

# out of africa

INTERNATIONAL

MARCH 2003

KEEPING SOUTHERN AFRICANS IN TOUCH AROUND THE WORLD

VOLUME 3 ISSUE 4

## Chloe Traicos' journey from fear

*Soldiering  
on in  
Sweden*



On top of  
the world!

## The faces of out of africa international



EDITOR Tom Henshaw. Born in Scunthorpe, Lincolnshire, UK in 1943 as Adolf Hitler's Luftwaffe bombed towns in the area. Moved to Rhodesia in 1956 and attended various schools, including Chaplin, in Gwelo. Joined the Rhodesia Herald in 1960 and has been in newspapers ever since. After a stint in Zambia, moved to South Africa in the late 60s and worked for all the English-language newspapers in Durban at one time or another until the end of 1982. Emigrated with wife, Eileen and son Andrew to Australia in early 1983 - Brisbane, initially, but had already been seduced by Western Australia's pristine deserted beaches and moved to Perth at the end of that year. Still a full-time newspaper journalist and technology trainer.

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UK EDITOR Penny Willis. Emigrated with her parents to Southern Rhodesia in 1956, aged 2. She considers herself extremely privileged to have spent a totally secure and sunny childhood in Umnati, a small settlement halfway between Bulawayo and Harare. Penny was educated at Umnati Primary (approx 36 pupils) and Que Que High School, after which she moved on to the big smoke to work in the Public Health Labs and then Rhodesian Breweries. She then moved 'down South' to work for SAB in Joburg for 3 years before heading off on a working holiday to the UK.

She is still there 20 odd years down the line!

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US EDITOR Suzanne-Kelly. Born in Johannesburg, South Africa in the year voetsak. Family lived in Natal, Cape Town and Johannesburg. Schools: Bryneven Primary, Bryanston High, Epworth Girls High (in Pietermaritzburg) and finally at Hyde Park High. Has teaching degrees in all forms of performing arts and is a qualified nursery school teacher. Became a professional musical entertainer at 15 for PACT/ NAPAC / CAPAB - Musical and Opera departments and performed in many SA shows. Director of her own performing arts studio in Lonehill, Sandton and involved in many aspects of television. Lead entertainer on the QE 2 1991, where she met her future husband, David an American employed on the ship. After getting off the QE2 I travelled the US on my own first, and then settled (and eloped in Las Vegas) at the end of 1991. Many shows followed as well as a degree in television and radio broadcasting and production. Has two sons - Storm and Chase. Began doing inserts for SABC and M-Net, from Las Vegas and eventually started her own production company, PAL Productions - which produces entertainment television shows. Hosted TV shows in the US and "Behind the Scenes" of the Las Vegas and Los Angeles shows (Both T.V and Live Stage). Currently in addition to Entertainment Editor for OOAi, also in pre-production for numerous television shows as well as pursuing a degree in "Pilates".

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WINE EDITOR Monty Friendship has been involved with wine for 30 years, regularly travelling to all the major wine producing areas world-wide.

He writes wine columns for the newspaper The Independent and the National News and for several magazines including, Direct Report, the Institute of Directors Magazine, Hospitality, On Safari International, What's Cooking, Travel News, Traveller's Times, Africa Calls, Lifestyle and Skyhost. Monty lives in Stellenbosch, in the Cape, lectures at all levels for the Cape Wine Academy and presents wines for major importers within South Africa. He is Contributing Editor of World Wine Trader. He is a graduate of the Cape Wine Academy. He is past chairman of the Harare branch of the International Wine and Food Society, founded in London.

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## Editor's corner

# Actress Chloe puts Mugabe misery on stage

**A**CTRESS Chloe Traicos is a Zimbabwean. She never knew Rhodesia, knew little of the war of the 1970s. She grew up knowing nothing of racism, or the debilitating effect it can have on society.

So it came as a terrible reality check when Robert Mugabe and his band of thugs began to tear the fabric of her world apart.

Eventually, she emigrated to Australia with her family to escape the pain and to rebuild their lives. But once resettled, she couldn't sit back and watch the horror continue without doing something about it.

The result is a documentary-play entitled *Stranger in my Homeland* in which she gives a brief background of the present-day crisis and shows video interviews with black and white Zimbabweans.

It recently received critical acclaim at the annual International Arts Festival in Perth. In this issue she tells of her early days in Zimbabwe and how things fell apart.

Zambian-born Riccardo Brizzi is a man on the go. Today he, his South-African-born wife Cindy and three children, Nicola (17) Calvin (13) and Catrina (8) live in Italy.

Riccardo recently decided to mark his 40th birthday with a climb to the top of Europe's highest peak - Mont Blanc. For a non-climber, the challenge proved a highlight of his life - and at times terrified him.

Clive and Pricilla Miller and daughter Tracy left Cape Town 21 years ago. They settled in Melbourne, a city they have come to love.

Clive says: "There have been many challenges, as well as opportunities and one learns to handle the good times and the bad".

Marius van Niekerk is one of thousands affected by war in southern Africa. Today, he lives in Sweden and helps others come to terms with their shattered senses through the South African Veterans Association. His story shows that the memories are always just under the surface.

Zimbabwean journalist Jono Waters recently returned to his home country after working abroad in the UK and Australia.

He reports on the little-known Mucheka Caves in central Mashonaland and the mysterious San wall paintings.

And Wine Editor Monty Friendship has a delightful insight into how the famous Californian wine grape made its way from Europe to the United States.

*-Tom Henshaw*

Out of Africa International is an Internet-based magazine published for those who have an interest in southern Africa and who are interested in how southern African emigrants have settled in other parts of the world.

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*Chloe Traicos: I was 13 before someone explained what the word racism meant.*

# Journey from fear

Zimbabwe-born actress, Chloe Traicos, daughter of international cricketer John Traicos, tells of her awakening to the tragedy unfolding in her home country and the subsequent move to Perth, Australia.

**I** GREW up in the 1980s. I never knew Rhodesia, I never knew the war. I only knew this beautiful country where everything was safe.

As a kid I spent much of my time at Harare Sports Club - where my dad played cricket. I loved that club and spent many happy days running around the place playing with friends.

One day when I was around six we were at the club watching my dad play. Dad had injured his finger in an earlier match and was going back to play for the first time since the injury.

My sister and I were sitting with my grandmother in one of the tents which sheltered the onlookers from the boiling hot sun. She had bought the two of us identical nurse dress-up outfits and we were wearing them that day.

Suddenly people started whispering and pointing - my grandmother grabbed me and said: "Look, there's Mugabe".

Robert Mugabe arrived with his wife, Sally. They walked

around the various tents greeting people as they went.

There was a feeling of awe among the crowd. Clearly this was a man who was well respected amongst his people.

