing this proposal so late, and with everyone so desperate for agreement, the ANC would concede their wish to avoid a deadlock.

ANC sources said that they called the Nats' bluff on that Tuesday night, challenging them to force a deadlock on a matter of pensions, and to take the consequences. At that stage, the NP took the proposal off the table, knowing that the adoption of the Constitution would overshadow this small incident, and that it was unlikely to make headline news.

"You're right, it doesn't look good," said an NP source late Tuesday.

And the Pan Africanist Congress?

"Amused."
PAC leader Clarence Makwetu cracked joke after joke at the adoption ceremony, announcing the PAC's support for the text although it departed from many of the party's principles. He said he was particularly pleased that it ended power-sharing, but was disappointed that the GNU would continue until 1999.

Finally the African Christian Democratic Party?

"Still a believer."

Now that the process is over, it is quite safe to say that nobody took the ACDP seriously, except for the CA administration which noted all the remarks its representatives made.

The ACDP's point of departure was that the Bible overrode the provisions of any Constitution, as does God's will. It voted against the adoption of the Constitution.

A new beginning? PAGE 26;
Is the Constitution any good? PAGE 27;

Rand: Nowhere to hide, PAGE B1

Fatal party night for soccer fans

Mungo Soggot

SOUTH AFRICA'S own brand of football violence was on show this week during the trial of a young soccer fan who shot dead a fellow reveller at a party hosted by Bafana Bafana hero Doctor Khumalo.

The Rand Supreme Court heard that the incident followed a quarrel over the Kaizer Chiefs and the Jomo Cosmos soccer teams. In the week before the shooting, which took place on the night of the Rugby World Cup final, Kaizer Chiefs had been robbed of three points during a game with Jomo Cosmos for fielding an illegally registered player, fuelling the traditional rivalry between the two teams.

Judge Lucy Mailula, South Africa's first black woman on the bench — who gave a good example of judicial aloofness by asking the state's first witness whether Doctor Khumalo was a medical doctor — was confronted with two different accounts of the night's events.

Flashily dressed Sipho Tshabalala (27), who is charged with murdering Grant Moabi, said he shot him in self-defence after Moabi lurched towards him drunkenly clutching a gun.

In his plea, Tshabalala said Moabi had threatened to shoot him and, mindful that he always carried a gun and had already shot someone in Dube, he had aimed one shot at Moabi's right arm.

Mannie Witz, Tshabalala's counsel, said Tshabalala would not be calling any witnesses. Adding to the sporting background of the incident, Witz said his client would tell the court he had been in a good mood after attending the rugby.

He had turned up at the party

with a South African flag painted on his face and had then taunted Moabi by saying that the "rugby guys" were now becoming more successful than their soccer counterparts.

The state's main witness so far — Bobby Motaung, son of Kaizer Chiefs' boss Kaizer Motaung — gave a different account of the night's events.

Motaung testified that Tshabalala had harassed both him and Moabi throughout the evening, goaded them about the Kaizer Chiefs team and tried to barge into a photograph which was being taken of them and some other Kaizer Chiefs supporters.

Motaung said he had initially not felt threatened, particularly after discussing the situation with a friend who had said

"you know how soccer fans behave", but he had felt less sanguine when Tshabalala had pulled out a gun.

He also gave evidence that Tshabalala had been accompanied by a friend who had put his hand inside his jacket as if he was going to do the same. And he told the court that Moabi had not been carrying a gun and as far as he knew had never shot anyone.

Under cross examination by Witz, Motaung described the split seconds which followed the shot. After he had explained the brief

confusion which followed the gunshot, Witz asked him whether he had been in any "gunshot situations" before. Motaung replied nonchalantly that he had — "in soccer stadiums when there is a riot".

Witz asked him why he and Moabi had not fled the room when Tshabalala had pulled the gun, as the two women who had been sitting next to them had done. "If I am fac-



Grant Moabi: Shot dead by a soccer fan at a party after the Rugby World Cup final

ing something, I do not run away. If they wanted a war I was ready to fight," he replied.

Witz pointed to a number of inconsistencies between Motaung's evidence and the statement he gave just after the incident.

He said Motaung had made no mention of Tshabalala's friend's apparent move to pull a gun out of his jacket in his statement. Motaung sought to defuse the allegations of inconsistency by saying the policeman who had taken down his statement must have made some omissions.

Next to take the stand was Radio Metro disc jockey Romeo Kumalo who told the court that Tshabalala had been in a happy mood "with his rugby face".

Kumalo said that when he came into the room just before the shooting it was difficult to say exactly who Tshabalala was aiming at. He said he did not remember seeing anyone standing next to Tshabalala at the time of the shooting.

Judge Mailula has postponed the case until May 27 to give senior prosecutor Mongi Nqoro time to track down and subpoena one of the women who was with Motaung and Moabi just before the killing.



Doctor Khumalo: Fatal shooting occurred at a party hosted by the former Kaizer Chiefs star

McBride bitter about portrayal of bar bombing

Robert McBride, in the headlines once again after testimony at the truth commission, is angry at the way the bomb attack has been misrepresented, writes **Justin Pearce**

ROBERT MCBRIDE will not reveal the names of the commanders who instructed him to place a car bomb on the Durban beachfront in 1985.

In an interview with the *Mail & Guardian* this week, he confirmed he was acting under instruction from Umkhonto weSizwe commanders in Gaborone, and that he travelled to Botswana to be briefed by MK's head of special operations.

"I was given instructions — I carried out those instructions. Maybe today I wouldn't carry out those instructions knowing the pain and suffering I caused."

Naming his commanders would serve no purpose, he said, explaining he has already been found guilty, served six years in prison and been granted amnesty.

His immediate commanders have never been identified or charged. Defence Minister Joe Modise was the supreme commander of MK in 1985.

In Gaborone, McBride was given material specifically to make car bombs, and instructed to target two Durban drinking-spots which the ANC had been informed were frequented by South African Defence Force personnel: the Why Not bar on the beachfront, and the bar of the Athlone Hotel. McBride said the hotel bar turned out to be an impractical target because it

did not open onto the street. Why Not was the target of the attack for which McBride was convicted and sentenced to death — even though the incident is usually remembered by the name of Magoo's bar next door.

McBride denied suggestions the bar attack had been carried out at the last minute, and that the intended target would have involved damage to property rather than the loss of human life. This he said had deliberately been stated during his trial to protect the image of the ANC which at that time was coming under attack in the West as a terrorist organisation.

In the past week McBride, never a popular figure in the mainstream white South African media, has once again found himself in the headlines. This time the relatives of the women who died in the bombing were speaking poignantly, like so many other victims, under the spotlight of the Truth and Reconciliation Commission, and Archbishop Desmond Tutu has been quoted as supporting McBride's removal from his post as a deputy director in the Department of Foreign Affairs. Tutu is

quoted as saying people should not benefit from their evil deeds.

"With all due respect to the archbishop, he has no brief to decide whether people should hold public office," McBride said of the comments attributed to Tutu in the *Johannesburg Star*. "The civil service would be depleted if everyone who contributed to apartheid would be removed. Half the government would be out of a job."

McBride appears battle-weary. He refuses to have his photograph taken now, fearing revenge attacks. He has heard all the accusations before, and his feelings have not changed in 11 years: he regrets the loss of human life. He is particularly hurt by misrepresentation of his views by witnesses before the truth commission this week.

"The families of the victims have every right to be angry, to be bitter, even to hate me. I know how it feels — a lot of comrades and friends died standing next to me. But they have no right to lie, to say that I never expressed remorse. In every interview I have done I have expressed remorse and contrition."

McBride believes the women who died in the attack were casualties of war: "The information supplied to the ANC was that SADF personnel frequent the



Robert McBride: Hurt by witnesses' misrepresentation of his views

Why Not bar — and that information was correct. But that still doesn't justify killing civilians."

Asked why his commanders had not chosen a military target rather than a public place frequented by soldiers, McBride said this was because "military bases could not easily be reached". He is angry that the Durban bomb attack is still portrayed outside of what he says is its political context: "They make it sound as though I woke up and decided it was a nice day to plant a bomb. It's projected as if South Africa was a

perfect country with one mad man in it."

McBride said at the ANC's consultative conference at Kabwe, Zambia in 1985 the ANC had resolved "to go after enemy people — even if other people got caught in the crossfire". He said this decision must be seen in the context of repeated SADF attacks in the frontline states, in which the majority of victims were civilians.

"After the Gaborone attack on June 14 1985, Constand Viljoen, who was then the head of the SADF, said all the people killed were ANC members or collaborators. In fact no armed people were killed. The smallest 'collaborator' to be killed was six years old — his name was Peter Mofoke."

What arouses the most bitterness in McBride is the difference in value which is accorded to white and black lives by mainstream South African media.

"In 1988 in Witbank there was an identical case [to the Durban bombing]. No one knows the name of the three victims. The reason is simple — they were black people."

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who was responsible for security in Durban during the march, said before the march he had "between 40 and 50" officers stationed around the city — a pittance given the circumstances.

Asked why no attempts were made to disarm the marchers, Van Sittert said his priority was to "manage the crowd and then open a docket against the organisers".

While IFP leaders promptly disassociated the party from the fiasco, the bold leadership of the illegal march by IFP MP Thomas Shabalala belied the claim the marchers were mere "hostel residents".

The Durban march, the third by IFP supporters in open defiance of the act banning the carrying of dangerous weapons, underlines the impunity with which the party's leaders are allowed to act by the province's security forces.

SAPS Director Bala Naidoo said

neither the march violence — in which three policemen were injured — nor last week's march by hundreds of armed KwaMashu hostel residents on the local police station to demand the release of suspects arrested in connection with the attack on the royal residence — had affected the security plan for the elections: "No, nothing has changed. We have already started our pre-election phase which will now be postponed because of the new date, but we will resume it later with 600 extra policemen. Then our election phase and post-election phase will continue as planned," he said.

For the IFP, the weekend events will not have done its campaign to woo crucial minority voters much good. White and Indian voters who witnessed Saturday's events are unlikely to be attracted to the party whose supporters sent them scurrying for cover in their shops and homes.

The involvement of warlords like Shabalala will be a continuous headache for IFP secretary general Ziba Jiyane, who has tried to disempower warlords in the party's leadership.

His failure to have Shabalala suspended from the party's national council, however, points to the continued dominance of military interests over political ones in the party's leadership.

The ANC's task will be to maximise the political benefits of this reality and turn the recent events into votes. Attempts to mobilise its fragmented structures through mass action have now been reduced to a handful of prayer meetings and small marches in an effort to avoid conflict. With little hope of resolving violence in time for the poll, the ANC has to quickly answer the key question being asked by its supporters: "Why should we lay down our lives for the ANC?"



Protest: ANC members march against violence after the shootout in Durban last Saturday
PHOTOGRAPHS: HENNER FRANKENFELD

Commission puts down roots of reconciliation

Eddie Koch

THE lesson from this week's truth commission hearings in Durban is that the effects of the organisation's work can never be easily predicted.

Instead of hearing evidence from mainly ANC-aligned victims — as was widely expected because of an Inkatha boycott — the commission ended up strengthening its non-partisan image and its prospects of helping to reconcile divided parties in the war-torn province.

Three important happenings caused this sudden turnabout for the fortunes of the process of truth and reconciliation in KwaZulu-Natal: Magoo Bar bomb victims' demands for ANC-bomber Robert McBride's government post to be withdrawn; requests from Stompie Seipai's mother that Winnie Mandela's role in the murder of her son be more fully investigated; and a dramatic decision by the Inkatha Freedom Party to take part in some of the commission's hearings.

Commission chairman Archbishop Desmond Tutu hinted strongly at a press conference on Wednesday night that perpetrators of human rights violations should not be rewarded. "We would obviously want to be as consistent as possible with that objective" he said. "We want to promote a culture of human rights which shows respect for victims and does not add to their pain."

Tutu was responding to requests from relatives of Marchelle Gerrard, one of the three people killed in the 1986 bomb attack on the Magoo's Bar in Durban, for McBride to be removed from public office. "The fact that we are contributing to his upkeep (as taxpayers) is inconceivable," was the way one of Gerrard's sisters, Sharon Welgemoed, approached the commission this week.

Tutu also indicated the commission would adopt a tough line of inquiry in the case of Stompie Seipai, a young ANC activist from Tumahole in the Free State who was killed by members of Winnie Mandela's bodyguard brigade in the 1980s.

Responding to questions about whether the commission's investigative unit would probe Winnie Mandela's apparent role in

the murder, Tutu said: "There is no reason why we are not going to look into this with the most rigorous concern ... If we need to subpoena the president we will subpoena the president. No one is above the particular laws the commission has been set up under."

Then Ziba Jiyane, general secretary of the Inkatha Freedom Party, seemed to underscore a realisation that the truth commission wasn't simply going to dwell on cases in which people involved in the ANC's struggle against apartheid suffered persecution. He announced this week that the IFP would make use of the commission's ability to recommend compensation for victims of human rights abuse and to grant amnesty to IFP members already convicted of political crimes.

Jiyane told the *Mail & Guardian*, however, that Inkatha would not appear at public

hearings of the commission to defend its position because the truth body had "been set up without the consensus of all parties".

Tutu welcomed the move but responded by saying it was not possible for any party to participate selectively in the commission's processes. He pointed out that all amnesty applications required full disclosure of all human rights violations before they could be considered.

Applications for reparations could also, in terms of the law, only be considered after being referred by the amnesty committee or the human rights violations committee.

"No party can avoid public scrutiny once it uses any of the committees of the commission," said Tutu. "It is in the interests of all parties to tell their side of the story. We are keen to stress we want to tell the whole story."

The unexpected ability of the commission to bolster its non-partisan image in the wake of this week's hearings in KwaZulu-Natal may just give it a chance to promote a bit of reconciliation. He told the *M&G* that Inkatha's decision would have important repercussions for the commission's objectives. "Once victims come to the commission they relate with each other. They begin to see each other as all victims of the same process and that is a beginning for reconciliation."



Beach patrol: Despite the violence, life's still a beach for many Durban residents

IBA gets taken down a notch

The IBA will no longer formulate telecommunications policies, writes **Jacquie Golding-Duffy**

THE announcement early this week by Posts, Telecommunications and Broadcasting Minister Jay Naidoo that his department will take over the task of developing telecommunications policies has met with mixed response. While some in the industry are apprehensive about the Independent Broadcasting Authority (IBA) shedding this responsibility, others have

welcomed the decision. The IBA will now focus solely on the regulation of the airwaves and the issuing of television and radio licences. Chairman of the Freedom of Expression Institute Raymond Louw says while the IBA's scaling down of responsibilities will bring it in line with other regulatory bodies in the world, there exists concern that policy

formulation and decision-making by the ministry could extend to meddling in the actual broadcasting function. Although Naidoo gave assurances that this will not be the case, Louw argues that the issue of policy decision-making by the ministry could lead to "temptation" where the ministry decides on the content of programmes and "policy is possibly used to dictate to the public broadcaster its programme content. "Creating policy so as to improve the environment and make it conducive to broadcasters flourishing is

desirable. But attempts to control programme content is undesirable," Louw says. IBA co-chairperson Peter de Klerk says Naidoo assured broadcasters that policy formulation by the ministry will not extend to content but will be concentrated on policy which is of national interest — instances where government can play a major role in addressing imbalances by establishing a reliable network that will reach both rural and urban communities. SABC's chief executive of television Jill Chisholm says she has had assur-

ances "from the president onwards" that the independence of the SABC is valued by government and therefore does not believe there would be any intervention in programme content. Executive director of the National Association of Broadcasters, Daniella Goldman, says there is "so much policy that still needs to be developed and the IBA is not the appropriate institution to handle policy formulation. "The IBA should be guided by policy and not be formulating it. Although I can understand people are uncomfortable with the dangers involved in the ministry formulating policy, provided the ministry is transparent and closely consults with broadcasters and others in the industry, there shouldn't be a problem."

