

# out of africa

INTERNATIONAL

JULY 1999

KEEPING SOUTHERN AFRICANS IN TOUCH AROUND THE WORLD

VOLUME 1 ISSUE 1

so, you  
want  
to live  
in

**PERTH**

ARTIST  
WITH HEART

COLOURS LIVES OF  
**CANADA'S**

SA DOCTORS  
SETTLE INTO AUSSIE

STREET KIDS

**COUNTRY PRACTICE**



Gone, but we

# haven't forgotten . . .

WELCOME to this pilot edition of **out of africa international** a different kind of contact magazine.

As the title implies, this magazine is aimed specifically at those who lived anywhere on this magic continent at one time, but went on to find lives elsewhere in the world.

Over the years there has been a huge exodus. We can be found in the most far-flung corners of the world - from Iceland to Chile, Hong Kong to Los Angeles and everywhere in between. Who doesn't have friends in other parts of the world? I know I have. The US, UK, Australia, South Africa - they're everywhere! And I know many of you are just the same.

Technology is bringing us together again after years living in strange countries among people who have little interest in our past. The advent of the Internet has opened up a "virtual Africa" and there are lively newsgroups, chat lines and Bush Telegraphs where people can get together and discuss issues of common interest.

This publication - in a format called PDF - is an experiment to see if a print-style publication can be distributed worldwide through the medium. It can be printed on your home printer for reading away from the Web, or read on-screen.

**out of africa international** aims to be an informative and entertaining addition to other "contact" publications, but giving the added advantage of full colour .

We will steer clear of negative sentiments and concentrate on those who have "moved on" - who have created lives and families in the world at large. To this end, we want your stories.

Wherever you are - Los Angeles, Reykjavic, Hong Kong, London - you have a story to tell. Send us a family picture and the story of your life out of africa and we'll let the world know where you are and how you're doing.

In this issue, we feature my town - Perth, in Western Australia.

When my family and I left Africa in 1983 for a new life, people laughingly said we were joining the PFP - Packing For Perth party. It was a play on the then South African political organisation the Progressive Federal Party.

In truth, it was a move we never regretted.

It is our home today, and shall be for the foreseeable future.

If YOU have a similar feeling about your new home, send us the details and pictures and we'll feature it in a future edition.



Tom Henshaw

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**South African doctors  
head for the Australian  
outback**



**Bunny who set light  
to playboy's  
whiskers  
on 12,000-mile bicycle  
odyssey**

**So you want  
to live in  
Perth?  
Tom  
Henshaw  
gives an  
overview of  
what to  
expect when  
you get  
there . . .**



**Living in the depths of the  
English countryside has  
definite advantages -  
particularly for the kids, as  
Penny Willis reports from  
Grantham, in Lincolnshire**

**Mary Seymour, formerly of  
Harare, finds inspiration  
on the streets of Ontario  
for her graphic paintings**



OK . . . what's going  
on ear then . . .



**POTHOLE**s are a fact of life almost anywhere in Africa. But those in Harare are taking on almost cult status. Bedevilled by a corrupt city council services are collapsing, road repairs being just one. Seeing the grim humour in the situation, many people are "adopting" them. This one in the suburbs came in for some media attention after some wag planted an elephant ear in it, thereby giving unsuspecting motorists a warning to beware!

## Cheap Harare beats the rest

**HARARE**, in Zimbabwe and Quito, Ecuador, rank as the world's cheapest cities for expatriates, according to a report by the Economist Intelligent Unit.

The Japanese cities of Tokyo, followed by Osaka, remain the most expensive cities in the world. Hong Kong came in third with Zurich, Europe's most expensive city, fourth.

New York is the 12th most expensive city worldwide in which to live as an expatriate, and the most expensive city in the United States, followed by Chicago at 26th, San Francisco at 29th, and Los Angeles at 35th.

The data uses New York as a base index of 100 for relative comparisons.

The twice-yearly survey compiled by the unit, which is part of the Economist magazine group, compares prices and costs for expatriates in 122 cities worldwide.

Bush medic: Wynand Breytenbach, wife Elmarie and children, from left, Wynand, 7, Maria, 10, Margriet, 5 and Sophia, 11 swapped Sannieshof, near Klerksdorp for Dalwallinu in the West Australian outback.

# SA doctors join Aussie

SOUTH AFRICAN doctors are heading for the Australian bush to tend the sick as Aussie doctors quit and head for more lucrative jobs in the city.

Two to join the country practice rounds are doctors Richard Clingen, a senior doctor in the Western Australian wheatbelt town of Merredin and Wynand Breytenbach, a GP in Dalwallinu, another small outback WA town.

And both say they are happy to have made the move.

In a recent interview Dr Clingen who came to Australia last year said he got a thrill working in Merredin.

"Sure, you work very hard, but you can make a real difference," he told *The West Australian* newspaper.

"You've got to get into the community spirit, become part of the community. I love sport and country towns offer a lot of that."

Dr Breytenbach came to WA with his wife, Elmarie and four children a year ago to work as a locum. He is the only doctor in

Dalwallinu, some 250km from Perth, and serves 2000 residents.

"Before I came the town had been without a doctor for eight months," he told the SA Independent, a Perth newspaper aimed at South Africans. It made sense to try and work towards changing the system to ease the GP crisis in rural areas."

Dr Breytenbach has been instrumental in convincing governments and medical groups to change the rules for the registration of foreign-trained doctors.

Rules (for doctors) have long been a bone of contention. Under them, a foreign-trained doctor was allowed to work for up to two years before writing council exams. If he failed, he could be sent back to his former country.

Under the new plan, doctors now sit an exam for the Fellowship of the Royal Australian College of General practitioners, or its overseas equivalent, to

qualify for registration. More doctors could soon follow the two trailblazers. There are almost 40 vacancies for doctors in rural Western Australia and the Federal Government has put \$A500,000 towards WA's campaign to recruit doctors from South Africa, Britain, Ireland, New Zealand, Canada, Hong Kong and Singapore, in an attempt to fill them. Dr Clingen still has a half share in a practice outside Johannesburg but is planning to sell out to his former partner's wife, who is also a doctor, according to the newspaper report.