He approached our tent and shook hands with some of the people there. He came towards me, someone whispered something to him and he smiled.

Putting out his hand he said: "I see you are a nurse come to fix your daddy's finger".

I shook his hand. There was silence throughout the tent -and then he left. I can only remember my grandmother getting excited and shouting: "The President shook your hand. The President shook your hand".

Those were the good days. The eighties. I grew up in the independent era and had always had black and white friends - I was 13 before someone explained what the word racism meant. I hadn't known the meaning of it before then.

On trips to South Africa on holiday I'd try talking to black people and could never understand why they were so hostile.



*Actress Chloe Traicos was so disturbed by recent events in her home country, Zimbabwe, she decided to do something to tell the world. The result: a play-cum-documentary entitled Stranger in my homeland, which opened to critical acclaim at the recent Perth International Arts Festival.*

The atmosphere there was so different to home.

It was only when I grew older and learnt the history of South Africa that I understood why there was such tension.

Throughout the nineties in Zimbabwe things started to move downhill economically. Yet socially there was still no real racial tension.

I was still a kid and thought Zimbabwe was the best place to live. I couldn't imagine living anywhere else. Yet toward the late 1990s things started to change.

I went away to study acting at Rhodes and when I came back during the holiday breaks I really started to notice that things were different.

My mum and dad weren't that aware of it but I, perhaps because I'd been away, saw the deterioration clearly.

1997 was a year which seemed to tell us we had to leave. I remember my mum telling me how one day she woke up to find someone had smashed the front gate lights. It seemed to be a statement. For the first time I felt unwelcome in my own country.

Then Mugabe announced he was taking the white people's farms. I can remember watching him on TV psyching people up and saying that "this country was no longer a part of Britain".

I felt afraid. Really afraid. I know it is terrible to say but I found myself remembering the Second World War documentaries I used to watch where Hitler was psyching the Germans up against the Jews and I can remember thinking: what's the difference?

Fortunately, my family felt the same way and that was when my dad started to take the first steps toward emigration.

We left in February 1998. It was a really quick decision but none of us regretted it.

Just before we left my mum insisted on my sister and me doing a three-day crash computer course. The course

took place in a huge building in the middle of town.

On the last day of the course I remember hearing the phone ring. A few minutes later the receptionist stepped in to say none of us must go outside as there were riots taking place.

In the distance I could hear the rioting and I started to feel frightened as I knew my mum was on her way to pick us up and wondered if she would be OK.

The next minute the door opened and my mum stood there. She said: "Come. We're going". The three of us raced downstairs to the car where my dad was waiting.

We could hear the rioters moving closer and closer. Dad drove as fast as possible through the city. I had never seen anything like it before. It was the middle of the week and everything had closed. There was not a shop open and not a person on the street. It was like driving through a ghost town.

When we had moved away from the rioters all that could be heard was silence. To me the silence was far more terrifying than any other sound.

As soon as we arrived in Australia we moved on with our lives. We all made it clear that we were not going to look back at all.

I started getting acting jobs in theatres in Perth. In the year 2000 I decided to express how I felt about Zimbabwe in a play I wrote entitled: "A Stranger in my Homeland". Surprisingly one of the cast members playing opposite me was one of my black friends from school.

The play was very successful and shortly after, I moved to Sydney to find acting work - landing film roles whenever I can.

However, my thoughts are never far from my home country and every day I would get the Zimbabwe news full of hideous stories.

I really wanted to do something about it and that's when I got the idea of interviewing Zimbabweans and making a documentary with Zimbabweans telling their stories.

Finding Zimbabweans was a difficult process - I didn't have

the budget (or the guts) to go back, so I got in touch with people in Australia.

Not all Zimbabweans wanted to talk. Some were still too afraid. Yet through the Zimbabwean society I was put in touch with some recent immigrants who were willing to tell their stories.

These stories opened my eyes - I could not believe such things could happen in the place I had always called home.

One woman was trapped with her family in the bathroom while so-called "war veterans" trashed her house. Another woman tells of how her husband was held up before his labour force while the war vets said: "If any of you workers bear any kind of grudge against this man we'll kill him now."

The more I heard, the more horrified I became. Stories too hideous to be real. One person told me of how the rural hospitals could no longer afford pain killers so people were given cigarettes (and not cigarettes with tobacco in them).

Although the stories horrified me I guess there was a part of me that just didn't quite believe them. I kept on thinking that if I went back to Zim things would still be the same.

The truth finally hit me when my cousins visited Australia in January.

They'd had to leave their farm. They had stayed until the very end until the police came round to arrest them for not leaving by the due date. Fortunately they got out OK and made it to Australia safely.

They spoke of how they had immigrated and my cousin was telling me how they had given away their dogs, how they had sold their car. I then said: "Who is in the farm?"

"What?" She said.

"Well your house." I said, "who is looking after that?"

She stared at me as if I had gone mad and said: "Chloe. It was taken . . ."

It was then the truth hit me. As horrible as the stories had been I never really believed they would take my cousin's farm.

I guess I always thought the farm would always be there - the place where I had spent many happy days as a kid would still be the way it always had.

I don't know what else I can say about Zim other than that it hurts me greatly to see this happen.

I wish more than anything the other powers would get involved and stop it - quite honestly I see that as the only solution.

Zimbabwe is a tragedy - who would have believed that this place where people are tortured and starving - was once the jewel of Africa.

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*On top of the world:  
Riccardo poses  
on the top of Mont Blanc.*

# Peak performance!

Riccardo Brizzi decided to celebrate his 40th birthday by taking on Europe's highest mountain

**A**FTER reading the book "The Seven Summits" I had toyed with the idea of climbing some mountain somewhere, this coupled with the fact that I had just turned 40 meant that I desperately needed some macho adventure to prove my youth.

The opportunity to do both things presented itself late in the summer of 2001.

In a casual conversation with a friend, he mentioned that he was going to climb Monte Bianco (Mont Blanc 4807m).

**R**ICCARDO Brizzi was born in Zambia (then Northern Rhodesia) and moved to Harare, Zimbabwe (Salisbury Southern Rhodesia) at the age of 1.

There he grew up, finally doing his A levels at Allan Wilson in 1980 before going to Uni in Natal (Pietermaritzburg).

He got an honours degree in Chemistry and moved to South Africa to work with Unilver in Durban. After three years with them he joined a consulting company and started travelling.

During those travels he met his wife, Cindy, in Cape Town and moved there in 1990, getting married in 1991.

He joined Ernst & Young in 1993 and became a partner with them in 1995. In 1996 he had the opportunity to do a two-year secondment with the company in Europe.

He chose to be located in Italy as his parents are Italian and "it felt like coming back to my roots".