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R 10 000 – R 14 999	7,75	8,03
R 15 000 – R 24 999	8,75	9,11
R 25 000 – R 49 999	10,50	11,02
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British spy is plotting his 'revenge'

The 'red notice' which led to Paul Grecian's arrest in South Africa is still in place, but this will not stop him from taking action against Interpol, reports **Mungo Soggot**

FORMER British spy Paul Grecian, who spent 135 days in South African prisons, returned to London this week to plan a legal assault on the South African branch of Interpol.

He wants to launch a string of lawsuits against American and British government institutions, but first in his sights is Interpol whose zeal has saddled him with hefty legal bills.

Grecian says he will investigate suing the South African branch of Interpol, which, he believes, "lured" him to South Africa by telling him there was no warrant out for his arrest when he telephoned from London to check whether it was safe for him to visit the country to see his girlfriend.

After being given the all-clear by Interpol director Dave Bruce, Grecian flew to South Africa on December 15 where he was greeted with an Interpol "red alert" arrest warrant, kicking off a five-month stretch in prison with a spell in solitary confinement over Christmas.

In an interview with the *Mail & Guardian* this week, Bruce dismissed any suggestion he deliberately trapped Grecian. He says that as he testified in the extradition hearing, he had at first not remembered ever talking to Grecian last year. "I was astounded when he first said he had spoken to me."

But then Bruce said one of his colleagues had reminded him of his telephonic conversation with Grecian in London. Then only did Bruce recall Grecian had in fact asked him whether he was wanted for any crime in South Africa — not whether there was any Interpol warrant. "I did not ask him why he had got hold of me as head of Interpol ... It is unfair for him how it transpired ... it was an unfortunate mistake."

Bruce, who was previously a senior officer of the South African Police's media relations, said he could quite easily have denied ever having spoken to Grecian as there would have been nobody apart from Grecian to tell otherwise. "I could have kept quiet about this, but this is not expected from a South African police officer."

Grecian began his incarceration at



Thank you South Africa for the great hospitality: Paul Grecian and girlfriend Elizabeth Powell leaving for London this week

PHOTOGRAPH: RUTH MOTAU

SA's Interpol connection

Mungo Soggot

SOUTH AFRICA rejoined Interpol in September 1993 after a 27-year exile from the international police network which was set up in 1914 to combat international crime.

South African Interpol executive director Dave Bruce says the South African Police Interpol office in Pretoria, which is now staffed by 14 detectives, provides the link between the South African Police (SAP) and police in Interpol's other

175 member countries, all of which are now linked to a central computer database. Interpol handles any crime as long as it is not "political", he says.

Through the computer link, Interpol alerts Bruce's team of any known foreign criminals in South Africa. The agency has a scale of arrest warrants for its quarries.

The top of the range "red notice" is for anyone for whom there is an extradition order; a "blue notice" for anyone who can give more information about a crime; a "green notice"

for anyone possible involved in crime and a "yellow notice" for missing persons.

The Pretoria operation is funded by the SAP, which also pays about R1-million a year to Interpol and, like all other member countries, sends one officer to Interpol headquarters in Lyon, France. Bruce says all Interpol offices operate within the law of their home country and have no jurisdiction elsewhere.

South Africa will soon fall under the Southern African regional office, which is being set up in Harare.

Modderbee Prison east of Johannesburg, but asked for a transfer to Krugersdorp Prison, west of the city after battling to get access to the two phones he shared with 3 500 inmates.

A source close to prison officials said disgraced stockbroker Greg

Blank helped arrange the transfer, but this could not be confirmed. Blank is serving a seven-year sentence at Krugersdorp Prison where he is understood to have developed an unusually cordial relationship with the prison authorities.

Grecian's five-month ordeal in

South Africa ended last Thursday when a magistrate quashed an application by the United States for his extradition, finding that the offences he was charged with in America were not crimes under South African law.

Grecian is wanted in the US on

charges of illegal arms-dealing with Iraq and fraud, despite being cleared of similar charges last November by the British Court of Appeal which accepted that he had been acting under orders from the British government.

Through the arms-dealings, Grecian was able to alert the West of Saddam Hussein's plans to develop a "Super-Gun".

The US never tried to extradite Grecian when he was in Britain and Interpol there never arrested him, despite his high profile appearances in the British courts.

Grecian was naturally wary of leaving Britain with the US charges against him, which was why he contacted Bruce before coming to South Africa to visit his girlfriend, Elizabeth Powell.

Bruce says Grecian had to be imprisoned in terms of South Africa's extradition agreement with the US. He says the series of unsuccessful extradition hearings which culminated in the rejection of the US extradition order will not affect the way the South African Interpol office conducts itself in future. "We had to act on that red notice. We are part of a judicial process."

Just because a South African court did not extradite Grecian there is no reason that he cannot be successfully pinned down in another country, he said.

Indeed, the red alert notice remained in place when Grecian left for London on Tuesday night. At the airport, Grecian said he was confident he would have a smooth arrival at Heathrow. In any case, he said, the British, unlike the South Africans, did not arrest and imprison on the basis of a red notice without a court hearing.

Apart from exploring a law suit against Interpol, he will consider taking legal action against the US for laying charges against him. He suspects the Americans are particularly anxious to get hold of him so he can help give evidence in other arms-dealing prosecutions.

According to friends of Grecian in Johannesburg, he had no trouble at London Heathrow and went straight off for an interview at the House of Commons.

Campaigners in South Africa for his release say both former British prime minister Edward Heath and Lord Richardson, who heads the Labour Party in the House of Lords, have expressed concern about the way in which South Africa handled the affair.

Ban on landmine exports

Justin Pearce

GROWING anti-landmine sentiments in South Africa and abroad have prompted the Department of Foreign Affairs to announce a permanent ban on the export of the mines by South Africa, confirming a moratorium which has been in place for the past two years.

A suspension has also been placed on the use of mines by the South African National Defence Force (SANDF).

Foreign Affairs Deputy Director General Abdul Minty said the decision to suspend the use of mines had been initiated by Foreign Affairs, and the suspension will be in effect until it has been discussed in Cabinet.

The SANDF is to present a report to Cabinet on the strategic value of landmines to its operations, and on this basis Cabinet will decide whether to make the ban permanent.

What is definite, however, is South Africa will no longer export anti-personnel mines.

South Africa has in the past manufactured and exported landmines, but manufacturers and the SANDF have kept tight-lipped about how many mines were made, where they were exported to, and when the manufacture ceased. The SANDF is known to have stockpiles of conventional mines, which it said last year would be replaced by "smart mines" which self-destruct after a set period of time.

The South African decision came at the end of the United Nations review conference on the Convention on Conventional Weapons (CCW), which finished in Geneva last week. In the run-up to the conference which was intended to give additional muscle to the original CCW, South Africa had been criticised for not insisting the CCW be amended in a way which would oblige signatories to place an outright ban on the use, manufacture or transfer of mines in their national territories. Instead, South Africa went along with a position which allowed for conventional mines to be replaced by "smart mines".

The import and export ban adopted by South Africa applies to "smart mines" as well as conventional mines.

At the conference, five more countries added their names to the list of states supporting a convention which would impose a complete ban on landmines, bringing to 34 the number of countries favouring this position. While the position held by South Africa remained the majority one at the conference, the drift of other states towards the total ban position put increasing pressure on South Africa to take a harder line.

At the conference, South Africa did not support the idea that the CCW should require signatories to ban landmines completely, on the grounds that this would dissuade other countries from supporting the ban.

The International Campaign to Ban Landmines (ICBL) has described the UN protocol as "a shameful betrayal of the tens of thousands of innocent civilians who live in mine-affected regions and those of future generations who will fall victim to this inhuman weapon".

ICBL's concerns include the convention's endorsement of smart mines, and the fact that it only restricts devices which are "primarily" intended as antipersonnel mines.

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Academic search for an African identity

Africanist academics have come together to mobilise for change on campuses — and they have the government's latest report on tertiary institutions in their sights.
Justin Pearce reports

A GROUP of black academics is set to do battle with the National Commission on Higher Education (NCHE), a body appointed by Parliament to find a new framework for higher education.

At a conference last weekend, an ad hoc committee was formed to lobby Parliament not to put into law the NCHE's recommendations, dealing largely with the "massification" of higher education, or ways to bring more people into the tertiary education system. The academics declared the report — released last month by the NCHE — would do nothing to transform South African tertiary education as it did not address the need for fundamental change.

It was a serious accusation, and a sign of how high passions are running in the debate around the Africanisation of South African universities and technikons.

"Black perspectives on tertiary institutional transformation" was the title of the conference at the University of Venda that presented the challenge to the NCHE. It was attended by about 100 black academics, most of them from historically black universities.

The conference marked the first time that academics, who have fought lonely battles to transform their universities, could pool their experiences and work towards a coherent philosophical grounding for the often ambiguous concept known as Africanisation.

Opposition to the NCHE's report was first voiced in the paper delivered by Venda University vice-chancellor Gessler Nkondo — a paper which transcended academic discourse to become a cry to battle: "If we — and now I mean



Doing battle: Professors Sipho Seepe, Gessler Nkondo, Malegapuru Makgoba, Herbert Vilakazi, Mashupye Kgaphola, Thandwa Mthembu PHOTO: JUSTIN PEARCE

conscious South Africans who must, like soldiers, insist on, or create, the consciousness of power — do not falter in our mission now, we may be able to end the nightmare of domination, and achieve our country, and contribute to the changing of the world."

Nkondo charged that the NCHE had failed to identify the need for "a coherent philosophy of education ... emerging organically from the national aspiration for liberation" and "an in-depth analysis of a curriculum based on the principle of liberation".

Implicit in Nkondo's accusation was the underlying theme of the conference: political power may be largely in the hands of the black majority, but cultural and educational resources will continue to be dominated by what whites brought with them from Europe.

Nkondo hinted that intervention by a "strong affirmative state" would be a necessary weapon against a conserva-

tive academic establishment. This idea was echoed by the enthusiasm for the idea that Parliament be asked to take a tougher line than the NCHE suggests.

But if the approach to Parliament is to be the first shot in the battle, no one was saying what future direction the battle would take.

Rather, the conference set out a philosophical basis for the need for Africanisation. Papers were based on an understanding that Africanisation is a necessity, not a luxury which can be indulged at a pace dictated by university authorities still dominated by white faces and perceptions. Africa must replace Europe in what is taught and studied, how it is taught and studied, and in what language it is taught and studied.

"The research that we do should reflect where we come from," said Professor Sipho Seepe of the University of Venda.

In the humanities, Professor Herbert Vilakazi of the University of Zululand spoke of the need to rediscover, record and teach the forgotten traditions of African scholarship and knowledge.

"Nobody knows about developmental psychology better than our grandmothers. We should send our researchers to ask why they say this or that. Our Freuds are there."

His address was a reminder of the vastness of the Africanisation project — far more than simply rewriting course syllabuses, it entails building up a new body of knowledge.

Vilakazi also suggested the possibility of changing methodologies. The Western academic tradition had bred a culture of experts, but "the African tradition is to set out a problem and everyone discusses it".

Other speakers contrasted the African tradition of oral learning with the Western obsession with referencing and footnoting. Others emphasised the need to develop all South African languages to the point where they would be suitable for academic scholarship.

If after the conference the future course of the Africanisation process did not seem clear, the uncertainty was matched by a realisation of the size of the gulf between the vision of the conference participants, and the reality of academia in South Africa today.

There was a poignant irony in the references to Aristotle, Shakespeare or Gramsci, which far outnumbered the allusions to Achebe or Biko.

Seepe set out the challenge as "how do we educate ourselves and redefine ourselves", the goal being that "everything that follows will have been guided by a philosophy based on African experience".

While there was no question at the conference that Africanisation was a necessity, some were worried about the lack of diversity in the opinions that were expressed.

"The conference was not representative in terms of who was invited," said Professor Joe Teffo, deputy dean of arts at the University of the North. "It was a group of individuals sharing

a common perspective."

Teffo was also concerned that the conference had gone beyond its mandate in pressing ahead with the challenge to the NCHE: "They don't have the legal standing to challenge or even replace a body elected by Parliament."

Another speaker pointed out: "Culture is a dynamic and changing thing — it is still not clear what we are referring to by an African culture in 1996." The intricacies of identifying what is African without being deluded by an impossible quest for a pre-colonial essence were left unexplored.

Another delegate complained about the lack of change at universities where blacks are in charge: "Make a black person a vice-chancellor, and all he does is complain there are problems in his own institution when he has the power to change them."

Vera said the issue is not that simple: "We have inherited a staff structure from the previous regime. When one attempts to transform, they can play games by delaying — they won't take orders from black leadership."

Delegates were under no illusions that change is about to happen spontaneously. While universities are an obvious area of interest to academics, the conference was about more than just universities — it was also the most eloquent challenge yet to today's prevailing ideology of reconciliation and rainbow nation-building.

If intellectuals are a vanguard, the message of the conference is that the practice of the new South Africa has yet to catch up with the theory of its liberation.

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No end to taxi strife in sight

Rehana Rossouw

THE Western Cape government has been blamed for the failure to defuse the taxi violence in Cape Town which has claimed seven lives in the past month.

Taxi organisations and mediators say that in the past two years, the provincial government has failed to promulgate regulations or legislation for the industry, creating opportunities for thugs to operate above the law.

The reasons for the outbreak are murky: nameless factions of the two major taxi organisations in the Cape, the Congress of Democratic Taxi Associations (Codeta) and the Cape Taxi Association (Cata) have been blamed for fuelling the violence in an attempt to wrest control

of lucrative routes.

Codeta chairman James Mafuya said the delay in promulgating regulations to govern the industry was stymieing attempts to mediate between warring groups.

Mafuya said he believed the taxi sector required special protection from government to minimise the barriers they faced to making a profit.

He called for an end to the violence and assured commuters that Codeta's office bearers were trying their utmost to end it. He said he was concerned about reports that commuters were planning a taxi boycott as this might fuel the violence.

Western Cape police representative Superintendent John Sterrenberg said the SAPS had a "contingency plan" to deal with the violence. "The minute it breaks out,

we call UMAC (the Unrest Monitoring Action Committee) and the Centre for Conflict Resolution (CCR) to facilitate negotiations.

"To get everybody involved around a table is extremely difficult and these two organisations can do it better than we can."

CCR mediator Nomagcisa Sipoyo said her organisation and UMAC decided they would no longer rush to the scenes of violence to mediate as it served no purpose.