"The standards of schools and hospitals in South Africa are dropping rapidly. AIDS is also a very big problem when you're practising medicine there. I was one of those blokes who said I would never leave. Once here, I realised there was no choice. This country is very similar to South Africa, minus the problems, which are complex and numerous," he said.



Thrilled: Richard Clingen gets a kick out of making a difference. Picture courtesy *The West Australian*

# Country Practice

# That's Africa!

## Democracy, SA-style . . .

**CHANGE** comes only slowly to the new South Africa.

As people of all races waited in the cold midwinter sunshine to cast votes in the country's second democratic election, a woman called a Johannesburg radio station to complain of a peculiarly South African form of jumping to the head of the line in the prosperous suburb of Hyde Park.

The black woman in front of her - a maid, as it turned out - had shuffled along patiently with the rest until they finally approached their local polling station.

She then whipped out a mobile telephone, dialled a number and said: "Madam, I'm at the front of the line now. You can come."

It was written by a reporter from the Sowetan newspaper.

## Bus ride lands 20 in the funny farm

**IF YOU** think that you have to be mad to travel on some local buses, the following (allegedly!) true story from a Zimbabwean newspaper proves you right:

While transporting mental patients from Harare to Bulawayo, the bus driver stopped at a roadside shebeen (beerhall) for a few beers.

When he got back to his vehicle, he found it empty, with the 20 patients nowhere to be seen. Realising the trouble he was in if the truth were uncovered, he halted his bus at the next bus stop and offered lifts to those in the queue.

Letting 20 people board, he then shut the doors and drove straight to the Bulawayo mental hospital, where he hastily handed over his charges, warning the nurses that they were particularly excitable.

Staff removed the furious passengers to wards; it was three days later that suspicions were roused by the consistency of stories from the 20.

As for the real patients: nothing more has been heard of them and they have apparently blended comfortably back into Zimbabwean society.

## Cap this!

The parents of a Zimbabwean air force officer killed in the Democratic Republic of Congo (DRC) are outraged that they were given only his kneecap for burial.

The Harare Independent quoted the father as saying that he was given a saucer containing what looked like part of a kneecap and told this was his son, 27-year-old Flight Lieutenant Evans Kadyauta.

"I know death is there . . . but you can't say that 'your son has died, there is a knee-cap,' then you run away. It is bad. Very unacceptable," said the father, Mike Kadyauta.

## Blasting puts caves in danger

The Chinhoyi (Sinoia) Caves, one of the country's most visually dramatic tourist resorts, is reportedly facing disaster in the form of cracking and collapsing cave walls.

The Zimbabwe Standard reports that the cracks are the result of quarry blasting close by.

The blasting, which is being done with dynamite, is said to be shaking the walls and cracking them. The caves, 8km from the Chinhoyi, are a popular stopping off place for tourists heading for Kariba.

# Adventurer Megan's no bunny on a bike!



**WHEN** Megan Timothy comes to write her memoirs, it's a fair bet setting light to a gent's beard while employed as a bunny girl at Hugh Hefner's Hollywood mansion will figure pretty high.

The Rhodesian singer who went to the US in the 60s sang and danced her way through Las Vegas and entertained troops in Vietnam before her ill-fated 14-month stint with Hef.

It was an accident, of course, and Meg did the right thing by dousing the singed whiskers by chucking a glass of water in the guy's face!

The flames went out and so did Megan . . . on to other things.

She became a Hollywood stuntwoman, film actress, scriptwriter and owner of an upmarket private hotel in North Hollywood patronised by President Bill Clinton.

In between she became an outstanding horsewoman, almost qualifying for the US Equestrian team at the 1984 Olympics, rafted down the Mississippi and went on expeditions to the Amazon.

A pretty full life, you'd think.

Well, yes, but not quite enough. Megan caught the cycling bug during a holiday to France and over time, decided on a solo cycling odyssey to challenge even her limits.

She sold the hotel, car and nearly all her possessions and bought a lightweight bicycle with saddlebags to hold her gear.

Presently, she is about halfway through a 10-month 12,000-mile bikeathon through Europe.

Starting in Paris in March, she's cycled through France, Spain, Morocco, Italy and was last heard of heading for Rome.

Her plan is to take in Turkey before heading north via Bulgaria, Romania, Hungary, Slovakia, the Czech republic, Germany, Holland Belgium England, Ireland, Wales and back to Paris by November.

Californians have been following her exploits through a monthly diary report in a local newspaper.

In FRANCE she wrote in her journal: The French are anything but helpful. They'll watch - but rarely offer a hand - as she wrestles her bicycle and bags on and off buses, in and out of hotels, up and down hills.

"It is not easy to win a smile from the French. They're deeply suspicious of strangers who flash them a grin, however they will return a wave if you keep a solemn expression."

Wheeling into the French village of Melle on March 11, Timothy was ravenous, but the village grocery store was closed for lunch. Grimly, she pedalled on to Aulnay.

"Found a great greengrocer, who watched in amazement as I ate a banana, cucumber, tomato, and a pear all on the spot and left with an array of fruit and vegetables tied to various parts of my bike ... I didn't care. I wasn't going to be caught short again!"

Two days later, arriving in Chevanceaux, she was delighted - and hungry again - when she found a street market.

"(I) shocked vendors when I stood by chomping on a cucumber in one hand and a carrot in the other. When they learned I was from America, they shrugged with understanding ... Oh, my life for a bowl of pasta."

Although she trained hard for her 10-month-long ride, Timothy has found the hills of France somewhat daunting.

"First thing I'm faced with every morning is a damn great hill to climb," she complained. "I swear it's not there the night before. Damn things sprout overnight."

In SPAIN, she was afraid she'd more than met her match when she stopped at a small hotel in Villacovrillo for lunch, and found herself surrounded by a rowdy assembly of Bandoleros, Europe's version of Hells Angels, complete with Harley-Davidson motorcycles.