Due to many changes in the company and the fact that they were so happy in Italy the two years turned to many more and the family is now settled there "permanently".

Riccardo is currently a vice president for Cap Gemini Ernst & Young and has a pan-European role, managing some of the company's most important global clients.

He travels extensively throughout Europe and occasion-



ally to the US. His role is focused on the identification and delivery of IT solutions for these clients.

Riccardo and Cindy have three children, Nicola (17) Calvin (13) and Catrina (8).

The whole family are avid snowboarders and skiers and that is one of the reasons they love Europe so much.

The others are the great lifestyle in Italy, the relative safety, and the exciting work environment.

I immediately jumped in with the suggestion that I would love to do it with him.

He said unfortunately the climb was full but he would put me in touch with Martin the “expedition” leader for future reference.

I spoke to Martin and two days later he called me to say that due to cancellations there were two spaces available on the climb.

Now came what was probably the most dangerous part of the whole trip, asking Cindy to release me from my promise to spend a week in August with her and the kids to go on my personal ego trip.

Fortunately she said OK and I was on for climbing the highest mountain in the Alps.

The plan called for a three day “acclimatization” climb of Monte Rosa (the highest Mountain in Italy) followed by one rest day and then on to a two-day ascent of Mont Blanc.

Prior to the departure I did some research and discovered two scary statistics relative to my planned trip. The first was that more people die on Mont Blanc every year than die in the Alaskan Rockies every ten years, the second was that 50 per cent of the people who try the climb never make it, either due to fatigue, injury or bad weather.

From the start my adventure was blessed. Weeks of bad weather lifted and we started our adventure from Alagna Val Sesia 1180m at the foot of Monte Rosa on a beautiful sunny day.

The first day’s climb took us from the village over the Colle D’Olen to the rifugio “Città di Vigevano” at 2871m, a climb of almost 1700m.

It was a tough, long day but the reward at the end was a fabulous view and a great meal.

The next day we left for our next goal, the Rifugio Città di Mantova at 3498m. This rifugio is at the base of the Lys Glacier, one of the many glaciers on Monte Rosa and was to be our starting point for one of the many 4000m plus peaks present on the Monte Rosa complex.

A late start (in mountaineering terms - 6am) the next morning we left with no particular objective in mind. Climbing the Lys Glacier for about two hours we reached the Colle de Lys.

With my nose bleeding and my head spinning the team decided to pity me and try for one of the



*Mountain highs: The views were absolutely spectacular.*

“lesser” peaks which now surrounded us. Turning to our right we started the suggestive climb along a narrow ridge to the top of Ludwigshöhe, 4341m.

The thrill of my first 4000m peak and the stunning views made me forget my blood nose, my spinning head and my aching feet. From the peak we decide to tackle two other 4000+ peaks on our way home.

First we climbed the challenging (for me anyway) Corno Nero 4322m - ice picks and crampons the order of the day on the very steep yet thankfully short face .

Just to bag another four thousander we popped up the Balmenhorn 4167m on our way home.

In one day I had gone from zero alpine experience to bagging three four thousanders - I felt (excuse the pun) on top of the world.

After a rest day we met in Courmayeur for our next challenge. With our experienced guides from Tika Saab, Andrea, Gianni and Carlo we travelled up the cable car to Punto Helbronner. There, the seven of us plus our guides departed, not even bothering to don our crampons, for the “easy” walk across the Valley Blanche Glacier to the Des Cosmiques hut.

On the way we climbed a small peak to practise with our crampons and by 3pm we were at the hut.

The mountain huts are very very rustic, no showers, bunk beds that sleep 20 people, rooms with up to a 100 people - but no one seems to mind and after a hard day’s hiking the food tastes great and you are happy just to have somewhere to lie down for a while.

And lie down for a while is all you do, because we were up at 1am the next morning for a hearty breakfast and an hour later with lights on our heads, crampons on our feet and ice axe in hand we headed across the glacier to start our climb with the ascent of Mont Blanc du Tacul.

The route we were taking to the summit is known as the three Mont Blancs route. Going over the shoulders of the Mont Blanc du Tacul (4248m) and Mont Maudit(4465m) before reaching Mont Blanc. The route is rated PD+ (Peu Difficile - French for a little hard) but don't let the rating fool you - it is no surprise so many people die on Mont Blanc every year - the route was the hardest, scariest thing I had ever done and I have always considered myself rather brave.

Anyway, back to our expedition. We had at this stage already “lost” one member of our party. Suffering headaches and perhaps a lack of confidence in her preparation one of the two women in our group pulled out before we started the second day.

The first part of the climb was a steep slog up a 600m flank of Mont Blanc du Tacul. At the top, sensing that my climbing buddy was not going to make it to the top of Mont Blanc I asked the guides if I could change ropes. It proved to be a wise decision as my buddy was to be the second “partial” casualty. I say partial because he did summit Mont Blanc du Tacul before returning.

The climb to the top is made even tougher by the ups and downs. Seventeen hundred metres of climbing, 90 per cent of which is over 4000m are required to cover the 1200m of height difference between the Cosmiques hut and the summit of Mont Blanc. After skirting the shoulder of the Tacul we hit the first of two very tricky sections - climbing over a crevice through a gap in an ice wall and then doing two sections of very steep ice face.

For a person who had never used an ice axe or crampons until two days before, I was now relying on them for my life.

A slip in either instance would have meant a fall of several hundred metres and certain death for me and the four suckers tied to me.

Fortunately, it was still dark while we were doing all of this and I had no idea how bad it was until the return trip.

Once past the two obstacles we rounded Mont Maudit in the weak dawn light surrounded by mist. As we trudged along the mist lifted and there was Mont Blanc.

From here it was just a hard slog. My heart pounding, my lungs screaming for air we trudged 50 or a 100 paces at a time, stopping to rest, looking up at the summit which never seemed to get any closer.

Having come this far though, nothing was going to stop us and at 9:30, seven and half hours after we started, we hit the summit.

Exhausted, cold and surround by cloud we could hardly exalt at our fantastic achievement - we were on top of the world (or at least Europe) - Mont Blanc (4807m).

A few minutes rest and the Gods smiled on us again - the cloud lifted and spread around us were the most beautiful views you could imagine. We had done it! All I needed to do now was survive the descent so I could tell everyone about it.

Going down was tough - I did another couple of firsts, rappelling down the ice face we had climbed in the dark and falling into a crevasse (something which my two climbing buddies also experienced) - fortunately I was roped to a fixed point at the time.

The walk still had one last cruel blow in store for us - having descended back into the Valley Blanche we had to climb 200m back up to the Aiguille du Midi to catch the cable car back to Punto Hellbronner.