"We've done our best to keep the parties in discussion, believing that if they were negotiating they were less problematic. But without guidance from government, without legislation controlling the industry, there is nothing we can achieve," she said.

Sipoyo said UMAC and the CCR held a meeting with all the law enforcement agencies this week and warned them that mediation is slowly collapsing.

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of South Africa, it's going to protect us all and unite us. It's one law for one nation. It's ours.

'Fortify Africa's media to fight tyranny'

Mail & Guardian Reporter

SOME of Africa's leading journalists said this week a free press was essential to prevent rampant corruption and was the last bastion against the greed of tyrants.

The conference, organised by the Institute for the Advancement of Journalism, hosted media executives from several African countries including Kenya, Senegal, Ghana, Nigeria, Zimbabwe, Zambia and South Africa.

The journalists said intractable problems in their countries were poverty and graft, and once corruption became part of the culture of society, it was difficult to reverse the trend.

The International Monetary Fund came in for criticism, with several African editors saying the IMF had caused sudden monetarism in countries like Mozambique where the gov-

ernment was unable to deliver almost any social services.

Mozambican editor Carlos Cardoso said the IMF wanted to impose its rules which often destroyed local industry. African countries should force their rules on the IMF, he said. The IMF's influence had almost wrecked Mozambique's cashew nut industry until local people took the matter into their own hands.

A delegate from Zimbabwe, Andrew Moyse, editor of the independent monthly *Horizon*, said new alliances between political elites and powerful industrial organisations were now encouraging corruption in Africa where desperate governments were violating basic democratic rights to lure foreign investment.

Kenyan humanities professor, Ali Mazrui, now based in New York, suggested regional integration, based on five geographic areas, should help eco-

nomie development of the continent. These groups could provide peace-keeping forces more sensibly, rather than individual countries with armies. He suggested a Southern African force might be better deployed in the Liberian war than those now engaged from Nigeria who were accused of being involved in the conflict.

South Africa's Foreign Affairs deputy director, Abdul Minty, said the "Mandela ... and new South Africa factors" were additional burdens to decision-making structures in the government. He was responding to appeals from African journalists to help strengthen the democratic process on the continent.

Minty said demands on South Africa "sometimes create paralysis in our departments". He said regional frameworks were needed and the Southern African Development Community was the ideal vehicle.



Prison widow: Doyin Abiola, wife of jailed businessman Moshood Abiola, who was believed to have won Nigeria's annulled presidential elections, was guest speaker at the editors' conference

PHOTOGRAPH: NAASHON ZALK

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Little hope for peace in Liberia

Cindy Shiner in Accra

NINE West African heads of state met in the Ghanaian capital Accra this week for an emergency summit to try to end the renewed civil war in Liberia. Hopes of success are slim.

Officials are trying to rehabilitate an eight-month-old agreement that was supposed to lead to the disarmament of tens of thousands of fighters and to elections in August.

"People know what needs to be done but I don't think the will is there to do it," the United Nations' special envoy, James Jonah, said.

He was referring to diplomatic attempts to bolster the regional peace-keeping force sent to Liberia in 1990. The 8 500 peacekeepers, led by Nigeria, have twice repelled attacks on the capital Monrovia by forces loyal to Charles Taylor, but have been unable to contain the recent fighting.

Regional countries say they no longer have the resources to support the West African army, but international donors want proof that the peacekeepers can work effectively before they release funds.

The talks have been organised by the Economic Community of West African States, which formed the peacekeeping force. The recent fighting in Monrovia was sparked off on April 6 by an attempt to arrest rebel leader Roosevelt Johnson, who is now seeking diplomatic leverage in Accra.

"This government has failed," Johnson said. "There has been no government on the ground for one month. We have chaos."

This week, gunmen from Taylor's National Patriotic Front of Liberia displayed the severed head of a Krahn fighter in central Monrovia.

They said the head belonged to a member of the Butt-Naked Brigade captured in fighting the previous day. The brigade gets its name from its fighters' preference for wearing few or no clothes while fighting.

Since April, street battles have left more than 100 dead and forced tens of thousands of civilians to flee their homes. Many are trying to board unsafe boats to leave the country.

We talk to the director of a Zimbabwean film on its way to the Cannes Film Festival, and, below, a guide to the highlights of the festival

Behind the glory

Andrew Worsdale

INGRID SINCLAIR'S film *Flame* is a first; a macho movie from a woman's point of view. This tale of the Zimbabwean guerrilla war is a welcome change from the hyped-up/glossy versions of liberation struggles we and the rest of the world are so used to (*Sarafina*, *Cry Freedom*, *Salvador*, *Under Fire*).

And the rest of the world could get to see it at their local mall if the film-makers do some deals at Cannes this year, where it is playing at the most prestigious side-bar — the Quinzane (the Director's Fortnight) which recognises "world" cinema, while deferring to the auteur.

The first Zimbabwean feature film set during the country's historic fight for liberation, *Flame* is an incredibly ambitious effort that succeeds in the main because of the stirring performances — and the way the narrative focuses on the mundanities that a bush war entails. This is not the vitriolic stuff that endorses heroes; rather, it's a real, down-to-earth and poignant drama about the realities of war.

The narrative follows two young girls, Florence and Nyasha, and their journey to the camps in Mozambique where they take new names — Flame and Liberty — and begin their training. Flame falls in and out and in love with charismatic leader Comrade Danger throughout the movie, which follows their experiences from the guerrilla battlefields of Rhodesia to present-day Zimbabwe.

The Zimbabwean government seized parts of the film before its completion, despite the fact that the film-makers got clearance on the script from the Minister of Information. In addition, members of the Zimbabwe War Veterans Association demanded the film be banned because it features women combatants being raped by their comrades.

When the police confiscated the film on the grounds of pornography, on seeing the "offensive" scene they evidently said, "But there's nothing there." Testimony to director Sinclair's sensitive handling of the subject, this is not a sensationalist movie, and there's no American-style sermonising. The Zimbabwean censors have finally come to their senses, and last week the film was officially

passed, without cuts, in Zimbabwe.

Through their company Zimmedia, Sinclair and producer Simon Bright have made several documentaries, including the award-winning *Mbira Music: Spirit of the People* and *Corridors of Freedom*.

I asked Sinclair about her first experience doing a dramatic feature. "At times I found it appalling: dealing with 16 vehicles, a large cast and crew ..." she said. "We couldn't shoot on the hoof, and when I tried to just grab something everyone would laughingly tease me — 'We're making a dobbie again!'"

There are some marvellous cinematic moments in the film, such as the target-practice sequence, where Joao Costa's elegant cinematography really comes into its own, or *Flame* and Liberty's arrival at the training camp, with its expansive use of extras, lending to the film a sense of the epic. But the film also has a feeling of recorded reality to it, evidence of Sinclair and Costa's previous documentary experience.

Zimbabwean-born film-maker Joel Phiri also functions as co-producer on the picture, in conjunction with Tunisian Ahmed Attia (whose *Silence of the Palaces* won the Camera d'Or at Cannes last year) and Namibian Bridget Pickering.

This is not the vitriolic stuff that endorses heroes; rather, it's a real, down-to-earth and poignant drama about the realities of war

Shot on a tightly controlled budget of Z\$1.2-million (it is a co-production between Zimbabwe, Namibia and France, with funding from the European Union, Fonds Sud and 10 other countries), the film was done very economically. Some of the scenes were completed in single takes, because the makers shot the movie fast and furious — but the film still has an assured feel to it.

Casting took over a year to complete, but Marian Kunonga, who plays the lead, is superb. It's her first film role, having previously worked as an actor for the People's Roadshow performing Colgate Palmolive commercials in rural areas.

Similarly charismatic is Norman Madawo as Comrade Danger — a complete newcomer to acting. The casting director discovered him at Harare's polytechnic, where he is studying communications. Full credit to the film-makers for having the patience to look for the right people and the courage to let virtual amateurs have a go.

Occasionally the film lapses into the vibe of bad South African television drama, with flat acting and awkward dramatic scenes, but in the main it's a very brave and highly accomplished film. Sinclair maintains her interest was how people coped with the day-to-day realities of the war. "I tried to keep close to the mundane realities written into a narrative of highs and lows," she says, "because small things are often the most poignant."

And the response thus far, after a few screenings in Harare, has been very supportive. Sinclair continues: "Women respond to *Flame*'s journey on an emotional level. I've been very happy with the way people have taken the film."

And what about the veterans association's objections? "Maybe they felt that the carpet had been taken from under them and there is a more glorious way to picture the war, but it wasn't glamorous ... nobody gets what they want after a war. That's pictured in the film."

I think they should be proud of a film that takes a distinctly different turn on a well-worn themes.

Flame plays in the Director's Fortnight at the Cannes Film Festival on May 13



Freedom fighter: Marian Kunonga plays the lead role of Flame in the Zimbabwean film of the same name

All you need to know about Cannes

Derek Malcolm

WHY go to Cannes? First, there's the chance to see what is hopefully the best of international cinema's newest offerings. The second reason is to suck in the frenetic atmosphere of the highest-profiled film festival in the world — wasn't that Pamela Anderson flashing by in a limo? And the third good reason is that it's generally much warmer than other parts of Europe at this time of year, the food and wine are better as are the beaches, at least when the starlets are around, provoking.

People go for all these reasons, despite the expense, the gawping crowds of tourists and the fact that you can't walk quietly down the Croisette without being pushed and knocked by film executives rushing to appointments, or by muggers very skilful indeed at whipping your wallet. Every year, potential customers say they won't bother this time round, but change their minds at the last moment only to find all the planes are full and, anyway, they can't get accommodation. Then, somehow, they make it. It is an irresistible event.

Here is a quick guide to the essential features of this year's festival.

The stars

It doesn't look as if the star quotient will be

massive this year. True, Al Pacino and Anjelica Houston will be there, but they go this time as directors: Pacino with *Looking for Richard*, described as a meditation on *Richard III*, and Houston with *Bastards out of Carolina*, an adaptation of a Dorothy Allison novel. So they will probably concentrate on serious-minded press conferences rather than glamorous functions.

The festival director

Both *Looking for Richard* and *Bastards out of Carolina* are in the section called Un Certain Regard, which means not quite right for the competition proper in the opinion of Gilles Jacob, the long-lasting festival director, but certainly worth a look.

Jacob has to be as much a politician and diplomat as a seeker after cinematic verities. Needless to say, he's criticised whatever he does.

This year, Jacob screened almost 200 American films but chose only three for competition. And only Michael Cimino's *Sunchaser*, his first film in six years, is a big studio picture. The others are Robert Altman's *Kansas City* (actually a co-production with France) and Joel and Ethan Coen's *Fargo*, one of their best movies yet.

Both Altman and the Coen brothers seem to have good chances of getting more than a nod from the jury. Each has had big prizes before.

The jury

In recent years it has been criticised for featuring people who don't know their international cinema very well.

This year the jury looks a bit more heavyweight. Francis Ford Coppola heads it, joined by Atom Egoyan (the highly intelligent Canadian director), Krzysztof Kieslowski (Kieslowski's brilliant screenwriter), and Tran Anh Hung (director of *The Scent of Green Papaya* and *Cyclo*). The glamour is supplied by the French actress Natalie Baye and the British Greta Scacchi.

The films

The early favourites would have to be Mike Leigh's excellent *Secrets and Lies*, Chen Kaige's ambitious and spectacular *Temptress Moon*, which evokes the decadent Shanghai of the Twenties, and Bernardo Bertolucci's *Stealing Beauty*, a more intimate story than he's given us of late, made in Italy after years of cinematic exile and which has opened there to considerable applause.

Jacob himself has already said that he expects the Mike Leigh film, about a riven family of Londoners, to be a strong contender for the prestigious Palme d'Or — he was named best director last time out for the groundbreaking *Naked*. But there is also Stephen Frears's adaptation of Roddy Doyle's *The Van* to consider.

Others that have to be considered for a major reward, if they are up to their director's best mark, are David Cronenberg's controversial *Crash* (Canada); Jaco Van Dormael's *The Eighth Day*, the Belgian director's first film since the much-admired *Toto the Hero*; Finnish director Aki Kaurismäki's *The Clouds Escape*; and the Taiwanese master Hou Hsiao Hsien's

Goodbye South, Goodbye.

The competition sector is always full of good things, but that never stops people moaning that some of the films in Un Certain Regard should be up for awards. One of these this year may be Mary Harron's *I Shot Andy Warhol*, much praised at the Sundance Festival. Eric Rohmer, Peter Greenaway, Alain Tanner and Krzysztof Zanussi are other big names in this section.

This still leaves out three major films that have been given special screenings for various obscure reasons — Danny Boyle's already hugely successful *Trainspotting*, the Italian Taviani brothers' Goethe-based *Elective Affinities* and Spike Lee's phone-sex epic, *Girl 6*.

The two other sections to be considered are the Directors' Fortnight and the Critics' Week. The opener is John Sayles's racial drama *Lone Star*. The other American films include veteran Arthur Penn's South African-set chamber piece, *Inside*, and actor Steve Buscemi's debut as director, *Trees Lounge*.

Britain has two entries — the highly promising Michael Winterbottom's Hardy adaptation, *Jude*, apparently not at all your usual period piece, and Hettie Macdonald's gay-themed *Beautiful Thing*, written by playwright Jonathan Harvey.

The audience (?)

Along with the international jury, the critics' jury, the ecumenical jury, the young people's jury and the Camera d'Or jury (for best first film anywhere at the festival) will be reflecting on the wares.

But hundreds of people won't see a movie at all, not even their own. They'll be too busy buying, selling, publicising and hoping against hope that someone will finance their next picture. Everyone who is anybody seems to be at Cannes, and a lot of hopeful nobodies too. Ladies and gentleman, as they say, please take your seats. The screening is about to begin ...



Francis Ford Coppola: Heading the Cannes jury

Celtic wail heard round the world

SEAN BADAL visits Dublin and gets a glimpse into the world of Irish pop, where nationalistic fervour for local acts meets transatlantic avarice

THE Vault club in central Dublin has the frenetically sweaty ambience of any other trance/techno/house club that you'd find anywhere where young people have enough money to buy brain-booster drinks, and the odd courage to flaunt Absolut Vodka T-shirts as a symbol of ironic-hip advertising.

The music is the same too (the DJ is from one of London's top clubs), but a strange thing happens when Irish group Ri-Ra take to the turntables. The music is a dirge-like siren set against a harpy beat, but the audience goes wild. What could rouse such nationalistic fervour? Later, you learn that it was only because the group was Irish.

The idea of "Irishness" seems to permeate the Irish Republic with undue fanaticism, and this is nowhere more clearly seen than in its music. The country has had a turbulent history in which protest song was to the pirate radio stations what graffiti was to literature — a brutish way to get your voice heard above the clamour of the politicians.

The current renaissance in Celtic music, however, owes its success more to the savvy of transatlantic record executives than the power of the street. There's no doubt that Irish music is suddenly BIG. According to *Time* magazine, the Celtic bands now occupy a healthy two-thirds of the US *Billboard* charts.

Atlantic records have created a subdivision, Celtic Heartbeat, especially to cater for the burgeoning market. It's no surprise that American executives are scouring the clubs of Dublin looking for the next U2 or Sinéad O'Connor.