The fierce-looking, leather-clad "head hogger" waylaid her to inspect the travel patches she'd collected on her saddlebags.

"An enormous man, he grabs my bags and turns them over, scrutinizing the patches," Timothy wrote in her journal. "He gives me and my bike a hard look and breaks into a roar of laughter. He bends down to look me in the eye and asks, 'Sin (without) motor?' I nod. He straightens up and roars again ... He grabs my wrist and holds up my arm. I feel like a rag doll; my toes are barely touching the ground. I can't follow what he's saying, but I do catch 'sin motor' again.

"The crowd cheers. The big guy lets go of me and I would have fallen flat on my face if the others hadn't pressed in close to shake my hand ... They all quickly disappear into the restaurant with 'party hearty' written all over their faces."

Before leaving Spain she had a run-in with a campground manager named Pepe.

After finding the women's showers had only icy water, while the men's had piping hot she led a rebellion and took over the men's block.

Pepe, she wrote, was "the mold in which chauvinists were created. He shrugged us off, saying the men must be cared for.

"We (women) stormed the men's (shower) block, taking over the showers and sending the male occupants fleeing.

"Seconds later, Pepe storms in, can't take the sight of so many naked women and retreats. Stands outside and hollers 'til he's blue in the face.

"We come out one by one, giving him a shrug and telling him women must be cared for. I thought he was going to bust a gut. I'm sure if I wasn't set to leave in the morning and had already paid my bill, I would have been evicted for leading the rebellion."

She spent her 60th birthday, June 21, in ITALY,

marvelling at the scenery. Despite a viral infection, which laid her up for 10 days, she was soon heading for Rome.

With time off to rest up and see the sights along the way, Megan plans to end her journey November 3 in Paris. If it's too cold and wintery once she reaches Belgium, she'll cut the England/Ireland leg of her journey short and head back to Paris and home, armed with photographs and memories.

What'll she do for an encore?

"I'll think about that next year," Timothy said with a grin. "I'll fall out of bed one morning and say: 'How about this?' or 'How about that?' and of f I'll go."



# We joined the PFP!

(the Pack For Perth party)



The city of Perth, from the heights of Kings Park

**IT'S EASY** to like Perth in Western Australia. To anyone coming from a western-style country, it poses few challenges in terms of adjusting to the lifestyle.

With a population of around one million, a towering skyline, modern shopping arcades, cinema complexes, bustling freeways and a modern transport system it belies its claim as the most remote capital city on earth.

In terms of distance, it probably is the remotest sitting, as it does, precariously on the south-western edge of the Australian continent. Its nearest State capital neighbour is some 2000km east across the Nullarbor Plain, in South Australia.

But in terms of communications, education and health care it is up with the best in the world and has a steady stream of immigrants from both overseas and other

Australian states looking for a brighter future. Perth's climate is one magnet. Boasting almost year-round sunshine thousands are attracted to its pristine beaches to enjoy a myriad of watersports.

Best described as "Mediterranean", daytime temperatures dip to a low of around 15 degrees Celsius in midwinter, shooting to the mid-40s sometimes during the summer months. But the bursts of heat are usually the result of abnormal weather patterns.

It rains mainly in the cooler months. June, July and August get the best of it and then occasional showers through to around November when the weather starts warming up.

Rain is a rare phenomenon through the summer months, with only the occasional storm sullyng the brilliant blue skies.

When I asked the question: If you were coming to live in Perth, what would be the questions you would like answered, the responses were fairly predictable. House prices, house rentals, where the "good" schools are and cost of living were top of the list. Public transport and health care were two others. I hope the information on the following pages will help give you at least a broad-brush idea of what to expect.

# Home, sweet home . . .

Asking how much houses are in Perth is like asking: How long is a piece of string! Of course, houses come in all shapes, sizes, areas and values. So we'll concentrate on family-style accommodation, new and established in a couple of average suburbs.

## New

There is a robust and competitive building industry in Perth. New home starts are used as a barometer to the health of the economy as a whole, so builders are encouraged and helped along by the State Government.

There is a bewildering array of styles design and areas to choose from, but it's fair to say, the closer to Perth you look, the more expensive a home will be.

Land is at a premium in the inner suburbs and this is reflected in the block prices and sizes (land is referred to as "blocks", not "plots", which is where they bury people!)

The outer suburbs (up to 30km from the city) are where new homes are most affordable.

Prices for four bedroom, two bathroom homes with lounge, dining, family and games rooms range through \$60,000 to \$120,000, depending on the quality of fittings and extras.

These prices, don't include land, which also ranges in price according to the area. Block prices in the outer suburbs range through \$40,000 to \$60,000, rising in price the closer to town and beach.

Some builders offer "complete" home packages, including paved driveways, landscaped gardens and fencing.



## Established

BUYING an established home has many benefits – proximity to the city and its amenities, well-developed infrastructure such as schools, public transport, shopping centres and medical centres.

They also have the advantage of mature gardens, a not inconsiderable cost to new home buyers.

Four "average" suburbs:

Greenwood (north of the city): \$129,950 through \$145,000.

Duncraig: (also north) \$167,000 through \$695,000

Carine: (ditto) \$150,000 through \$695,000

Clarkson: \$107,000 through \$130,000

## Home loan interest rates: June 1999

BANKS and building societies aren't the only game in town these days when it comes to mortgage financing. Lenders are keen to get your business, and there is an array of loan schemes. Depending on the lender, standard variable loan rates vary between 5.6 per cent and 6.55 per cent, 1-year fixed between 5.9 and 6.55 per cent, fixed 3-year term: 6.35 and 7.25 per cent and 5-year fixed: 6.7 and 7.4 per cent



City Busport, Perth

## Health care

ALL Australian citizens and Australian permanent residents are covered by Medicare, a Government run medical scheme funded by taxpayers.

Care at all government hospitals for people who don't have any ancillary private health cover is free.

Health insurance has become something of a nightmare for Australians in the past few years with thousands abandoning private medical schemes.