Well after 13 hours on the road those 200m were sheer torture. The French thinking they are such macho fellows have made the access to the Aiguille du Midi really dangerous.

Walking uphill along a snow and ice covered ridge half a metre wide with a several thousand metre drop on one side and several hundred metres into a crevasse on the other was no fun and I am not embarrassed to admit I did most of it close to being on my hands and knees.

Finally we were finished walking, it was 4pm, 14 hours had passed since we had left the Cosmiques hut. A spectacular cable car ride across the Valley Blanche and we were on our way back to Courmayeur, exhausted but filled with a fantastic sense of achievement.



*Lys Glacier, one of the many on Monte Rosa.*

# That's Africa!

---

## Sign language . . .

- \* In a restaurant in Zambia: "Open seven days a week and weekends."*
- \* On a poster in Ghana: "Are you an adult who cannot read? If so, we can help."*
- \* In a hotel in Mozambique: "Visitors are expected to complain at the office between the hours of 09h00 and 11h00 daily."*
- \* On a river in the Democratic Republic of Congo: "Take note: When this sign is submerged, the river is impassable."*
- \* A sign seen on a hand dryer in a Lesotho public toilet: "Risk of electric shock - Do not activate with wet hands!"*
- \* On one of the buildings of a Sierra Leone hospital: "Mental Health Prevention Centre."*
- \* In a maternity ward of a clinic in Tanzania: "No children allowed!"*
- \* In a cemetery in Uganda: "Persons are prohibited from picking flowers from any but their own graves."*
- \* In a Malawi hotel: "It is forbidden to steal towels please. If you are not a person to do such a thing, please don't read this notice."*
- \* In a Namibian nightclub: "Ladies are not allowed to have children in the bar."*
- \* A sign posted in an Algerian tourist camping park: "It is strictly forbidden on our camping site that people of different sex, for instance a man and woman, live together in one tent unless they are married to each other for that purpose."*

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*San signs: Cave paintings of antelope with hunters in pursuit.*



# Entrancing images from the past



MUCHEKA CAVE, central Mashonaland, has a magic that transcends modern-day politics. Its cave paintings by the San, a people living in Zimbabwe long before the Bantu tribes arrived, reflect the lives and beliefs of the era. JONO WATERS reports

THE feeling of exclusivity is not hard to find in most of Zimbabwe with so few tourists outside of Victoria Falls. But where you get an extra big dose of it is high on the granite domes or “whale backs” and “balancing rocks” which dominate Zimbabwe’s north east and the Matopo area south of Bulawayo. Huge boulders appear to be precariously balanced on another in a “giant’s playground” — the mythical version is more romantic than the geographical reality of erosion and weathering.

The north east is classic Africa in appearance, with grass thatched huts and small fields. To me, it is a beautiful area and together with the “brachestegia” woodland, I think it’s the most underrated corner of Zimbabwe.

You have fantastic vistas, as well as the cave paintings of the San and ancient ruins . . . and the knowing that your urban eyes are often the first to gaze on these centuries-old exhibits in many years, often decades.

The San paintings are 10,000 year old records of a people who disappeared a long time ago from Zimbabwe and then there are also several small ruined “zimbabwes” (houses of stone), which were built in the 15th-16th Centuries after Great Zimbabwe was abandoned. It’s a cultural tourist’s delight.

Fast weathering inclusions in the domes created great hollowed caves. Many people who have seen rock paintings (although “drawings” is probably a more accurate description) will recall the “Bushman” figures with bow and arrow and lots of animals dotted around.

But a closer inspection shows that this is not necessarily the case and there are also a lot of weird looking figures.

Mucheka (meaning cloth) is one of the finest and best-preserved rock paintings in Mashonaland. It’s a relatively deep cave and the iron oxide paintings have been well-sheltered from nature. And it contains some of the best evidence for the latest theories on the genre.

The site, 20km from Murewa, is not marked on any maps, and, erm, is in the heart of Zanu-PF-land.

But you don’t feel threatened here - it’s the former commercial farming areas where the so-called war vets roam about that make you feel a bit edgy. Here the people are friendly and not intrusive.

It’s a ruling party area, so while the locals are not going to starve . . . they don’t have much food either.

So we were touched by them offering us food and



*Tall tale: A San painting of giraffes in a southern African cave*

were careful not to scoff too many groundnuts.

I've been to see a few caves with an archaeologist friend who said at the time that "ten different archaeologists will give you ten different interpretations".

And I've read a great deal on the subject. Nothing is definitive. Obviously you can never know what was going through the mind of a hunter gatherer 10,000 years ago, but clearly he or she was not concerned about paying bills or the like.

Is there a codex to the paintings that is yet to be discovered? It is highly unlikely. Early schools of thoughts said they were simply a depiction of a hunter-gatherer lifestyle. One researcher had suggested the use of animal imagery as in the West: dog (loyalty), lion (bravery), peacock (vanity), but most believe the paintings are not concerned with a sequence of time or narrative.

The first person to write anything comprehensive on the paintings was Cambridge archaeologist Miles Burkitt in 1927. For him rock paintings had no more intellectual or cultural significance than "wallpaper". Over the next two decades, the interpretation took an entirely different turn.

German Leo Frobenius and Frenchman Henri Breuil argued they were the work of a "higher culture" - Egyptians and Minoans according to Breuil, who was Europe's leading mind on the subject at the time.

But no one accepts this today. In the 1950s, AR Willcox extolled the beauty, variety and skill of the paintings, "as a romantic residue of a vanished people", as did CK Cooke, who said the art had no "intellectual, spiritual or cultural content".

It was the work of David Lewis-William on paintings in the Drakensberg in South Africa that the latest school of thought developed. He believed the paintings were a structure and syntax that had no relationship to the visible world and were metaphors for San experiences of trancing.

Peter Garlake, Zimbabwe's specialist on the subject, has controversially taken it further, focusing on a very unique feature found only in paintings in Zimbabwe - the "oval" or "formilling" design.

Trancing, or "shamanism", is central to San life and was regarded as a way of accessing one's spiritual energy or "potency" and cleansing the soul.

It was also very important for gaining success in hunting. Not all in a tribe could trance - about 1-in-3 males and 1-in-10 women. A trancing ceremony (and there were several different forms) would usually take place at night, with the spirits lurking in the shadows. Clapping and rattle use built up a rhythm to induce participants - often on under the influence of drugs - into trance. Trancers would hold on to each other, shuffle around the fire, start to hyperventilate and go into trance . . . where they would then access the spirit world.

Trancers were also believed to take on the bodily forms of some animals when they travelled out of their body to enter the spirit world.

For the San, boundaries between man and animal were

fluid since animals evolved from humans. There was no certainty whether any creature in the bush was what it appeared to be. It could be a transformed human and that's why it is argued there is also more to the painting of animals.