Og Manson, one of Dublin's independent record producers, is tentatively bullish about the worldwide clamour for Irish music. "It's been a great thing. Ireland has always had the singers, and the songs, but it makes a change from all our best people making the long journey to New York. Now they come looking for us! It's as though Ireland, and especially Dublin, has been kickstarted into life.

"That's not to say that there wasn't any music around, but the clubs are booming and, more importantly, there's a genuine pride in the music that is coming out. You just have to stand around the streets of Temple Bar [a trendy Dublin quarter] to hear what is going down. What I hope people realise, however, is that 'Irish' music just didn't spring up to swell the coffers of the global music industry. There was life in the republic before U2.

"The problem is that before groups like Horslips [an Irish folk band from the early Seventies], Irish music meant only one thing to many people — the kind of leery singalongs that New York policemen got drunk to."

The popular misconception is not entirely false, though. Until the Seventies, the Irish music industry slavishly followed the lead from London. It took popular groups like the Horslips to infuse Celtic rhythms into popular folk music and thereby spread the influence.

Horslips lead singer Rory Gallagher died last year and was widely hailed as Ireland's first rock star. The success of Irish groups like Thin Lizzy, The Undertones (lead singer Feargal Sharkey), and the Boomtown Rats, gave impetus and encouragement to the other Irish bands, although there was nothing overtly Irish about the music.

If anything, the political excesses of the Seventies seemed to have elicited a largely silent response from Irish musicians. Ironically the musicians who courted controversy by highlighting British abuses in Northern Ireland were English — most notably Paul McCartney with his song *Give Ireland Back to the Irish*.

It was only late in their careers that The Undertones decided to get political with their album *Positive Touch*. The most vitriolic political howls were aimed at other countries — Irish group Microdisney titled their 1984 album *We Hate You South African Bastards!*

It's all changed, says Manson. "The new groups now — Lir, Whipping Boy, etc — are making music that appeals across the board, but is essentially Irish in spirit. You've had Sinéad O'Connor, Enya ... even people like Bob Geldof and Maire Brennan doing the same thing, but there's something about the new wave that is even more determinedly Irish.

"The other important factor is the segment that the 'New Age' market has created. Celtic music has become a subset of that market, and a very popular one. You can't beat that Celtic wail."



The Cranberries: The 'queen bee', Dolores O'Riordan (left) and the 'drones' who make up the rest of the band

Songs for the heart, not head

ANDREW BILLEN meets Dolores O'Riordan, lead singer with the hit Irish pop group The Cranberries

AT 1.6m tall and about 40kg, Dolores O'Riordan, lead singer of The Cranberries, is not, as she admits, "a huge voluptuous type woman". In her black T-shirt and jeans, she looks particularly minuscule today, prostrate on a sofa in her Dublin hotel room.

Her skin is grey, her eyes dull. You can't imagine her ever carrying off her "queen bee" entrance on stage — "descending a steep flight of steps to mix it with her drones", as one of her many music-press enemies put it. Indeed, you can't really imagine her getting up from the sofa.

O'Riordan's hangover is the most pop star thing about her this morning. Drinking, she says, is an English pop star thing: "A lot of English bands seem to think if they wear shades and leather pants and go around with a bottle of beer in their hands they are a big hit."

With or without a bottle in hand, O'Riordan is an indisputable hit. Having sold 13-million records in three years, The Cranberries are Ireland's biggest musical export since U2.

Their success has made her an unusually rich 24-year-old — she bought her mother a restaurant as a reward for the years she supported the family working in a factory canteen.

A partial explanation for The Cranberries' international success is, I suspect, the reason the pop purists resent it — O'Riordan's unashamedly undemanding lyrics. There is not a line on her new album, *To the Faithful Departed*, that need detain you in any language.

Joe is about how she loved her granddad ("I sat on your knees, every Friday"). *Bosnia* carries the uncontentious thought that Bosnia was "so unkind"; *Salvation* implores "all those people doin' lines: don't do it".

If your imagination were to snag on any of these lyrics, rather than be lulled by their exquisite rendition, it would have nothing to do with their technical merit. These are songs that engage your heart even as they shut down your brain.

"It is," she says, "very honest, direct stuff. I

suppose that is why it broke through. A lot of people find it hard to be honest about their emotions. Actually, I find it hard to talk about them, but I find it quite easy to write them as a song."

Even though they will be shared with so many? "It's fine because they all relate to it. They are all in the same boat really. All the fans have those feelings and experiences — pretty simple day-to-day stuff. Some people just prefer listening to a song than going to a psychologist."

Actually, her songs would work as well for me if they were in Gaelic. They might even work better. Some yearn to escape English entirely: the opening of *Ode to My Family* is a series of baby syllables; the chorus of *Electric Blue*, from the new album, is in Latin; *Bosnia* resolves into (and this is an official transcription): "Rummmmpatitum, Rummmmpatitum ... Traboo, Traboo, Traboo ..."

It seems to me that if we are to grant her lyrics any worth, it is as a biographer's tools. They then become as serious as anybody's private diary and, in her case, perhaps more so, although we must take note of her confession: "I do exaggerate my emotions a little and I overreact for the sake of a song" — which may be the most honest thing ever uttered by a writer about literary effort.

The primary subject of her music emerges as her unequal relationship with men. Her second album, *No Need To Argue*, agonises over a doomed three-year romance with Irish musician Mike O'Mahony, which can be encapsulated in three lines: "There's no need to argue any more, I gave you all I could / But it left me sore."

"I ran away from home and moved in with him," she says, "but the more successful I became the more domineering he became and then physical violence stopped the relationship. It took me a year to get out because there was a lot of reverse psychology involved. There was this whole bit about 'You're going to leave me now you are famous.' The more successful I got the worse it became. I was scared. I was really frightened."

I should add at once that when I put this to

O'Mahony, he denied he was ever violent. "I have no idea why she is saying these things," he told me on the phone. "There are two kinds of hurt: physical and emotional and I think I came out of the relationship more hurt than her emotionally."

Whatever the sad truth of all this, her songs suggest she was expecting a great deal from the relationship, almost the total protection a child seeks from a parent.

I am not entirely surprised to hear that she has only recently become close to her own father. She was brought up amid a family of seven children in a two-bedroom cottage outside Limerick, so his attention was necessarily divided. To complicate matters he had been injured in a motorcycle accident and was unable to work.

"We didn't really talk when I was growing up," she says. "We talked very much on the surface but not emotionally. I never sat in his lap or anything like that."

Her first song, written when she was 12, was about her crush on a 40-year-old. Now she writes songs about the 33-year-old she married two summers ago. He is Don Burton, formerly tour manager for Duran Duran, one of her favourite groups at school.

The wedding was on the fairytale model, with O'Riordan arriving by carriage at Holycross Abbey near Tipperary and Burton galloping up on a black mare. In *Electric Blue* she sings, "Always be near me, guardian angel."

"In the song I'm kind of thinking," she says sweetly, "that maybe Somebody sent my husband to protect me ... He likes looking after me."

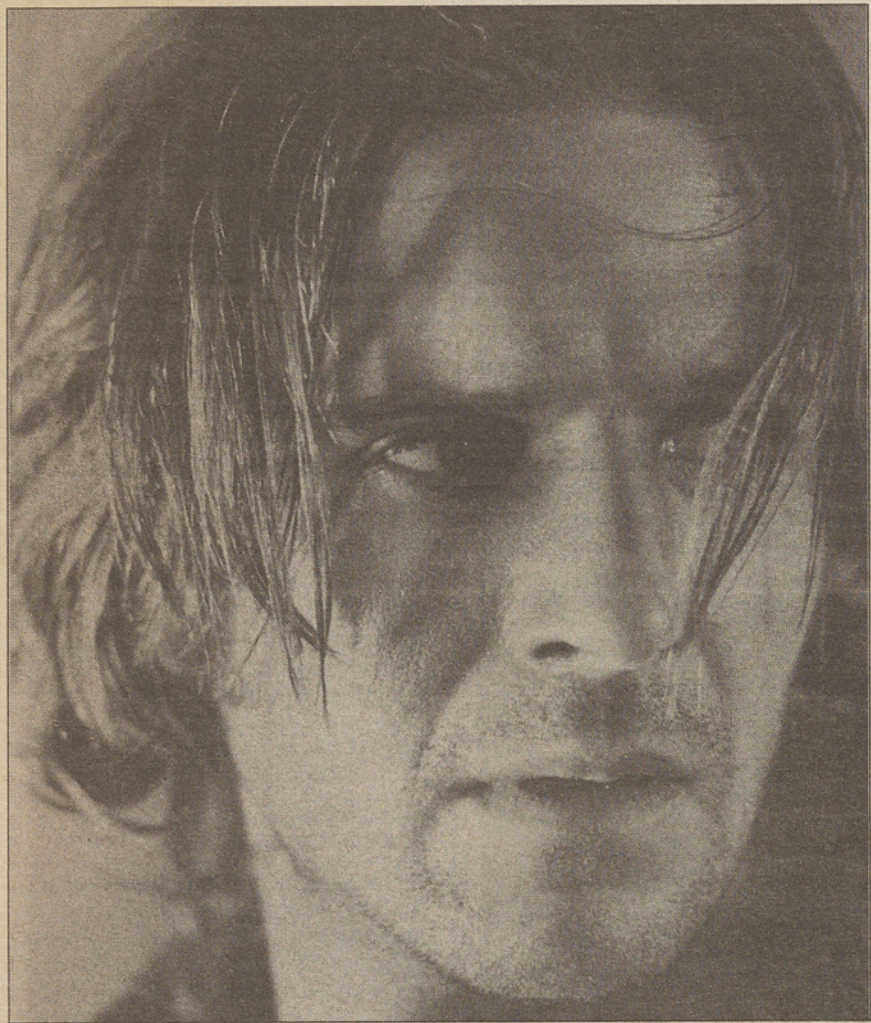
So what does she think of feminism, I ask, dreading the response. "I don't really get the whole feminist thing," she says. "I think the feminists probably need some serious man in their lives."

Like her singing voice, O'Riordan's soft Irish speech is so breathily ethereal that it distances what it recounts. It is only later, when I have stopped marvelling at her ordinariness, that I begin to consider how extraordinarily unhappy she must have been. Her story is far bleaker than her words can render it.

This, I guess, is where the music comes in, and why it moves us so.



'People find it hard to be honest about their emotions ... I find it easy to write them as a song'



Ralph Fiennes: Plays a sleazy ex-cop of the year 1999 in *Strange Days*

Flashy but empty techno-noir

CINEMA: Derek Malcolm

ON the evidence of the futuristic epic **Strange Days**, as well as her previous *Blue Steel* and the highly successful *Point Break*, Kathryn Bigelow is clearly one of the most proficient practitioners of pyrotechnical filmmaking working today.

And *Strange Days*, set in an anarchic Los Angeles of 1999, where tensions on the streets have reached breaking point, at least has the distinction of possessing an apocalyptic vision that easily measures up to any of those put on the screen by James Cameron, who directed *True Lies* and the *Terminator* films. Cameron, Bigelow's ex-husband, wrote *Strange Days*' original story with Jay Cocks.

Sequence after sequence of the movie is orchestrated with such entirely cinematic passion and careless bravura that the essential banality of both script and concept is either lost on the viewer entirely or actually pointed up, depending upon one's taste for what in some quarters has been called "techno-noir". *Strange Days* is so blatant that you can only love it or hate it.

The central figure, never quite lost in this garish landscape — thanks to a performance by Ralph Fiennes which suggests more than is actually in his lines — is Lenny Nero, a sleazy ex-cop who could be said to be fiddling while Rome burns.

Nero is making a good living hustling recordings made directly from people's

brains, which can then be accessed by others in search of sexual or other thrills via Squid (Superconducting Quantum Interference Device). It's useful for married men who don't want the bother of an affair, and for druggies who can't afford the real buzz any more.

Nero's own private collection preserves the happier moments of a love affair with Juliette Lewis's Faith, a scatty young singer, but he is also sent a virtual reality clip of a far more hideous scene.

The film paints a bleak, pessimistic picture of Los Angeles on the eve of the millenium. But its subtleties are almost entirely visual and crunched into the eyeballs rather as if we are wearing Squid too. That may partly be the purpose of the film, but it is an exceedingly wearing one and, in the end, without true resonance.

It also contains the kind of violence that one doesn't expect from Bigelow, if only because there seems so little purpose to it beyond the cheap thrills of a dystopian, genre-bending thriller. One might have been able to treat *Strange Days* more seriously were it not for its blatantly opportunistic ending and a length that causes even this frenetic kind of film-making to seem sagging and impotent.

The film foams at the mouth with ideas but ultimately delivers nothing but mammoth clichés culled from a hundred other movies. The orchestration of then, however, is often quite something.

Left out

ON last week's back page, we ran a picture from the exhibition *Siyawela: Love, Loss and Liberation in South African Art* at the Gertrude Posel Gallery at Wits University. We inadvertently omitted the title of the work, and the name of the artist. It is *Vase and Bird* (1993), by Bronwen Findlay. We also left out the name of co-curator Pitika Ntuli.

Last chance

THE Sunny Side of the Doc is an international documentary market, to be held in Marseille, France, from June 19 to 22. If you would like to be part of a South African stand at this prestigious event (for a cost of R600), or want to join the catalogue of projects seeking funds (R500), get hold of Dinah Arnott or Cheryl Uys at (021) 439-1494. But be quick — the deadline is May 15.

Brawn without brains

CINEMA: Andrew Worsdale

AT last week's chaotic Sandton City premiere of Jean-Claude Van Damme's directorial debut, *The Quest*, teenage girls and their younger brothers screamed deliriously as the Belgian arrived. He's not that short, actually — just very, very broad.

What followed was a hazardous crush to get into the cinema to view the kind of movie you might enjoy in slip-slops and baggies next to your eight-year old kid ... though, even then, I doubt it.

The movie opens on an elderly but still agile Christopher du Bois (Van Damme) as he recounts his life to a barman, then it flashes back to New

York City circa 1923 where he is working the streets as a trapeze artist with a bunch of kids, rather like a kind of Fagin.

He is forced to leave the country by the mob and stows away on a pirate ship, is rescued by British scoundrel Lord Dobbs (Roger Moore), and together they venture to China and the Lost City where Du Bois enters a competition between the world's greatest fighters.

The last 40 minutes of the film play like a martial-arts version of the TV show *Gladiators* as Muy Thai kickboxing faces Sumo wrestling or Brazilian Capoeirista fighting comes head to head with Tae Kwon Do.

Despite the well-filmed fight sequences, in which Van Damme

and cinematographer David Gribble move the camera a great deal, the movie is a big yawn.

The script by Paul Mones and Gene Qunitano (*King Solomon's Mines*) reeks of matinee cliché, the dialogue is risible. The casting of Moore, evidently one of Van Damme's idols, in the main supporting role gives you an inkling of the style of acting — it has the charisma of a used tea-bag.

It must be noted, however, that *The Quest* is cleaning up at the box-office in the States. It has a couple of half-decent action scenes but the macho posturing, added to a completely boring scenario littered with sentiment and half-baked philosophy, make this a distinctly inferior action adventure. Rent the kids *Timecop*, instead — at least with that one Jean-Claude had a semi-decent storyline to get his biceps tuned into.