They blame rising costs of membership and the fact that they are already paying a 1.5 percent levy on their income tax.

And it's a fact that in an emergency, you'll be taken to a Government hospital anyway.

Waiting lists at Government hospitals too, are a big problem. Many elderly patients have to wait months for operations such as hip replacements and other "cosmetic" operations. Private cover ensures prompt surgery and a choice of doctors.

The Federal Government recently announced tax concessions to people joining the private medical system as a way of relieving pressure on Government hospitals, which are being forced to close wards due to lack of funding.

Also, Medicare fails to cover a whole raft of peripheral medical needs such as dental and optical work and physiotherapy.

The two major private health insurance providers are Medibank Private and HBF Health Insurance. Top cover for a family of four would cost around \$A1800 a year.

## Public transport

There is a well-developed transport system, both bus and suburban rail. The buses were privatised recently, causing some grief, but seemingly now back to normal.

Most suburban bus routes start and end at the various railway stations and act as feeders to the trains, which take commuters to the city centre.

Fares are based on a circular zone system which radiates out from the city. A zone 1 full fare ticket will cost \$1.70, A zone 2: \$2.50, Zone 3: \$3.30 And Zone 4: \$4 There are concessional rates for pensioners and students and other all-day ticket rates, too.

All tickets are valid for 90 minutes, so they can be used on a variety of vehicles.

Take a bus to the railway station, catch a train to town, a ferry across the river and return, all on the same ticket In addition, there is a free bus service around the centre of Perth.

## On the airwaves

THERE are six free-to-air television channels in Perth - Channels 2 (ABC) and 28 (SBS) are Government-funded. There are three commercial channels - 7, 9 and 10 and a new addition, Channel 31, a public service broadcaster. There are numerous radio stations, both AM and FM. No television licences are required in Australia.

In addition to the free-to-air channels, there is a pay-TV service, Foxtel, offering 27 channels for around \$50 a month.



## A basket of groceries

Laundry powder: (1kg)		1.99
Stain remover (Preen)		3.17
Fabric softener:	(1.25l)	4.06
Soak 'n' Rinse	(1.25kg)	3.46
Distilled water:	(2litre)	0.92
Kitchen bin bags: (15pk)		2.28
Dishwash Liquid (1l)		1.69
Power Reach:	(750ml)	3.19
Bleach:	(2l)	1.49
Air freshener (spray)		2.16
Spray'n'Cook:	(400g)	2.69
Cooking oil	(750ml)	2.00
Gravy granules:	(120g)	2.39
Teabags,	(100)	3.59
Coffee (Nescafe)	(250g)	9.94
Sugar	(2kg)	2.60
Biscuits (Nice)	(250g)	1.39
Eggs (67g)	(1doz)	2.76
Rice:	(1kg prem)	2.09
Pasta (fettuccini):	(500g)	1.19
Lemon juice:	(250ml)	1.04
Tomato sauce:	(600ml)	1.30
Bread (toast):	(650g)	1.89
Margarine:	(500g)	1.59
Pepsi (24 pack)		9.99
Potato chips	(250g)	2.65
Milk: Fresh	(2l)	1.99
Longlife:	(1l)	1.23

### MEAT:

Beef:	Yearling Rump Steak	8.99kg
	Yearling Topside	6.99kg
	Mince	3.99kg
Lamb:	Leg	5.00kg
	Chops (loin):	6.99kg
Pork:	Leg:	3.99kg
Chicken:	Whole (1.8kg):	6.99
	Drumsticks:	3.99kg
	Boneless breast	9.99kg

### LIQUOR:

24 carton Emu Bitter (375ml cans)	\$25
Johnny Walker Red Label:	\$24.99
Napoleon brandy:	\$16.99

## No-nos

Smoking in public places such as enclosed shopping centres, restaurants, cafes, shops etc is not allowed in WA

IT IS illegal to ride a bicycle in Western Australia without wearing a helmet.

The blood alcohol limit for drivers in WA is 0.05. Motorists can lose their licence if convicted of more than this amount.



Cottesloe beach, Perth

THE maximum speed limit in Western Australia is 110km/h on the open road. Limit on the freeway system in Perth is 100kmh.

ST JOHN Ambulance insurance is a "must". It can be included in your private medical insurance or bought separately. Either way, it is advisable to take it out as calling out an ambulance can cost hundreds of dollars.

## Here is the news . . .

There is only one local morning daily newspaper - The West Australian. It publishes six days a week, Monday to Saturday. Its Saturday edition is by far the biggest, running to more than 400 pages and contains comprehensive new homes, real estate and general classifieds sections. It also includes a colour magazine containing television programming information and a broadsheet feature liftout. The West is owned by the publicly listed company West Australian Newspapers Holdings, Perth's only Sunday paper, The Sunday Times is owned by News Limited, a separate company. News Limited also publishes a national daily, The Australian, which is produced in Sydney and printed for local distribution in Perth.

## Schools

There are some excellent schools, both public (Government) and private in Perth.

In recent years there has been a drift to private schools, parents believing they offer a better education.

But statistics show that government schools can outperform them in some areas and careful selection can save parents a fortune in school fees.

State schools that rate highly are: Willetton, Churchlands, Lynwood, Applecross, Wanneroo, Carine, Rossmoyne, Hampton and Woodvale senior high schools

Perth's top private schools are definitely for the well-heeled.

Annual fees run out at around \$10,000, with hefty boarding fees on top if you want your child to live in.

By contrast, the most State schools can charge is \$225. In both cases, though, books, uniforms and extra-curricular activities are add-on expenses.