Just as an aside, while paintings of the elephant appear to be dominant, it was the kudu that was the most frequently drawn animal in Zimbabwe. In South Africa, it's the eland, which the San closely link to spiritual energy.

Ceremonies would go on for hours, often through the night. It is generally accepted that the artists painted when they came out of trance and therefore the images were "mental constructs developed to realise visually what is very largely invisible", according to Garlake. The distortions of human figures are thought to illustrate the experiences of trance. "The roundels on the upper arms, the hoops on the necks, the attenuation of some figures may illustrate the contraction of muscles, increased heartbeat and sense of weightlessness."

The release of bodily fluids, particularly bleeding from the nose or "amphibulation" was regarded as the most powerful curative agents or as potency itself.

But back to the "oval" designs. The San believed the organs of the lower abdomen was the seat of potency or spiritual energy. At Mucheka, there is a particularly good depiction of the grossly extended abdomen of a reclining woman, which it is believed illustrates activation or generation of potency. This is known as the "gebese" - the abdomen "swells" as potency boils and is released, often represented

by lines emerging from genitalia or between legs, sometimes in the form of a snake. The ovals, Garlake says, represent the "gebese", "the internal organs of lower abdomen . . . nesting of ovals of various sizes within an enclosed membrane. This is an attempt to depict the non-visible world in paint, to give material expression to the immaterial."

He believes these paintings are "an imagery of ideas . . . the supernatural energies inherent in almost all living things . . . of things believed in rather than things seen."

If you accept San ideas might not have changed much over the past 10,000 years, Garlake has quite plausible theories. Others argue the ovals are "abstract meanings of power" and represent beehives as to the San they were a particular source of powerful potency . . . but, that's a whole other debate. And anyway, no one can ever be certain.

I could go on and on about the San gods and spirits and the various other theories. There are many half human, half animal depictions in the paintings . . . but more is available to those who come on Mamvura's Vanished Peoples' tour!

How did the San disappear from Zimbabwe? It has generally been accepted they were "pushed out" into the Kalahari, but this archaeologist friend reckons Darwinian pressure and women marrying out of the hunter-gatherer lifestyle into pastoral communities resulted in them going "extinct" within the modern borders of Zimbabwe.

Then of course, maybe the paintings weren't done by the San after all . . . and our friends the aliens did them as a big joke on us.



# From the Press

## Driven by love . . .

Uitenhage: After a helicopter ride to show him a huge heart shaped with red and white cars, Mzwandile (Zwai) Cakweba could do no more than put his hand over his heart, walk to his wife and embrace her.

Cakweba's (42) wife, Amanda, wanted to show her love in a big way.

Amanda (27) decided the best way of doing this was showing it on television.

So she sent an email to SABC1 reality programme "All You Need is Love" producers with the suggestion of placing cars on a field in the shape of a heart and showing the sight to her husband from the air.

The couple both works for the local Volkswagen plant.

"I watch the programme regularly and have always wanted to show my husband that I love him in an unusual way," she said.

Within an hour of sending her email the producers called her telling her they were interested in her idea. Marcia Manning of the SABC says the request touched all of them.

"The idea was so romantic," she said.

Sixty cars were used in shaping the heart. It took a day to calculate exactly how the cars should be placed. The morning each car was parked in its designated spot the SABC camera team surprised Cakweba at his workstation in the paint section, and flew him over the heart.

The helicopter landed in the centre of the heart, where his wife was waiting for him. The couple embraced and declared their love for each other. - Die Burger



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# Melbourne magic



*Family portrait: L to R: Clive, Tracy-Ann, Priscilla and Darren.*

Clive and Priscilla Miller decided back in 1981 to look for a new life away from their Cape Town home. They found Melbourne just to their liking.

**F**RIDAY, 13th February 1981. This was the day we submitted our application for migration to the Australian Embassy at Regis House, Adderley Street, Cape Town.

We were told that we were crazy to submit this important document on a Friday the 13th. Well, within a month we had had our interview, had the obligatory medical examinations and had been accepted.

The only cost to us was the medical examinations.

All of this is a lot different to contemporary procedure. We left on August 9, eventually arriving in Sydney on October 2. You see, we decided to go to Australia the wrong way round, i.e. via Europe, the U.K. Canada and USA.

For some eight weeks we visited relatives and friends, soaking up the sites and experiencing the wonder of places in exotic locations only heard of before.

It was an exciting, vibrant and “it’s good to be alive” time - but also exhausting and “cramped,” living out of a suitcase for so long, tinged with some apprehension of what was in store for us.

By the time we arrived in Australia we were more than ready for the challenges that lay ahead. Our stay in Sydney was a three-day one.

The impressions were of the stifling, sweaty humidity, “are we really driving across the Sydney Harbour Bridge?” and

touching the awesome Opera House to make sure that this, at long last, is the real thing. And so off to Adelaide, where we planned to settle.

(The books we had read seemed to indicate that this was the city that was most like Cape Town in terms of population size, weather conditions, beautiful beaches etc.)

We were met at the airport by friends and the first impression was the anti-climax of our luggage being towed into the baggage area at the back of a tractor.

(Modern baggage carousels have since been built). As usually happens under these circumstances, after staying with our friends for two weeks, we rented a house in the same suburb so that we were close to someone who could nurture us through the settling in stages.

We were conveniently located too - near to the school Tracy would attend, on a bus route, near to both Tea Tree Plaza and to St. Luke’s Church.

We both found jobs which required travelling to the city and getting another bus from there - Priscilla as an industrial nurse and myself in printing.

We had moved on from these professions to others a long time before leaving South Africa but here it was a case of taking what we could till we could find our feet.

Tracy, our only child, who celebrated her 9th birthday about six weeks after arriving in Adelaide, had taken an



*Adelaide: Life took on the familiar pattern.*

interest in roller skating and dancing and started taking lessons in both. Life took on the familiar pattern as slowly but surely we started settling into our new environment and getting used to the cultural changes and different expressions.

The first time we went shopping and the assistant asked: "You all right there?" we simply answered "Yes, we're fine thank you", not wanting to disclose our medical histories.

We wondered why she turned around and went to help the next customer. The next assistant eventually came over and asked: "How're going?"

We had come by bus and planned to go back that way and told her so to which she smiled and asked if we needed assistance. This of course we understood and so got the help we needed. Then the confusing thing was that as we turned to leave she said: "See you later". Well that really got us and we wondered where we were going to see her later.

Shortly after our arrival in Adelaide, we heard different people express the need for a club that would assist newcomers to settle in. Eventually, we decide to bite the bullet and so formed a part of the founding committee of the South African Australian Club.