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Rites of the scapegoat

DANCE: Hazel Friedman

If Robyn Orlin were an artwork, I'd buy her in bulk. She, more than any other artist has straddled, subverted and transcended the boundaries of art-making in all its forms. And her latest offering, **Naked on a Goat**, resonates on so many levels that one almost feels the need to capture each vignette on a VCR and rewind it in order to unsheath its multiple symbolic layers.

Curtains, blankets, skins, flesh, clothes, veils — these are the metaphors around which Orlin's post-apocalyptic story of Salomé revolves. But biblical references form only part of a dense yet paradoxically accessible commentary on contemporary morals and mores. In fact, if one had to search for an alternative subtext to *Naked on a Goat*, it might be Maid in South Africa, for Orlin weaves an acerbically accurate picture of domestic relations in middle-class suburbia.

In scenes definitely not recommended for middle-ground sensibilities, her trinity of Salômes perform rites of labour and rebellion among the artefacts (and fictions) of the white middle class, transforming movement and materials into the realm of performance-installation. Placing banal objects — actually they are more participants than props — in symbolically-charged groups of seven (plates, pineapples, petticoats and pieces of raw meat) Orlin cuts right to the bone of her subject matter.

She conflates the concepts of tomb and womb in birth and death rituals which — aided by primitively ingenious lighting effects — seem to take place in the bowels of a post-cataclysmic earth. She transforms her Salômes from sirens to spitfires and ultimately suicide squads. She superimposes Shangaan cloths on classical tutus, pointing a parodic finger at the intersection of Western and African conventions and, using found objects in a multi-coloured kitchen display, pokes fun at the "skinsations" of the rainbow nation.

In many respects, Orlin has turned traditional theatre inside out. Backstage becomes onstage, and process — the untidy bits that are normally tucked out of sight — becomes intertwined with the pristine finished product.

Threads from her most recent works are woven tightly into the cloth of this present performance in the form of a video by Stephen Hobbs. Comprising images of screen icons interspersed with scenes of the slaughter of a goat, filmed in montage sequences reminiscent of Eisenstein, Orlin seems



Backstage metamorphosis: Fikile Maswanganye and Tania Herbst in *Naked on a Goat*

to be offering a parable on sacrifice and scapegoats.

Unlike the ancient custom in which the sins of men would be offloaded onto a goat which would then be chased into the hills, taking the sins with it, Orlin's scapegoats are women who, although objectified and exploited through myth and history, always fight back.

Sometimes the edges of her entertainingly idiosyncratic vision — courageously delivered by dancers Tania Herbst, Fikile Maswanganye and Busisiwe Ngebulana — become blunted through excessive repetition. Sometimes the intended catharsis is received with numbness or nervous laughter on the part of her audience.

But there is a poignant rationale behind the sometimes in-her-face didacticism of Orlin's messages. Outside the theatre hangs a modest epitaph to choreographer Marlene Blom, who was

killed in a car crash over Easter. In a discipline which is becoming increasingly dominated by men, Blom, like Orlin — in vastly different ways and to varying degrees — represented a rare and dwindling breed of women choreographers who have attempted to forge a new language of creative expression by fusing movement with image and sound in a synaesthetic embrace.

Unlike Blom's short-lived contribution, though, Orlin's work is not in danger of erasure. Like the branded goats in this remarkable piece of movement theatre, Orlin's contribution to contemporary culture will be indelibly stamped on South African dancers, choreographers and audiences alike for generations to come.

Naked on a Goat runs at the Market Theatre, Johannesburg, until May 18

Fiddling into the future fantastic

The inaugural Splashy Fen fiddling competition strives to boost appreciation for the instrument, writes ALEX SUDHEIM

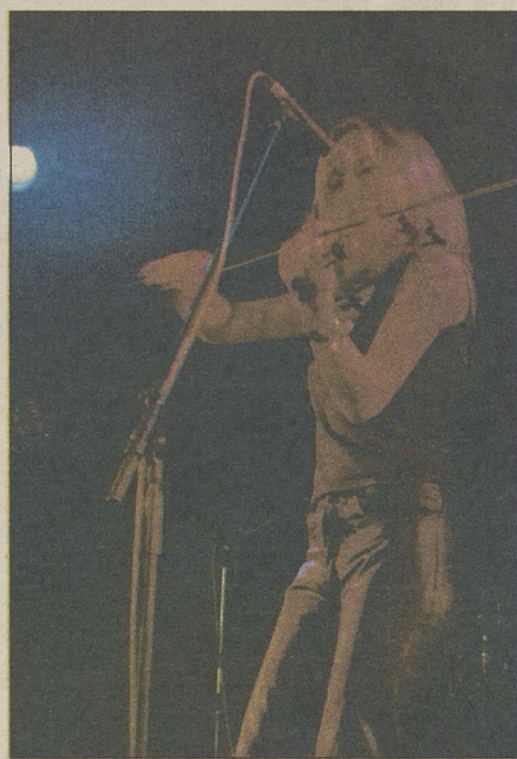
It is a beautiful late autumn evening in the foothills of the Drakensberg mountains — the moon at its fullest bathes the valley in alabaster and scented woodsmoke rises from a multitude of campfires.

Groups huddle about pots of lentil stew, draped in a palette of Himalayan wardrobe, discussing techniques of mind alteration while engaging with the cosmic rhythm through bongo drums and battered guitars. I offer the girl next to me some cheap whisky but she is meditating. Apart from a few boneheads howling at the moon, the aura is soporifically peaceful.

Despite having driven through wide open spaces and fresh mountain air to encounter claustrophobia and frost-pocketed smoke, I get with the programme. The Jesus people make an excellent pizza, and on stage is a beautiful woman in leather trousers with a violin. She is sex on a bow, serious eye-candy, and plays the fiddle like a Cossack princess. Several thousand people in the marquee are spellbound and applaud as if they've just seen Pearl Jam; its strangely elating to see a solo fiddler get stadium-rock treatment from an enormous, enthusiastic crowd.

Kate O'Hanlon is one of the finalists in the inaugural Splashy Fen Famous Fiddling Competition, brainchild of farm owner Peter Ferraz, whose nurturing love for local fiddling talent is surpassed only by his willingness to have 7 000 people trample all over his farm for five days. The competition strives to boost the image and appreciation of the fiddle, a rather lowly contender in the conventional sexy rock-instrument stakes.

Somewhat disappointingly only three people enter, all from established bands, thereby putting a damper on the hope that the competition will



Spellbinding: Kate O'Hanlon plays the violin like a Cossack princess PHOTO: ALEX SUDHEIM

reveal a depth and breadth of the unsung talent out there. Nevertheless the finals last Saturday night were one of the highlights of the festival, receiving massive audience interest. After Kate does for the violin what Polly Jean Harvey did for the guitar, it is the turn of Landscape Prayers fiddler Anton Cawchorn'Blazeby.

In case you didn't know, the fiddle is in fact a violin, differing from the latter only in the manner in which it is played: while the violin's function is strictly classical, the fiddle is used for bluegrass, rock 'n' roll and whatever other form of free popular expression takes its fancy.

"The fiddle is the closest instrument to the voice," says Anton, and to see him play bears this out — he treats his instrument as if it were as organ of his body, viscerally inseparable from the rest of it. On four strings he is shaking out melodies and hooks that have the crowd emphatically clapping along, and when he reaches his nadir, savagely sawing away on a progressive chord, few people are untouched by the sensuous passion this apparently delicate little instrument can produce.

The third finalist, Mark Schonau from The Hairy-Legged Lentil-Eaters, is also eminently equal to the task of producing a rapturous ode to the modest fiddle. Having once lived with a violin teacher, I know how the thing can sound like a tortured cat in the wrong hands. But Mark makes it purr like a full-bellied cheetah, adroitly blending from tune to tune in an extended solo.

After some spontaneity-deadening blather from the compere and a breathtaking set from wandering Angolan minstrel Adamu, the results are announced: the sheer passion and accomplishment of Anton Cawchorn'Blazeby steal the show and net him the R1 500 prize, while Kate O'Hanlon and Mark Schonau take second-place honours and R750 each.

In years to come and with some more support, the initiative will hopefully draw a larger contingent of entrants, further popularising the instrument and unearthing the raw genius presently busking away on an anonymous roadside.

Coenraad Visser CLASSICAL CDs

SCARLATTI: Keyboard Sonatas
(Virgin Classics)

NOT many pianists have made a lasting impression with their attempts at playing Scarlatti's miniature master pieces on the modern piano. Apart from Vladimir Horowitz (RCA) and Christian Zaccarias (EMI), Mikhail Pletnev's new selection has no real competition. Pletnev does not even begin to pretend that he is playing anything other than a modern concert grand piano, with its large range of tonal possibilities. He exploits them to the full; only occasionally, like at the start of the *D major Sonata K96*, does the too generous use of the sustaining pedal produce a wash of sound that seems out of character. Pletnev has never had a short supply of imagination, and in his hands these sonatas become reflections of their time, now boisterous, then elegant and poised. A disc for lovers of piano music, but purists should perhaps sample first before they indulge.

BARBER: Violin and Cello Concertos
(RCA Victor Red Seal)

THIS is an impressive combination of two of this century's most inventive concertos for these two instruments. In the violin concerto Tyoko Takezawa is up against still competition in the superlative Gill Shaham (DG). She is not intimidated, however. Hers is a bold and fiercely, almost violently, dramatic reading. If she is sometimes a bit impatient in lyrical passages, her performance remains a formidable achievement in a work too rarely performed today. Steven Isserlis, for many the true cellists' cellist, shows far more imagination and finds infinitely more to reflect on in the cello concerto. He seems to relish the composer's monstrous technical demands. Leonard Slatkin and the St Louis Symphony Orchestra are more than worthy partners.

IN MEMORIAM STEVEN DE GROOTE
(Finlandia)

IT has taken quite a few years for this set to make its way to South Africa, but it is worth the wait. It collects De Groote's recordings, two years after his triumph in the Van Cliburn competition, of works by Beethoven and Prokofiev. This performance of Prokofiev's mammoth eighth sonata has rarely, if ever, been equalled. On the second disk he plays Beethoven's early sonata in A major *Op 2 No 2* and the *Waldstein* sonata. This shows a different side of De Groote — the impeccable classicist. Textures are lean and clear, helped enormously by his sparing use of the sustaining pedal. An indispensable treasure.

HISTORICAL ISSUES (GSE Claremont)

THE latest batch of reissues of memorable recordings, all of them from masters released over 50 years ago, contains much to delight those with a fondness for the products of early days in the recordings studios. Albert Coates confirms his status as a pioneer of his time when he conducts orchestral showpieces by Lyadov, Borodin, Glinka, and Rimsky-Korsakov; honey-toned Richard Tauber caresses the ear with German folk songs; and Richard Crooks is the true matinee idol in a bunch of ditties.

HIT PARADE

- 1 LUCIANO PAVAROTTI: *Pavarotti and Friends, Volume III* (Polygram)
- 2 JOSÉ CARRERAS: *Passion* (Tusk)
- 3 MARTIN LANE: *Pipe Organ Music* (Polygram)
- 4 ITZHAK PERLMAN: *Klemzer in the Fiddler's House* (EMI)
- 5 ANDRÉ RIEU: *Strauss and Co* (Polygram)
- 6 VARIOUS: *Classic Stressbusters* (Tusk)
- 7 KETELBY: *Monastery Garden/Persian Market/Leaper* (RPM)
- 8 VARIOUS: *Instant Classical Collection* (Tring)
- 9 TCHAIKOVSKY/SIBELIUS: *Violin Concertos/Previn* (Polygram)
- 10 HANDEL: *Messiah/Scholars Baroque Ensemble* (RPM)

Based on sales at Look & Listen, Sandton Square (784-2562)

Leonard Barden CHESS

RUTH SHELTON is surely the United Kingdom's chess player of the month. The Manchester 15-year-old's recent results include first prize at Stockport, a win over England's No 4 grandmaster, and third place at Newcastle, where she narrowly missed the IM norm.

Sheldon's rapid advance augurs well for this year's team olympiad in Armenia, where the England men will be the top-seeded Western squad and the women players are now also in a position from which to compete for medals.

The Leigh Congress Prixette, mandatory women's boards in the UK League and Varsity match, and master coaching for girls have all contributed to rising standards.

More could be done, however; for example, it is long overdue for women's boards to be included in the final stages of British inter-county and inter-club knockouts.

Ruth Sheldon-GM John Nunn,
King's Indian Defence

1 d4 Nf6 2 c4 g6 3 Nc3 Bg7 4 e4 d6 5 Be2 0-0 6 Nf3 e5 7 d5 a5 8 Be3 Ng4 9 Bg5 f6 10 Bh4 Na6 11 Nd2 Nh6 12 0-0 Qe8 13 a3 Bd7 14 b3 f5 15 f3 Nf7 16 Rb1 Bh6 17 Bf2 Nc5 18 b4 axb4 19 axb4 Na4 20 Qc2

It's a familiar strategy so far in this opening, where White has more space while Black snipes on the flanks.

Qe7? Nxc3 21 Qxc3 Qe7 with Ra2 and Qg5 counterplay is better.

21 Nb5! Rfc8 22 Ra1 The a4 knight is out on a limb, and by the time it regains safety Black's game is collapsing.

Bxd2 23 Qxd2 fxe4 24 fxe4 Qg5 25 Be3 Qh4 26 Qc2 Bxb5 27 cxb5 Nb6 28 Rxa8 Nxa8 29 b6! More scope for White's bishops. Ng5 30 Bd3 Qg4 31 bxc7 Nxc7 32 Kh1 Nb5 Losing a piece, but if Nf7 33 Rc1 and Black can't escape the pin.

33 Qf2 Nc7 34 Be2 Qxe4 35 Bxg5 Qxd5 36 Bh6 Resigns. White mates by 37 Qf8+ or by Ne6 37 Qf7+.

Sutton's Easter congress always attracts hundreds of players. This was the game that decided first prize.

GM Julian Hodgson-GM Keith Arkell,
French Defence

1 d4 e6 2 e4 d5 3 e5 c5 4 c3 Nc6 5 Nf3 Qb6 6 a3 c4 7 Nbd2 Na5 8 h4 Bd7 9 h5 0-0-0 10 g3 f5 11 exf6? Better to keep the centre closed, and to regroup by Ng1-h3-f4.

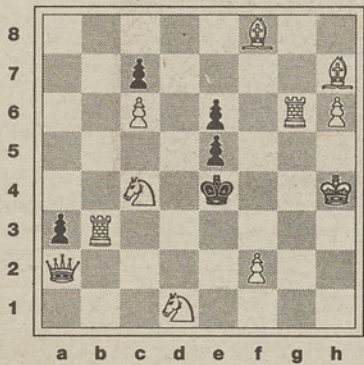
gxf6 12 Bh3 Bd6 13 0-0 e5 14 Bxd7+ Rxd7 15 Rb1 e4 16 Nh4 Ne7 17 b3 Qc7 18 bxc4 e3! 19 fxe3 Bxg3 20 Ng2 Rg8 21 Qe2 Nec6 22 cxd5 Rdg7! 23 Nf3 Qf7? Missing Qd7! 24 dxc6 Qh3 25 cxb7+ Kb8 26 Rb2 Rg5! 27 Rd1 Rxd5 28 Kf1 Qh1+ 29 Ng1 Rf5+ 30 Nf4 Bxf4 31 Ke1 Rxd1+ 32 Kd2 Rxd1+ 33 Qxd1 Bxe3+ 34 Kc2 Qe4+ 35 Qd3 Rf2+ and wins.