Some examples private school fees are (in \$A):

		Day:	Boarding
Aquinas:	Years 11-12:	6500	+8700
Scotch College:	Years 8-12:	8700	+18,220
Hale School:	Years 8-12:	8660	+18,120
Guildford:	Years 8-12:	8500	+9200
Christchurch	Years 8-12:	8904	+18960
Wesley College	Years 8-12:	8720	+18,260
St Mary's	Year 12:	8496	+9008



## Useful urls

Real Estate Institute of Western Australia website – homes/businesses etc for sale:

<http://www.wa.realnet.com.au/>

Department of Immigration and Multicultural Affairs (Immigration advice, information):

<http://www.immi.gov.au/allforms/migrate.htm>

Australian white pages telephone directory:

<http://www.whitepages.com.au/>

The Melbourne Age newspaper:

<http://www.theage.com.au/>

Sydney Morning Herald:

<http://www.smh.com.au/>

News Limited newspapers around Australia

<http://www.newslimited.com.au/>



## The dark side

LIKE all cities, Perth has its problems.

Burglary and car thefts top the crime statistics and armed robberies are commonplace.

Random murders, too, have police worried.

Three young women have disappeared from the streets after leaving well-known nightspots. Two have been found murdered.

In recent months, two streetwalkers have disappeared and police fear they, too, have been murdered.

None of the crimes have been solved and police believe a serial killer is at large.

## Pay packets

MOST people want to know what to expect in their pay packets when they eventually land a job in a new country.

While this list is by no means complete, you might get some idea from the following, taken from a 1998 survey of employees by the Australian bureau of Statistics.

The figures are for weekly pay:

	Hours	Salary (A\$)
Doctors:	39	1348
Miners;	40.2	1059
Forestry & Logging:	38.7	996
Train drivers	38.7	993
Social welfare officers:	37.3	861
Firefighters:	40	852
Sales reps:	38	842
Pre-primary Teachers:	37	857
Police:	41	831
Vets:	37.9	813
Reg. Nurses:	38	812
Plumbers:	39	799
Librarians:	37.7	739
Motor mechs	39	593
Secretaries:	37.9	584
Bar staff	39.9	535



# Ahhh . . . this is the life!

IT was one of those warm early-winter evenings. Friends were round for the evening and the chat was of Zimbabwe and South Africa's chances in the World Cup cricket tournament. On the braai, the boer ewors and sosaties sizzled, whilst on the side, the mealie meal quietly plop-popped.

A couple of mates and I cracked tins of Castle, chewed chunks of fresh biltong and argued the toss about whether the Zims would get into the semis.

Inside the house, the women sipped Nederberg and swapped bobotie recipes.

The rugrats tried to chew Ouma rusks, doing little but create a mess all over the floor.

Ah, this is the life, I thought. The end to a perfect Australian day . . .

Eh???

AUSTRALIA???

OK, so the scenario's pure fiction.

But living in Perth, on the western edge of the continent, that could be exactly the way a suburban braai (or barbie, as they prefer to call them here) could be.

Thousands of southern Africans have transplanted easily to this part of the world.

After all, it is the closest Australian capital to Africa, with only the Indian Ocean separating the two continents!

Many newcomers have started their own successful businesses, while others blended into society at all levels.

Doctors, lawyers, accountants, journalists, travel agents, mechanics, plumber, electricians . . .

you name it they're here. The southern African accent is by no means uncommon.

Even on TV, former cricketer Tony Greig's "Seth Efricen" accent cuts through the commentary. But food is where they all find common ground. Immigrant butchers found a ready market for their inimitable wors and biltong when they arrived. And today both are available across the city.

Cape to Cairo, a small shop selling nothing but imported South African products does a lively trade in everything from (Australian-produced!) mealie meal and tinned sardines to African art and curios.

Other products, such as Mrs Ball's Chutney have made it into the wider Perth market and are available through selected delicatessens and smaller supermarkets.

And at least one liquor outlet with South African connections stocks Castle beer and SA wines.

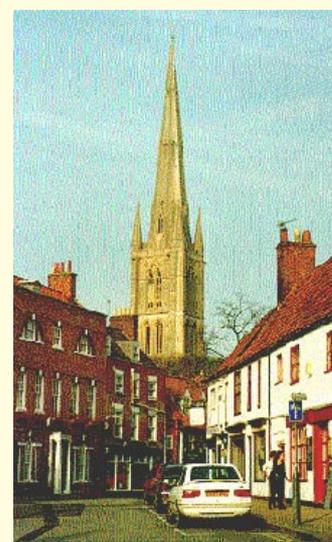
Both Rhodesians and South Africans have lively clubs, where new arrivals can find common ground, at least until they find their feet, and both clubs hold regular social events.

However, their relatively small memberships are a measure of how successfully newcomers integrate into Australian society.

Restaurateurs, too, have been quick to cater for southern African tastes and there are a number of eateries specialising. One such establishment is Zebra's African Steakhouse in the upmarket southern suburb of Attadale.

There is even a Nandos' franchise outlet for those craving peri-peri chicken.

**GRANTHAM Population: 32,083**  
**Further Information: 01476 566444** Red  
 brick and stone old town, with a high  
 steeped parish church.  
 Once an important staging post on  
 the Great North Road, now a principal  
 stopping place on the main London to  
 Edinburgh electrified InterCity line.  
 London is an hour away on the train.  
 Margaret Thatcher and Isaac  
 Newton were born and educated here.  
<http://www.lincsccl.ac.uk/grantham.htm>



# Grantham's just great!

**Penny Willis**, formerly of Umniati  
 and Salisbury, now lives in Grantham, Lincolnshire in the UK.

I AM seriously pleased to see a new publication aimed at the interests of southern Africans world-wide.

God knows we do seem to have colonised every corner of the globe and for the most part 'added value' to our new countries setting an example of resourcefulness and whinge-free hard work.

Yet up to 30 years down the line, even though all of us, both those still there and those abroad, have had to adapt and build new lives we seem forever tied to the place where our identity was forged - Africa. Hence I am sure the demand for this new eZine will be high and I very much look forward to reading how people have fared over these past few decades. The advent of the internet has been a revelation to me enabling me to renew contact with many old friends and also make many new ones.

The Rhodesian and South African web pages are a true touchstone for our identity - finding my tribe again, albeit electronically, has recharged my soul, for sure!