The club was properly established and through the Department of Ethnic Affairs was incorporated to form the official South African Club in South Australia. The club served the community well and lots of memorable times were had by all those who joined.

Many new migrants who were struggling with homesickness and finding their feet when they first arrived were assisted and encouraged.

Unfortunately, a few years after we left Adelaide, the club went through a sticky patch and today, despite still being the officially registered club, it is no longer operational.

For our first Easter in Australia, we decided to visit friends Melbourne. From the time we arrived in Melbourne we knew that this is where we really wanted to be.

Everything seemed so much more progressive and suited to the lifestyle we had hoped Australia would be able to offer us.

We moved to Melbourne in January '83 and were moving into our town house in Clayton on February 16th - the day of the Ash Wednesday bushfires.

Again, both of us were able to find jobs to tide us over fairly quickly; both confident of finding work in the areas that we wanted. Priscilla went on to find the job she wanted with the Public Service a short three months later and is still working for them today.

I continued in the printing industry, starting at 5am every day till 1pm, often working overtime till much later.

This went on for four years till I got a sales/marketing job.

Sixteen years after joining the company I was made redundant and today I work casually for a merchandising company. I still have hopes of finding a permanent position somewhere, sometime!

In 1995 we went on a Marriage Encounter weekend - essentially a program of marriage enrichment - and this resulted in our becoming heavily involved with the organization in various capacities.

Last year saw the end of a three-year stint as Victorian State leaders and we currently hold one of the other portfolios.

We have had the privilege of attending two of their international conferences - one at Maroochydore, in Queensland, where we were invited to do a presentation, and the other in San Francisco.

Since migrating, we have done a number of other overseas trips, four of them including a visit to South Africa to catch up with family and friends.



*Melbourne: We knew that this was where we really wanted to be.*

Tracy, meanwhile, finished high school and went on to university. Half-way through her degree she decided to have a break and went to London, where she spent a year. Nine months of that she worked as an au pair and spent the other three months travelling through Europe.

She came back and finished her BSC degree and then went to Canada, where she spent nine months working in Edmonton.

On her return home she did a post-graduate diploma in psychology and at the same time did a three year course in psycho-therapy.

She currently works in customer service for an American company here in Melbourne.

She is engaged to Darren, a landscape architect running his own business. They are to be parents in early July and as future grandparents for the first time, we are as excited as they are at the impending arrival.

We've been in Australia now for over 21 years, a fact that's sometimes difficult to grasp.

Needless to say, there have been many challenges, as well as opportunities and one learns to handle the good times and the bad.

The times when we have felt the distance which separates us, has been the times when the family back in South Africa is experiencing a traumatic time - usually through illness or a death.

The times we look forward to is when we have a relative or close friend visiting here. We are then able to "show off" our adopted home and all that Melbourne and the surrounding attractions have to offer.

Reflecting on the years spent in Australia, we're happy and comfortable with our decision to migrate.

We enjoy the multicultural environment and all that we've learnt from the various cultures. We appreciate the ability to be able to move around, free from the invisible lines that kept the various peoples apart as we grew up.

Perhaps one of the defining times we've had here was when we were planning to buy our first home. Instead of being restricted to a few suburbs as we were used to, we were able to choose from some 200 suburbs. Yes, we could buy ANYWHERE!!

That realisation was as confusing and overwhelming as it was confronting but for us it was a very clear affirmation of the decision to migrate to a "normal" society.

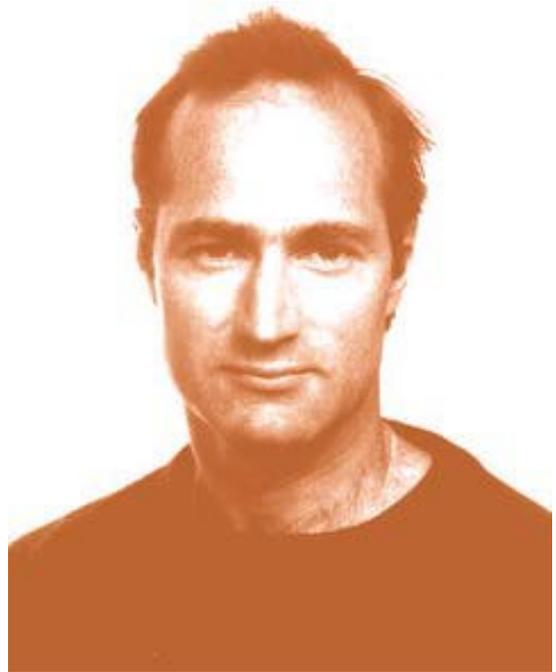
If we were asked for any regrets it would be that we've left so many of our loved ones behind. Conversely it's always good to go back and pick up the threads of those relationships with the joy and happy times that brings.

So as we look back over the past 21 years, we're happy and comfortable with the decision we made to migrate. Our adopted home for us is one of hope, peace and space for all to grow.

***An advertisement here will be seen  
around the world . . .***

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*Marius van Niekerk: I later discovered . . . I was suffering from something called combat-related PTSD.*

# Healing the wounds . . .

Marius van Niekerk is one of thousands affected by war in southern Africa. Today, he lives in Sweden and helps others come to terms with their shattered senses through the South African Veterans Association

**M**INUS 15 degrees Celsius - freezing fingers pulling at my woollen cap - trying to get it back over my ice tipped ears.

At ground level, my veldskoens make this strange “goooits, goooooits” sound in the deep snow. They don’t know what’s hit them.

The farmstead, stables and tap are a 500m walk away from our cottage in the woods - a summer place not really built for winter living at these temperatures..

Moss is stuck in the cracks between the timbers to keep the chilling wind out. On a rope behind me attached to a sledge, our empty water container.

It’s then I hear it, that familiar thud of heavy calibre. Then another and another.

My stomach turns to ice- after all these years what the hell can it be?

A rush, something to my right is coming towards me.

I grip my walking stick tighter. It’s large but I’m ready.

Another thud and a heavy, tall, dark beast ploughs out of the scrub with a tired sigh to die in the snow right in front of me.

Another shot, at close range. I can’t believe it. The hunter shows himself, a young pale face with those familiar excited eyes I remember so well.

He runs up to the moose to finish it off with a shot to the head.

Shocked and disbelieving, I just walk away, shaking.

All that blood again in the white sand and so far away from it but it’s here. I carry it where I go - inside me - do you?

I have been blaming everybody and everything for being where I am.

Even though I made all the choices it feels, in a way unfair that I ended up here this cold, dark, boring country.

“Count your blessings”, my mother use to say. But I long for South Africa especially now that I



*Stockholm: Marius found work there as camera assistant in the film industry.*

have children. I think of how we had it as boys growing up on the farm in the Orange Free State.