24 dxc6 Qxh5 25 cxb7+ Kb8 26 Rb2 Qh3 27 e4 Rg4 28 e5? 28 d5! f5 29 Be3 is unclear.

fxe5 29 dxe5 Nc4 30 Rc2 Rh4! A fine finish to an imaginative attack.

31 Ngxh4 Bf2+! 32 Kxf2 Qg3 mate.

No 2420



White mates in two moves, against any defence (by Charles Planck). Black has only king moves, but White is spoilt for choice.

No 2419: 1 Ba8. If e6 2 Kb7 Kd5 3 Kb6 mate. If exd6 2 Nf6 dxe5 (d5 3 Nd7) 3 Ne4.

Zia Mahmood BRIDGE

ALCOHOL and serious bridge don't mix. But after today's hand, from the Vanderbilt Cup, South thought that he deserved a congratulatory brandy. See if you agree with him. Not vulnerable against vulnerable opponents, his hand was:

♠AKQ986 ♥42 ♦KQ 1053 ♣None

East opened one club, and South chose the pressure bid of four spades. West studied his hand for a while, then jumped to six clubs, but North competed with six spades. East doubled to end a brief, brutal auction. The full deal was:

North			
♠J 10 5 4			
♥8 5			
♦J 9 8 7 6			
♣7 4			
East			
♠7 2			
♥AK 9 7			
♦2			
♣AJ 10 9 5 3			
South			
♠AKQ 9 8 6			
♥4 2			
♦KQ 10 5 3			
♣None			
South	West	North	East
4♠	6♣	6♠	1♣
No	No	No	Dble

The defenders did well to take a diamond ruff in addition to the ace and king of hearts and the ace of diamonds, but North-South were pleased with their efforts, for they had conceded just 500 points on a deal where their opponents could make a vulnerable six clubs.

If someone had told South that his team was going to lose 19 IMPs on this

board, perhaps his cognac would not have tasted so fine! The auction at the other table was not brief:

South	West	North	East
1♠	2♥	3♠	1♣
4♠	5♣	No	No
5♦	5♥	5♠	6♣
No	No	6♦	6♥
6♠	No	No	7♣
No	No	7♠	No
No	7NT	No	No
Dble	No	No	No

The early rounds of bidding were reasonable enough. North's three spades was a pre-emptive raise of his partner's simple overcall. East passed five clubs for fear of two spade losers, but when North-South went to five spades East gambled that his partner had a singleton in that suit and contested further with six clubs.

His bid of seven clubs is harder to explain, though sometimes when each side has a massive fit in two suits both can make 12 tricks, so East decided to take insurance. No doubt for the same reasons, North battled on with seven spades. At this point East really ought to have doubled, but when he passed, West thought he was being invited to bid 7NT.

In the heat of battle, both seemed to forget that a short while ago they had been prepared to settle for five clubs!

South happily doubled 7NT and North led a spade, so the penalty was 1 700 points.

The player who had been South at the other table choked on his drink when he heard this result, but to his credit he said nothing, and was rewarded when his team hung on to win the match.

That called for another brandy — and this time it really did taste sweet.

Joseph Harker NOTES & QUERIES

Time to stop the dissing

DID people ever use the word "grunted" to describe a happy person?

I PERSONALLY have always hoped to be both "kempt" and "shevelled" on the same day. — Mary Phillips-Rickey, Edmonton, Canada

WHICH animal can tolerate the greatest temperature range?

TARDIGRADES, or water bear animals, must be among the animals with tolerance to the greatest temperature range. They can be both frozen in liquid nitrogen and boiled under pressure. Aside from this they are also resistant to a variety of corrosive chemicals and can revive after almost complete dessication. They survive such extremes by entering a state of suspended animation which they can hold for at least a century. — A Leask, Sydney, Australia

MICRO-ORGANISMS such as thermophilic bacteria can survive the extreme temperatures of boiling water (100°C) and freezing in liquid nitrogen (-196°C). Their survival is successively reduced in multi-cellular organisms. However, I was told of an experiment where a cockroach frozen in liquid nitrogen walked away once it thawed at room temperature. In a tropical region, I inadvertently "cooked" a cockroach for three minutes at full power

in an 800W microwave oven. On opening the door, the cockroach, albeit groggy, crawled out. — Rohan de Silva, London

A GOVERNMENT with a majority in both Houses of Parliament and acquiescent civil servants announces at the end of its five-year term that it is going to stay in office, and not call a general election. It would then have no legality, but how would it be ousted from office?

GIVEN that Britain does not have a written Constitution and that, for all practical purposes, the sovereignty of Parliament is limited only by Acts and Treaties which Parliament itself can abrogate or alter, there is no constitutional check on Parliament's extending its term. In fact, Parliament did precisely this in 1716. In 1694 a Triennial Act was passed requiring elections to be held at least once every three years, establishing formal terms for Parliament for the first time. Following the election of 1715, Parliament repealed the Triennial Act and replaced it with a Septennial Act requiring elections once every seven years. As a result, this Parliament sat until the general election of 1722. There is no constitutional bar on a modern Parliament similarly prolonging itself. — Professor David Eastwood, University of Wales, Swansea, Wales

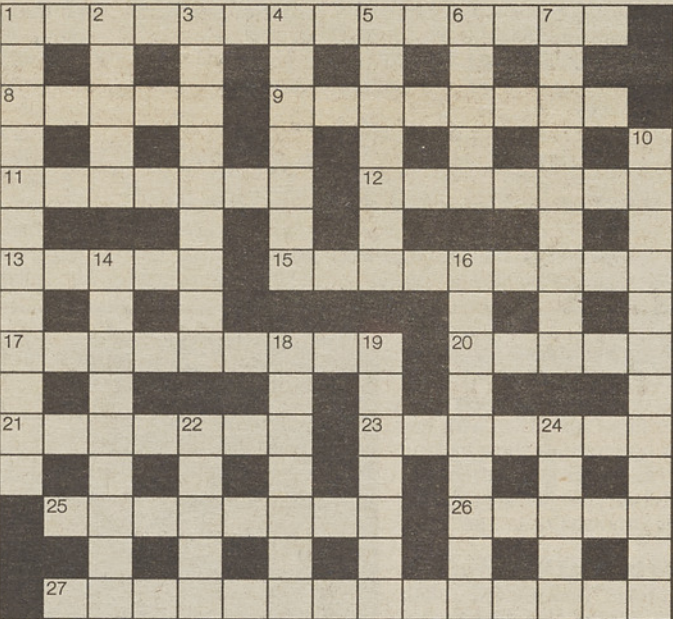
STOP sending the chauffeured cars round! — Jan Appleton, Bramhall, Stockport, UK

THE Queen, as head of state, can dissolve Parliament at any time and does not have to be asked by a prime minister (although this is generally the case). If the Parliament/government continued to disobey the Queen's dissolution, the House of Commons Police Force, Metropolitan Police and armed forces could be called in to remove and, if necessary, jail the dissenters (Representation of People Act). This is perhaps the only credible argument for having a monarchy. — S Mahoney, Manchester, UK

WHAT evidence is there to support allegations that German submarines were refuelled in Irish Free State ports during World War II?

FRANK AIKEN, the Free State's minister for co-ordination of defensive measures, said: "No German U-boat landed on the Irish coast — if it had done, I think I would have heard about it" [in Robert Fisk's *In Time of War — Ireland, Ulster and the Price of Neutrality 1939-45*]. For much of the war, diesel fuel and petrol were so scarce that private motoring was banned, so it is unlikely anyone would have found enough fuel to get a submarine going. — Joe Kerrigan, Stockport, UK

CRYPTIC CROSSWORD



BY PLODGE

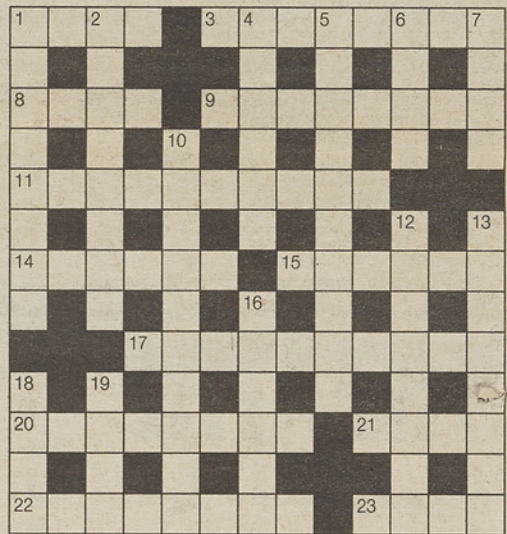
Across

- 1 At present, frequently having no puff, Albert is one character of 1 down, 12 (4,2,4,4)
- 8 Go a bit over the top about oriental book (5)
- 9 Exercises in a Roman county such as Durham (8)
- 11 No finer composition was entertainingly towering (7)
- 12 see 1 down
- 13 Theatre doctor to be first person to introduce aromatherapy ... (5)
- 15 ... the quality of healing that calmed one in labour (9)
- 17 Two points to pitch in Ursa Minor (5,4)
- 20 Fortune teller's "thank you" for moonshine (5)
- 21 Name of Republican manipulator (7)
- 23 The ear was indeed swamped! (7)
- 25 Eccentrics don't begin in 11 the practice of pushy purveyors (4,4)
- 26 The lady of the manor? (5)
- 27 Guards and artillery follow canal river to joint English manoeuvres with the creator of 1 down, 12 (7,7)

Down

- 1,12 Now, when will this tide turn to 27's classic? (3,4,2,3,7)
- 2 A dunderhead aspires to be snooty (5)
- 3 Dilly-dally from start to finish over careworn stretch (9)
- 4 Make fast the Irishman raised to the bar (3,4)
- 5 Admitted not a penny had been paid (7)
- 6 Mean dwelling lost value in the square as a lodging (5)
- 7 The farmer is below, in the passage on the right (9)
- 10 It's said to prove the rule for seated social workers (8,4)
- 14 The nose valve in a combustion engine (3,6)
- 16 Spies caught a nipper in Spain (9)
- 18 Rome convert in explosive Harrow (7)
- 19 No wet took part in glad refrain composed to be sung at conference (3,4)
- 22 Burdened Hutton when given notice (5)
- 24 Italian water policed by Dublin? (5)

QUICK CROSSWORD 312



Across

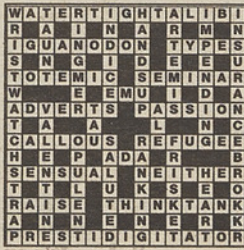
- 1 Muddle — soldiers' canteen (4)
- 3 Sword holder (8)
- 8 Cut short (4)
- 9 Thin, crisp biscuits — mad! (8)
- 11 Ragged, dirty child (10)
- 14 Frankly (6)
- 15 Disregard (6)
- 17 Indian Ocean republic (10)
- 20 New Year's Eve (8)
- 21 Fortune (4)
- 22 Comic verse — drivell (8)
- 23 Intend (4)

Down

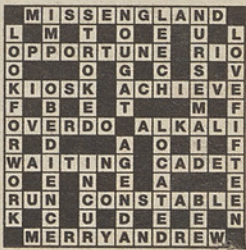
- 1 Sweet biscuit (8)
- 2 Acute viral disease (8)
- 4 Glass water bottle (6)
- 5 & 16 British monarch's residence (10,6)
- 6 Elderly (4)
- 7 Food — food container (4)
- 10 Combine (10)
- 12 Decide — to end (8)
- 13 Busby (8)
- 16 (see 5)
- 18 Provided with shoes (4)
- 19 Eager (4)

Last week's solutions

Cryptic Crossword



Quick Crossword



Your indispensable guide to what's hot and what's not in the world of entertainment

FINE ART

Cape Town

THE ARTS ASSOCIATION OF BELLVILLE, Library Centre, Carel van Aswegen Street, Bellville. Ceramics by Lynnley Watson are on show until May 20 and totem poles by Strijdom van der Merwe can be seen until June 9.

THE ASSOCIATION FOR VISUAL ARTS, 35 Church Street, Cape Town. Recent works by Noel Hagen, pastels by David Hlongwane and photographs by David Crookes. Ends May 25. Ph: 24-7436.

CAFE MATISSE, Main Road, Kalk Bay. Paintings, sculptures and photographs by Ben Coutivadis, Dave Southwood, Craig Carbutt, Connor Cullinan, Paul Edmonds and Mark Rautenbach are on show until May 19.

CHELSEA GALLERY, 51 Waterloo Road, Wynberg. Works by Mary Hart and Hall Kent. Ends May 27. Ph: 761-6805.

CLEMENTINA VAN DER WALT CERAMIC STUDIO AND CRAFT GALLERY, Parys Farm, Van Riebeeck Drive, Hugenot, Paarl. A new gallery and studio showing ceramics by Clementina van der Walt, cutlery by Thersa Jo Wessels and Amanda Marais, embroidery by the Mapula Project and the Kaross Workers and baskets and tablecloths. Ph: 872-3420.

DISTRICT SIX MUSEUM, Buitenkant Street, Cape Town. Opening on Sunday at 3.45pm is a retrospective exhibition of works drawn from the former CAP Media Project. Gordon Metz of the Mayibuye Centre will open the exhibition. Ph: 461-0368 or 461-0369.

DORP STREET GALLERY, 176 Dorp Street, Stellenbosch. Works by artists such as Lyn Smuts, Paul Ensley, Vernon Swart, David Hlongwane, Johan Louw and Evette Weyers. Ph: 887-2256.

THE GOOD HOPE GALLERY, Castle of Good Hope, Darling Street, Cape Town. *Peace-ing South African Art Together* — a group exhibition including work by Barbara Jackson, Mandla Vanyaza and Zwelethu Mthethwa — runs until Sunday. Ph: 469-1096.

GREEN DOOR GALLERY, The Old Jail, Tyger Valley. Works by artists such as Andrew Putter, Anton Kanemeyer and Apple van Wyk. Ph: 919-0379.

THE MICHAELIS COLLECTION, The Old Town House, Greenmarket Square, Cape Town. *Masterpieces on Paper* is an exhibition of prints and drawings from the permanent collection.

NATALE LABIA MUSEUM, 192 Main Road, Muizenberg. Photographs by Lawrence Frederick Monaghan are on show until May 19. Ph: 788-4106.

PRIMART GALLERY, Warwick Square, Claremont. *Bushpig* is a collection of graphics, objects, textiles and art works.

SOUTH AFRICAN NATIONAL GALLERY, Company Gardens, Cape Town. *Miscast: Negotiating Khoisan History and Material Culture* — an installation curated by Pippa Skotnes — can be seen until September 15; and a George Pemba retrospective is on show until July 28. Ph: 45-1628.