I have lived in the UK for more than 20 years now and though perfectly satisfied with my personal life, I'm still an alien, even in Tony Blair's multicultural society.

It is not so prevalent now, but before a majority rule came to South Africa, one could be frowned upon just for having the poor taste to have been brought up in 'racist' southern Africa when the truth is that the whites of Africa are no more a gang of white supremacists than the blacks of Africa are a saintly group of peace loving idealists.

The UK has a great deal to offer in terms of freedom, safety and opportunity for ourselves and, more importantly, our children.

Perhaps in further issues of this eZine it'll be useful to explore which areas of the UK suit southern African immigrants best regarding cost of living, schools, lifestyle etc. I live in Grantham, Lincolnshire.

Our family came here by way of Manchester, the Welsh valleys and Bristol.

My husband, Terry, is Welsh, met and married in Manchester.

Lincolnshire is one of the more rural

Birthday toast: From top left, my daughter, Kim, husband Terry, son Gareth, ??? the dog and myself at Kim's 18th birthday bash recently



counties, and being extremely flat the horizon is about as distant as you get in the UK and the sky is about as high as you can hope for.

Just sometimes, when it hasn't rained for a while and the grass is brown and the wheat tawny ripe, you get a faint echo of Africa.

It suddenly comes out of nowhere and you get a cold shiver, even on a warm and sunny day.

But . . . I digress.

Grantham is one of the best places I know of in Britain to raise a family. You can allow the children a fair amount of licence to run free and unsupervised (well, they think they are, anyway!)

The primary schools are of a very high standard, two of them scoring in the top 10 per cent in the country.

When it comes to high school, amazingly the old selective grammar school system has survived numerous Labour administrations.

Those children who pass the 11 plus receive the equivalent of a private education in the free, state system, attending grammar schools which cream off the top 25% of students.

For those who do not get into the grammar schools, there are two other schools that actually achieve exam results comparable with comprehensive schools nation-wide who do not lose the more academic students to the grammar schools.

House prices are in the lower band compared to the country as a whole.

Lincolnshire also has some of the lowest rainfall and warmest temperatures in the country.

Though expatriation can be an alienating and unsettling experience, there are major compensations for being here in the UK, especially if you have children to consider.

When they fly the nest, well then that will be another story and we will be considering our options again, maybe to go to Spain, or even back to Africa.

I will have added to the British gene pool a daughter who counts herself English and who is extraordinarily bright and hard working.

She is soon to begin studying, Political Science and Economics with a special interest in Africa at the University of Bristol.

Also, a son who considers himself Welsh, also academically able, and about to begin studying for A, Levels at the King's School here in Grantham.

He's crazy about sport, mainly rugby and golf, and plays first team rugby for his school.

Me? I still wake up some mornings and remember a time when I lived in Africa and daydream about the exuberance, spontaneity and irrepressible optimism of African people of all hues.

I remember sunlit mornings and explosive thunderstorms, the rhythms of the towns and cities, the dust, the extravagant sunsets and wonder about going back one day.

# That's africa!

## Naked aggression on harare golf course

Two naked thieves with painted faces and leaves in their hair leapt from bushes on a Zimbabwean golf course and did a war dance around two startled women golfers before making off with their handbags, a newspaper reported.

The thieves, whose only weapons were their birthday suits, left the women - one of whom was an elderly tourist from England - stunned and blushing and minus cash and cellphones.

Peggy Taylor said although she had been shocked, she could now laugh about the incident, which took place at the W ingate Park Club in Harare. However, it would be a long time before she went out to play golf again. A later report said the two were caught and stripped of their freedom.

## Silly pricks . . .

Tens of thousands of free condoms distributed in the Johannesburg township of Soweto as part of a government-sponsored awareness campaign to curb South Africa's growing AIDS epidemic, were ruined by being stapled to information pamphlets. It was unclear whether the health authorities that issued the condoms, or a charity which distributed them in Soweto and parts of Durban were to blame.

## Banana defrocked

Zimbabwe's former president Canaan Banana, 63, has been defrocked by the Methodist church because of his conviction on charges of homosexual assault, the head of the church in Zimbabwe said.

The church decided to strip Banana of the ministry after he was convicted in the High Court earlier this year on several charges of sexual assault and sodomy.

Most of the offences were committed while Banana was president from 1980-1987.

He was sentenced to an effective one year in jail and is currently on bail while awaiting an appeal to the Supreme Court against his conviction and sentence.

## Wedding night whoopee - for dad!

A PECULIAR tribal wedding night ritual, has come to light.

It was "discovered" during a recent Zimbabwe court case of a woman charged with torching her father-in-law's house.

It seems he continually persisted in demanding a bit of hanky panky with her.

The woman, from the Zimbabwean Kalanga tribe ended up in jail and, apparently, happy to be there.

Wedding nights aren't what westerners might call a night of bliss - especially for the groom. The reason? Well father-in-law gets to bed the bride instead of the young bloke!

Among the Kalangas - the tribe to

which former political leader Joshua Nkomo belonged- sex between a father-in-law and daughter-in-law is not only permissible but compulsory. Raphael Bhutshe, a staunch Kalanga traditionalist, says their young men are not allowed to have sex with their wives until the head of their families officially "approve" them. There are no dissenters or protests usually, and Kalangas claim they have practised this tradition since time immemorial.

"Among my people, sex between a father-in-law and daughter-in-law is an initiation act never to be ignored," Bhutshe said.

Besides being a way of welcoming a new bride into the households, the father-in-law was also believed to be more experienced in determining a bride's virginity.

# last outpost

## Sue rises to the challenge in Paraguay

**MY NAME** is Sue Butcher. I live in Asuncion, Paraguay, a lifetime and ocean away from where I grew up.

My early schooling was in Gwelo, at Riverside School. In 1964 I moved to Bulawayo and attended Baines and Eveline Schools.

I joined the PTC in 1970 and worked there until mid- 1973 when I married and became a housewife. We had two daughters, Wendy and Natalie.