I left South Africa in '85, partly to avoid being called up again. I'd have been sent straight to Angola.

You see, I'd volunteered for the parachute regiment when my time came. Was I stupid? Maybe.

What happened during those two years had a major impact on my life and choices I made and is probably the reason for me doing what I'm doing and being where I am.

Getting to Europe via Israel was quite common among South Africans then.

I had three girlfriends on the kibbutz. One from Canada, one from Paris and then there was Eva, from Sweden. Sometimes I wondered what would have happened if I gone with the girl from Paris.

Breyten was in Paris.

Eva had hitch-hiked, alone, through Turkey to get to the little marina where the brig I was crewing lay at anchor.

We were heading for Boston.

I ended up in Sweden instead.

Well, working back guilt and shame, with my background I was frozen out from any anti-apartheid organisation in Sweden.

They did not want to know me. Black South Africans were very suspicious.

I became a camera-assistant and started work in the film industry in Stockholm.

I wasn't functioning so well working with other people.

I later discovered, after seeing a documentary film on Vietnam veterans I was suffering from something called combat-related PTSD.

After reading everything I could find on the subject I made a film "Nomansland", intending to use it to help launch a veterans program for traumatised South African vets and their families.

Today the South African Veterans Association - SAVA, exists in the form of a few self-help "rap" groups spread over the country, a website and potential of a thousand members locally and abroad.

Every now and then we manage some media exposure. We've been on programs like Carte Blanche and MTV, and magazines and papers like the Mail & Guardian and Femina.

I am a sort of expert on this stuff here in Sweden, being one of the few in the country with real combat experience.

Working parallel with the veterans program in South Africa, a colleague and I initiated a program for refugee veterans at a trauma centre here in Stockholm.

Based on the "rap" group method we also work with art.

After writing, shooting and directing a number drama-documentaries I am now writing a feature film script.

Sometimes my military experience has an advantage, as it has with this film, that deals with Swedish UN soldiers who did service in Bosnia during the war there.

They have problems adjusting to "normal" life at home, without getting the support from the military.

Isn't it strange? The same old story the world over. Young boys are drafted into the military and dumped after they served their time.

Am I going back to SA? Yes, I would like too when my kids are a bit older.

My wife does not like it there, too male chauvinistic and aggressive so I have problems.

If you'd like to know more about PTSD and the South African Veterans Association -SAVA, visit our website at: [www.saveterans.com](http://www.saveterans.com).

This is the first Stockholm Story, now that I introduced myself.

I hope to write a few more. Stories of amazing people like; Wana, who walked from Bloemfontein to Cairo to join the ANC in the 60s.

He arrived in Sweden after making a detour to Moscow, where he studied classical music.



*Chilling: Stockholm in winter.*



## Grape expectations not always what they seem . . .

**A**NTONIO Loggia was freezing cold. The spray that crashed over the heaving bow of the sailing ship carrying him from Italy to America was green rather than white and when it struck the deck it drenched all those steerage class passengers for whom there was no room below.

Antonio hoped that he would not freeze to death in the last week of the voyage that had taken him from the sunny Italian shores of Apulia to this abused cork, tossed at the whim of the Atlantic gales.

He had two cases that carried all he possessed in the world. Some clothes, his father's pocket watch and a spare pair of shoes rested in one. In the other, smaller case, resting on a bed of moist sawdust were 40 grape cuttings from his village. It was April 23rd 1820 when he landed at Ellis Island in New York harbour and went through the difficult immigration procedure. He was declared physically fit and issued with papers in the name of Anthony Logan, mostly because the officer concerned was Irish and had difficulty spelling Loggia. He was ferried across to New York proper and his life in America began. No one had checked his suitcases.

He worked some land in Long Island for a more established Italian family and with their permission he planted his grapevines. They did well in the relatively cool climate and four years later in 1824 he got his first grapes, which he made into some rustic wine. The beverage was different enough to meet with the approval of his employer.

This entrepreneur asked if he could send some cuttings to his uncle in Boston and by 1829 there were a few vineyards under vine in that area also.

In 1859 Tony Logan, Antonio Loggia's son, left the east Coast and travelled over the Rockies and into California. With him he took his father's old suitcase and a further supply of cuttings from his father's vines. The journey was long and hard. Many died.

Three months after setting out Tony reached San Jose.

San Jose had more tents than buildings. The busy bar, where Tony headed, was a tented emporium also. Ordering a



whiskey he got into conversation with another recent arrival, Antoine Delmas. Delmas had been a vine nurseryman in the Old World and it wasn't long before Tony's cuttings were planted in Delmas's newly established nurseries.

This grape variety proved popular, although it did not produce top quality wines in really hot areas, where it had a tendency to raisin. By 1880 it was the most widely planted grape variety in California, replacing the local Mission grape.

It was soon discovered that you could make any wine style you wished with these grapes and it soon came out in red, white, rosé, light, full and fortified. Bone dry and teeth-rotting sweet. It was even used as a base

material for sparkling wines. Many producers queried with Antoine Delmas as to the origin of the vines that he sold, his reply was always the same, "you seem to have confused me with someone who gives a damn! The grapes are good, enjoy them." When gold was discovered in California no one else cared where the vines originated from either and for some reason it became generally accepted that the grape variety, that now called Zinfandel, was of Hungarian origin.

Many years later, after toiling away for his entire working life identifying the origin of grapes, an ampelographer at the University of California at Davis was comparing grape varieties one Thursday afternoon. He had enjoyed a fairly liquid lunch in the staff facility and was not really doing more than going through the motions. As fate would have it he compared the California Zinfandel with the Primitivo grape from Italy. He became sober in a blink of an eye and a cold shudder ran through him. In genetic terms the two grape varieties appeared the same.

He doubled checked with other samples to make sure he had made no mistakes and then published an article stating categorically that Zinfandel was not of Hungarian origin at all, but was the same as the Primitivo grape from the area of Apulia in Italy.

Antonio Loggia could have saved him an awful lot of time and effort!

*I got email from Australia recently. I almost expected it to be charred at the edges after all the fires that have been raging out of control there recently. Sorry for your troubles, Cobbers! The sender wanted to know how long she could safely keep an open bottle of port or sherry before it went off.*

*Well, the fact is that port and sherry are just wines like all the rest. They have been fortified and this helps longevity a bit, but I would say to you if you open a bottle of either, that you should finish it within a week.*

*I shudder when I see open bottles on bar shelves that I know have been there for a year. There is very noticeable deterioration after a week. You might think that a 6-month open bottle is drinking fine, but if you opened a new one you would soon tell the difference. Get it down you, Shiela! - Wine queries to montyf@tafrica.com*

## SA club contacts

### United States

#### The Springbok Club of Northern California

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#### Indaba Midwest (Chicago)

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#### The South African Club of Atlanta

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### Spain

#### South Africans Staying Alive

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### Canada

#### Protea Club (Edmonton)

**Website:** <http://plaza.v-wave.com/protea/index.htm>  
**Email:** <mailto:protea@powersurfr.com>  
**Telephone: (780) 489 - 3080**

The Protea Club Edmonton is a non-profit, social organisation promoting social events and activities among local residents of South African origin and among all those who are interested in South Africa.