Master weaver: Beauty Ngxongo from Hlabisa in KwaZulu-Natal with one of her baskets

UCT IRMA STERN MUSEUM, Cecil Road, Rosebank. Drawings by Mari Lecanides Arnott are on show until Saturday.

Durban

AFRICAN ART CENTRE, Gardiner Street. The art centre presents a collection of handwoven baskets by master weaver Beauty Ngxongo and others from Hlabisa in KwaZulu-Natal. Also on exhibition are beautiful clay beer pots made by Vita Craft Award Winner Nesta Nala. Ph: 304-7915.

ALLIANCE FRANCAISE, 22 Sutton Crescent, Morningside. *Art Promotion — France '96* is the first exhibition to be mounted in Durban by France's prestigious International Art Promotion. It features 33 works by 16 top contemporary French artists. Running until May 24. Ph: 23-9582.

ANTHEA MARTIN GALLERY, 26 Audley Road, Westville. On show is an exhibition by artists Judy and Sue Edgar. Judy presents colourful collages capturing the feel of local life while her daughter produces drawings, paintings, and post-modern jewellery and furniture. Ph: 266-8572.

DEMOCRATIC GALLERY, Bat Centre, Durban Harbour. Currently on show is *Modern Classics*, an exhibition by Eugene Paul Jago, whose pre-Raphaelite and mythically-influenced works include frescoes, painted

columns and mixed media mirror frames. Ph: 32-0451.

DURBAN CENTRE FOR PHOTOGRAPHY, Bat Centre. *The Unending Battle for Kabul* is an exhibition of powerful images of war-torn Afghanistan recorded by Cape Town photographer Guy Tillim on recent travels in Asia. Ph: 32-5317.

ELIZABETH GORDON GALLERY, 66 Windermere Road. Currently on show are works by Errol Boyley, renowned painter of landscapes of the KwaZulu-Natal Midlands, as well as works from the gallery's permanent collection. Ph: 309-4370/1.

KWA MUHLE MUSEUM, Ordinance Road. Currently on show is *Mkumbane*, an exhibition reflecting the plight of the Cato Manor residents. On display is an original shack from Cato Manor accompanied by a video. Also on show is *Durban System*, a display of photographs and documents depicting the absurdity and tragedy of apartheid social engineering in Durban. Ph: 300-6310.

NSA GALLERY, Overport Centre. *Wrapped Up* is a group exhibition by Natal artists. Ph: 207-3676.

TATHAM ART GALLERY, Pietermaritzburg. On view now is an exhibition of artworks from KwaZulu-Natal schools, featuring paintings, sculptures and artworks in other media. Ph: (0331) 421-804.

UPSTAIRS GALLERY, Bat Centre, Durban Harbour. On display is *Me And My Conscience*, the first solo exhibition in KwaZulu-Natal by Johannesburg artist Sifiso Mkame. Mkame works with oil pastels on handmade paper creating powerful images which reflect dreams and emotions. Ph: 32-0451.

THEATRE

Cape Town

AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'. Nico Opera House, DF Malan Street, Cape Town. *Ain't Misbehavin'* is a Fats Waller musical celebrating the golden age of swing. Songs featured include *Ain't Misbehavin'*, *Honeysuckle Rose*, *Handful of Keys*, *Find Out What They Like*, *I'm Gonna Sit Down and Write Myself a Letter* and *I Can't Give You Anything But Love*. The cast includes Sophia Foster, Tina Schouw, Stella Magaba, Basil Appolis and Marc Lottering. Directed by Bryan Hill. Last show May 25.

BAGASIE. Arena Theatre, Hiddingh Hall Campus, Orange Street, Gardens. A production of André Brink's *Bagasie*, directed by James Blankenburg. Last show Saturday.

EMGXOBHOZWEI (THE STAGNANT POOL). Nico Theatre, DF Malan Street, Cape Town. Professor BB Mkontso's play — the first Xhosa production to be mounted at the Nico — tells the story of a married woman's jealousy of her step-daughter. Directed by Mavis Taylor, with an all Xhosa cast. Daily shows at 1pm.

GERTRUDE STEIN AND A COMPANION. Nico Arena, DF Malan Street, Cape Town. Opening on Saturday, Win Wells' two-hander tells the story of the relationship between cult figure and writer Gertrude Stein and her lover Alice B Toklas. Set in the early 1900s, the play follows Stein and Toklas' relationship through the dramatic changes that were taking place in the arts. Starring Diane Wilson and Mary Dreyer. Directed by Roy Sargeant.

MEZE, MIRA AND MAKE-UP. Dock Road Theatre, V&A Waterfront, Cape Town. Award-winning comedian Irene Stephanou hits Cape Town with her humorous one-woman show looking at adolescence, peer group pressure, sexual stereotypes and pimples. Directed by Vanessa Cooke. Last show Saturday.

POT POURRI OF BALLET. Baxter Theatre, Main Road, Rondebosch. Catch this "pot pourri of classical ballet, demi-character, character and free movement dance". The production features ballet students from fifteen different Western Cape studios. Last show Saturday.

RAYMONDA. Nico Opera House, DF Malan Street, Cape Town. This ballet tells the story of a woman who is abducted from her brother's castle in Hungary by a sultan who wants her for his harem. Graham Scott conducts the Cape Philharmonic Orchestra. Choreographed by Norman Furber and produced by Veronica Paepers, with music by Glazunov. Last show May 18.

RECITAL FLAMENCO. Theatre on the Bay, Link Street, Camps Bay. Carolyn Holden, Angel Rojas, Sylvana Gironi, Juana Vargas and the La Roasa Spanish Dance Theatre join forces for a show of traditional and contemporary flamenco with musical accompaniment on violin, flute and percussion. Last show Saturday. Ph: 438-3300.

Durban

ALTERNATIVE ACTION. Playhouse Loft. Celebrated local playwright Kessie Govender's latest offering is described as a hilarious and down-to-earth look at the effects of democracy on unsuspecting South African citizens. Featuring



Pimples and peer pressure: Irene Stephanou's humorous Meze Mira and Make-up ends on Saturday at the Dock Road Theatre

bra salesmen, nagging wives, and insurance scams, it promises to be a rollicking tragi-comedy.

CAUCASIAN CHALK CIRCLE. The Elizabeth Sneddon Theatre. Running on Friday and Saturday at 7pm is Bertolt Brecht's darkly brilliant parable of conflict and friction in an emerging society. Directed by Tamar Meskin.

CONDOMINIUM MURDER MYSTERY SHOW. Playhouse Cellar. Currently on stage, this off-the-wall musical comedy is presented by three of Durban's brightest young comic talents. Ph: 304-3631.

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF. The Playhouse Opera. An all-time Broadway smash, this is the familiar heart-

warming tale of an impoverished Jewish community courageously celebrating life in pre-revolution Russia. Featuring performances by André Roothman, Jo-Ann Pezzaro and Brenda Radloff. Ph: 304-3631.

HEEL AGAINST THE HEAD. Playhouse Drama Theatre. This hugely successful comedy, starring Paul Slabolepszy and Bill Flynn, reinvents popular realist drama. A wicked farce about events going horribly awry for two platteland rugby supporters who arrive at a Johannesburg hotel for a weekend of "birds, booze and bokke". Highly amusing with deep undertones of loneliness and moral conflict. Ph: 304-3631.

EVENTS

Cape Town

CRAFT IN THE PARK. Rondebosch Park, Rondebosch. Go snap up some crafts on Saturday. For more information, contact Ann Rodwell at 531-4236.

CREATIVE NETWORKING EXPLORED. Creative Networking Explored is an organisation designed to bring together people who want to explore their creative impulses. A wide variety of events are on offer throughout the winter months. For more information contact Jake at 887-1607.

FABRIC PAINTING COURSE. Bellville Art Centre, Library Centre, Carel van Aswegen Street, Bellville. Paula Pereira shows you how it's done, on Saturday from 9.30am to 3.30pm. The cost of the course is R50. For more information, contact Ina Grobler at 918-2293.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF CAPE TOWN. Natale Labia Museum, 192 Main Road, Muizenberg. A meeting of this society takes place on Wednesday at 10.30am. Ph: 788-4106.

ORCHESTRAL COMMUNITY. St Georges' Cathedral Hall, Queen Victoria Street, Cape Town. The Institute of Citizenship hosts a public lecture by Dr Jacques De Vos Malan (executive director of the Cape Town Symphony Orchestra). He will speak on *The Cape Town Symphony Orchestra in the Community: Today and Tomorrow* on Thursday from 1.10pm to 2pm. Tea, coffee and sandwiches will be served from 12.45pm. All welcome.

MEDIA WORKS LAUNCH. Manenberg's Jazz Cafe, Adderley Street, Cape Town. Mediaworks — formerly known as the CAP Media Project — host a launch at Manenberg's on Sunday from 5pm. The programme of events includes music by the Little River Trio, an address by Theresa Solomon (deputy mayor of Cape Town), a poetry reading and speeches by Brian Slingers, Vuyani Ngcuka, Pethu Serote and Sue Riley. For more information, phone 461-0368 or 461-0369.

TALK ON ANTIQUES. Natale Labia Museum, 192 Main Road, Muizenberg. Lloyd Pollack speaks on the Golden Age of Antiques (1660 to 1820) on Thursday from 10am to 1pm. Ph: 788-4106.

WRITING WORKSHOPS. Natale Labia Museum, 192 Main Road, Muizenberg. Dorian Haarhof guides aspirant word-smiths through *The Lost Art of Letter Writing* on Friday and Saturday from 10am to 3.30pm. Ph: 788-4106.

Durban

BAT PART-TIME CLASSES. Bat Centre, Durban Harbour. Take advantage of the Bat's adventurous range of creative occupational therapy from Tai Chi to gumboot and contemporary dance. Phone Vusi or Phillippa on (031) 32-0451.

COMPUTER CLASSES. University of Natal, Durban. The University's Unit for Continuing Education is running courses for the public on Windows and Wordperfect. Ph: 260-2399.

LUNCH-HOUR FILMS. Durban Natural Science Museum, Theatre City Hall, Smith Street. Today at 1.05pm is a nature documentary on the *Super Predators*; on Monday is a film entitled *York Minster*; Tuesday's screening is of part 1 of David Attenborough's *Natural History of Animal Behaviour* and on Wednesday is a film entitled *The Wilds of Madagascar*. Ph: 300-6214.

SCIENTIFIC TALK. Natural Science Museum, first floor, City Hall, Smith Street. Next week Friday (May 17) Derek Fish of the University of Zululand gives a talk on *Interactive Science Centres — Opening the Doors to a Scientific Future* from 12pm to 2pm. The talk coincides with the International Museum Celebrations and explores the ways in which museums can assist science education for the future. Booking is essential; a finger lunch will be served. Phone 300-6212 for booking and further information.

To have your events included in the Mail & Guardian's listings guide, fax Alex Sudheim at (031) 307-1588 or phone James Garner at (021) 462-4688 by Monday afternoon

Compiled by JAMES GARNER in Cape Town and ALEX SUDHEIM in Durban

Andrew Worsdale BEST OF TV

FRIDAY: Just in time for a comparison to the soon-to-be-released Hollywood remake is Edouard Molinaro's 1978 classic farce **La Cage Aux Folles** (SABC3, 9.20pm) with the equally brilliant Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi as gay lovers. The film spawned two inferior sequels, and although theatrical, its camp finery and hysterical last act make it a classic that drag queens can tape for their homophobic siblings as a Xmas gift. SABC1 screens the disappointing Sidney Lumet 1989 comedy thriller **Family Business** at 10.15pm which despite a good cast — Connery, Hoffman and Matthew Broderick — comes across as a long

and rather tired melodrama. And SABC2 screens some crappy American telemovie at 10pm called **Russian Holdiay** with Susan Blakely getting caught up with the KGB et al.

SATURDAY: Seems like a mini-Sidney Lumet festival as SABC3 screens his **Garbo Talks** at 2pm, an engagingly sweet but feisty New York comedy with Anne Bancroft as an eccentric Jewish mama whose last wish is to meet Greta, and her hapless son played by Ron Silver who tries to make her dream come true. As for the rest of the day, it's pretty hopeless. The usual sport and in the evening three US TV movies — the encounter-group romance of **Hearts on Fire** with Lesley Ann Warren on SABC1 at 9pm versus the Eighties schlock of **If Tomorrow Comes** on SABC2 at 9pm with an impossibly young Tom Berenger. And on SABC3 at 9.30pm, conceited curmudgeon Gregory Peck and spunky Lauren Bacall re-team after decades in Arthur Penn's schmaltzy **The Portrait**.

SUNDAY: don't miss Hitchcock's neat and thrilling 1956 remake of his own 1934 classic **The Man**

Who Knew Too Much on SABC2 at 1pm with James Stewart and Doris Day as anxiety-ridden parents whose kid is kidnapped by spies. You could catch Joel Schumacher's excellent adaptation of John Grisham's novel **The Client** on M-Net at 8pm, with a superb Susan Sarandon as the lawyer who helps out a young boy who witnessed a murder. Or, you could tune into the obsequious Mr D Tambo as he attempts to publicly endorse his sycophantic career in **People of the South** on SABC2 at 9pm, but best bet is probably **The Art of Tripping** on SABC3 at 9.15pm with the wonderful Bernard Hill exploring the role that drugs play in creativity.

MONDAY: Once again an incredibly boring day. I recommend sleeping the whole day and tuning into BBC World after midnight. Mind you the quirky documentary series, **The Untold West** on SABC3 at 9.40pm has had a promising first two episodes.

TUESDAY: Another barren day, you could catch the Sega-game character **Sonic, the Hedgehog** in his very own show on SABC1 at 6pm, laugh at the ineptitude and earnest "it's a comedy spectacle"

vibe of local series **The Great Chase** on SABC3 at 7pm. The best thing today is the reliable US sitcom **Mad About You** on SABC3 at 9.10pm, unless you want to watch part two of the harrowing doccic **Tin Lids** about the survivors of thalidomide on SABC1 at 10.15pm.

WEDNESDAY: Oprah Winfrey stars in a new drama series (new for us, that is) called **Brester Place** on SABC1 at 6pm in Xhosa with English simulcast on Radio 2000, and at 9.10pm on SABC3 **The Jewel in the Crown** finally comes to a close after months of drawn-out EM Foster-type melodrama. **Terror on Track 9** on SABC1 at 10.15pm is a neat made-for-TV thriller with the reliable Richard Crenna as a cop tracking down heroin dealers.

THURSDAY: M-Net screen an intriguing British drama **England, My England** about Henry Purcell starring Simon Callow with a script by John Osborne and Charles Wood at 9.15pm, but the highlight is probably the intriguing half-hour drama supplied by Kurt Vonnegut's **Monkey House** on SABC3 at 11.10pm.

MUSIC

Cape Town

CAPE TOWN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, Endler Hall, Stellenbosch. On Friday from 8pm the CTSO performs works by Schumann, Walton and Beethoven. On Thursday at the City Hall the orchestra performs works by Cimarosa, Mozart and Shostakovich.

THE DIZZY JAZZ CAFE, 41 The Drive, Camps Bay. The Nhla Nhla Trio do Friday, Rob Taylor takes over on Saturday, and Simply Jazz move in on Sunday.