We came to Paraguay in January, 1978 where, sadly, my marriage broke up.

It was then that I began to perfect my Spanish.

At first I did secretarial work but in 1984 started



teaching English in my spare time. Eventually I went solo. Now, besides teaching English, I do proofreading and translations and work as an interpreter.

If anyone wishing to do business in this part of the world is looking for advice on "how to" or needs an experienced translator/ guide, please contact me by email at [susan@mmail.com.py](mailto:susan@mmail.com.py).

Today I live with three very loving, very beautiful, feline best friends.

the galleries  
**matambo**  
innerspace

Present  
**Art of Zimbabwe '99**



This is your personal invitation to a private viewing of selected works by Zimbabwe's finest painters and sculptors.

Please join us on  
Thursday 30th September 1999  
Doors open at 10 a.m.  
Drinks will be served at 6 p.m.

Zimbabwe House The Strand (opposite Charing Cross Train station)

Exhibition closes on Sunday 3rd October @ 5pm  
open daily 10 a.m. - 5 p.m.

All works can be previewed and purchased online:  
<http://www.primenet.co.zw/innerspace>

Another exhibition of the finest Zimbabwean artists. will be on display at Zimbabwe House The Strand London on September 30. All welcome. For details and invitation contact: Will Dunlop [innspace@primenetzw.com](mailto:innspace@primenetzw.com) or better still take a look at the show on-line by visiting <http://www.primenet.co.zw/innerspace>.

## Diver Trevor dives deep in Red Sea sojourn

Here's one for the dive fraternity . . .

Zimbabwe-born freediver Trevor Hutton recently set three South African and all-African records.

He set them in the the dynamic apnea, classic apnea, and constant ballast disciplines.

Trevor was last heard of in El Gouna, Egypt, where he was representing South Africa at the "Red Sea Dive Of f '99", the biggest and last international diving event of the millennium.

Trevor practised in harsher conditions and at depths in excess of the records established at the previous events held in Egypt to prepare for the event.





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Suburban reflections

# Inspiration from brush with homeless

Mary Seymour, formerly of Harare,  
helps Canadian kids colour their world

I grew up in Salisbury (Harare) out on Borrowdale Road on a small holding near the Warren- Coddington's riding stables. We had horses and grew maize, and later moved to a farm on Alpes Rd.

I was interested in horses and Art for as long as I can remember. I used to ride through the eucalyptus trees and long grass down the hills and valleys around the farm with my dogs.

My desire to be an artist was fueled by the embroidered "paintings" of my mother, Treasure Mckinnon, and the art program at Chisipite, Oriel and later by Mr. Morgan-Davies at The Teachers' College in Bulawayo.

He suggested to my parents that I continue my art education overseas.

My father, a Canadian Geologist, sent

me to The University of Windsor, Ontario.

I graduated with a B.F.A. (Hons.) in '79 and exhibited four pieces in the National Gallery in Harare. After that, I spent a wonderful year at Fort Vic High School teaching art and getting involved in school and community theatre.

Subsequently, I married a Canadian and settled in Toronto. Teaching art in private and public schools followed, plus two sons.

This year, I realised a dream that I have had for twenty years. I graduated with a M.F.A. from Vermont College of Norwich University in Montpelier, Vermont, U.S.A.

Over the past two years, I have collected some awards from various shows in the Toronto area most notably an Honourable Mention, Best Painting Award at the 1998 Toronto Outdoor Art Exhibition and the Life Time Members Award from the Ontario Society of Artists open juried exhibition. I was also accepted by a jury of peers into the O.S.A.

It has been going since 1872 and has counted the Group of Seven amongst its members. This kind of recognition has kept me going during the inevitable 'dry spells' of an artists' career.

My recent work concerns the meanings of home and homelessness, the world of the exile and the émigré. In the spring of 2001,

I will be part of a three person show at Brevard College, North Carolina, U.S.A - my first foray as a graduate into the United States.



Squeegee Kids



Encounter

## Artist's statement

**"To be rooted is perhaps the most important and least recognized need of the human soul."**  
Simone Weil.

Where is home? Chingola, Lusaka, Harare, Bulawayo, Cape Town, Masvingo, Windsor, Toronto, Ballantrae, Stouffville, Newmarket. are names of places where I have lived. In the twentieth century, home has become a fluid, multiple and transitory place. Theodor Adorno believes that technology, commodification and political oppression have rendered home obsolete "the house is past, he says," only good now to be thrown away like old food cans". But wherever I go, my true home is with me, residing in my heart, irreplaceable like my mother. It is a dusty farmhouse on the side of a hill where I grew up in Zimbabwe. Its presence palpable in the taste of a mango, the scent of wood smoke, in the sound of the Shona language or the voice of one of my relatives.

At 22, like my father and grandfather before me, I emigrated. I joined the vast population of displaced people who have left home voluntarily or because of unviable and often unspeakable economic and political circumstances.

Like other exiles and emigres, I had to recreate the irreplaceable, a home away from the sustenance of relatives and familiar customs. My remade home in Canada exists against the backdrop of my original home. My past is both present and absent.

My vision, as Edward Said explains it, is "contrapuntal" simultaneously comparing and negotiating the unique demands of each place.

When I passed young kids sleeping on the streets in Toronto, their homelessness appalled me. For this vulnerable segment of society home is often a non-existent or an untenable place to be. Some fall through the gaps when their parents immigrate, become refugees or split up.

Many are the victims of abuse. Marion Webber writes that the majority run to the street as a means of taking control of their lives.

They face poverty, lack of education, precarious or no housing, hunger and many other factors which deny them access to normal life. Their lives become desperate.

Suzi Gablik wrote: "When art is rooted in the responsive heart, rather than the disembodied eye, it may even come to be seen, not as the solitary process it has been since the Renaissance, but as something we do with others."

Using a kind of illustrative realism to reach as wide an audience as possible, my paintings became a sympathetic attempt to counteract the often negative public perception of the street kids' plight. I also began to volunteer at a shelter.