#### South African Canadian Club (Calgary)

**Website:** <http://members.home.net/saclubcalgary>  
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**Chairman: Irene Rik Boezaard**

#### South African Society of BC

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#### Western Australia

##### The South Africa Club of Western Australia

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#### South Africans in Sydney

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#### COMSAB

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### **The Rhodesian Association (Western USA)**

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### **Rhodesians in Dallas**

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### **Springbok Southern Africa Club - Phoenix Arizona**

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Secretary : Kathy Oliver

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The Oaks, Park Farm Close,

Shadoxhurst, Kent TN 26 1LD

Tel: 01233 733736

### **Milton-Keynes Branch**

Chairman: Dan Coetzee, Telephone: 01908 510326

Meetings: 4th Sunday of the month

### **North East Branch (Leeds)**

Chairman: Ian Dixon, 9 Bantam close, Morley, Leeds LS 27 8SX

Phone: 0113 2190199

Meet every fourth Sunday, ring for next date.

### **Devon & Cornwall Branch**

Chairman: Graham Parish

Telephone: 44-1208-815013

Meetings: 1st Sunday of the month

### **Three Counties Branch**

Chairman: Bernard Terry

Telephone: 01730 817387; Fax: 01730 812848

Email: <mailto:Dobiegang@bsap.freemove.co.uk>

Contact: Peter Scott

Telephone: 44-1483-67315

Meetings: 2nd Sunday of the month

### **Lavington Branch**

Contact: Peter Haglethorn

Telephone: (01380) 818381

Meetings: 3rd Sunday of the month

### **Scottish Rhodesians Club**

Church House, Sandyford Church of Scotland, Montgomery Road, Paisley, Renfrewshire PA3 4LQ Scotland U.K.

Telephone: 0141 561 7855, 0141 889 5078

Email: <mailto:lombard@bun.com>

## Australia

### **The Rhodesian Association of WA**

**Email:** <mailto:byrons@bigpond.com>

**Administrator:** Doug Capper,

**Postal address:** 1 Byron Court, Kallaroo, WA 6025, Australia.

### **News South Wales**

### **Sydney Rhodesian Society**

Co-ordinator: Alison Jones (02) 9481-9717

### **Northern Territory**

Ron Janson in Darwin is the contact for informal Rhodesian get-togethers.

Email: <mailto:ronjan@ozemail.com.au>

### **Queensland**

### **Africa Club of Queensland Incorporated**

President: Eddie Pratt

Email : <mailto:edpratt@ozemail.com.au>

GPO Box 2129, Brisbane, QLD 4001

Telephone: 0500 540 122 (from anywhere in Australia)

Website: <http://www.africaclub.org.au>

### **Tasmania**

Colin and Maureen Stevenson - Launceston, Tasmania

We are the contact for the Tasmanian Branch of RWW.

Email: <mailto:Maureen.Stevenson@admin.utas.edu.au>

### **Victoria**

### **Victorian Rhodesian Society**

President: Mike Foley (03) 859 6985

Rob Hodes - Social Contact

Phone 03 9596 6894 or 0407 385880

Email: Rob Hodes. <mailto:robhodes@ozemail.com.au>

## Rhodesia/Zimbabwe club contacts

### New Zealand

#### RW/RAA

Email contacts

Keith Kietzmann: <mailto:kiwkeith@voyager.co.nz>

Clare TURNER: <mailto:icms@clear.net.nz>

Paul NES: <mailto:paulnes@xtra.co.nz>

### Canada

#### Rhodesians Worldwide Ontario Association

Peter & Dianne Fisher, 5726 Rama Rd, Orillia L3V 6H6

Ontario

Phone (705) 327 3461

Email: [mailto:rhodie\\_ont@hotmail.com](mailto:rhodie_ont@hotmail.com)

#### Rhodesian Calgary Club

Box 74077

Strathcona P.O.

Calgary, AB. T3H 3B6

Email: [mailto:RWW1965@Rhodesians.zzn.com](mailto:mailto:RWW1965@Rhodesians.zzn.com)

### South Africa

The *Rhodesia Association of South Africa (RASA)* has branches in the main centres as follows:

#### Pretoria Branch (serves members countrywide)

Chairman: David Donkin

Secretary: Mary Redfern

Tel: (012)4602066

Postal address:

PO Box 95474

0145 Waterkloof

Email: [mailto:rasa@iafrica.com](mailto:mailto:rasa@iafrica.com)

#### Highveld Branch

Chairman: Conrad Steyn

Tel: (017)6108132 (office hours)

Postal address:

PO Box 1632

2302 Secunda

Email: [mailto:conrad.steyn@sasol.com](mailto:mailto:conrad.steyn@sasol.com)

#### Western Cape Sub-branch

Chairman: Lewis Walter

Secretary: Gus Kingma

Tel: (021)7823835

Postal address:

14 Sixth Avenue

7975 Fish Hoek

Email: [mailto:kingma@iafrica.com](mailto:mailto:kingma@iafrica.com)

#### Durban Branch

Chairman: Stuart Gillman.

Secretary: Lynne McKenzie

Tel (031)4677300 a/h

Postal address:

PO Box 307

Amanzimtoti

4125

Email: [mailto:ninch@iafrica.com](mailto:mailto:ninch@iafrica.com)

#### Pietermaritzburg Branch

Chairman: Quentin Gibson

Tel: (033)3942994

Postal address:

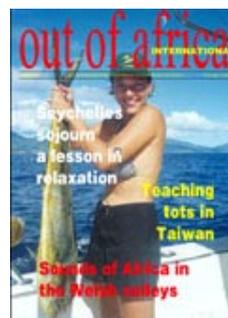
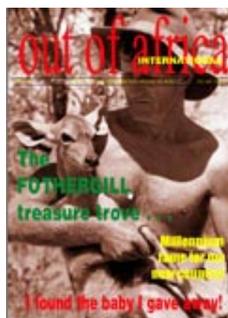
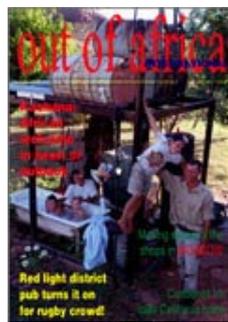
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