THE FRINGE, Canterbury Street, Cape Town. Cape Town's senior citizen of night-clubs continues to appeal with it's musical mix of ska, indie, reggae, punk, grunge and prunk.

THE FUNKTION, corner Loop and Short-market streets, Cape Town. Open Friday and Saturday, with DJs spinning house, garage, jungle, dub, funk and trip hop cuts. Crusties might want to give this one a miss. Ph: 24-5948.

THE GREEN DOLPHIN, V&A Waterfront, Cape Town. The Sammy Hartman Trio play Friday night, The Tete Mbambisa Trio do Saturday and Sunday, Easy Street play laid-back jazz on Monday, Basil Coetzee and Errol Dyers join forces on Tuesday, and The Marcus Wyatt Quartet pay tribute to Miles Davis on Wednesday and Thursday. Ph: 21-7480.

MANENBERG'S JAZZ CAFE, Adderley Street, Cape Town. Mkaya play Manenberg's Monday night, Four or More do Tuesday, Winston Mankunku blows the mid-week blues away on Wednesday, and Thandane move in on Thursday. Ph: 23-8595.

THE PLANET, 43 Station Road, Observatory. Boomslang visit the Planet on Saturday, Adamu and Quartet plug in on Sunday and Ras Thame and the Warriors continue to impress on Thursdays. Ph: 47-3589.

THE PURPLE TURTLE, Greenmarket Square, Cape Town. Woodshed come out to play on Friday night, Skyminer and Cold play on a double-bill on Saturday and Wild Goose do their thing on Wednesday. Ph: 26-2778.

THE RIVER CLUB, corner Observatory Road and Liesbeeck Parkway, Observatory. Make sure to catch the four-play gig on Friday night with Nine, Urban Creep, The Springbok Nude Girls and Rubber Soul. Starts at 8pm. Ph: 448-6117.

RUBY IN THE DUST, Lower Main Road, Observatory. Head along to the Ruby on Wednesday for Reggae Night with DJ China.

SPRINGFIELD, Newlands Satation, Newlands. Strychnine and Heiffer make their way to Springfield on Wednesday night.

TAKE FOUR BISTRO, Basement, Longkloof Studios, Darters Road, Gardens. On Friday, Erica Lundy on vocals joins the Jack van Poll Trio's acoustic jazz. On Saturday, Winston Mankunku and Buddy Wells perform with the Jack van Poll Trio. Ph: 480-3189.

Durban

ABSOLUT BUZZ BAR, Pietermaritzburg. This Friday and Saturday night sees the dynamic coupling of ex-Zap Dragon Tim Parr with Larry Amos, who made it big with Baxtop back in the Seventies. The duo also play a Saturday matinee performance for under-18s on Saturday afternoon. Ph: (0331) 45-2638.

ADRENALINE MOTORCYCLE HIGHWAY HOSPICE RALLY, Bluff Showgrounds. Hells Angels, rock 'n roll and a good cause meet on Durban's Bluff this weekend. Featuring two nights of solid rock, the event boasts the cream of local music talent: Squeal, Arapahoe, Free Taxi, Stoned Henge, Blind, Breathe, Swarm, Aniseed, Calamity Jam and What She Said all perform from 7pm onwards on Friday and Saturday nights.

BAYETE. One of South Africa's most accomplished and exciting bands, Bayete, create a throbbing fusion of West and South African rhythms. Guests of the Rainbat Music Project, the group perform at the Bat Centre on Friday and Saturday at 8pm; then at the Rainbow restaurant in Pinetown on Sunday at 1pm. Bayete have just released their new album, *Umkhaya-Lo*, and will be supported by the superb Ba'agsane. Tickets at both venues will be on sale at the door. For more info, phone the Bat on 320-451 or the Rainbow on 729-161.

CENTRE FOR JAZZ AND POPULAR MUSIC, Shephstone Building, University of Natal, Durban. The centre presents a relaxing mid-week jazz break every Wednesday evening. This week's performance features Sazi Dlamini and begins at 5pm. There is a R3 cover charge and a cash bar. Ph: 260-3385.

DURBAN FOLK CLUB, Le Plaza Hotel, Broad Street. This Monday evening the Folk Club celebrates the birthday of legendary troubadour Miriam Erasmus, with performances by the folk star herself and many of her friends.

FUNKY'S, Bat Centre, Durban Harbour. This Friday and Saturday night Durban folk-rocker Mark Harris performs with his band. Catch cosmopolitan mod-pop lads Scooters Union getting into their catchy groove on Wednesday and Thursday nights starting at 9pm. Funky's gets classical on Sunday afternoons from 5.30pm with either a string quartet or a performance of opera arias. As usual, on Saturday afternoon Funky's makes its stage and sound equipment available to aspirant musicians who want to gain some exposure and experience. Phone Lou at 368-2029.

HOWARD COLLEGE THEATRE, University of Natal, Durban. This week contains two free lunch-hour concerts at the university: on Monday the KwaZulu-Natal Youth Orchestra, conducted by Derrick Fokkens and Candace Whitehead, will perform popular light classics in the Students' Union Hall. On Wednesday gifted young pianist Jonathan Oshry, winner of the Oude Meester music prize, performs Brahms' Sonata No 3 and Liszt's Mephisto Waltz at the Howard College Theatre. Both performances begin at 12.15pm. Ph: 260-3353.

INTIMATE SUNRISE. The Durban Designer Collection fashion show traditionally coincides with Durban's most spectacular rave of the year. Held next Saturday (May 18) at Durban Harbour's N-Shed, the event boasts the talents of internationally renowned DJ Mrs Wood plus a host of local turntable virtuosos. Tickets R35 from Computicket or R40 at the door.

LATE NIGHT FUNKY'S, Bat Centre. Funky's enters the late-night stakes with club sessions by DJ Helge Janssen on Friday and Saturday nights from midnight until 3am. Helge's inspired post-modern sets make a welcome return, creating a much-needed alternative jol in Durban's polarised nightlife. Entrance is free. Ph: 368-2029.

MASKANDA ON THE TRUCK, Alternative family entertainment takes place on the Playhouse Truck at Durban Harbour in front of the Bat Centre on Sunday afternoons from 2pm. Ph: 32-0451.

MUSIC RECITAL STUDIO, University of Durban-Westville. The acclaimed Asihlabelele Choral Society from Mbabane, Swaziland, give a lunch-hour concert on Friday at 1.10pm. Ph: 820-2679.

NATAL TECHNIKON, City Campus, Arthur Smith Hall. On Saturday at 2pm, the renowned Asihlabelele Choir from Swaziland team up with local stars Thokozani Choral Society, reigning South African choir champions, for a stirring choral performance. Tickets are R10.

TEKWENI JUNCTION, first floor Umgeni Centre, corner Umgeni and Kolling roads. This Saturday night features an enticing double-bill with local folk heroes Landscape Prayers and visiting Irish folk-rock outfit Slider Magee and the Mouth Modules.

Garry Trudeau DOONESBURY



Century bash: Juliette Lewis stars as an up-and-coming singer in *Strange Days*. See BACK PAGE

CINEMA

BABE. This comic fable about a farmyard pig who defies his Christmas dinner destiny and dares to be a sheepdog is perfectly executed by Chris Noonan in his feature debut. The wry script deals with issues like prejudice and vegetarianism, but it never preaches — just entertains kids and adults alike with rollicking humour and charm. — *Andrew Worsdale*

BROKEN ARROW. Action director John Woo makes his second Hollywood feature with *Broken Arrow*, based on a script by Graham (Speed) Yost. Although the cliffhanger story is completely banal — it involves the hijacking of two nuclear warheads and the resulting chase to recover them — the treatment by Woo is totally exhilarating, and Christian Slater and John Travolta are perfect as hero and villain. — *AW*

THE BROTHERS McMULLEN. Three brothers in the blue-collar, Irish-American world of New York, explore their emotional and moral problems in *The Brothers McMullen*. The first half-hour rings true, but gradually we realise that this slice of life has been filleted and dipped in a honeyed marinade. The ending is pure Hollywood cliché. — *Philip French*

BULLETS OVER BROADWAY. Woody Allen's sophisticated farce is set in a Twenties New York filled with showgirls, gangsters and a Broadway in its heyday. Featuring deserved Oscar-winner Dianne Wiest and a hilarious Jim Broadbent, the film follows playwright John Cusack as he tries to mount a play. Filmed in long single takes in a dark, contrasty style by Carlo Di Palma, the film is a neat return to classic, but intelligent, farce for one of America's most consistently brilliant filmmakers. — *AW*

DEAD MAN WALKING. Inspired by true events in Sister Helen Prejean's book of the same title, this is the story of how one nun's life is transformed when she collides with the enclosed world of state execution. Tim Robbins's second film as director seeks to explore the suffering of the victims' families while also confronting us with the reality of execution. A delicately balanced movie that lobs the occasional schmaltzy spin. — *PF*

DEAD PRESIDENTS. The Hughes brothers' follow-up to their successful ghetto thriller *Menace II Society*, is a superbly executed mini-epic, covering familiar territory: the Vietnam war, community infighting and ghetto violence. With dazzling cinematography, top-notch performances and a great soundtrack by Danny Elfman, Curtis Mayfield and a host of Seventies stars, this grisly melodrama is well worth catching, even though you might feel you've taken the journey once too often before. — *AW*

DER BEWEGTE MANN. German sex comedies are one of a kind — Döris Dorrie's *Men* being the country's biggest comic hit to date. Sönke Wortmann's amusingly dry *Der Bewegte Mann* is a similarly Teutonic attempt at the kind of farce the French excel in. It revolves around a young man kicked out by his girlfriend, who ends up staying with his gay friends, and the inevitable double-take sexual innuendo that ensues. Amusing enough stuff, even though all that sauerkraut does not help with light comedy. — *AW*

DEVIL IN A BLUE DRESS. Faithfully adapted from Walter Mosley's first novel, *Devil in a Blue Dress* is an intriguing film noir which offers an alternative view of

Hollywood in the 1940s. The hero, Easy Rawlins, is hired to find the fiancée of an aspiring mayor and embarks on a journey through Los Angeles. Denzel Washington endows Easy with a moral and physical grace, and it ends on a rare note of unforced optimism. — *PF*

GO FISH. This is deservedly one of the most successful of the recent new queer movies. Rose Troche's upbeat romantic comedy revolves around five lesbian friends — an aspirant writer, a college lecturer, a vet's assistant, her roommate and a divorced nurse. This is a woman's movie with no men in it, that everyone, regardless of gender or sexual persuasion, should rush out to see. — *AW*

LEAVING LAS VEGAS. This is the best film to date by British writer-director Mike Figgis. Nicolas Cage gives a startling portrait of an alcoholic screenwriter making an appointment with death in Vegas after the failure of his career. The jazz score brilliantly underlines Cage's isolation. — *PF*

NICK OF TIME. Johnny Depp tries on the action-man hat in John Badham's action thriller as an accountant whose daughter is kidnapped by bad-dies Christopher Walken and Roma Maffia, and who is told he must murder public figure Eleanor Grant (Marsha Mason) within 90 minutes or his kid will die. Photographed with gritty flair by Roy H Wagner, the film is notable because it plays in real time; apart from that, you've probably seen it all before with Bruce Willis. — *AW*

NIXON. This movie is a flashy mess that lacks the coherence of a chronological narrative and the imaginative insights of a *Citizen Kane*-style mosaic. Oliver Stone attempts to give tragic stature to this charmless, self-pitying man, but he remains a pathetically small figure, surrounded by a collection of weak, mendacious bullies. — *PF*

SABRINA. Julia Ormond plays the Cinderella heroine, daughter of the chauffeur to a rich Long Island family in *Sabrina*. After her transformation into a sophisticated beauty in Paris, she returns to turn the heads of her father's workaholic employer (Harrison Ford) and his playboy brother (Greg Kinnear). The picture is a bundle of clichés, both verbal and visual. — *PF*

SENSE AND SENSIBILITY. Ang Lee brings his oriental sense of social decorum to Jane Austen's story of two sisters, Elinor and Marianne (Emma Thompson and Kate Winslet), one over-endowed with passion, the other creaky dry with common sense. This is a society where women are forced to scheme and connive because they are denied formal power. Of course, with Austen, things turn out happily and the right two Mr Rights (Hugh Grant and Greg Wise) turn up in the end. Thompson's masterful screenplay brings out Austen's wit and humour. — *PF*

TWELVE MONKEYS. Terry Gilliam's new film may be a touch more subtle than the much-talked-about *Brazil* but it's no less inventive and intriguing. Bruce Willis as a bemused victim of forces beyond his control and a delightfully manic Brad Pitt take the viewer through a vision of a world gone mad which Gilliam creates in exquisite detail. Definitely a film not to be missed. — *Justin Pearce*

UNSTRUNG HEROES. Diane Keaton's confident directorial debut is a quirky rites-of-passage movie set in the early Sixties. A young boy flees from his obsessive father (John Turturro) and sick mother (Andie MacDowell) to the magical world of his insane uncles. The excellence of the acting nearly conceals the whimsicality. — *PF*

WHEN SATURDAY COMES. A low-budget British movie starring Sean Bean as a 26-year-old Yorkshire brewery labourer given a belated chance to play for Sheffield United and make his debut in a cup tie with Manchester United. American writer-director Maria Giese fails to animate the Yorkshire scene or to breathe life into the characters and situations. — *PF*

WHITE SQUALL. Epic director Ridley Scott takes a popcorn genre — the feel-good teenage boy rite-of-passage flick — and inflates it to epic proportions. With the material so formulaic, art-house cinematography quickly congeals into kitsch. And a film over two hours long which adds nothing to rehearsed themes, seems like a waste of time. — *JP*

WHITE TIGER. Kickboxing star Gary Daniels plays a drug enforcement agent whose partner is killed in this routine, low-budget martial-arts actioner. If you like this sort of stuff, rather rent a Jackie Chan movie from your local video store. — *AW*

THE WORST YEARS OF OUR LIVES. One of the more predictable and disappointing arrivals from Spain's sparkling new cinema scene, Emilio Martinez-Lazaro's film follows the trials and tribulations of geeky-looking Alberto (Gabino Diego), who has trouble picking up girls; his beefcake brother, Roberto (Jorge Sanz); and Maria (Ariadna Gil), a beautiful girl whom both brothers have set their hearts on. Mixing occasional good humour with schmaltz and a touch of bad taste, this is a clichéd romantic comedy. — *AW*

YVONNE'S PERFUME. Patrice Leconte's exquisite adaptation of Patrick Modiano's novel *Villa Triste*, follows a would-be writer played by Hippolyte Girardot, who hides from the Algerian war among hordes of holidaymakers on the shores of Lake Geneva in the Fifties. Then he comes across a cold seductress, Yvonne, and her cranky accomplice, Doctor Meinthe, and he becomes obsessed. Leconte's artistry and narrative economy shine as always, and Eduardo Serra's stunning cinematography make this film sweeter than any old cologne. — *AW*

M&G critics recommend

- ★ L'Eau Froide
- ★ Leaving Las Vegas
- ★ Dead Presidents
- ★ Go Fish

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