There I draw portraits to give to the kids and engage them in art activities of their choice. Art becomes a fragile bridge which may encourage these kids to take advantage of programs which the shelter offers. These will give them the tools for self-sufficiency so that they may achieve what they most desire - the most elemental and human need - a home.

Mary Seymour

# Hairy bush tales . . .

Most of us have had encounters with wild animals. If you have one to tell, send it in and we'll print it here . . .

Penny Willis writes:

Back in 1972/3 I went up to Kariba for a weekend with some friends and we camped at the official campsite on the shores of the lake.

There was quite a crowd of us and we pitched two tents close together and then went off on the razzle to one of the hotels and the casino.

We arrived back late and in high spirits, and all crowded in to one tent to continue with the party before collapsing into our respective tents.

Anyway, eventually in the wee small hours we settled down to sleep and just as all was quiet, the tent began to shake, plus there was an indistinguishable noise outside.

Assuming it was some wind-up merchant from the second tent playing silly buggers, and intending to catch the culprit red-handed, I slid out of my sleeping bag and quietly crept to the 'door'.

In a single movement I unzipped the tent and dramatically threw open the tent flap, only to find myself face to face with a humongous hippo!

Well, I managed to reverse the action

of closing and re-zipping the tent in record time and then I just stood with my back to the 'door' with my arms outstretched like an aeroplane.

Then that thing that is the stuff of nightmares happened . . . I was rooted to the spot, totally unable to move or speak, except for my mouth opening and closing like a goldfish but no sound coming out, for at least five minutes!!

Of course, when I did manage to speak, the hippo was gone and there was much hysteria and laughter, but my fellow campers were extremely derisive and suggested I had maybe had a few too many.

But no, I'd had one hellava fright - I couldn't have imagined it.

I only found out years later that there WAS a hippo who was a bit of a fixture at that campsite and that his name was Nelson. (I really can't tell you whether he had one eye or not - despite being eyeball to eyeball with him!) Does anyone else remember anything about dear old Nelson?

Crikey, just remembering this - I can feel my heart thumping!

Mike Hagemann writes:

I had a similar experience during the war years at Todd's hotel in South Matabeleland.

I was on a convoy that stopped for the night at this remote and lonely place. The hotel was filled with women, children and married couples.

Singles like me dosed outside. I was sleeping in the car, with trusty rifle in easy reach.

At about a quarter past ker foofle in the morning, the car began to move ever so slightly backwards and forwards.

It was as if people were alternately leaning on and then releasing their hold on the boot and bonnet.

There was a strange scraping noise, rather like someone was softly dragging a fine sheet of sand paper over the roof of the car.

I had all kinds of visions that night. Terr attack. Abduction. Demon possession - all of them. All rolled into one.

My ordeal ended when I made out the legs of the tame Todd's Hotel giraffe. He was licking the dew off the car roof!

Tom Henshaw writes:

This next one goes back to the late 50s when my dad, "Chick" Henshaw, was in his prime and Lion Lager his preferred tipple.

Nothing if not adventurous, he, his best mate, Cal Bond, another Welshman and a couple of others decided they'd go to Mana Pools in the Zambesi Valley for a long weekend looksee.

The appointed Friday arrived and the creaky hand-painted Bedford van (6-seater) was loaded to the hilt with vital supplies ie: multiple crates of beer, 4 bottles of brandy, mixers, and a bit of tinned food.

Then all the guys except Chick and Cal cry off - not

● continued next page

# Hairy bush tales . . .

allowed to go! So to hell with them, Chick and Cal decide to go it alone.

Chick's got the .22 Hornet for protection against the wilds of the Zambesi Valley and the grog's aboard!

Early morning finds them wending their way ever so carefully along a deep sand track off the main drag down to the pools. Loaded with gear, the Bedford's not a happy little vehicle in these kinds of conditions.

Then, the first sight of game. BIG game.

Three rhino are standing off to the right eyeballing this gungy green smoker and the biggest decides he doesn't like what he sees.

Head down horn forward he makes a beeline for the side of the van.

Chick, who's not driving sees this mountain of armoured flesh thundering down on them.

"JEEEEEEESAS CAL!!!! Get this blankety blank thing moving!!"

Cal, yells back: "I't won't go any blankety blank faster. Me bloody foot's on the floorboards!!"

No way were they going to get out of this alive.

Then providence. As the rhino swooped down, it decided after all it didn't want to have a meeting of minds with this strange beast. It swerved and thundered along, keeping pace.

Chick swears he could feel the ground was shuddering through the floorboards. Then it peeled off, and went back to join its mate and of fspring.

After this shaky intro to the Valley, the two were, to put it mildly, in a state of excitement.

A couple of settlers under a handy mopani tree and they were on their way again, arriving at the-then rustic accommodation at the pools.

Nightfall saw them doing the campfire thing, having a few chibulis and commenting on how peaceful things were. Until, from somewhere just beyond the firelight the lion roared.

JEEZZAS!!!

Another roar.

The van, their only refuge, was 50 feet way.

Bugger this for a game of soldiers . . . they make a run for it.

Only halfway they realise they've left the crate of coldies by the campfire.

Sh\*t! Chick screams to a stop, does a U-turn, heads back to the fire, grabs the crate and hefts it in a limping trot to the van.

No sign of the lion, but the two were nicely bailed up in the van with the grog so there they stayed till morning.

It's around here that the story begins to get a bit hazy.

Somewhere during the weekend I'm told they managed to get chased through a donga full of buffalo by an elephant after it took umbrage at the sound of a cine camera.

The two made it back to the city in one piece to tell the story – just, and the van was a lot lighter on the way back. It seems none of the grog survived the trip

Do you have a hilarious hairy bush tale??

If so, share it with the rest of the world.

Send it to [henshaw@iinet.net.au](mailto:henshaw@iinet.net.au)

and we'll print it here

If you have got this far, then I guess all has not been in vain! Many thanks for downloading and reading this pilot edition of **out of africa international**. Now it's up to you. If you'd like to see another edition, let us know - and everyone else!

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